

THE
LYRIC GEMS OF SCOTLAND :

A
COLLECTION OF SCOTTISH SONGS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

WITH MUSIC.

SECOND SERIES.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

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CONTENTS OF SECOND SERIES.

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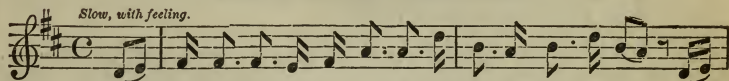
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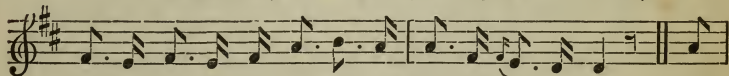
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THE ROWAN TREE.

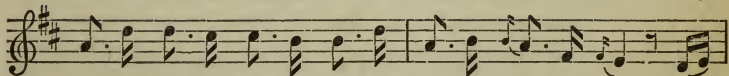
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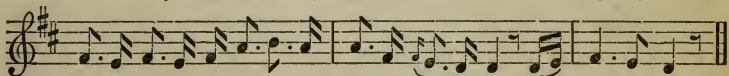
Oh! row-an tree, oh! row - an tree, thoul't aye be dear to me; En-



twin'd thou art wi' mon - y ties o' hame and in - fan - cy. Thy



leaves were aye the first o' spring, thy flow'rs the sim - mer's pride; There



was na sic a bon-nie tree in a' the coun-try side. Oh! row - an tree.

How fair wert thou in simmer time, wi' a' thy clusters white;
How rich and gay thy autumn dress, wi' berries red and bright;
On thy fair stem were mony names, which now nae mair I see,
But they're engraven on my heart, forgot they ne'er can be.

Oh! rowan tree.

We sat aneath thy spreading shade, the bairnies round thee ran,
They pu'd thy bonnie berries red, and necklaces they strang;
My mither, oh! I see her still, she smiled our sports to see,
Wi' little Jeanie on her lap, and Jamie at her knee.

Oh! rowan tree.

Oh! there arose my father's pray'r in holy ev'ning's calm,
How sweet was then my mother's voice, in the martyr's psalm!
Now a' are gane! we meet nae mair aneath the rowan tree,
But hallowed thoughts around thee turn o' hame and infancy.

Oh! rowan tree.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLOW.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "MISS ADMIRAL GORDON'S STRATHSPEY."

Burns, it is believed, wrote no more than the first sixteen lines of this song. (In "Johnson's Museum," for which it was written, we find only the first two stanzas.) William Reid, bookseller, Glasgow, and John Hamilton, musicseller, Edinburgh, are said to have been, respectively, the authors of the third and fourth, and the two concluding stanzas. As the additional verses are now in a manner incorporated with Burns's, we insert them. We may remark that though Mr. Reid's verses have little to recommend them, the additions by Mr. Hamilton are a worthy appendix to the original. The air, by William Marshall, butler to the Duke of Gordon, is adapted from an old tune called "The Lowlands o' Holland."

Tenderly.

Of a' the airts the wind can blow, I dear - ly lo'e the west; For
 there the bon-nie las-sie lives, The lass that I lo'e best; Though wild woods grow, an'
 ri - vers row, Wi' mo - ny a hill be-tween; Baith day and night my
 fan-cy's flight Is e-ver with my Jean. I see her in the dew - y flow'r, Sae
 love-ly, sweet, an' fair; I hear her voice in il - ka bird, Wi' mu - sic charm the
 air; There's not a bon - nie flow'r that springs By foun-tain, shaw, or
 green, Nor yet a bon - nie bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean.

[Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde
The lasses busk them braw;
But when their best they ha'e put on,
My Jeanie dings them a'.
In hamely weeds she far exceeds
The fairest o' the town;
Baith sage and gay confess it sae,
Though drest in russet gown.

The gamesome lamb that sucks its dam,
Mair harmless canna be;
She has nae faut, if sic ye ca't,
Except her love for me.
The sparklin' dew, o' clearest hue,
Is like her shining e'en;
In shape an' air, wha can compare
Wi' my sweet lovely Jean?]

O blaw, ye westlin' winds, blaw saft
Among the leafy trees;
Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale,
Bring hame the laden bees;
An' bring the lassie back to me
That's aye sae neat an' clean;
Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
Sae lovely is my Jean.

What sighs an' vows amang the knowes
Ha'e past atween us twa;
How fain to meet, how wae to part,
That day she gaed awa'.
The powers aboon can only ken,
To whom this heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet lovely Jean.

The verses between brackets are generally omitted in singing.

I'LL BID MY HEART BE STILL.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS PRINGLE—OLD BORDER MELODY.

This exquisite song was written by Mr. Thomas Pringle, author of "African Sketches," and "Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale." He died in 1834. The air is a fine specimen of Border pastoral melody.

Slowly.

I'll bid my heart be still, And check each strug-gling sigh, And there's
none e'er shall know My soul's cherish'd woe, When the first tears of sor-row are dry.

They bid me cease to weep,
For glory gilds his name;
Ah! 'tis therefore I mourn,
He e'er can return
To enjoy the bright noon of his fame.
While minstrels wake the lay,
For peace and freedom won,

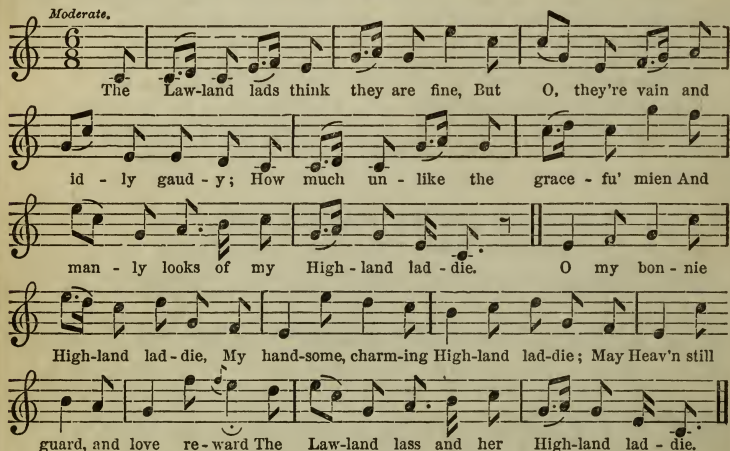
Like my lost lover's knell
The tones seem to swell,
And I hear but his dirge alone.
My cheek has lost its hue,
My eye grows faint and dim,
But 'tis sweeter to fade
In grief's gloomy shade,
Than to bloom for another than him.

THE LAWLAND LADS THINK THEY ARE FINE.

WRITTEN BY RAMSAY. MUSIC BY DR. ARNE.

This song is one of two written by Ramsay to the old tune of "The Highland laddie," which is now almost forgotten. The beautiful air to which the following verses are now sung was composed by Dr. Thomas Augustine Arne, son of Thomas Arne, upholsterer, London, where he was born on the 28th of May, 1710. His great work "Artaxerxes," composed in 1762, was a decided triumph, proving that it was possible to succeed with the English language in the recitative. His melodies, at once easy, natural, and agreeable, had an evident effect on the national taste. "Rule Britannia," says a writer in the "Penny Cyclopædia," "need hardly be mentioned as the offspring of his genius: it may be said to have wafted his name over the greater half of the habitable globe." Sheridan's song in "The Duenna," beginning, "Ah! sure a pair was never seen," is sung to this tune. Dr. Arne died on the 5th of March, 1778.

Moderate.



The Law-land lads think they are fine, But O, they're vain and
id - ly gaud - y; How much un - like the grace - fu' mien And
man - ly looks of my High - land lad - die. O my bon - nie
High-land lad-die, My hand-some, charm-ing High-land lad-die; May Heav'n still
guard, and love re-ward The Law-land lass and her High-land lad - die.

If I were free at will to choose
To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
I'd tak' young Donald without trews,
With bonnet blue and belted plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

The bravest bean in burrows town,
In a' his airs, wi' art made ready,
Compared to him he's but a clown,
He's finer far in his tartan plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

O'er benty hill wi' him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland kin and daddie;
Frae winter's cauld and simmer's sun,
He'll screen me wi' his Highland plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

A painted room and silken bed,
May please a Lawland laird and lady;
But I can kiss and be as glad
Behind a bush in his Highland plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

Few compliments between us pass ;
 I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
 And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidie.
 O my bonnie, &c.

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

WHAUR HA'E YE BEEN A' DAY?

WRITTEN BY HECTOR MACNEILL

Moderate.

Whaur ha'e ye been a' day, My boy Tam-mie? An' whaur ha'e ye been a' day,
 My boy Tam-mie? I've been by burn and flow-ry brae, Meadow green an'
 mountain grey, Court-in' o' this young thing, Just come frae her mam-mie.

An' whaur gat ye that young thing,
 My boy Tammie?
 I gat her down in yonder howe,
 Smiling on a broomy knowe,
 Herding ae wee lamb an' ewe,
 For her puir mammie.

What said ye to the bonnie bairn,
 My boy Tammie?
 I prais'd her e'en, sae bonnie blue,
 Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou',
 An' preed it aft, as ye may trow,
 She said she'd tell her mammie.

I held her to my beating heart,
 My young, my smiling lammie ;
 I ha'e a house, it cost me dear,
 I've walth o' plenishing an' gear,
 Ye'se get it a', were't ten times mair,
 Gin ye will leave your manmie.

The smile gaed aff her bonnie face,
 I maunna leave my mammie ;
 She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claes,
 She's been my comfort a' my days—
 My father's death brought mony waes,
 I canna leave my mammie.

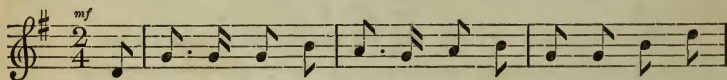
We'll tak' her hame, an' mak' her fain,
 My ain kind-hearted lammie ;
 We'll gi'e her meat, we'll gi'e her claes,
 We'll be her comfort a' her days—
 The wee thing gi'es her hand, and says,
 There, gang and ask my mammie.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,
 My boy Tammie?
 She has been to the kirk wi' me,
 An' the tear was in her e'e ;
 For O, she's but a young thing,
 Just come frae her mammie.

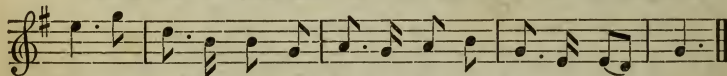
AULD LANGSYNE.

OLD AIR, "I FEE'D A LAD AT MICHAELMAS." THE CHORUS ARRANGED BY A. HUME.

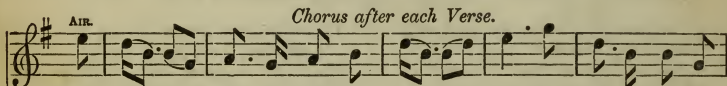
In "Johnson's Museum," vol. i., No. 26, there is a song written by Ramsay, beginning, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot, Though they return with scars?" Both words and music, however, are below mediocrity. The second and third verses only of the world-famed "Auld Langsyne" were written by Burns. The poet himself admitted to Johnson that such was the fact. In the "Reliques," Burns, alluding to Ramsay's song of "Auld Langsyne," says, "Ramsay, as usual with him, has taken the idea of 'Auld Langsyne' from the old fragment, which may be seen in the "Museum" (Johnson's), vol. v. And in a letter to Mr. Thomson, September, 1793, he says, "One song more, and I am done—'Auld Langsyne.' The air is but *mediocre*; but the following song, the old song of the olden times, and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing, is enough to recommend any air." Mr. Thomson afterwards got the words arranged to an old Lowland melody entitled, "I fee'd a lad at Michaelmas."



Should auld ac - quain - tance be for - got, And ne - ver brought to

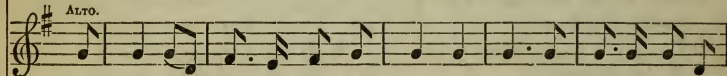


mind; Should auld ac - quain - tance be for - got, And days o' lang - syne?

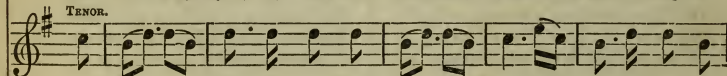


Chorus after each Verse.

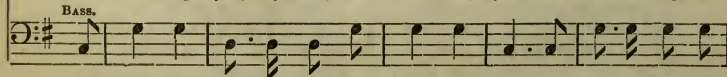
For auld lang - syne, my dear, For auld lang - syne; We'll tak' a cup o'



For auld lang - syne, my dear, For auld lang - syne; We'll tak' a cup o'



For auld lang - syne, my dear, For auld lang - syne; We'll tak' a cup o'



For auld lang - syne, my dear, For auld lang - syne; We'll tak' a cup o'

kindness yet, For auld lang - syne.

kindness yet, For auld lang - syne.

kindness yet, For auld lang - syne.

kindness yet, For auld lang - syne.

We twa ha'e ran about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld langsyne. For auld, &c.

We twa ha'e paidl'd in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us broad ha'e roar'd
Sin' auld langsyne. For auld, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gi'e's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a richt guid-willie waught,
For auld langsyne. For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld langsyne. For auld, &c.

THE HAPPY MOTHER.

WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER LAING, BRECHIN—AIR, "THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN," *see page 26.*

An' O, may I never live single again,
I wish I may never live single again;
I ha'e a guidman, and a hame o' my ain,
An' O, may I never live single again.
I've twa bonnie bairns the fairest o' a',
They cheer up my heart when their daddie's awa';
I've ane at my foot, and I've ane at my knee,
An' fondly they look, an' say "Mammie" to me.

At gloamin' their daddie comes in frae the plough,
The blink in his e'e, and the smile on his brow,
Says, "How are ye, lassie, O how are ye a',
An' how's the wee bodies sin' I gaed awa'?"
He sings i' the e'enin' sae cheery an' gay,
He tells o' the toil an' the news o' the day;
The twa bonnie lammies he tak's on his knee,
An' blinks o'er the ingle fu' couthie to me.

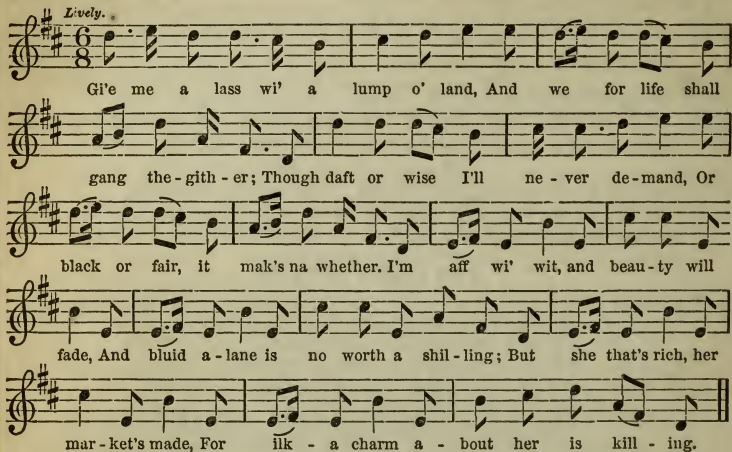
O happy's the father that's happy at hame,
An' blythe is the mither that's blythe o' the name;
The cares o' the warld they fear na to dree—
The warld is naething to Johnnie an' me.
Though crosses will mingle wi' mitherly cares,
Awa', bonnie lasses—awa' wi' your fears,
Gin ye get a laddie that's lovin' an' fain,
Ye'll wish ye may never live single again.

GI'E ME A LASS WI' A LUMP O' LAND.

WRITTEN BY RAMSAY—AIR, "THE LASS WI' THE LUMP O' LAND."

Though rather mercenary in idea, there is a deal of every-day good sound sense in this humorous song. It appears, with the original tune, in the "Orpheus Caledonius," 1725.

Lively.



Gi'e me a lass wi' a lump o' land, And we for life shall
gang the-gith-er; Though daft or wise I'll ne-ver de-mand, Or
black or fair, it mak's na whether. I'm aff wi' wit, and beau-ty will
fade, And bluid a-lane is no worth a shil-ling; But she that's rich, her
mar-ket's made, For ilk-a charm a-bout her is kill-ing.

Gi'e me a lass wi' a lump o' land,
And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;
Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,
Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.
Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
I hate wi' poortith, though bonnie, to meddle;
Unless they bring cash, or a lump o' land,
They'se ne'er get me to dance to their fiddle.

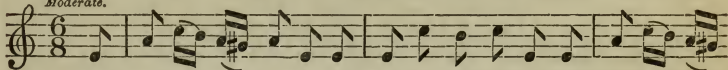
There's meikle guid love in bands and bags,
And siller and gowd's a sweet complexion;
But beauty and wit, and virtue in rags,
Ha'e tint the art o' gaining affection.
Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
And castles, and rigs, and muirs, and meadows;
And naething can catch our modern sparks
But weel tocher'd lasses, or jointur'd widows.

THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE.

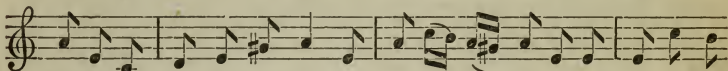
WRITTEN BY BURNS—IRISH AIR, "THE HUMOURS OF GLEN."

"A beautiful strain," says Dr. Currie, "which, it may be confidently predicted, will be sung with equal or superior interest on the banks of the Ganges or of the Mississippi, as on those of the Tay or the Tweed. The melody is one of the finest in the whole range of Irish minstrelsy."

Moderate.



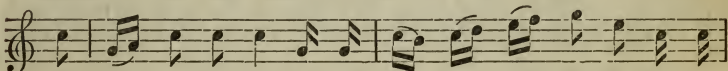
Their groves o' sweet myr-tle let for-eign lands reck-on, Where bright beaming



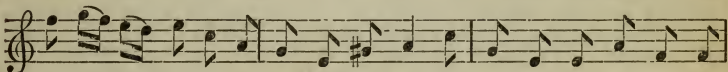
summers ex - hale the per-fume; Far dear - er to me yon lone glen o' green



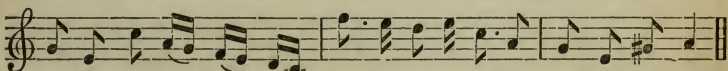
brack-en, Wl' the burn steal - ing un - der the lang yel - low broom.



Far dear - er to me are yon hum - ble brown bow-ers, Where the



blue bell and gow-an lurk low - ly un - seen; For there light - ly trip-ping a-



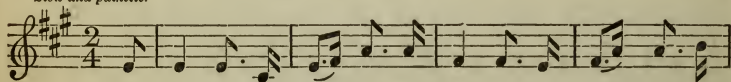
mang the wild flow - ers, A - list'-ning the lin-net, aft wan-ders my Jean.

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

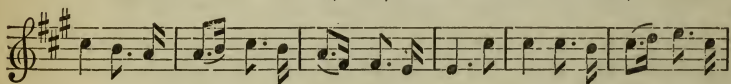
I'M WEARIN' AWA', JOHN.

WRITTEN BY LADY NAIRNE—OLD AIR, "HEY, NOW THE DAY DAWIS."

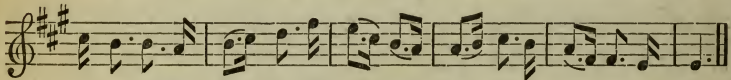
This beautiful and pathetic song was, until lately, believed to have been written by Burns, but it is now known to be the composition of the late Baroness Nairne, author of "Will ye no come back again?" "The Laird o' Cockpen," "Caller Herrin'," &c., &c. We gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity of correcting this popular mistake, by giving the song entire, from the last corrected copy by that distinguished lady. Carolina Oliphant, third daughter of Laurence Oliphant, Esq. of Gask, and his wife (also his cousin) Margaret Robertson, daughter of Duncan Robertson, Esq. of Struan, was born in "The Auld House o' Gask," in Perthshire, on the 16th of July, 1766. Descended from an old Jacobite family, her earliest sympathies must have received a strong bias in favour of the exiled race of Stuart, of which her songs, "We ha'e a crown without a head," "Bonnie Charlie's now awa'," "The auld house," &c., are sufficient evidence. Numbers of her songs have been long before the public, particularly those she contributed to R. A. Smith's "Scottish Minstrel," with the unassuming signature of "B. B.;" but the extreme modesty which formed a distinguishing trait in her character, prevented her from giving publicity to her name. Though her songs are not all of equal merit, still no Scottish song-writer since the days of Burns (with the exception of Tannahill), has contributed more largely to the delight and gratification of her countrymen. "Hey, now the day dawis," is the title of an old hunting song, a great favourite in Scotland some centuries back. It is mentioned by Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, 1513, and by Dunbar, and other poets of the sixteenth century. There is, however, another old air adapted to the same words, but it is quite different from the one now given.

Slow and pathetic.

I'm wear - in' a - wa', John, Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John: I'm



wearin' a - wa' To the land o' the leal. There's nae sorrow there, John, There's



nei-ther could nor care, John; The day's aye fair I' the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
 She was baith guid and fair, John;
 And, oh! we grudged her sair
 To the land o' the leal.
 But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
 And joy's a-comin' fast, John;
 The joy that's aye to last
 In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
 Sae free the battle fought, John,
 That sinfu' man e'er brought
 To the land o' the leal.
 Oh! dry your glist'nin' e'e, John,
 My saul lings to be free, John,
 And angels beckon me
 To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, John,
Your day it's wearin' through, John,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.

Now fare-ye-weel, my ain John,
This world's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet, and we'll be fain
In the land o' the leal.

UP AMANG YON CLIFFY ROCKS.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM DUDGEON.—OLD AIR, "THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS."

This standard favourite song was written by William Dudgeon, son of an East Lothian farmer, and who himself rented a large farm at Preston, in Berwickshire. He was born at Tynninghame, in Haddingtonshire, in or about the year 1753, and died on the 28th of October, 1813. Burns in his border tour, May, 1787, being introduced to Mr. D., has left the following record in his Journal:—"Mr. Dudgeon,—a poet at times—a worthy, remarkable character—natural penetration—a great deal of information—some genius, and extreme modesty."

Moderately slow.

Up amang yon cliffy rocks Sweetly rings the rising echo, To the maid that
tends the goats, Lilt-ing o'er her native notes. Hark! she sings, Young Sandy's kind,
An' he's promised aye to lo'e me! Here's a brooch I ne'er shall tine, Till he's fair-ly
married to me; Drive a-wa', ye drone, time, And bring a-bout our bri-dal day.

Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
Aften does he blaw the whistle
In a strain sae softly sweet,
Lammies list'ning daurna bleat.
He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
Hardy as the Highland heather;
Wading through the winter snow,
Keepin' aye his flock thegither;
But a plaid wi' bare houghs,
He braves the bleakest norlan' blast.

Brawly can he dance an' sing,
Canty glee, or Highland cronach;
Nane can ever match his fling,
At a reel, or round a ring;
Wightly can he wield a rung,
In a brawl he's aye the bangster;
A' his praise can ne'er be sung
By the longest winded sangster;
Sangs that sing o' Sandy
Seem short, tho' they were e'er sae lang.

LOGAN WATER.

WRITTEN BY JOHN MAYNE—AIR, "LOGAN WATER."

John Mayne, author of "The Siller Gun," "Glasgow," and other poems, was born at Dumfries, on the 26th of March, 1759. After serving an apprenticeship as a compositor, with Messrs. Foulis of Glasgow, he went to London, where he was for many years connected with the "Star" newspaper. He died on the 14th of March, 1836. "Logan Water" was written about the year 1781. An anonymous writer, in Duncan's "Encyclopædia of Scottish, English, and Irish Songs," printed at Glasgow in 1836, has added some additional stanzas to Mayne's song. Though they are not without merit they make the song too tedious. The melody is very old, and dates as far back, at least, as the latter end of the seventeenth century.

Slow.

By Logan's streams that rin sae deep, Fu' aft wi' glee I've
 herd - ed sheep: Herd - ed sheep, or gath - er'd slaes, Wi' my dear
 lad on Lo - gan braes. But wae's my heart, thae days are
 gane, And I wi' grief may herd a - lane; While my dear
 lad maun face his faes, Far, far frae me and Lo - gan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
 Atween the preachings meet wi' me;
 Meet wi' me, or, when it's mirk,
 Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
 I weel may sing, thae days are gane,
 Frae kirk an' fair I come alane,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me an' Logan braes.

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
 I daunder out, or sit alane;
 Sit alane beneath the tree
 Where aft he kept his tryst wi' me.
 O! could I see thae days again,
 My lover scaithless an' my ain;
 Belov'd by frien's, rever'd by faes,
 We'd live in bliss on Logan braes.

The following verses were written by Burns to the tune of "Logan Water." It will be observed that the concluding lines of the first verse are the same as those of the first and second verses of the original.

O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my Willie's bride;
And years sinsyne ha'e o'er us run,
Like Logan to the setting sun:
But now thy flow'ry banks appear,
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month of May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs,
The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs;
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And ev'ning tears are tears of jôy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his sang her cares beguile:
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O, wae upon you, men o' state,
That breth'ren rouse to deadly hate;
As ye mak' mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return;
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes.

GO TO BERWICK, JOHNNIE.

This short song is probably founded on the old nursery rhyme, beginning—

Go, go, go,
Go to Berwick, Johnnie;

Thou shalt have the horse,
And I shall have the poney.

John Hamilton, musicseller, Edinburgh, is said to have been the author of the following verses. Of the identity of "Rob the king," or "Jock his brither," we at once avow our ignorance. The tune is "that kind of light horse-gallop of an air which precludes sentiment."*

Lively.

Go to Berwick, John-nie, Bring her frae the bor-der; Yon sweet, bon-nie
las-sie, Let her gae nae far-ther. Eng-lish loons will twine ye O' the
love-ly trea-sure; But we'll let them ken. A sword wi' them we'll measure.

Go to Berwick, Johnnie,
And regain your honour;
Drive them owre the Tweed,
And shaw our Scottish banner.

I an Rob the king,
And ye are Jock, my brither;
But before we lose her,
We'll a' there thegither.

* Burns on "Duncan Gray."

TULLOCHGORUM.

WORDS BY THE REV. JOHN SKINNER—AIR, "THE REEL O' TULLOCHGORUM."

In Burns's "Reliques" we have the following account of the origin of "Tullochgorum." He says, "This first of songs is the masterpiece of my old friend Skinner. He was passing the day at the town of Cullen (Ellon), I think it was in a friend's house, whose name was Montgomery. Mrs. Montgomery observing, *en passant*, that the beautiful reel of "Tullochgorum" wanted words, she begged them of Mr. Skinner, who gratified her wishes, and the wishes of every lover of Scottish song, in this most excellent ballad. These particulars I had from the author's own son, Bishop Skinner, at Aberdeen." The song is said to have been asked for by the lady in order to put a stop to a dispute which had arisen on some political matters. "Tullochgorum" was first published in the "Scots Weekly Magazine," April, 1776. The name of the composer of the reel is not known.

Lively.

Come, gie's a sang, Montgom'ry cried, And lay your'disputes a' a-side; What sig-ni-
fies for folks to chide For what was done before them. Let whig and to-ry
a' a-gree, Whig and to-ry, whig and to-ry, Whig and to-ry a' a-gree, To
drap their whigmigmorum; Let whig and to-ry a' a-gree, To spend this night in
mirth and glee, And cheer-fu' sing a-lang wi' me, The reel o' Tul-loch-go-rum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.
Blythe and merry we'll be a,
Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,
Blythe and merry we'll be a',
An' mak' a cheerfu' quorum.
For blythe and merry we'll be a'
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance till we be like to fa',
The reel o Tullochgorum.

What need's there be sae great a fraise,
Wi' dringin', dull Italian lays,
I wadna gie' our ain strathspeys
For half-a-hunder score o' them.
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
Dowf and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum;
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Their *allegros* and a' the rest,
They canna please a Scottish taste,
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let worldly worms their minds oppress
Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
And sullen sots themsel's distress

Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit?
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Sour and sulky shall we sit,
Like auld philosophorum?

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
Nor ever rise to shake a fit

To the reel o' Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings aye attend
Each honest, open-hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,

And a' that's guid watch o'er him;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,

Peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o' them :

May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstained by ony vicious spot,
And may he never want a groat
That's fond o' Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
Wha wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him ;

May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow ;
Dool and sorrow be his chance,

And nane say, "Wae's me, for him :"
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

EPPIE ADAIR.

Burns contributed the words of this song to "Johnson's Museum," but whether they are his own composition or not is uncertain. The lively air to which they are adapted appears in the "Caledonian Pocket Companion," vol. 12.

Tenderly.

An' O, my Ep-pie, my jew-el, my Ep-pie, Wha wadna be hap-py wi'
Ep-pie A - dair? By love and by beau-ty, By law and by du - ty, I
swear to be true to my Ep-pie A - dair. By love and by beau-ty, By
law and by du - ty, I swear to be true to my Ep-pie A - dair.

An' O, my Eppie, my jewel, my Eppie,
Wha wadna be happy wi' Eppie Adair.
A' pleasure exile me,
Dishonour befle me,

If e'er I beguile thee,
My Eppie Adair.
A' pleasure, &c.

THE HUNDRED PIPERS.

WRITTEN BY BARONESS NAIRNE—AIR, "THE HUNDRED PIPERS."

Charles Edward entered Carlisle preceded by a hundred pipers. Two thousand Highlanders crossed the Esk at Longtown; the tide being swollen, nothing was seen of them but their heads and shoulders; they stemmed the force of the stream, and lost not a man in the passage. When landed, the pipers struck up, and they danced reels until they were dry again.—*Authentic Account of the Occupation of Carlisle*, by George G. Moncey.—See *Blue Bell*.

With spirit.

Wi' a hundred pip-ers, an' a', an' a', Wi' a hun-dred pi-pers an'
 a', an' a'; We'll up and gi'e them a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun-dred
 pi-pers an' a', an' a'. Oh, it's owre the bor-der, a - wa', a - wa', It's
 owre the bor-der, a - wa', a - wa'; We'll on an' we'll march to Car-lisle
Chorus after each Verse.
 ha, Wi' its yetts, its cas-tle, and a', an' a'. Wi' a hundred pi-pers, an'
 a', an' a', Wi' a hun-dred pi-pers, an' a', an' a', We'll up an'
 gi'e them a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun-dred pi-pers, an' a', an' a'.

Oh! our sodger lads look'd braw, look'd
 Wi' their tartans, kilt, an' a', an' a', [braw,
 Wi' their bonnets an' feathers, an' glitterin'
 An' pibrochs sounding loud and clear. [gear,
 Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?
 Will they a' return, our Highland men?
 Second-sighted Sandy look'd fu' wae,
 And mithers grat when they marched away.

Wi' a hundred pipers, &c.

Oh! wha is foremost o' a', o' a'?
 Oh! wha is foremost o' a', o' a'?
 Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', hurrah!
 Wi' his hundred pipers, an' a', an' a'.
 His bonnet an' feather he's wavin' high,
 His prancing steed maist seems to fly;
 The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,
 While the pipers blaw wi' an unco flare!

Wi' a hundred pipers, &c.

The Esk was swollen, sae red an' sae deep :
 But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep ;
 Twa thousand swam owre to fell English ground,
 An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.
 Dumfounder'd, the English saw, they saw,
 Dumfounder'd, they heard the blaw, the blaw ;
 Dumfounder'd, they a' ran awa', awa',
 Frae the hundred pipers, an' a', an' a'.
 Wi' a hundred pipers, &c.

A ROSEBUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

WRITTEN BY BURNS.

The beautiful melody to which these verses are set, seems to be merely a modern version of an old air called "The Shepherd's Wife." This song was written in compliment to Miss Jeanie Cruickshanks, daughter of Mr. William Cruickshanks, one of the masters of the High School, Edinburgh, an intimate friend of the poet.

Tenderly.

A rosebud by my ear-ly walk, A - down a corn - in clos - ed
 bawk, Sae gent - ly bent its thor - ny stalk, All on a dew - y morn - ing.
 Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled, In a' its crim - son glo - ry
 spread, And drooping rich the dew - y head, It scents the ear - ly morn - ing.

Within the bush, her covert nest,
 A little linnet fondly press'd,
 The dew sat chilly on her breast,
 Sae early in the morning.
 She soon shall see her tender brood,
 The pride, the pleasure of the wood ;
 Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
 Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeanie fair,
 On trembling string, or vocal air,
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care
 That tends thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rosebud, young and gay,
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
 And bless the parents' ev'ning ray
 That watch'd thy early morning.

HOOLY AND FAIRLY.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS DICK.

The "Drucken Wife o' Gallowa," or "Hooly and Fairly," is the title of a humorous old song first published in "The Charmer," Edinburgh, 1751. The air, however, is supposed to be of an older date. Of the authors nothing is known. The excellent verses we have adopted, written for the air by Mr. Thomas Dick, of Paisley, are decidedly the best we have yet met with. They are here printed for the first time, by the express permission of the author.

Lively.

The pathway o' life's aft a rough road to tread, And scan-ty e-now
aft the beams on it shed; But cus-tom can smooth't, though we fag at first
sair-ly, Then halt na or faint, but walk hool-y and fair-ly; Hool-y and
fair-ly, hool-y and fair-ly; Halt na or faint, but walk hool-y and fair-ly.

As onward ye hie, when wi' strangers ye meet,
Still frankly and kindly ilk wayfarer greet;
On a' things around ye look wistfu' and warily,
And aye o' anither speak hooly and fairly.
Hooly and fairly, &c.

'Mid sunshine or shadow, on mountain or moor,
Should chance in your way throw some bonnie wee flow'r,
Ne'er turn in disdain frae its beauty, seen rarely,
But, gratefu', enjoy its sweets, hooly and fairly.
Hooly and fairly, &c.

Remember that life is o' liddle made up,
'Tis minutes mak' hours—it is draps fill the cup;
And Heav'n blesses him wha receives its gifts cheer'ly,
Nor wastes what it gi'es, but lives hooly and fairly.
Hooly and fairly, &c.

OH, NEIGHBOURS, WHAT HAD I ADO FOR TO MARRY?

WRITTEN BY JOANNA BAILLIE—SAME AIR.

The following verses were written for "Thomson's Collection of Scottish Melodies."

Oh, neighbours, what had I ado for to marry?
My wife she drinks possets and wine o' Canary,
And ca's me a niggardly, thrawn-gabbit carlie:
Oh, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly. Hooly and fairly, &c.

She feasts wi' her kimmers on dainties enow,
Aye bowing and smirking, and dighting her mou';
While I sit aside, and am helpit but sparely;
O, gin my wife wad feast hooly and fairly. Hooly and fairly, &c.

To fairs, and to bridals, and preachings, an' a',
She gangs sae light-headed, and buskit sae braw;
It's ribbons and mantuas that gar me gae barely;
O, gin my wife wad spend hooly and fairly. Hooly and fairly, &c.

I' the kirk sic commotion last Sabbath she made,
Wi' babs o' red roses and breast-knots o'erlaid;
The dominie stickit the psalm very nearlly;
O, gin my wife wad dress hooly and fairly. Hooly and fairly, &c.

She's warring and flyting frae morning till e'en,
And if I gainsay her, her e'e glow'rs sae keen;
Then tongue, nieve, and cudgel, she'll lay on me sairly;
O, gin my wife wad strike hooly and fairly. Hooly and fairly, &c.

When tired o' her cantrips, she lies in her bed,
The wark a' negleckit, the house ill up-red;
While a' our guid neighbours are stirring right early;
O, gin my wife wad work timely and fairly. Timely and fairly, &c.

A word o' guid counsel or grace she'll hear none;
She beardies the elders, and mocks at Mess John,
And back in his teeth his ain text she flings sairly;
O, gin my wife wad speak hooly and fairly. Hooly and fairly, &c.

I wish I were single, I wish I were freed,
I wish I were doited, I wish I were dead,
Or she in the mools, to dement me nae mairly:
What does't avail to cry, "Hooly and fairly?"
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
Wasting my breath to cry, "Hooly and fairly."

Duet—O BOTHWELL BANK, THOU BLOOMEST FAIR.

WRITTEN BY JOHN PINKERTON.

COMPOSED BY JOHN FERGUS. ARRANGED FOR THIS WORK BY A. HUME.

John Pinkerton was born at Edinburgh, on the 17th of February, 1758, and died at Paris, 10th March, 1825. Unfortunately for his reputation, he published this song along with several other pieces in his "Select Scottish Ballads," 1773, as genuine old productions, but the forgery being suspected, he was directly accused of it, and at once pled guilty. John Fergus, the composer of the music, was organist of an Episcopal chapel in Glasgow, about the beginning of the present century.

1ST VOICE.

Slow. O Both-well bank, thou bloom-est fair, But, ah! thou mak'st

2D VOICE.

O Both-well bank, thou bloom-est fair, But, ah! thou mak'st

my heart fu' sair, For a' be-neath thy woods sae green, My love and

my heart fu' sair, For a' be-neath thy woods sae green, My love and

rall. p

I wad sit at e'en. While dai-sies and prim-ro-ses

I wad sit at e'en. While dai-sies and prim-ro-ses

mix'd, Wi' blue-bells in my locks he fix'd; O Both-well

mix'd, Wi' blue-bells in my locks he fix'd; O Both-well

The musical score is written for two voices and piano accompaniment. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line for the 1st voice (top) and a vocal line for the 2nd voice (bottom), with piano accompaniment (piano) written below the 2nd voice line. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Slow.' and there is a 'rall. p' (rallentando piano) marking in the third system. The lyrics are printed below the vocal lines.

p rall. dim.

bank, thou bloom-est fair, But, ah! thou mak'st my heart fu' sair.

bank, thou bloom-est fair, But, ah! thou mak'st my heart fu' sair.

Sad he left me ae dreary day,
 And haplie now sleeps in the clay;
 Without ae sigh his death to moan,
 Without ae flow'r his grave to crown.

O whither is my lover gone?
 Alas! I fear he'll ne'er return;
 O Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair,
 But, ah! thou mak'st my heart fu' sair.

GIN LIVING WORTH.

WRITTEN BY SUSANNA BLAMIRE—AIR, "THE WAEFU' HEART."

Slowly.

Gin liv - ing worth could win my heart, You would not speak in
 vain; But in the dark-some grave it's laid, Ne - ver to rise a - gain.
 My wac-fu' heart lies low wi' his, Whose heart was on - ly mine; And
 oh! what a heart was that to lose; But I maun no re - pine.

Yet, oh! gin Heaven in mercy soon
 Would grant the boon I crave,
 And tak' this life, now naething worth,
 Sin' Jamie's in his grave:
 And see, his gentle spirit comes,
 To show me on my way;
 Surprised, nae doubt, I still am here,
 Sair wondering at my stay.

I come, I come, my Jamie dear,
 And, oh, wi' what guid-will,
 I follow wheresoe'er ye lead;
 Ye canna lead to ill.
 She said, and soon a deadly pale,
 Her faded cheek possess'd;
 Her wae fu' heart forgot to beat;
 Her sorrows sunk to rest.

LUCY'S FLITTIN'.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

COMPOSED BY R. A. SMITH.

This affecting song, so replete with feeling and pathos, was contributed by the author to "Hogg's Forest Minstrel." Mr. Lockhart in his "Life of Sir Walter Scott" says, "Mr. Laidlaw has not published many verses, but his song of 'Lucy's Flittin',' a simple and pathetic picture of a poor Ettrick maiden's feelings in leaving a service where she had been happy, has long been, and must ever be, a favourite with all who understand the delicacies of the Scottish dialect, and the manners of the district in which the scene is laid." The last stanza is said to have been claimed by Hogg. We do not question the validity of the claim, but every one knows "The Shepherd's" proneness to indulge in literary mystification. William Laidlaw was born at Blackhouse farm, in Yarrow, November, 1780. He was highly respected by Sir Walter Scott, in whose service he was employed for some years as steward, at Abbotsford. He died at Contin, near Dingwall, on the 18th of May, 1845.

Plaintive.

p

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'-in', And Mar-tin-mas
dow - ie had wound up the year, That Lu - cy row'd up her wee kist wi'
her a' in't, And left her auld mas - ter, and neigh - boursae dear.
For Lu - cy had serv'd in the glen a' the sim - mer; She cam' there be -
fore the flow'r bloom'd on the pea; An or - phan was she, and they had been
guid till her, Sure that was the thing brought the tear to her e'e.

rall.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stan'in';
Right sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see;
"Fare ye weel, Lucy," quo' Jamie, an' ran in;
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae his e'e.

As down the burrside she gaed slow wi' her fittin';
 "Fare-ye-weel, Lucy," was ilka bird's sang;
 She heard the crow sayin't, high on the tree sittin',
 An' robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang.

O what is't that pits my puir heart in a flutter?
 And what gars the tear come sae fast to my e'e?
 If I was na ettled to be ony better,
 Then what gars me wish ony better to be?
 I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;
 Nae mither nor friend the poor lammie can see;
 I fear I ha'e tint my bit heart a' thegither;
 Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my e'e.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I ha'e row'd up the ribbon,
 The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie ga'e me;
 Yestreen when he ga'e me't, an' saw I was sabbin',
 I'll never forget the wae blink o' his e'e.
 Though now he said naething but "Fare-ye-weel, Lucy,"
 It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see;
 He could na say mair, but just, "Fare-ye-weel, Lucy,"
 Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when it's drookit,
 The hare likes the brake, an' the braird on the lea;
 But Lucy likes Jamie—she turn'd an' she lookit,
 She thought the dear place she wad never mair see.
 Ah! weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless;
 And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn;
 His bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
 Lies cauld in her grave, an' will never return.

THE LILY OF THE VALE.

WRITTEN BY RAMSAT—AIR, "YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON," *see page 136, vol. I.*

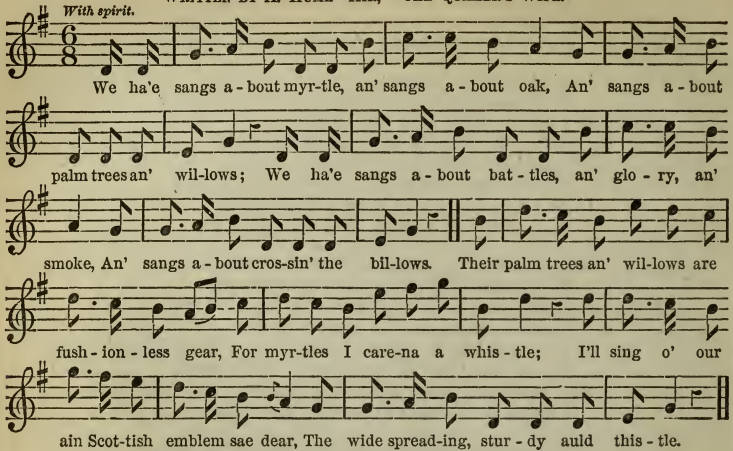
The lily of the vale is sweet,
 And sweeter still the op'nin' rose;
 But sweeter far my Mary is
 Than any blooming flow'r that blows.
 While spring her fragrant blossoms spreads,
 I'll wander oft by Mary's side;
 And whisper saft the tender tale,
 By Forth, sweet Forth's meandering tide.

There we will walk at early dawn,
 Ere yet the sun begins to shine;
 At eve oft to the lawn we'll tread
 And mark that splendid orb's decline.
 The fairest, choicest flow'rs I'll crop,
 To deck my lovely Mary's hair;
 And while I live, I vow and swear,
 She'll be my chief, my only care.

THE SCOTCH THISTLE.

WRITTEN BY A. HUME—AIR, "THE QUAKER'S WIFE."

With spirit.



We ha'e sangs a-bout myr-tle, an' sangs a-bout oak, An' sangs a-bout
palm trees an' wil-lows; We ha'e sangs a-bout bat-tles, an' glo-ry, an'
smoke, An' sangs a-bout cros-sin' the bil-lows. Their palm trees an' wil-lows are
fush-ion-less gear, For myr-tles I care-na a whis-tle; I'll sing o' our
ain Scot-tish emblem sae dear, The wide spread-ing, stur-dy auld this-tle.

Langsyne when King Haco, that terrible chiel,
Whose hame was the wild stormy ocean,
Cam' o'er frae the Baltic as fierce as the de'il,
By my saul, but he rais'd a commotion.
But he made naething o't, for on Largs' bluidy strand,*
He was crush'd in his shell like a mussel;
"Come awa', lads," quo' he, "we maun leave this curs'd land,
Faith, we'll no soon forget the Scotch thistle."
When Edward cam' down like the wild mountain flood,
Wi' his chivalry prancin' in bravery;
He swore by St. George, an' his ain royal bluid,
He would bring puir auld Scotland to slavery.
But our hardy blue-bonnets, at fam'd Bannockburn,
Ga'e his mail-coated heroes a tussle;
An' for mony a lang year "merrie England" did mourn,
An' bann'd baith the Scots an' their thistle.

* The decisive battle of Largs was fought on the 2d day of October, 1263. The total loss of the Danes and Norwegians in this expedition, including those who perished by shipwreck, was 20,000 men. The Scots lost 5,000. Haco, with the shattered remnant of his fleet, escaped to Orkney, where he died the following year.

O' our brave Scottish clans, time would fail me to tell
 A' their deeds, that are famous in story;
 How for freedom they fought, an' for freedom they fell,
 Their slogan "Come death, or come glory."
 O'er their graves may the red heather blossom for aye,
 An' the pines wave wi' murmurin' rustle;
 In our bosoms their mem'ry shall never decay,
 While green grows the wide spreadin' thistle.

Now, "Here's to the Queen, the Prince, an' the Weans,"
 May her reign be baith prosp'rous an' happy:
 Here's "The People;" frae age, wi' its sorrows an' pains,
 To the bairnie that lies in the lappie.
 May the sunshine o' liberty gladden our sight,
 Free frae war's deadly turmoil an' bustle;
 While the red blushin' rose, an green shamrock unite,
 Wi' the wide spreadin' sturdy Scotch thistle.

I'M A' DOUN FOR LACK O' JOHNNIE.

Though this song has long been popular north of the Tay, the authorship of the words and air is unknown.

Tenderly.

I'm a' doun, doun, doun, I'm doun for lack o' John-nie; I'm
 a' doun, doun, doun, I'm doun for lack o' John-nie.
 Gin John-nie kent I was-na weel, I'm sure he would come to me; But
 oh, gin he's for - sak-en me, Och hone, what will come o' me.

I'm a' doun, doun, doun,
 I'm doun for lack o' Johnnie;
 I'm a' doun, doun, doun,
 I'm doun for lack o' Johnnie.

I sit upon an auld feal-sunk,
 I spin and greet for Johnnie;
 But gin he's gi'en me the begunk,
 Och hone, what will come o' me.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

WRITTEN BY BARONESS NAIRNE—AIR, "WHEN SHE CAM' BEN SHE BOBBIT."

This well-known song was written by Lady Nairne about the beginning of the present century. The Laird of Cockpen is said to have been the friend and companion in arms of Charles II. After the battle of Worcester he accompanied the king to Holland, where his humour, and especially his skill in music, often served to amuse his royal master. The last two stanzas of the song were written by Miss Ferrier, author of "Marriage," &c. "When she cam' ben she bobbit" is one of our oldest Scottish melodies.

Lively.

The laird o' Cock-pen he's proud and he's great, His mind is ta'en
up wi' the things o' the state; He want - ed a wife his brawhouse
to keep, But fa - vour wi' woo - in' was fash - ious to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
M'Cleish's ae daughter o' Claversha' Lee,
A pennyles lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouter'd, an' as guid as new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, an' cock'd hat,
An' wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare, an' rode cannilie,
An' rapp'd at the yett o' Claversha' Lee;
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben;
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flow'r wine:
"An' what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, an' on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' down.

An' when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low;
An' what was his errand he soon let her know:
Amaz'd was the Laird when the lady said na;
An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumfounder'd was he, but nae sigh did he gi'e,
 He mounted his mare, an rade cannilie;
 And aften he thought as he gaed through the glen,
 She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

An' now that the Laird his exit had made,
 Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
 Oh, for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten,
 I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

Neist time that the Laird and the Lady were seen,
 They were gaun arm in arm to the kirk on the green;
 Now she sits in the ha' like a crouse tappit hen,
 But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd in Cockpen.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O.

WRITTEN BY BURNS.

There is an old song to this tune beginning, "We're a' dry wi' drinkin' o't." It is not, however, quite fit for "ears polite."

Lively.

There's nought but care on ev'-ry han', In ev'-ry hour that pas-ses, O; What
 sig - ni - fies the life o' man An' 'twere-na for the las-ses, O.
 Green grow the rash - es, O, Green grow the rash - es, O; The
 sweet-est hours that e'er I spend Are spent a-mang the las - ses, O.

The worldly race may riches chase,
 And riches still may fly them, O;
 An' though at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
 Green grow, &c.

Gi'e me a cannie hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O;
 An' worldly cares an' worldly men
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.
 Green grow, &c.

For you sae douce, wha sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
 The wisest man the wairld e'er saw
 He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.
 Green grow, &c.

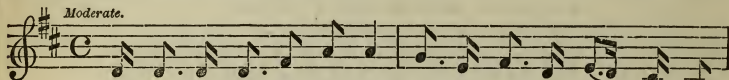
Auld nature swears, the lovely dears,
 Her noblest work she classes, O;
 Her prentice han' she tried on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.
 Green grow, &c.

LOUDON'S BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES.

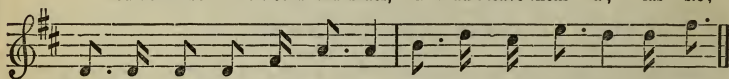
WRITTEN BY TANNAHILL—AIR, "EARL MOIRA'S WELCOME TO SCOTLAND."

This charming song was written on the occasion of Earl Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings, being ordered abroad in the service of his country, shortly after his marriage with Flora, Countess of Loudon. He was successively Governor-General of India, and Governor of Malta, at which place he died in 1824. The air is very fine, but it is to be regretted that its great range, a fourteenth, places it beyond the reach of the majority of singers.

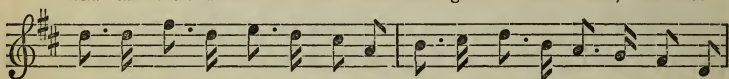
Moderate.



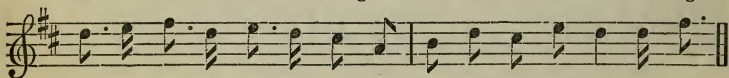
Lou-don's bon - nie woods and braes, I maun leave them a', las - sie;



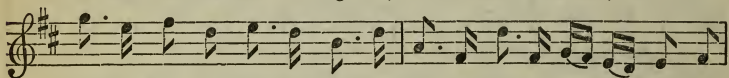
Wha can thole when Bri - tain's faes Would gi'e Bri-tons law, las - sie?



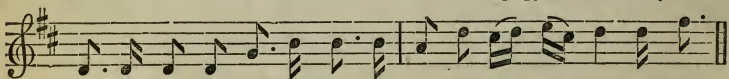
Wha wad shun the field o' dan-ger? Wha to fame would live a stran-ger?



Now when free-dom bids a - venge her, Wha would shun her ca', las - sie?



Lou-don's bon - nie woods and braes Ha'e seen our hap - py bri - dal days, And



gen - tle hope shall soothe thy waes, When I am far a - wa', las - sie.

Hark! the swelling bugle rings,
Yielding joy to thee, laddie;
But the dolefu' bugle brings
Waefu' thoughts to me, laddie.
Lanely I may climb the mountain,
Lanely stray beside the fountain;

Still the weary moments counting,
Far frae love and thee, laddie.
O'er the gory fields o' war,
Where vengeance drives his crimson car,
Thou'lt maybe fa', frae me afar,
And nane to close thy e'e, laddie.

Oh, resume thy wonted smile,
 Oh, suppress thy fears, lassie;
 Glorious honour crowns the toil
 That the soldier shares, lassie;
 Heav'n will shield thy faithful lover,
 Till the vengeful strife is over,

Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever,
 Till the day we dee, lassie.
 'Midst our bonnie woods and braes,
 We'll spend our peaceful happy days,
 As blythe's yon lightsome lamb that plays
 On Loudon's flow'ry lea, lassie.

MY AIN MOUNTAIN LAND.*

WRITTEN BY THOMAS ELLIOTT.

COMPOSED BY A. HUME.

Slow, with feeling.

Oh! wae's me on gowd, wi' its gla-mour and fame, It tint me my
 love, and it wil'd me frae hame; It tint me my love, and it wil'd me frae hame;
 Syne dwin-dl'd a - wa' like a nieve-fu' o' sand, And left me to
 mourn for my ain mountain land. And left me to mourn for my ain mountain land.

I long for the glens, and the brown heather fells,
 The green birken shades, where the wild lintie dwells;
 The dash o' the deep on the gray rocky strand,
 That girds the blue hills o' my ain mountain land.

I dream o' the dells where the clear burnies flow,
 The bonnie green knowes where the wee gowans grow;
 But I wake frae my sleep like a being that's bann'd,
 And shed a saut tear for my ain mountain land.

I ken there's a lass that looks out on the sea,
 Wi' tears in the e'en that are watching for me;
 Lang, lang she may wait for the grasp o' my hand,
 Or the fa' o' my foot in my ain mountain land.

* From "Doric Lays and Attic Chimes," by Thomas Elliott. Glasgow: David Jack.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER ROSS.

This humorous ditty, omitted in the earlier collections, appears in "Herd's," 1776. It is, however, of much older date. In a note to Joanna Baillie's song (next page) in the "Modern Scottish Minstrel," vol. 1., p. 148, Dr. Rogers says, "There is another version, published in 'Johnson's Musical Museum,' vol. i., p. 10, which was long popular among the ballad-singers. This was composed by Alexander Ross, schoolmaster of Lochlee, author of 'Helenore, or the fortunate shepherdess.'" The song in "Johnson's Museum" is the one we have adopted, viz., "The bride she cam' out o' the byre." "The grass had nae freedom o' growin'," a capital song by Mrs. Scott of Dumbarton, and "Donald Macdonald," by the Ettrick Shepherd, are sung to this tune.

Lively.

The bride she cam' out o' the byre, An' O as she dight-ed her checks, Sirs,
 I'm to be mar-ried the night, An' ha'e nei-ther blan-kets nor sheets.
 Ha'e nei-ther blan-kets nor sheets, Nor scarce a cov-er-let too; The
 bride that has a' thing to bor-row, Has e'en right muc-kle a-do.
 Woo'd and mar-ried and a', Mar-ried and woo'd and a', And
 was na she ver-y weel aff, That was woo'd and mar-ried and a'.

Out spake the bride's father,
 As he cam' in frae the plough,
 O, haud your tongue, my dochter,
 And ye'se get gear enough:
 The stik stands i' th' tether,
 And our braw bawsint yade
 Will carry you hame your corn,
 What wad ye be at, ye jade?
 Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's mither,
 What de'il needs a' this pride?
 I had nae a plack in my pouch,
 That night I was a bride;
 My gown was linsay-woolsy,
 And ne'er a sark ava';
 And ye ha'e ribbons and buskins,
 Mae than ane or twa.
 Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's brither,
 As he cam' in wi' the kye;
 Poor Willie wad ne'er ha'e ta'en ye
 Had he kent ye as weel as I:
 For ye're baith proud an' saucy,
 And no for a poor man's wife:
 Gin I canna get a better,
 I'se ne'er tak' an' i' my life.
 Woo'd and married, &c.

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

THE BRIDE SHE IS WINSOME AND BONNIE.

WRITTEN BY JOANNA BAILLIE—SAME AIR.

The bride she is winsome and bonnie,
 Her hair it is snooded sae sleek;
 And faithfu' and kind is her Johnnie,
 Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek.
 New pearlins the cause o' her sorrow,
 New pearlins and plenishing too;
 The bride that has a' to borrow,
 Has e'en right muckle ado.
 Woo'd and married and a'
 Woo'd and married and a';
 And is na she very weel aff,
 To be woo'd and married an' a'.

Her mither then hastily spak',—
 "The lassie is glaiket wi' pride;
 In my pouches I had na a plack,
 The day that I was a bride.
 E'en tak' to your wheel and be clever,
 And draw out your thread in the sun;
 The gear that is gifted, it never
 Will last like the gear that is won."
 Woo'd and married and a',
 Tocher and havings sae sma';
 I think ye are very weel aff,
 To be woo'd and married and a'.

"Toot, toot," quo the gray-headed faither,
 "She's less o' a bride than a bairn;
 She's ta'en like a cowl frae the heather,
 Wi' sense and discretion to learn.
 Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
 As humour inconstantly leans;

A chiel maun be constant and steady,
 That yokes wi' a mate in her teens."
 'Kerchief to cover sae neat,
 Locks the wind used to blaw;
 I'm baith like to laugh and to greet,
 When I think o' her married at a'.

Then out spak' the wily bridegroom,
 Weel waled were his wordies I ween,
 "I'm rich, though my coffer be toom,
 Wi' the blinks a' your bonnie bluee'en;
 I'm prouder o' thee by my side,
 Though thy ruffles or ribbons be few,
 Than if Kate o' the Craft were my bride,
 Wi' purples and pearlins anew."
 Dear and dearest of ony,
 Ye're woo'd and bookit and a';
 And do ye think scorn o' your Johnnie,
 And grieve to be married at a'?

She turn'd, and she blush'd, and she smil'd,
 And she lookit sae bashfully down;
 The pride o' her heart was beguil'd,
 And she play'd wi' the sleeve o' her gown;
 She twirl'd the tag o' her lace,
 And she nippit her boddice sae blue;
 Syne blinket sae sweet in his face,
 And aff like a maukin she flew.
 Woo'd and married and a',
 Married and carried awa';
 She thinks hersel' very weel aff,
 To be woo'd and married and a'.

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—GAELIC AIR, "THE BROWN DAIRY MAID."

This sweet song was composed on Miss Charlotte Hamilton, the sister of the poet's friend, Gavin Hamilton of Mauchline. She married Dr. James M'Kittrick Adair. "She was born," says Burns, "on the banks of Ayr, but was, at the time I wrote these lines, residing at Harveyston, in Clackmannanshire, on the romantic banks of the little river Devon." The air, which was noted down from the singing of a lady in Inverness, is called "Bhannarach dhon na chri," or "The Brown Dairy Maid."

Tenderly.

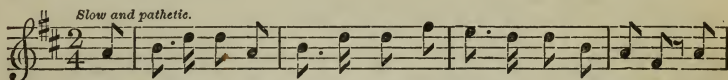
How plea-sant the banks of the clear wind-ing De-ven, With greenspreading
bush-es, and flow'rs bloom-ing fair; But the bon-ni-est flow'r on the
banks of the De-ven, Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
Mild be the sun on this sweet blush-ing flow-er, In the gay ro-sy
morn, as it bathes in the dew, And gen-tle the fall of the soft ver-nal
show-er, That steals on the ev'n-ing each leaf to re-nov.

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

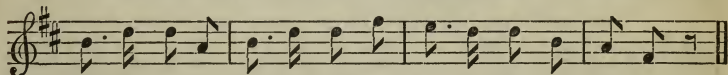
O WHERE SHALL I GAE SEEK MY BREAD?

TRANSLATED FROM THE GAELIC.

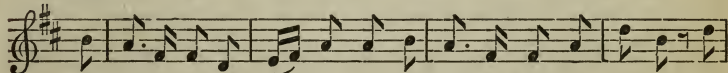
This touching and pathetic song is alike descriptive of the loyalty and affection of the Highlanders, and the miseries they endured after the fatal battle of Culloden, when, to use the words of a worthy clergyman in the North, "By order of this ferocious Duke (Cumberland), the government troops carried fire and sword through whole districts of the Highlands, driving off the cattle, the only means by which the people subsisted, and leaving those who did not perish under military execution, to die a more lingering and horrible death from famine."—Letter in the "Scots' Magazine," June, 1746.



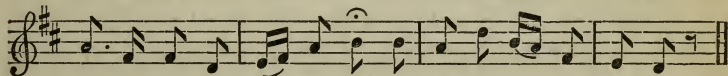
O where shall I gae seek my bread? Or where shall I gae wan - der? Or



where shall I gae hide my head? For here I'll bide nae lang - er.



The seas may row, the winds may blow, And swathe me round in dan-ger: My



na - tive land I must fore - go, And roam a lone - ly stran-ger.

The glen that was my father's own,
Must be by his forsaken;
The house that was my father's home
Is levelled with the bracken.
Ochon, ochon, our glory's o'er,
Stole by a mean deceiver;
Our hands are on the broad claymore,
But the might is broke for ever.

And thou, my prince, my injured prince,
Thy people have disowned thee;
Have hunted and have driven thee hence,
With ruin'd chiefs around thee.

Though hard beset, when I forget
Thy fate, young helpless rover,
This broken heart shall cease to beat,
And all its griefs be over.

Farewell, farewell dear Caledon,
Land of the Gael no longer;
A stranger fills thy ancient throne,
In guile and treachery stronger.
Thy brave and just fall in the dust,
On ruin's brink they quiver;
Heav'n's pitying e'e is closed on thee,
Adieu, adieu for ever.

O WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

WRITTEN BY BURNS.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Ireland has claimed this tune as exclusively her own,—indeed, it has long been known in the sister isle under the name of "Noble Sir Arthur," and R. A. Smith (no mean authority) seems to have allowed the claim, by giving it a place in "The Irish Minstrel," a selection from the vocal melodies of Ireland, published by Purdie of Edinburgh. Again, the tune is said to have been composed by John Bruce, a fiddle player in Dumfries. In proof of this Burns says, "This I know, Bruce, who was an honest man, though a *red wud* Highlander, constantly claimed it, and by all the old musical people here (*viz.*, Dumfries), he is believed to be the author of it." Burns, with whom the tune was a great favourite, wrote two sets of verses for it, the first consisting of two stanzas only, written in 1787, for the "Museum," and the second, written in August, 1793, for George Thomson's collection. We insert the latter.

Lively.

O whis-tle and I'll come to you, my lad, O whis-tle and I'll come
to you, my lad; Though fa-ther and mi-ther and a' should gae mad, O
whis-tle and I'll come to you, my lad. But war - i - ly tent when ye
come to meet me, And come na un-less the back yett be a-jee, Syne
up the back stile, and let nae - bod - y see, And come as ye were na
com-in' to me. And come as ye were na com-in' to me.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;
Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as though that ye cared na a flie;
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
 O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;
 Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
 O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
 And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
 But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me,
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.

THERE'S NAE COV'NANT NOW, LASSIE.

WRITTEN BY ROBERT ALLAN.

This deeply solemn and affecting dirge was composed by Robert Allan, the son of a flax-dresser in Kilbarchan, Renfrewshire, where he was born on the 4th of November, 1774. Possessing a taste for the kindred arts of poetry and music, he lived in terms of close intimacy with Tannahill and R. A. Smith, and contributed a number of his best songs to the "Scottish Minstrel," several of them being set to music by the editor. His songs, with few exceptions, are marked by much feeling and pathos. "The thistle and the rose," "The Covenanter's lament," "A lassie cam' to our gate," and several others, entitle him to a high place among the lyric poets of Scotland. He died at New York, on the 1st of June, 1841, eight days after his arrival in America.

Plaintive.

There's nae cov'nant now, lassie, There's nae cov'-nant now; The so-lemn league and
 co - ve - nant Are a' bro - ken through. There's nae Ren-wick now, lassie, There's
 nae guid Car-gill; Nor ho - ly Sab-bath preach-ing Up - on the Martyrs' hill.

It's naething but a sword, lassie,
 A bluidy, bluidy ane;
 Waving owre puir Scotland
 For her rebellious sin.
 Scotland's a' wrang, lassie,
 Scotland's a' wrang;
 It's neither to the hill nor glen,
 Lassie, we daur gang.

The Martyrs' hill's forsaken,
 In simmer's dusk sae calm;
 There's nae gathering now, lassie,
 To sing the e'enin' psalm.
 But the martyrs' grave will rise, lassie,
 Aboon the warrior's cairn;
 An' the martyr soun' will sleep, lassie,
 Aneath the wavin' fern.

O WELCOME, DEAR SCOTLAND.

AIR, "BANNOCKS O' BARLEY MEAL."

This excellent song is published anonymously in "Blackie's Book of Scottish Song." Of the origin of the air nothing is known. The additional song, given below, was written by Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart. It is merely a modified version of "Argyle is my name," attributed to John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich. If the "great Duke" really was the author of the song alluded to, we hope it was his first and last attempt in that line.

With spirit.

O wel-come, dear Scot-land, my coun-try, my home, From my own na-tive
 coun-try no more will I roam; I have tra-vell'd a - far, but no
 spot up - on earth Can of - fer thy bles-sing, dear land of my birth.
 For rich - es, for hon-our, for fame I have fought, And a por - tion of
 each with my sword I have bought; But pur - er de-lights I now
 has - ten to feel At home with a ban-nock of bar - ley meal.

Yet still I am ready to fight in thy cause,
 To guard our good monarch, religion, and laws;
 Though the claims of my home are wife, children, and ease,
 The claims of my duty are stronger than these.
 But call me to splendour or pleasure, oh no!
 The splendour I'd scorn, and the pleasure forego;
 No dainties abroad can such comfort reveal,
 As home, and a bannock of barley meal.

Yet think me not idle, oh! think not but here
 Employment I find to a parent most dear;
 In training my children their arms for the field,
 And their hearts for those treasures which virtue will yield.
 And oh! when by Heav'n I am summon'd away,
 My children, your mother protect and obey;
 And the blessing of Heav'n rewarding your zeal,
 Will sweeten your bannock of barley meal.

ARGYLE IS MY NAME.

WRITTEN BY SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL—SAME AIR.

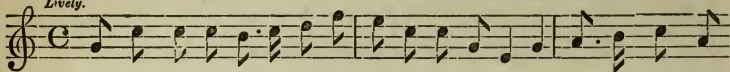
Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart. of Auchinleck, eldest son of James Boswell, the celebrated biographer of Dr. Johnson, was born on the 9th of October, 1775. His compositions are chiefly of a humorous nature. Of strictly conservative principles, he was a violent opponent of every measure which, in his opinion, might be fraught with danger to the constitution. A bitter political squib, which he had sent to the *Glasgow Sentinel*, a high tory paper, containing an imputation of cowardice on Mr. James Stuart, younger, of Dunearn, led to a challenge from that gentleman. The parties met near Auchtertool, in Fifeshire, when Sir Alexander received a severe wound in the neck, from the effects of which he expired on the following day. The duel took place on the 26th of March, 1822.

Argyle is my name, and you may think it strange,
 To live at a court, yet never to change;
 To faction or tyranny equally foe,
 The good of the land's the sole motive I know.
 The foes of my country and king I have faced;
 In city or battle I ne'er was disgraced;
 I've done what I could for my country's weal,
 Now I'll feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.
 Ye riots and revels of London, adieu;
 And folly, ye foplings, I leave her to you;
 For Scotland I mingled in bustle and strife—
 For myself I seek peace, and an innocent life.
 I'll haste to the Highlands, and visit each scene,
 With Maggie, my love, in her rokelay o' green;
 On the banks o' Glenaray what pleasure I'll feel,
 While she shares my bannock o' barley meal.
 And if it chance Maggie should bring me a son,
 He shall fight for his king as his father has done;
 I'll hang up my sword with an old soldier's pride;
 Oh! may he be worthy to wear't by his side.
 I pant for the breeze of my lov'd native place,
 I long for the smile of each welcoming face;
 I'll aff to the Highlands as fast's I can reel,
 And feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

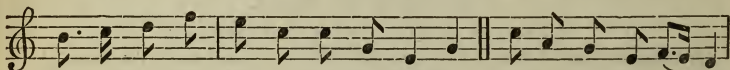
MY JO, JANET.

This humorous old ditty appears in the "Orpheus Caledonius," 1725. Allan Ramsay, whose version we give entire, retouched the original verses. In some collections an over-strained notion of delicacy on the part of the editors, has prevented the insertion of the last stanza. We think it one of the best. "Evil to him who evil thinks."

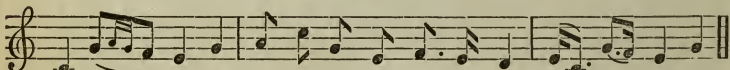
Lively.



Sweet sir, for your cour-te-sie, When ye come by the Bass,* then, For the love ye



bear to me, Buy me a keek-in' glass, then. Keek in - to the draw-well,



Jan - et, Jan - et, There ye'll see your bon - nie sel', My jo, Jan - et.

Keekin' in the draw-well clear,
What if I fa' in then?
Syne a' my kin will say and swear,
I drown'd mysel' for sin then.
Haud the better by the brae,
Janet, Janet,
Haud the better by the brae,
My jo, Janet.

Guid sir, for your courtesie,
Comin' through Aberdeen, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair o' sheen, then.
Clout the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet,
Ae pair may gain ye half-a-year,
My jo, Janet.

But what, if dancing on the green,
An' skippin' like a maukin,
They should see my clouted sheen,
O' me, they will be taukin'.

Dance aye laigh, and late at e'en,
Janet, Janet,
Syne a' their fau'ts will no be seen,
My jo, Janet.

Kind sir, for your courtesie,
When ye gae to the cross, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacin' horse, then.
Pace upon your spinnin' wheel,
Janet, Janet,
Pace upon your spinnin' wheel,
My jo, Janet.

My spinnin' wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o't winna stand, sir;
To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
Employs right aft my hand, sir.
Mak' the best o' that ye can,
Janet, Janet,
But like it never wale a man,
My jo, Janet.

* A large rock near the mouth of the Firth of Forth.

MY SPOUSE NANCY.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—SAME AIR.

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

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

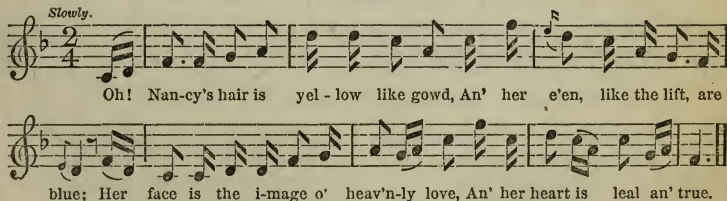
My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it;
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it.
I will hope and trust in Heav'n,
Nancy, Nancy,
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse Nancy.

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

OH! NANCY'S HAIR IS YELLOW LIKE GOWD.

OLD BORDER AIR.

Slowly.



Oh! Nan-cy's hair is yel - low like gowd, An' her e'en, like the lift, are
blue; Her face is the i-mage o' heav'n-ly love, An' her heart is leal an' true.

The innocent smile that plays on her cheek
Is like the dawning morn;
An' the red, red blush that across it flees
Is sic as the rose ne'er has worn.
If it's sweet to see the flickering smile
Light up her sparklin' e'e;
It's holier far to see it dimm'd
Wi' the gushin' tear's saut bree.

'Twas na for a faithless love's fause vows,
Nor a brither upo' the wave,
That I saw them fa'—no, they were drapt
On an aged father's grave.
Though joy may dimple her bonnie mou',
An' daffin may banish care;
In nae blythesome mood, nor hour o' bliss
Will these een e'er glint sae fair.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

WRITTEN BY RAMSAY—OLD AIR, "ALACE YAT I CAME O'ER THE MOOR."

This is one of the oldest and finest of our pastoral melodies. Burns, although he thought Ramsay's verses unworthy of "the divine air," positively declined to make any alteration on them. In a letter to Mr. Thomson, he says, "Ramsay, as every other poet, has not been always equally happy in his pieces; still, I cannot approve of taking such liberties with an author, as Mr. W. proposes doing with 'The last time I came o'er the muir.' Let a poet, if he chooses, take up the idea of another and work it into a piece of his own; but to mangle the works of a poor bard, whose tuneful tongue is now mute for ever in the dark and narrow house,—by Heaven! 'twould be sacrilege. I grant that Mr. W.'s version is an improvement; but let him mend the song as the Highlander mended his gun,—he gave it a new stock, a new lock, and a new barrel!"

Slowly.

The last time I came o'er the muir I left my love be - hind me; Ye
 pow'r's what pain do I en - dure, When soft i - de - as bind me.
 Soon as the rud-dy morn dis-play'd The beam-ing day en - su-ing, I
 met be-times my love - ly maid In sweet re - treats for woo - ing.

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

In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter;
 Since she excels in every grace,
 In her my love shall centre.

Sooner the seas shall cease to flow.
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland's ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

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

MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE, O.

WRITTEN BY RICHARD GALL.

Richard Gall was born at Linkhouse, near Dunbar, in Haddingtonshire, in December, 1776. At the age of twelve or thirteen years he removed to Edinburgh, where he soon after bound himself apprentice to Mr. David Ramsay, of the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*. His poetical talents were early developed, and attracted considerable attention. Among others, Burns and Hector MacNeill were warm in their admiration of the youthful poet. In the beginning of 1801 he was attacked by a severe illness, which ultimately brought him to an untimely grave. He died at Edinburgh on the 10th of May, 1801. An elegant simplicity pervades the whole of his writings, while their tendency has been justly characterized as "uniformly virtuous."

Tenderly.

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue, My on-ly jo and dear-ie, O; Thy
neck is like the sil-ler dew Up - on the bank's sae brier - ie, O;
Thy teeth are o' the i - vor - y; O sweet's the twin-kle o' thine e'e; Nae
joy, nae plea - sure blinks on me, My on - ly jo and dear - ie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn,
Its sang o' joy fu' cheerie, O;
Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
Nae care to mak' it eerie, O:
But little kens the sangster sweet,
Aught o' the care I ha'e to meet,
That gars my restless bosom beat,
My only jo and dearie, O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,
And youth was blinkin' bonnie, O;
Aft we would daff the lee-lang day,
Our joys fu' sweet and mony, O.

Aft I would chase thee o'er the lea,
And round about the thorny tree,
Or pu' the wild flow'rs a' for thee,
My only jo and dearie, O.

I ha'e a wish I canna tine,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O,
I wish that thou wert ever mine,
And never mair to leave me, O:
Then I would dawt thee night and day,
Nae ither warldly care wad ha'e,
Till life's warm stream forgat to play,
My only jo and dearie, O.

THE CAULDRIFE WOOPER.

AIR, "BUNG YOUR EYE IN THE MORNING."

This lively song first appeared in David Herd's collection, 1776. The author is unknown.

Lively.

There cam' a young man to my dad-die's door, My dad-die's door, my
dad - die's door; There cam' a young man to my dad - die's door, Cam'
seek-ing me to woo. And vow, but he was a brow young
lad, A brisk young lad, and a brow young lad; And vow, but
he was a brow young lad, Cam' seek - ing me to woo.

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

I set him in aside the bink,
I ga'e him bread and ale to drink;
But ne'er a blythe styme wad he blink
Until his wame was fou. And, &c.

Gae get you gane you cauldrie wooper,
Ye sour-looking cauldrie wooper;
I straightway showed him to the door,
Saying, Come nae mair to woo. And, &c.

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

Out cam' the guidman, and high he shouted,
Out cam' the guidwife, and laigh she louted;
And a' the toun neebors were gather'd about it,
And there lay he, I trow. And, &c.

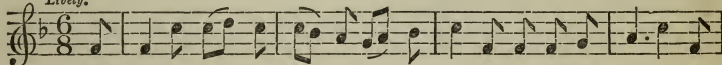
Then out cam' I, and sneer'd and smil'd,
Ye cam' to woo, but ye're a' beguil'd;
Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' befyl'd;
We'll ha'e nae mair o' you. And, &c.

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

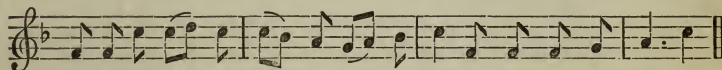
WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "THE HEMP DRESSER."

These verses are said to have been composed extempore by Burns at a meeting of his brother excisemen at Dumfries. The original is written on a piece of excise paper. Lockhart, however, says it was composed on the shores of the Solway, while engaged in watching a smuggling brig which had put in there. Some of the party had been despatched to Dumfries and Ecclefechan to obtain the assistance of the military quartered there, leaving the poet with a few men under his orders to watch the brig. "Burns," says Lockhart, "manifested considerable impatience while thus occupied, being left for many hours in a wet salt marsh, with a force which he knew to be inadequate for the purpose it was meant to fulfil. One of his friends hearing him abuse his friend Lewars, in particular, for being slow about his journey, the man answered that he also wished the devil had him for his pains, and that Burns in the meantime would do well to indite a song upon the sluggard. Burns said nothing, but after taking a few strides by himself among the reeds and shingles, rejoined the party, and chanted to them this well-known ditty." The tune dates from the middle of the seventeenth century.

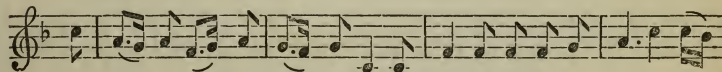
Lively.



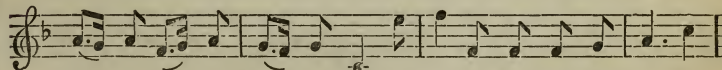
The de'il cam' fid-dlin' through the town, And danc'd a-wa' wi' th' ex-ciseman; And



il - ka auld wife cried, "Auld ma - houn, I wish you luck o' your prize, man."



The de'il's a - wa', the de'il's a - wa', The de'il's a - wa' wi' th' ex-cise-man; He's



danc'd a - wa', he's danc'd a - wa', He's danc'd a - wa' wi' th' ex - cise-man.

We'll mak' our maut, we'll brew our drink,
We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man;
And mony braw thanks to the muckle black de'il
That danc'd awa' wi' th' exciseman.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the land,
Was, "The de'il's awa' wi' th' exciseman."

O WHERE, TELL ME WHERE.

WRITTEN BY MRS. GRANT OF LAGGAN—AIR, "THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND."

Mrs. Grant of Laggan, the accomplished author of this song, and the intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott, Francis Jeffrey, the Ettrick Shepherd, and others, was born at Glasgow, in February, 1755. Though a voluminous writer, she has left very few songs, and, even of these, "O where, tell me where," has only become popular. It was written for George Thomson's collection, on the Marquis of Huntly's departure for the continent with his regiment in 1799. She died on the 7th of November, 1838, in her eighty-fourth year. The author of the air of "The blue bells of Scotland" is unknown.

Moderate.

O where, tell me where is your High-land lad - die gone? O
 where, tell me where is your High-land lad - die gone? He's gone with streaming
 ban-ners, where no - ble deeds are done, And my sad heart will trem-ble till
 he come safe-ly home. He's gone with stream-ing ban-ners where no-ble deeds are
 done, And my sad heart will trem-ble till he come safe - ly home.

O where, tell me where did your Highland laddie stay?
 O where, tell me where did your Highland laddie stay?
 He dwelt beneath the holly trees, beside the rapid Spey,
 And many a blessing followed him the day he went away.

O what, tell me what does your Highland laddie wear?
 O what, tell me what does your Highland laddie wear?
 A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
 And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star.

Suppose, ah suppose, that some cruel, cruel wound,
Should pierce your Highland laddie, and all your hopes confound ;
The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,
And for his king and country dear with pleasure would he die.

But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonnie bounds,
But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonnie bounds ;
His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,
While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name resounds.

O WHERE, AND O WHERE DOES YOUR HIGHLAND LADDIE DWELL ?

AUTHOR UNKNOWN—SAME AIR.

The following song, though not equal in merit to Mrs. Grant's, has obtained even a more decided popularity. There is also another very old set of words beginning, "O fair maid, wha's aught the bonnie bairn," but they are scarcely fit for publication.

O where, and O where does your Highland laddie dwell ?
O where, and O where does your Highland laddie dwell ?
He dwells in merry Scotland, where the blue bells sweetly smell,
And oh, in my heart I love my laddie well.

O what, lassie, what does your Highland laddie wear ?
O what, lassie, what does your Highland laddie wear ?
A scarlet coat, and bonnet blue, wi' bonnie yellow hair,
And nane in the world can wi' my love compare.

O where, and oh where is your Highland laddie gane ?
O where, and oh where is your Highland laddie gane ?
He's gane to fight for George our king, and left us all alane,
For noble and brave's my loyal Highlandman.

O what, lassie, what if your Highland lad be slain ?
O what, lassie, what if your Highland lad be slain ?
O no : true love will be his guard, and bring him safe again,
For I never could live without my Highlandman.

O when, and O when will your Highland lad come hame ?
O when, and O when will your Highland lad come hame ?
Whene'er the war is over, he'll return to me with fame,
And I'll plait a wreath of flowers for my lovely Highlandman.

O what will you claim for your constancy to him ?
O what will you claim for your constancy to him ?
I'll claim a priest to marry us, a clerk to say, "Amen,"
And I'll never part again from my bonnie Highlandman.

THE WIDOW CAN BAKE.

WRITTEN BY RAMSAY—AIR, "WAP AT THE WIDOW."

"Wap at the widow, my laddie," is the title of an old, but rather indelicate song which Ramsay entirely re-modelled. The air, which is lively and characteristic, appears, united to his verses, in the "Orpheus Caledonius," 1725.

Lively.

The wi - dow can bake, and the wi-dow can brew, The wi-dow can
 shape, and the wi-dow can sew, And mon-y braw things the wi-dow can do, Then
 wap at the wi-dow, my lad-die. With cour-age attack her baith ear - ly and
 late, To kiss her and clap her ye maun - na be blate; Speak weel, and do
 bet-ter, for that's the best gate To win a young wi-dow, my lad-die.

The widow she's youthfu', and never ae hair
 The waur o' the wearin', and has a guid skair
 Of ev'rything lovely,—she's witty and fair,
 And has a rich jointure, my laddie.
 What could ye wish better, your pleasure to crown,
 Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town?
 Wi' naething but,—draw in your stool and sit down,
 And sport wi' the widow, my laddie.

Then till her, and kill her wi' courtesy dead,
 Though stark love and kindness be a' you can plead;
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed
 Wi' the bonnie, gay widow, my laddie.

Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,
 For fortune aye favours the active and bauld,
 But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,
 Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

BANNOCKS O' BEAR MEAL.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "THE KILLOGIE."

Burns wrote these verses in the Jacobite style, retaining only the title of an old song, now seldom sung. In Hogg's "Jacobite Relics," we find a curious political diatribe, written 1688, by Lord Newbottle, eldest son of William, first Marquis of Lothian. It is entitled "Bannocks o' bear meal, cakes o' crowdy," and adapted to this air. Sir Walter Scott, in his song on the occupation of Paris by the allies in 1815, says,—

"Wha'll now keep guard o'er Versailles and Marly?
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley."

This was well enough in its day, but we would rather see "The lads wi' the bannocks o' barley" mount guard over Windsor and Holyrood.

Lively.



Ban-nocks o' bear meal, and ban-nocks o' bar - ley; Here's to the
 High-land-man's ban-nocks o' bar - ley. Wha in a brul - zie will
 first cry a par - ley? Ne - ver the lads wi' the
 ban-nocks o' bar - ley. Ban-nocks o' bear meal, and ban-nocks o'
 bar - ley; Here's to the High-land-man's ban-nocks o' bar - ley.

Begin the second verse at the sign $\text{:}\text{8:}$

Wha in his wae days were loyal to Charlie?
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley.
 Bannocks o' bear meal, and bannocks o' barley,
 Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley.

FAREWELL TO GLENSHALLOCH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GAELIC BY THE ETRICK SHEPHERD—GAELIC AIR.

The original Gaelic of this lament, so happily translated by Hogg, is said to be beautifully simple and affecting.

Plaintive.

Fare - well to Glen - shal-loch, a fare-well for e - ver, Fare - well to my
wee cot that stands by the ri - ver; The fall is loud sound-ing in
voi - ces that va - ry; And the echoes sur-rounding la-ment with my Mary.

I saw her last night 'mid the rocks that enclose them,
With a babe at her breast, and a babe at her bosom;
I heard her sweet voice in the depth of my slumber,
And the song that she sung was of sorrow and cumber.

Sleep sound, my sweet babe, there is nought to alarm thee,
The sons of the valley no pow'r have to harm thee;
I'll sing thee to rest in the balloch untrodden,
With a coronach sad for the slain of Culloden.

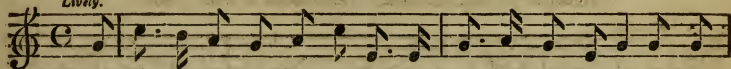
I'll tell thee, my son, how our laurels are with'ring;
I'll gird on thy sword when the clansmen are gath'ring;
I'll bid thee go forth in the cause of true honour,
And never return till thy country hath won her.

Our tower of devotion is the home of the riever;
The pride of the ocean is fallen for ever;
The pine of the forest, that time could not weaken,
Is trod in the dust, and its honours are shaken.

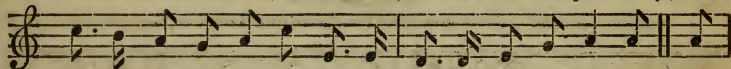
Rise, spirits of yore, ever dauntless in danger,
For the land that was yours is the land of the stranger;
O come from your caverns, all bloodless and hoary,
And those fiends of the valley shall tremble before ye.

THE HIELAND HEATHER.

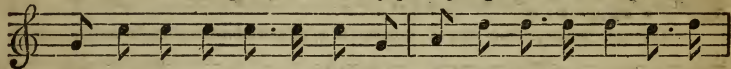
WRITTEN BY A. HUME-AIR, "CAWDOR FAIR."

Lively.

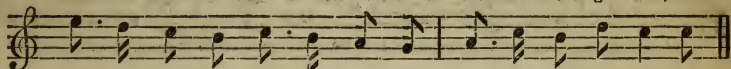
Some like the red rose, some the white, An' some the shil-pit li - ly; The



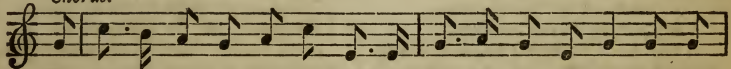
dah - lia an' for - get - me - not May please young maid - ens' sil - ly; But



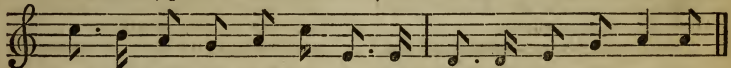
Scot-land's hills can boast a flow'r Worth a' their flow'rs the - gi - ther; Nae



sick - ly hot-house plant, I trow, But har - dy Hie - land hea - ther.

Chorus.

The hea-ther, queen o' moun-tain flow'rs, Wha e'er saw sic an - i-ther? Search



round the world, it dings them a', There's nocht like Hie - land hea-ther.

I've wander'd south, I've wandered north,
I've wander'd late an' early;

An' mony an unco sight I've seen,
An' mony a foreign ferlie.

I've been in lands where a' the year
There's nocht but simmer weather;
But still my heart's fond wish was this,—
Gi'e me the Hieland heather.

The heather, &c.

When Rome, great mistress of the world,
Sent o'er her conq'ring champions,
Auld Scotland ga'e her lug a claw,
Then aff an' o'er the Grampians.

Syne yelloch'd out in Norlan' wrath,
Come gather lads, come gather;
Imperial Rome shall rue the day
She first smelt Hieland heather.

The heather, &c.

Since then, in mony a weel fought field,
An' mony a reivin' foray,
The heather wild has proudly wav'd
Frae Lennox to the Moray.

But now we're a' "John Tamson's bairns,"*
Let's a' shake hands thegither; [syne,
An' drink "Auld Scotland," "Auld lang-
"The Thistle" and the "Heather."

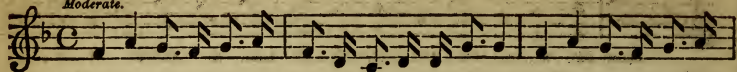
The heather, &c.

* All friends together.

OCH, HEY, JOHNNIE LAD.

WRITTEN BY TANNAHILL—AIR, "THE LASSES O' THE FERRY."

Moderate.



Och, hey, Johnnie lad, Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been; Och, hey, Johnnie lad, Ye



did-na keep your tryst yestreen. I wait-ed lang be-side the wood, Sae wae and weary



a' my lane, Och, hey, John-nie lad, Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been.

I looked by the whinny knowe,
I looked by the firs sae green,
I looked owre the spunky howe,
And aye I thought ye wad ha'e been.
The ne'er a supper cross'd my craig,
The ne'er a sleep has clos'd my een;
Och, hey, Johnnie lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been.

Gin ye were waiting by the wood,
Then I was waiting by the thorn;
I thought it was the place we set,
And waited maist till dawning morn.
Sae be nae vex'd, my bonnie lassie,
Let my waiting stand for thine;
We'll awa' to Craigton shaw,
And seek the joys we tint yestreen.

HEY, HOW, MY JOHNNIE LAD.

FROM HERD'S COLLECTION, 1776—SAME AIR.

Hey, how, my Johnnie lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been;
For gin your voice I had na kent,
I'm sure I couldna trust my een.
Sae weel's ye might ha'e courted me,
And sweetly preed my mou' bedeen;
Hey, how, my Johnnie lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been.

My father he was at the plough,
My mither she was at the mill,
My brither he was at the moss,
And no ane near our sport to spill:

A lug to listen was na there,
An' still less fear o' being seen;
Hey, how, my Johnnie lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been.

Wad ony lad wha lo'ed me weel,
Ha'e left me a' my leefu' lane,
To count the minutes as they crawl'd,
An' think life's sweetest moments gane?
I wonder what was in your head,
I wonder what was in your een;
Hey, how, my Johnnie lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been.

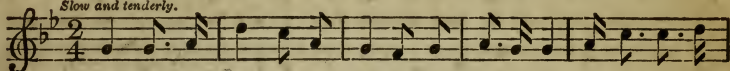
But I shall seek some ither lad,
Whase love is upmost in his mind;
As gleg as light, wha has the slight
O' kennin' when he should be kind.

Then ye may woo wi' blinkin' Bess,
For you nae mair I'll sigh and grane;
Hey, how, my Johnnie lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye should ha'e been.

MY DEAR HIGHLAND LADDIE, O.

WRITTEN BY TANNAHILL—GAELIC AIR, "MOR NIAN A GHIRLAIN."

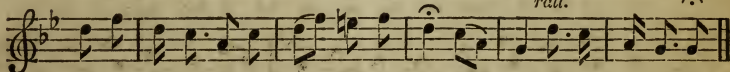
Slow and tenderly.



Blythe was the time when he fce'd wi' my fa-ther, O, hap-py were the



days when we herd-ed the -gith-er, O; Sweet were the hours when he row'd me



in his plaid-ie, O, And vow'd to be mine, my dear Highland lad-die, O.

But, ah, waes me, wi' their sodgering sae gaudy, O,
The laird's wil'd awa' my braw Highland laddie, O;
Misty are the glens, and the dark hills sae cloudy, O,
That aye seem'd sae blythe wi' my dear Highland laddie, O.

The blaeberry banks now are lanesome and dreary, O,
Muddy are the streams that gush'd down sae clearly, O,
Silent are the rocks that echoed sae gladly, O,
The wild melting strains o' my dear Highland laddie, O.

He pu'd me the crawberry, ripe frae the boggy fen,
He pu'd me the strawberry, red frae the foggy glen,
He pu'd me the rowan frae the wild steep sae giddy, O,
Sae loving and kind was my dear Highland laddie, O.

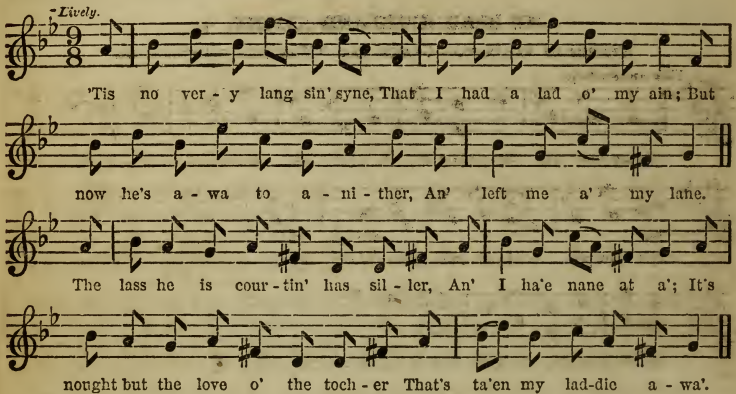
Fareweel my ewes, and fareweel my doggie, O,
Fareweel ye knowes, now sae cheerless and scroggie, O,
Fareweel Glenfeoch, my mammy and my daddie, O,
I will lea' you a' for my dear Highland laddie, O.

'TIS NO VERY LANG SIN' SYNE.

AIR, "WE'LL KICK THE WORLD BEFORE US."

It is really quite refreshing to meet with so much homely good sense as this forsaken damsel seems to possess. There is no sighing or crying, no whinging and cringing, with her. Slightly to invert her own words, may she "fa' on her feet for a man." This song was first printed in Herd's collection, 1776. The tune of "We'll kick the world before us," is from "Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion."

Lively.



'Tis no ver - y lang sin' syne, That I had a lad o' my ain; But
now he's a - wa to a - ni - ther, An' left me a' my lane.
The lass he is cour - tin' has sil - ler, An' I ha'e nane at a'; It's
nought but the love o' the toch - er That's ta'en my lad - die a - wa'.

But I'm blythe my heart's my ain,
An' I'll keep it sae a' my life,
Until that I meet wi' a lad
Wha has sense to wale a guid wife.
For though I say't mysel',
That shouldna say't, 'tis true;
The lad that gets me for a wife
He'll ne'er ha'e occasion to rue.

I gang aye fu' clean an' fu' tosh,
As a' the neighbours can tell;
Though I've seldom a gown on my back
But sic as I spin mysel';
An' when I am clad in my coutsey,
I think mysel' as braw
As Susie, wi' a' her pearling,
That's ta'en my laddie awa'.

But I wish they were buckled thegither,
An' may they live happy for life;
Though Willie now slights me, an's left me,
The chield, he deserves a guid wife.
An' O, but I'm blythe that I've miss'd him,
As blythe as I weel can be;
For ane that's so keen o' the siller,
Would never agree wi' me.

But the truth is I am aye hearty,
I hate to be scrimpit or scant;
The wee thing I ha'e I'll mak' use o't,
An' no ane about me shall want:
For I'm a guid guide o' the world,
I ken when to haud an' to gi'e;
But whinging and cringing for siller
Would never agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
And he wha has that has enough;
The master is seldom so happy
As Robin that drives the plough.

But if a young lad wad cast up,
To mak' me his partner for life;
If the chield has the sense to be happy,
He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.

HOW EARLY I WOO'D THEE.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS DICK. COMPOSED BY A. HUME.

Plaintive.

How car-ly I woo'd thee, how dear-ly I lo'ed thee, How sweet was thy
voice, and how love-ly thy smile; The joy 'twas to see thee, the
bliss to be wif thee, I now maun re-mem-ber, and sigh all the while
I gaz'd on thy beauty, and a' things a - bout thee Seem'd too fair for
rall.
earth, as I bent at thy shrine; But for-tune and fash-ion, mair
rall.
pow'r-fu' than pas-sion, Could al-ter the bo-som that seem'd so di-vine.

Anither may praise thee, may fondle and fraise thee,
And win thee wif words when his heart's far awa';
But oh! when sincerest, when warmest and dearest
His vows, will my truth be forgot by thee a'?
'Mid pleasures and splendour thy fancy may wander,
But moments o' solitude ilk ane maun dree;
Then feeling will find thee, and mem'ry remind thee
O' him wha through life gaes heart-broken for thee.

THE AULD MAN'S MEAR'S DEAD.

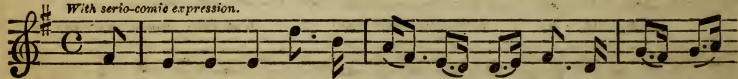
WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY PATRICK BIRNIE.

Patrick, or Patie Birnie, the author of this humorous old ditty, was a well known rhymer and fiddler in his day. He lived in Kinghorn, Fifeshire, about the latter end of the seventeenth century. In Ramsay's elegy on Patie Birnie, printed in 1721, he says,—

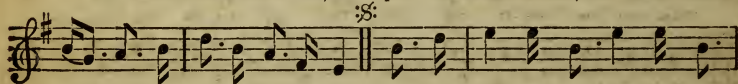
Your honour's father, dead and gane,
For him he first wad make his mane,
But soon his face could make ye fain,
When he did sough,
"O wiltu, wiltu, do't again?"
And gran'd and leugh.

This sang he made frae his ain head,
And eke, "The auld man's mear's dead,"
The peats and turfs and a's to lead,
O fy upon her!
A bonnie auld thing this indeed,
An't like your honour.

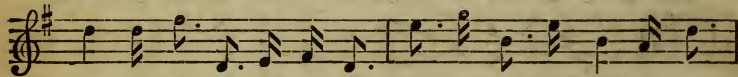
With serio-comic expression.



The auld man's mear's dead, the puir man's mear's dead, The auld man's

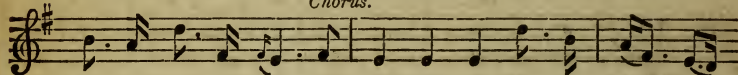


mear's dead, A mile a-booa Dundee. She was cut lug - git, painch lip - pit,

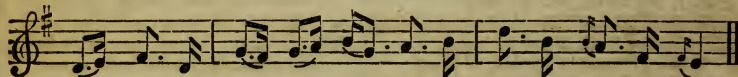


Steel waim - it, stainch-er fit - tit, chan - ler chaft - it, lang neck - it,

Chorus.



Yet the brute did dee. The auld man's mear's dead, The puir man's



mear's dead, The auld man's mear's dead, A mile a - boon Dun - dee.

The succeeding verses begin at the mark § :

There was hay to ca', and lint to lead,
A hun'er hotts o' muck to spread,
And peats and truffs and a' to lead,
And yet the jade to dee.
The auld, &c.

She had the feric and the fleuk,
The wheezloch and the wanton yeuk;
On ilka knee she had a breuk—
What ail'd the beast to dee?
The auld, &c.

The puir auld bodie's head is sair,
Wi' greetin' for his guid grey mear,
He's like to dee himsel' wi' care,
Aside the green kirkyard.

The auld, &c.

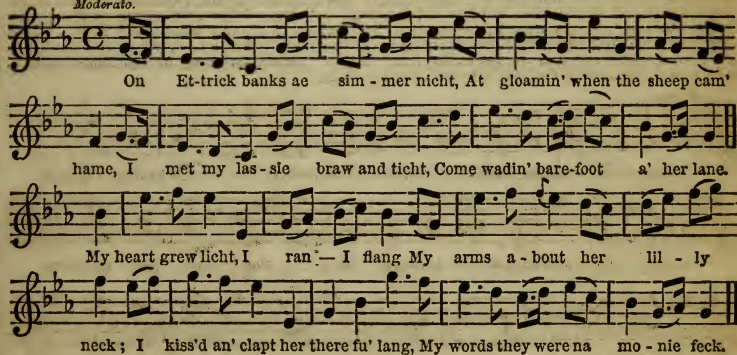
He's thinkin' on the bygane days,
And a' her douce and canny ways,
And how his ain guidwife, auld Bess,
Micht maist as weel been spar'd.

The auld, &c.

ON ETRICK BANKS.

This fine pastoral has long been an established favourite. Neither in the "Tea Table Miscellany," 1724, nor in the "Orpheus Caledonius," 1725, where this song first appears, is there any name or mark to denote the authorship. The melody is a fine specimen of Scottish pastoral music. The Ettrick rises in Selkirkshire, and after a course of about thirty miles falls into the Tweed, near Melrose. The "Brig o' Earn" is in Perthshire. Of course every Scotsman knows the whereabouts of "Leith" and the "Broomielaw."

Moderato.



On Et-trick banks ae sim-mer nicht, At gloamin' when the sheep cam'
hame, I met my las-sie braw and ticht, Come wadin' bare-foot a' her lane.
My heart grew licht, I ran'— I flang My arms a-bout her lil-ly
neck; I kiss'd an' clapt her there fu' lang, My words they were na mo-nie feck.

Said I, My lassie, will ye gang
To the Highland hills, the Earse to learn?
I'll gi'e thee baith a cow and ewe,
When ye come to the brig o' Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
An' herrings at the Broomielaw;
Cheer up your heart, my bonnie lass,
There's gear to win ye never saw.
A' day when we ha'e wrought eneuch,
When winter frosts an' snaw begin,
Sune as the sun gaes west the loch,
At nicht when ye sit down to spin,

I'll screw my pipes, an' play a spring,
And thus the weary nicht we'll end;
Till the tender kid an' lamb-time bring
Our pleasant simmer back again.
Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
An' gowans glent o'er ilka fiel',
I'll meet my lass among the broom,
An' lead her to my simmer shiel'.
There far frae a' their scornfu' din,
That mak' the kindly heart their sport;
We'll laugh, an' kiss, an' dance, an' sing,
An' gar the langest day seem short.

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

WRITTEN BY RICHARD GALL. MUSIC BY ALLAN MASTERTON.

This song, formerly attributed to Burns, was written by Richard Gall, author of "My only Jo and dearie, O," and other popular songs. In explanation of this mistake we quote the following statement from a sketch of the life of Richard Gall, written by Mr. Starke, an intimate friend of the poet, and printed in the "Biographica Scotica," Edinburgh, 1805. "One of Mr. Gall's songs in particular, the original of which I have by me, has acquired a degree of praise, from its having been printed amongst the works of Burns, and generally thought the production of that poet. The reverse, indeed, was only known to a few of Mr. Gall's friends, to whom he communicated the verses before they were published. The fame of Burns stands in no need of the aid of others to support it; and to render back the song in question to its true author, is but an act of distributive justice, due alike to both these departed poets, whose ears are now equally insensible to the incense of flattery or the slanders of malevolence. At the time when the 'Scots' Musical Museum' was published at Edinburgh by Mr. Johnson, several of Burns's songs made their appearance in that publication. Mr. Gall wrote the song entitled 'Farewell to Ayrshire,' prefixed Burns's name to it, and sent it anonymously to the publisher of that work: from thence it has been copied into the later editions of the works of Burns. In publishing the song in this manner, Mr. Gall probably thought that under the sanction of a name known to the world, it might acquire that notice which in other circumstances it might never have obtained, but have been doomed 'to waste its sweetness on the desert air.'" Allan Masterton, the composer of the music, was the Allan of "O Willie brewed a peck o' maut."

Slow.

Scenes of woe and scenes of plea-sure, Scenes that for - mer thoughts re-new;

Scenes of woe and scenes of plea-sure, Now a sad and last a - diu.

Bon - nie Doon, sae sweet at gloam-in', Fare thee weel be - fore I gang;

Bon - nie Doon, where ear - ly roam - in', First I wove the rus - tic sang.

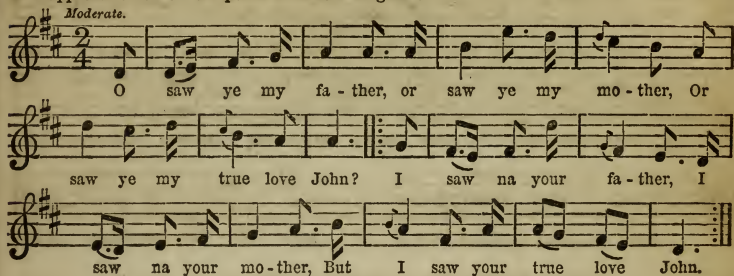
Bowers, adieu! where love, decoying,
 First enthralld this heart o' mine;
 There the softest sweets enjoying,
 Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine.
 Friends, sae near my bosom ever,
 Ye ha'e render'd moments dear;
 But, alas! when forced to sever,
 Then the stroke, oh! how severe.

Friends, that parting tear, reserve it,
 Though 'tis doubly dear to me;
 Could I think I did deserve it,
 How much happier would I be.
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Scenes that former thoughts renew;
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Now a sad and last adieu!

O SAW YE MY FATHER.

We are not aware that this beautiful melody is to be found in any very early musical work, but it is undoubtedly old. The words do not occur in any collection prior to that of Herd. Cromek, in his "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," gives another version, evidently modern, and supposed to be from the pen of Allan Cunningham.

Moderate.



O saw ye my fa-ther, or saw ye my mo-ther, Or
saw ye my true love John? I saw na your fa-ther, I
saw na your mo-ther, But I saw your true love John.

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

The surly auld carle did naething but snarl,
And Johnnie's face it grew red;
Yet though he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word replied,
'Till a' were asleep in bed.

Then up Johnnie rose, and to the door he goes,
And gently tirl'd at the pin;
The lassie takin' tent, unto the door she went,
And she open'd and let him in.

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

Flee up, flee up, my bonnie grey cock,
And craw when it is day;
And your neck shall be like the bonnie beaten gold,
And your wings o' the siller grey.

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

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "THERE'S FEW GUID FELLOWS WHEN JAMIE'S AWA'."

Mournfully.

By yon cas - tle wa', at the close o' the day, I heard a man
sing, though his head it was gray; And as he was sing - ing the
tears down came, There'll ne - ver be peace till Ja - mie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars:
We daurna weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame,—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yird;
It brak' the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame,—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Since I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moments my words are the same,—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

BY THE SIDE O' YON CLEUCH.

WRITTEN BY JAMES TURNER—SAME AIR.

By the side o' yon cleuch, whaur the burnie rins still,
A lassie sat sighing and spinning her lane:
"O gin the waes o' my heart wad lie still,—
There'll never be peace till Habbie comes hame.

As my wheel it gaes round, and my lint tap I spread,
Lint that I mean for bibs to my bairn;
The warp shall be blue and the waft shall be red,
An' how braw we'll a' be when our Habbie comes hame.

"That morning he left us our cock never crew,
 Our grey clocking hen she gaed keckling her lane;
 The gowk frae the craft never cried 'cuckoo,'
 That wearyfu' morning our Habbie left hame.

"When the wind blows loud and tirls our strae,
 An' a' our house sides are dreeping wi' rain;
 An' ilka burn rows frae the bank to the brae,
 I weep for our Habbie wha rows on the main.

"When the wars are o'er, an' quiet is the sea,
 On board the 'Culloden' our Hab will come hame;
 My slumbers will then be as sweet as the Dee,
 An' how blythe we'll a' be when our Habbie comes hame."

CAULD BLAWS THE WIN'.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY R. A. SMITH.

This sweet little song is the only known production of R. A. Smith. It is to be lamented that one who could so well strike the Scottish lyre should have left us only this fragment.

Plaintive.

The musical notation consists of three staves of music in a single system. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written on a treble clef staff. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words appearing on two lines. The lyrics are: "Cauld blaws the win', the sough-in' win - try win', An' the wan leaf is fa - in' frae the tree; But cauld - er, my babe, is thy cru - el fa - ther's heart, Wha brak' a' his plight - ed vows to me."

Cauld blaws the win', the sough-in' win - try win', An' the wan leaf is
 fa - in' frae the tree; But cauld - er, my babe, is thy
 cru - el fa - ther's heart, Wha brak' a' his plight - ed vows to me.

Sleep soun', my babe, my bonnie, bonnie babe,
 An' blythe may thou lift thy waukenin' e'e;
 But never again can this waefu' bosom ken
 The peace that kind heav'n may gi'e to thee.

Oh, I maun thole the bitter, bitter scorn
 O' them wha ance kindly smiled on me;
 An' I maun lea' my hame and parents dear,
 To wander the world in misery.

AFORE THE LAMMAS TIDE.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS SMIBERT. MUSIC BY A. HUME.

Slowly and with feeling.

A - fore the Lam-mas tide Had dun'd the bir - ken tree, In
a' our wa-ter side Nae wife was blest like me; A kind guidman and twa Sweet
rall.
bairns were round me here; But they're a'ta'en a - wa Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Sair trouble cam' our gate,
And made me, when it cam',
A bird without a mate,
A ewe without a lamb.
Our hay was yet to maw,
And our corn was to shear,
When they a' dwin'd awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

I downa look a-field,
For aye I trow I see
The form that was a bield
To my wee bairns and me;
But wind, and weet, and snaw,
They never mair can fear,
Sin' they a' got the ca'
In the fa' o' the year.

Aft on the hill at e'ens
I see him 'mang the ferns,
The lover o' my teens,
The father o' my bairns.
For there his plaid I saw
As gloamin' aye drew near;
But my a's now awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Our bonnie riggs theirsel'
Reca' my waes to mind,
Our puir dunt beastsie tell
O' a' that I ha'e tynd;
For wha our wheat will saw,
And wha our sheep will shear,
Sin' my a' gaed awa'
In the fa' o' the year?

My heart is growin' cauld,
And will be cauldier still;
And sair, sair in the fauld
Will be the winter's chill;
For peats were yet to ca',
Our sheep were yet to shear,
When my a' dwin'd awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

I ettle whiles to spin,
But wee, wee pattering feet
Come rinnin' out and in,
And then I just maun greet:
I ken it's fancy a',
And faster rows the tear,
That my a' dwin'd awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

Be kind, O Heav'n abune,
To ane sae wae and lane,
And tak' her hamewards sune,
In pity o' her mane:

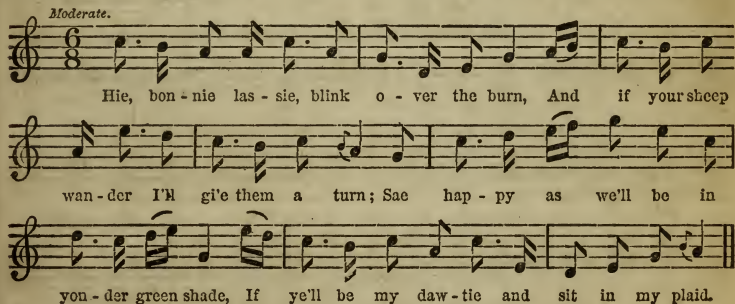
Lang ere the March winds blaw,
May she, far, far frae here,
Meet them a' that's awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

HIE, BONNIE LASSIE, BLINK OVER THE BURN.

WRITTEN BY THE REV. JAMES HONEYMAN.

The Rev. James Honeyman, minister of Kineff in Kincardineshire, died in 1779. He was the author of several other poetical pieces, none of which have yet been published. The air is of a charmingly simple character.

Moderate.



Hie, bon-nie las-sie, blink o-ver the burn, And if your sheep
wan-der I'll gi'e them a turn; Sac hap-py as we'll be in
yon-der green shade, If ye'll be my daw-tie and sit in my plaid.

A ewe and twa lammies are a' my hail stock,
But I'll sell a lammie out o' my wee flock,
To buy thee a head-piece, sae bonnie and braid,
If ye'll be my dawtie and sit in my plaid.

I ha'e a wee whittle made me a trout creel,
And, oh, that wee whittle I liket it weel;
But I'll gi'e't to my lassie, and mair if I had,
If she'll be my dawtie and sit in my plaid.

I ha'e little siller, but ae half-year's fee,
But if ye will tak' it I'll gi'e't a' to thee;
And then we'll be married, and lie in ae bed,
If ye'll be my dawtie and sit in my plaid.

HEATHER JOCK.

AIR, "CAMERON'S GOT HIS WIFE AGAIN."

This humorously descriptive song was written about thirty years ago. We regret being unable to name the author. Sir Walter Scott's well known song of "Donald Caird," "Bauldy Baird," "The wearie body's back again," &c., are sung to the same tune.

Lively. Chorus.

Heather Jock's noo a - wa', Heather Jock's noo a - wa'; The muircock noo may
crousely craw, Since Heather Jock's noo a - wa. Heather Jock was stark and grim,
Fought wi' a' would fecht wi' him; Swank and supple, sharp and thin, Fine for gaun a-
gainst the win'. Taw - nie face and tou - zie hair, In his cleadin'
un - co bare; Curs'd and swore whene'er he spoke, Nane could equal Heather Jock.

The succeeding verses begin at the mark S .

Jock kent ilka bore and bole,
Could creep through a wee bit hole;
Quietly pilfer eggs and cheese,
Dunts o' bacon, skeps o' bees:
Sip the kirn and steal the butter,
Nail the hens without a flutter;
Na! the watchfu' wily cock
Durstna craw for Heather Jock.

Eppie Blaikie lost her gown,
She coft sae dear at borough town;
Sandy Tamson's Sunday wig
Left the house to rin the rig.

Jenny Baxter's blankets a',
Took a thought to gang awa';
And a' the weans' bit printed frocks—
Wha was thief but Heather Jock?

Jock was nae religious youth,
For at the priest he thraw'd his mouth;
He wadna say a grace nor pray,
But play'd his pipes on Sabbath day.
Robb'd the kirk o' baan and book,
Everything would lift he took;
He didna leave the weather-cock,
Sic a thief was Heather Jock.

Nane wi' Jock could draw a tricker,
 'Mang the mui fowl he was sicker;
 He watch'd the wild ducks at the springs,
 And hang'd the hares in hempen strings;
 Blaz'd the burns and spear'd the fish,
 Jock had mony a dainty dish;
 The best o' moorfowl and blackcock,
 Aye grac'd the board of Heather Jock.

Nane wi' Jock had ony say,
 At the neive or cudgel play;
 Jock for bolt nor bar e'er staid,
 Till ance the jail his courage laid:
 Then the judge, without delay,
 Sent him aff to Botany Bay,
 And bade him mind the laws he broke,
 And never mair play Heather Jock.

THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

WRITTEN BY TANNAHILL—AIR, "THE SHEPHERD'S SON."

Lively.

The mid - ges dance a - boon the burn, The dew's be - gin to fa', The
 pair-trick's down the. rush - y howm Set up their e'en - in' ca'. Now
 loud and clear the blackbird's sang Rings through the briery shaw; While
 feet - ing gay, the swallows play A - round the cas - tle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloaming sky,
 The mavis mends her lay,
 The redbreast pours his sweetest strains,
 To charm the ling'ring day.
 While weary yeldrins seem to wail
 Their little nestlings torn;
 The merry wren, frae den to den,
 Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
 The foxglove shuts its bell;
 The honeysuckle and the birk
 Spread fragrance through the dell.
 Let others crowd the giddy court
 Of mirth and revelry,
 The simple joys that nature yields
 Are dearer far to me.

CRADLE SONG.

WRITTEN BY RICHARD GALL—AIR, "THE SCOTTISH LULLABY."

ARRANGED AS A DUET BY A. HUME.

1ST VOICE. *p*

Tenderly. Ba - loo, ba - loo, my wee, wee thing, O soft-ly close thy blink-in' e'e; ba -

2D VOICE. *p*

Ba - loo, ba - loo, my wee, wee thing, O soft-ly close thy blink-in' e'e; ba -

loo, ba-loo, my wee, wee thing, For thou art doubly dear to me.

loo, ba-loo, my wee, wee thing, For thou art doubly dear to me.

Thy daddie now is far a-wa', A sailor laddie o'er the sea; But

Thy daddie now is far a-wa', A sailor laddie o'er the sea; But

hope aye hechts his safe re-turn, To you, my bon-nie lamb, an' me.

hope aye hechts his safe re-turn, To you, my bon-nie lamb, an' me.

Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,
 O softly close thy blinkin' e'e;
 Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,
 For thou art doubly dear to me.
 Thy face is simple, sweet, and mild,
 Like ony simmer e'enin' fa';
 Thy sparklin' e'e is bonnie black,
 Thy neck is like the mountain snaw.

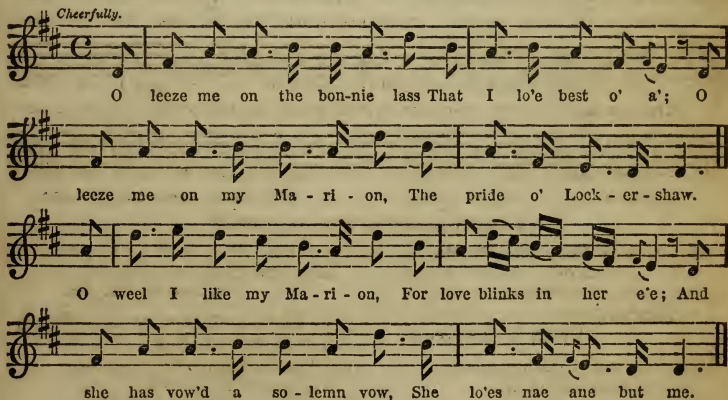
Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,
 O softly close thy blinkin' e'e;
 Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,
 For thou art doubly dear to me.
 O but thy daddie's absence lang,
 Might break my dowie heart in twa;
 Wert thou na left a dawtit pledge,
 To steal the eerie hours awa'.

O LEEZE ME ON THE BONNIE LASS.

WRITTEN BY ROBERT ALLAN—AIR, "HODGART'S DELIGHT."

The musical critic will observe a marked resemblance between this air and that of "The boatie rows;" indeed, the one would seem to be merely an adaptation of the other.

Cheerfully.



O leeze me on the bon-nie lass That I lo'e best o' a'; O
 leeze me on my Ma-ri-on, The pride o' Lock-er-shaw.
 O weel I like my Ma-ri-on, For love blinks in her e'e; And
 she has vow'd a so-lemn vow, She lo'es nae ane but me.

The flow'rs grow bonnie on the bank,
 Where down the waters fa';
 The birds sing bonnie in the bow'r
 Where red, red roses blaw.
 An' there, wi' blythe and lightsome heart,
 When day has clos'd his e'e;
 I wander wi' my Marion,
 Wha lo'es na ane but me.

Sic love as mine an' Marion's,
 O may it never fa';
 But bloom aye like the fairest flow'r
 That grows in Lockershaw.
 My Marion I will ne'er forget
 Until the day I dee;
 For she has vow'd a solemn vow,
 She lo'es na ane but me.

BLYTHE, BLYTHE AND MERRY WAS SHE.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "ANDRO AND HIS CUTTY GUN."

Lively.

Blythe, blythe and mer-ry was she, Blythe was she but and ben; Blythe by the
banks of Earn, And blythe in Glen-tur-it glen. By Och-ter-tyre there grows the
aik, On Yar-row braes the bir-ken shaw; But Phemie was a bon-nier
lass Than braes o' Yar-row e-ver saw. Blythe, blythe and merry was she, Blythe was she
but and ben; Blythe by the banks of Earn, And blythe in Glen-tur-it glen.

Begin the succeeding verses at the mark $\text{\$}$.

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks o' Earn,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

Her bonnie face it was as meek,
As ony lamb upon a lea;

The ev'ning sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lawlands I ha'e been;
But Phemie was the blythest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

ANDRO' AND HIS CUTTY GUN.

OLD VERSION.

Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben;
And weel she lo'ed a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

She took me in, and set me down,
And hecht to keep me lawin'-free;
But, cunnin' carline that she was,
She gart me birl my bawbee.
Blythe, blythe, &c.

We lo'ed the liquor weel eneuch;
 But wae's my heart, my cash was done
 Before that I had quench'd my drouth,
 And laith was I to pawn my shoon.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

When we had three times toom'd the stoup,
 And the neist chappin new begun;
 Wha started in to heeze our hope,
 But Andro wi' his cutty gun.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

The carline brought her kebbuck ben,
 Wi' girdle-cakes weel toasted brown;
 Weel does the canny kimmer ken
 They gar the swats gae glibber down.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

We ca'd the bicker aft about;
 Till dawnin' we ne'er jee'd our bun;
 And aye the cleanest drinker out,
 Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

He did like ony mavis sing,
 And as she in his oxtar sat,
 He ca'd her aye his bonnie thing,
 And mony a sappy kiss she gat.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

I ha'e been east, I ha'e been west,
 I ha'e been far ayont the sun;
 But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,
 Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

BLYTHE, BLYTHE AROUND THE NAPPIE.

WRITTEN BY DANIEL M'PHAIL—SAME AIR.

Blythe, blythe around the nappie,
 Let us join in social glee;
 While we're here we'll ha'e a drappie—
 Scotia's sons ha'e aye been free.

Our auld forbears, when owre their yill,
 And cantie bickers round did ca';
 "Forsooth," they cried, "another gill,
 For sweett we are to gang awa'."
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

Some hearty cock wad then ha'e sung
 An auld Scotch sonnet aff wi' glee;
 Syne pledged his cog, the chorus rung,
 Auld Scotia's sons ha'e aye been free. Blythe, blythe, &c.

Thus cracks, and jokes, and sangs gaed round,
 Till morn the screens o' light did draw;
 Yet, dreigh to rise, the carles round,
 Cried, "Deoch an doras," then awa'. Blythe, blythe, &c.

The landlord then the nappie brings,
 And toasts, "Fu' happy a' may be;"
 Syne tooms the cog, the chorus rings,
 Auld Scotia's sons shall aye be free. Blythe, blythe, &c.

Then like our dads o' auld langsyne,
 Let social glee unite us a';
 Aye blythe to meet, our mou's to weet,
 But aye as sweett to gang awa'. Blythe, blythe, &c.

Trio—AULD ROB MORRIS.

WRITTEN BY BURNS. ARRANGED FOR THIS WORK BY A. HUME.

Burns, in these beautiful verses, has retained only the first two lines of the old song. We append the original dialogue, as given by Ramsay in the "Tea Table Miscellany," 1724, where it is marked with the letter Q, denoting that it was even then an old song, which Ramsay considerably improved. The air is found in Mr. Blaikie's M.S., 1692, also in Craig's selection, 1725.

AIR. Rather slow.

mf There's auld Rob Mor-ris that wons in yon glen, He's the king o' guid

mf There's auld Rob Mor-ris that wons in yon glen, He's the king o' guid

BASS.

fel-lows, and wale o' auld men. He has gowd in his cof-fers, he has

fel-lows, and wale o' auld men. He has gowd in his cof-fers, he has

ow-sen and kine, And ae bon-nie las-sie, his dar-ling and mine.

ow-sen and kine, And ae bon-nie las-sie, his dar-ling and mine.

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

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

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

Oh, had she but been of a lower degree,
 I then might ha'e hoped she wad smil'd upon me;
 Oh! how past describing had then been my bliss,
 As now my distraction no words can express.

OULD ROB MORRIS.

MOTHER.—Auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
 He's the king o' guid fellows, and wale o' auld men;
 He has fourscore o' black sheep, and fourscore too,
 And auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

DAUGHTER.—Hauld your tongue, mother, and let that abee,
 For his eild and my eild can never agree;
 They'll never agree, and that will be seen,
 For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

MOTHER.—Hauld your tongue, dochter, and lay by your pride,
 For he is the bridegroom, and ye'se be the bride;
 He shall lie by your side, and kiss you too;
 Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

DAUGHTER.—Auld Rob Morris, I ken him fu' weel,
 His back it sticks out like ony peat creel;
 He's out-shinn'd, in-kneed, and ringle-eyed too;
 Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er lo'e.

MOTHER.—Though auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,
 Yet his auld brass will buy you a new pan;
 Then, dochter, ye shouldna be sae ill to shoe,
 For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lo'e.

DAUGHTER.—But auld Rob Morris I never shall ha'e,
 His back is sae stiff, and his beard is grown grey;
 I had rather die than live wi' him a year,
 Sae mair o' Rob Morris I never will hear.

SAW YE MY WEE THING!

WRITTEN BY HECTOR MACNEILL—AIR, "BONNIE DUNDEE."

Slowly, with expression.

O saw ye my wee thing, saw ye mine ain thing? Saw ye my true love
 down on yon lea; Cross'd she the meadow yes-treen at the gloamin'? Sought she the
 burn-ie where flow'rs the haw tree? Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is
 milk-white; Dark is the blue o' her saft rol-ling e'e; Red, red her
 ripe lips, and sweeter than roses; Whaur could my wee thing wan-der frae me?

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

It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,
 It was na my true love ye met by the tree;
 Proud is her leal heart, and modest her nature,
 She never lo'ed ony till ance she lo'ed me.
 Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castlecary,
 Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee;
 Fair as your face is, wer't fifty times fairer,
 Young braggart, she ne'er would gi'e kisses to thee.

It was then your Mary—she's frae Castlecary ;
 It was then your true love I met by the tree ;
 Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
 Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.
 Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
 Wild flash'd the fire frae his red rolling e'e ;
 Ye's rue sair this morning your boast and your scorning—
 Defend ye, fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lie.
 Awa' wi' beguiling, cried the youth, smiling ;
 Aff went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee,
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
 Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark rolling e'e.
 Is it my wee thing? is it my ain thing?
 Is it my true love here that I see?
 O Jamie, forgi'e me, your heart's constant to me,
 I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.

I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOW'RS WERE SPRINGING.

WRITTEN BY BURNS.

Burns composed this song when he was about seventeen. It is adapted to a fine air, harmonized by Stephen Clarke. Stephen Clarke, an intimate friend of Burns, was organist of the Episcopal Chapel, Cowgate, Edinburgh (now St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Chapel). He harmonized and arranged the greater part of the airs in the first five volumes of Johnson's "Museum." He died on the 6th of August, 1797.

Moderate.

I dream'd I lay where flow'rs were springing, Gally in the sun-ny beam;
 List'ning to the wild birds sing-ing, By a fal-ling cry-stal stream.
 Straight the sky grew black and dar-ing, Through the woods the whirl-winds rave;
 Trees with a-ged arms were war-ring, O'er the swel-ling drum-lie wave.

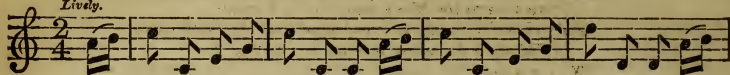
Such was my life's deceitful morning,
 Such the pleasures I enjoy'd ; [ing,
 But lang or noon, loud tempests storm-
 A' my flow'ry bliss destroyed.

Though fickle fortune has deceived me,
 She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill ;
 Of many a joy and hope bereav'd me,
 I bear a heart shall support me still.

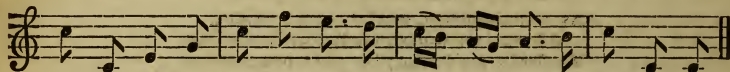
MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

WRITTEN BY JAMES HOGG—AIR, "LADY BADINSCOTH'S REEL."

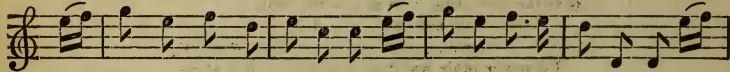
Lively.



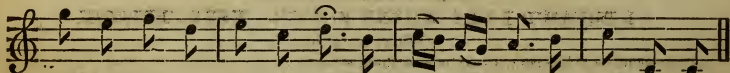
My love she's but a las-sie yet, A light-some, love-ly las-sie yet; It



scarce wad do to sit an' woo, Down by the stream sae glas-sy yet.



But there's a braw time com-in' yet, When we may gang a roam-in' yet, An'



hint wi' glee o' joys to be, When fa's the mo-dest gloam-in' yet.

She's neither proud nor saucy yet,
She's neither plump nor gaucy yet;
But just a jinkin', bonnie, blinkin',
Hilty skilty lassie yet.

But O her artless smile's mair sweet
Than binny or than marmalete;
An' right or wrang, ere it be lang,
I'll bring her to a parley yet.

I'm jealous o' what blesses her,
The very breeze that kisses her,
The flow'ry beds on which she treads,
Though wae for ane that misses her.

Then O to meet my lassie yet,
Up in yon glen sae grassy yet;
For a' I see are nought to me,
Save her that's but a lassie yet.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

OLD VERSION—SAME AIR.

My love she's but a lassie yet,
My love she's but a lassie yet;
I'll let her stand a year or twa',
She'll no be half sae saucy yet.
I rue the day I sought her, O,
I rue the day I sought her, O;
Wha gets her need na say he's woo'd,
But he may swear he's bought her, O.

Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
But here I never miss'd it yet.
We're a' dry wi' the drinkin' o't,
We're a' dry wi' the drinkin' o't;
The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
An' couldna preach for thinkin' o't.

A FAMOUS MAN WAS ROBIN HOOD.

ALTERED FROM WORDSWORTH—SAME AIR. SUNG IN "ROB ROY."

A famous man was Robin Hood,
The English ballad singer's joy;
But Scotland has a chief as good,
She has, she has her bold Rob Roy.

A dauntless heart Macgregor shows,
And wondrous length and strength of arm;
He long has quell'd his Highland foes,
And kept, and kept himself from harm.
A famous man, &c.

His daring mood protects him still,
For this the robber's simple plan,
That they should take who have the will,
And they, and they should keep who can.
A famous man, &c.

And while Rob Roy is free to rove,
In summer's heat and winter's snow;
The eagle he is lord above,
And bold Rob Roy is lord below.
A famous man, &c.

THE BONNIEST LASS IN A' THE WARLD.

"The bonniest lass in a' the world" is the title and air of a very old song, the words of which are, unfortunately, lost. We are unable to name the author of the lively verses we have chosen. They appear in the appendix to "Lays from Strathearn."

Lively.

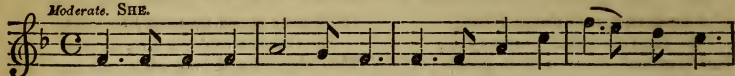
The bon - ni - est lass in a' the warld, I've af - ten heard them telling; She's
up the hill, she's down the glen, She's in yon lone - ly dwel - ling.
But nane could bring her to my mind, Wha lives but in the fan - cy; Is't
Kate, or Su - sy, Jean, or May, Is't Ef - fie, Bess, or Nan - cy?

* Now lasses a' keep a guid heart,
Nor e'er envy a comrade;
For be your een black, blue, or grey,
Ye're bonniest aye to some lad.

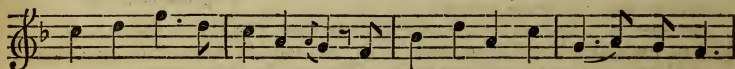
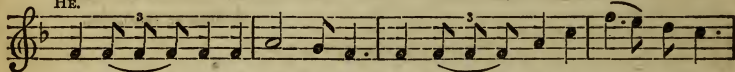
The tender heart, the cheering smile,
The truth that ne'er will falter,
Are charms that never can beguile,
And time can never alter.

HUNTING TOWER.

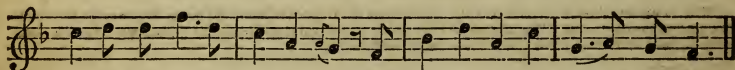
OLD BALLAD.

Moderate. SHE.

When ye gang a - wa', Jam - ie, Far a - cross the sea, lad - die;

When ye gang to Ger-man - ie, What will ye send to me, lad - die?
HE.

I'll send ye a brow new gown, Jeanie, I'll send ye a brow new gown, las - sic;



And it shall be o' silk and gowd, WI' Val-en-cienneset round, las - sie.

SHE.—That's nae gift ava', Jamie,
That's nae gift ava', laddie,
There's ne'er a gown in a' the land
I'd like when ye're awa', laddie.

HE.—When I come back again, Jeanie,
When I come back again, lassie,
I'll bring wi' me a gallant gay,
To be your ain guidman, lassie.

SHE.—Be my guidman yoursel', Jamie,
Be my guidman yoursel', laddie,
And tak' me owre to Germanie
Wi' you at hame to dwell, laddie.

HE.—I dinna ken how that would do,
Jeanie,
I dinna ken how that can be, lassie,
For I've a wife and bairnies three,
And I'm no sure how ye'd gree,
lassie.

SHE.—You should ha'e telt me that in time,
Jamie, [laddie.
You should ha'e telt me that in time,
For had I kent o' your fause heart,
You ne'er had gotten mine, laddie.

HE.—Your een were like a spell, Jeanie,
Your een were like a spell, lassie,
That ilka day bewitched me sae,
I could na help mysel', lassie.

SHE.—Gae back to your wife and hame,
Jamie,
Gae back to your bairnies three, laddie;
And I will pray they ne'er may thole
A broken heart like me, laddie.

HE.—Dry that tearfu' e'e, Jeanie,
My story's a' a lee, lassie,
I've neither wife nor bairnies three,
And I'll wed nane but thee, lassie.

SHE.—Think weel before ye rue, Jamie,
Think weel for fear ye rue, laddie,
For I have neither gowd nor lands,
To be a match for you, laddie.

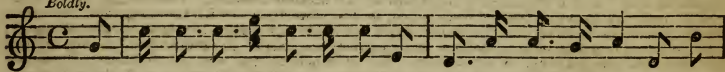
HE.—Blair in Athol's mine, Jeanie,
Little Dunkeld is mine, leddy, [Tower,
Saint Johnston's bower, and Hunting
An' a' that's mine is thine, lassie.

THE STANDARD ON THE BRAES O' MAR.

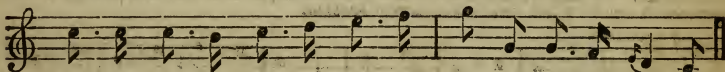
WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER LAING—OLD AIR, "THE BRAES O' MAR."

This spirited song was originally published in R. A. Smith's "Scottish Minstrel," in 1824. The lively air to which they are set is said to have been the gathering tune of the clans assembled under the Earl of Mar, when on their march to Sherriffmuir, November, 1715.

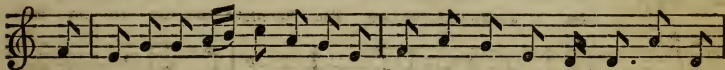
Boldly.



The stan-dard on the braes o' Mar Is up and stream-ing rare-ly; The



gath-ring pipe on Loch-na-gar Is sound-ing lang and clear-ly.



The High-landmen Frae hill and glen, In mar-tial hue, Wi' bon-nets blue, Wi'



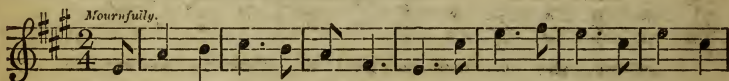
bel-ted plaids And bur-nish'd blades, Are com-in' late and ear-ly.

Wha wadna join our noble chief,
The Drummond and Glengary:
Macgregor, Murray, Rollo, Keith,
Panmure and gallant Harry;
Macdonald's men,
Clan Ranald's men,
M'Kenzie's men,
Macgilvray's men,
Strathallan's men,
The Lowland men
Of Callender and Airly.

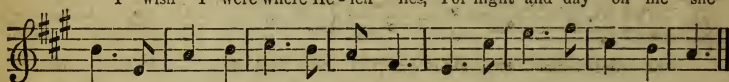
Fy, Donald, up and let's awa',
We canna langer parley;
When Jamie's back is at the wa',
The lad we lo'e sae dearly.
We'll go, we'll go,
And meet the foe,
And fling the plaid,
And swing the blade,
And forward dash,
And hack and smash,
And fley the German carlie.

I WISH I WERE WHERE HELEN LIES.

There are various accounts of the tragedy upon which this pathetic ballad is founded. We copy the following from Sir John Sinclair's "Statistical Account of Scotland:"—"In the burial ground of Kirkconnel, are still to be seen the tombstones of fair Helen and her favourite lover, Adam Fleming. She was a daughter of the family of Kirkconnel, and fell a victim to the jealousy of a (rival) lover; being courted by two young gentlemen at the same time, the one of whom, thinking himself slighted, vowed to sacrifice the other to his resentment, when he again discovered him in her company. An opportunity soon presented itself, when the faithful pair, walking along the romantic banks of the Kirtle, were discovered from the opposite banks by the assassin. Helen, perceiving him lurking among the bushes, and dreading the fatal resolution, rushed to her lover's bosom, to rescue him from the danger; and thus receiving the wound intended for another, sunk and expired in her favourite's arms. He immediately revenged her death, and slew the murderer." This account, it will be seen, corresponds with the ballad, but Mr. Stenhouse, in a note, says, "The murderer fled beyond seas, but was closely pursued from place to place, by Fleming, who at length overtook him in the vicinity of Madrid. A furious combat ensued, which terminated in the death of the fugitive assassin. Fleming, on his return, went to visit the grave of his beloved Helen, in the churchyard of Kirkconnel, and stretching himself upon it, he expired, breathing her name with his last sigh. His remains were interred by her side. The grave of the lovers is still pointed out, and on the tombstone the inscription, 'He jacet Adamus Fleming,' is yet legible. Bell of Blackethouse was the territorial designation of the murderer." The air given in the "Museum" is out of all keeping with the sentiment of the ballad. We have adopted a simple and plaintive air, to which Mr. Stenhouse says, "he has always heard the ballad sung in the south of Scotland.



I wish I were where He - len lies, For night and day on me she



cries; O that I were where He - len lies, On fair Kirk-con - nel lea.

O Helen fair, beyond compare,
I'll make a garland o' thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die.
Curs'd be the heart that thought the thought,
An' curs'd the hand that fired the shot;
When in my arms my Helen dropt
And died for sake o' me.
O think na but my heart was sair,
When my love fell and spak' nae mair,
I laid her down wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirkconnel lea.
I laid her down, my sword did draw,
Stern was our strife in Kirtleshaw,

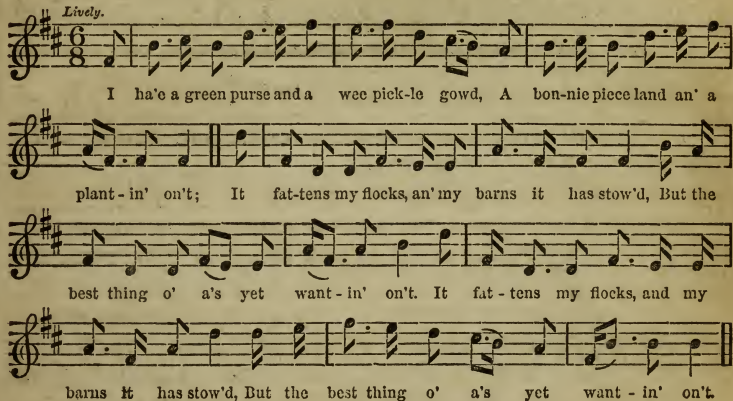
I hew'd him down in pieces sma',
For her that died for me.
O that I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries,
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
O come, love, come to me.
O Helen fair, O Helen chaste,
Were I with thee I would be blest,
Where thou liest low, and tak' thy rest,
On fair Kirkconnel lea.
I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
I'm sick of all beneath the skies,
Since my love died for me.

I HA'E A GREEN PURSE.

WRITTEN BY RAMSAY—AIR, "THE GREEN PURSE."

This cheerful song was first published in "The Tea Table Miscellany," 1721, where it is directed to be sung to the tune of "The rock and the wee pickle tow." We give the original air.

Lively.



I ha'e a green purse and a wee pick-le gowd, A bon-nie piece land an' a
plant-in' on't; It fat-tens my flocks, an' my barns it has stow'd, But the
best thing o' a's yet want-in' on't. It fat-tens my flocks, and my
barns it has stow'd, But the best thing o' a's yet want-in' on't.

There's a but and a ben, a stable, a byre,
A guid kail-yard and a weel snecket yett;
Wi' plenty o' peats to throw on the fire,
But the best thing o' a's a wantin' yet.

I thought on a wife for ten years and mair,
But nane will answer that stops hereabout;
And I ha'e nae time to gang here and there—
A wanter I am, and I'll bide sae, I doubt.

A bonnie tame patrick I wared upon Bell,
A sweet singing mavis to Jeanie I gi'ed;
To Betty I plainly did offer mysel',
She saw the green purse, but I did na succeed.

So I've done my duty—fareweel to a' folly,
I'll tak' up my buik, and I'll sit in my chair,
Wi' my red night-cap, my cat, and my colly,
Contented and cheerfu', though sixty and mair.

AULD ROBIN THE LAIRD.

WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER MACLAGAN. COMPOSED BY ANDREW THOMSON.

Moderate.

Auld Ro-bin, our laird, thought o' changin' his life, But he did na weel ken whaur to
wale a guid wife. A plump quean had he who had sery'd him for years; "Ho, Tibby," said the
laird, lo! Tib-by ap-pears. "Sit down," said the laird, "ye are wan-ted a-
wee." "Ve-ry weel, sir," quo' Tib-by, "sae let it be." "Sit down," said the
laird, "ye are wanted a-wee." "Ve-ry weel, sir," quo' Tib-by, "sae let it be."

"Noo, Tibby," quo' he, "there's a queer rumour rins,
Through the hail country-side, that there's naebody spins,
Bakes, washes, or brews, wi' sic talents as you:
An' what a' body says, ye ken, maun be true,
Sae ye ought to be gratefu' for their courtesie."

"Very weel, sir," quo' Tibby, "sae let it be."

"Noo, it seemeth but just an' richt proper to me,
That ye milk your ain cow 'neath your ain fig-tree;
That a servant sae thrifty a guid wife will mak',
It's as clear as daylight, sae a man ye maun tak',
Wha will haud ye as dear as the licht o' his e'e."

"Very weel, sir," quo' Tibby, "sae let it be."

"The pearl may be pure, Tib, though rough be the shell—

Sae I'm determined to wed ye mysel'—

An' a' that a lovin' an' leal heart can grant

O' this world's wealth, lass, troth, ye shall nae want;

Sae a kiss to the bargain ye maun gie to me."

"Very weel, sir," quo' Tibby, "sae let it be."

The weddin'-day came, wi' bride-cake an' bans,
 Fand Tib i' the kitchen, 'mang tubs, pats, and pans.
 "Bless me," quo' the laird, "what on earth hauds you here?
 Our frien's are a' met, in their braw bridal gear;
 Ye maun busk in your best, lass, and that speedily."
 "Very weel, sir," quo' Tibby, "sae let it be."

When the blessin' was said, an' the feastin' was done,
 Tib crap to her bed i' the garret aboon.

When she heard the laird's fit, an' his tap at her door,
 She wondered—he ne'er took sic freedoms before.

"Come, Tibby, my lass, ye maun listen to me."

"Very weel, sir," quo' Tibby, "sae let it be."

"Noo, Tibby, ye ken, we were wedded this night,
 An' that ye should be here, haith, I think is no' richt.

It canna be richt; for when women an' men
 Are wedded, they ought to be bedded, ye ken.

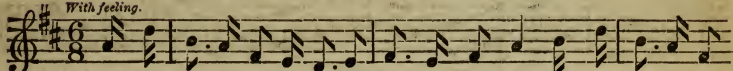
Sae come doon the stair, Tib, an' e'en sleep wi' me."

"Very weel, sir," quo' Tibby, "sae let it be!"

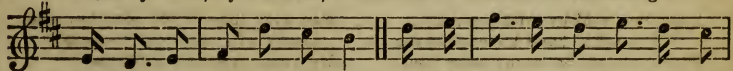
ON WI' THE TARTAN.

WRITTEN BY HUGH AINSLIE. MUSIC BY R. A. SMITH.

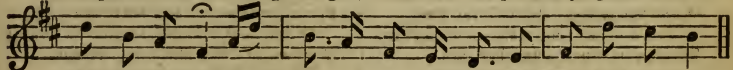
With feeling.



Can ye lo'e, my dear lassie, The hills wild and free? Where the sang o' the



shepherd Gars a' ring wi' glee? Or the steep rock-y glens Where the



wild fal-cons bide? Then on wi' the tar-tan, -An' fy let us ride.

Can ye lo'e the knowes, lassie,
 That ne'er were in riggs?
 Or the bonnie lowne knowes
 Where the sweet robin bigs?
 Or the sang o' the lintie,
 Wooing his bride?
 Then on wi' the tartan,
 An' fy let us ride.

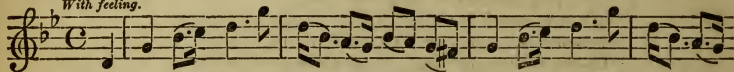
Can ye lo'e the burn, lassie,
 That louns amang linns?
 Or the bonnie green holms
 Where it cannily rins?
 Wi' a cantie bit housie
 Sae snug by its side?
 Then on wi' the tartan,
 An' fy let us ride.

SWEET ANNIE FRAE THE SEA BEACH CAME.

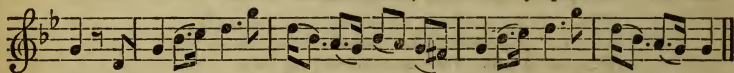
WRITTEN BY DR. JOHN HOADLEY. COMPOSED BY DR. MAURICE GREENE.

Ritson considered this song to be one of those pastoral lyrics "peculiar to North Britain." In this, as in some other matters, he is decidedly at fault. Neither words nor air are of Scottish origin. The author of the verses was Dr. John Hoadley, son of Bishop Hoadley, and the music was composed by Dr. Maurice Greene, an eminent ecclesiastical composer, who lived in the early part of the last century. It was published by Roberts in his "Calliope, or English Harmony," in 1739, and afterwards by Oswald in the "Pocket Companion," 1742. Both words and music, however, are decent imitations of the Scottish style.

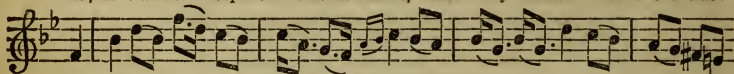
With feeling.



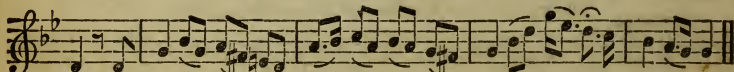
Sweet An - nie frae the sea beach came, Where Jock - y spee'd the ves - sel's



side; Ah! wha can keep their heart at hame, When Jocky's toss'd a - bunc the tide?



Far aff to dis - tant lands he gangs, Yet I'll be true as he has



been; And when ilk lass a - bout him thrangs, He'll think on An-nie, his faith-fu' ain.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,
 Wi' gowd in hand he tempted me;
 He prais'd my brow, my rollin' een,
 And made a brag o' what he'd gi'e.
 What though my Jocky's far away,
 Toss'd up and down the awsome main,
 I'll keep my heart another day,
 Since Jocky may return again.

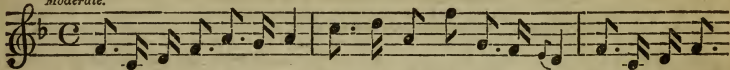
Nae mair, false Jamie, sing nae mair,
 And fairly cast your pipe away;
 My Jocky wad be troubled sair
 To see his friend his love betray.
 For a' your sangs and verse are vain,
 While Jocky's notes sae faithful flow;
 My heart to him shall true remain,
 I'll keep it for my constant jo.

Blaw saft, ye gales, round Jocky's head,
 And gar your waves be calm and still;
 His hameward sail with breezes speed,
 And dinna a' my pleasure spill.
 What though my Jocky's far away,
 Yet he will braw in siller shine;
 I'll keep my heart another day,
 Since Jocky may again be mine.

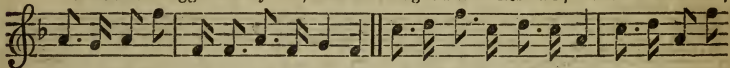
WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

WRITTEN BY BURNS.

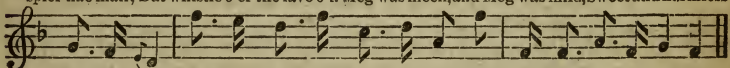
This humorous song was written by Burns for Johnson's "Museum," as a substitute for the old words, which are unfit for publication. John Bruce, of Dumfries, is said to have been the composer of the beautiful air of "Whistle o'er the lave o't." On the other hand it is alleged that Bruce, though an excellent performer, was never known as a composer of music, and that the air was composed long before Bruce was in existence.*

Moderate.

First when Maggie was my care, Heav'n I thought was in her air; Now we're married,



spier nae mair, But whistle o'er the lave o't. Meg was meek, and Meg was mild, Sweet and harmless



as a child; Wis - er men than me's be-guill'd, Sae whis-tle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love and how we gree,
I care na by how few may see,
Sae whistle o'er the lave o't.

Wha I wish were maggot's meat,
Dish'd up in her windin' sheet,
I could write, but Meg maun see't,
Sae whistle o'er the lave o't.

MARRIAGE AND THE CARE O'T.

WRITTEN BY ROBERT LOCHORE—SAME AIR.

Quoth Rob to Kate, My sonsy dear,
I've woo'd ye mair than half a-year,
An' if ye'd wed me ne'er could spier,
Wi' blateness, an' the care o't.

Now to the point; sincere I'm wi't;
Will ye be my half-marrow, sweet?
Shake han's, an' say a bargain be't,
An' ne'er think on the care o't.

Na, na, quo' Kate, I winna wed,
O' sic a snare I'll aye be rids;
How mony, thochtless, are misled,
By marriage, an' the care o't:

A single life's a life o' glee,
A wife ne'er think to mak' o' me;
Frae toil an' sorrow I'll keep free,
An' a' the dool an' care o't.

Weel, weel, said Robin, in reply,
Ye ne'er again shall me deny,
Ye may a toothless maiden die

For me, I'll tak' nae care o't.
Fareweel for ever,—aff I hie,
Sae took his leave without a sigh;
Oh stop, quo' Kate, I'm yours, I'll try
The married life, an' care o't.

Rab wheel't about, to Kate cam' back,
An' ga'e her mou' a hearty smack,
Syne lengthen'd out a loving crack
'Bout marriage an' the care o't.

Though as she thocht she did na speak,
An' lookit unco mim an' meek;
Yet blythe was she wi' Rab to cleek
In marriage, wi' the care o't.

* See note to "O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad."

O WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

WRITTEN BY BURNS. COMPOSED BY ALLAN MASTERTON.
ARRANGED FOR THIS WORK BY A. HUME.

This well known convivial song was written by Burns, and set to music by Allan Masterton, in 1789. William Nicol of the High School of Edinburgh, Allan Masterton, writing master, and a very fair musician, and the poet himself, were the three worthies alluded to in the verses. Nicol, by the advice of Burns, had purchased the small farm of Laggan, in Nithsdale, where he spent the vacation of 1789. Masterton, who was then on a visit to Dalswinton, and Burns, went to pay him a visit, and *warm his new house*. "We had such a joyous meeting," says the bard, "that Mr. Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, to celebrate the business. The air is Masterton's, the song is mine." William Nicol died in 1797, and Allan Masterton, the last of the "three good fellows," in or about 1800. A sequel to this song, in every way worthy of the original, written by John Struthers, author of "The Poor Man's Sabbath," and published in "The Harp of Caledonia," Glasgow, 1819, is here appended.

Cheerfully.

O Wil-lie brew'd a peck o' maut, And Rab and Al-lan cam' to
 pree, Three blyth-er hearts that lee-lang night Ye wad na find in Chris-tendie.

AIR. *Chorus.*

We are naefou, we're no that fou, But just a wee drap in our e'e; The
TENOR.

We are naefou, we're no that fou, But just a wee drap in our e'e; The
BASS.

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

Here are we met three merry boys,
 Three merry boys I trow are we;
 And mony a nicht we've merry been,
 And mony mae we hope to be.
 We are nae fou, &c.

It is the moon—I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin' in the lift sae hi'e:

She shines sae bricht to wile us hame,
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee.
 We are nae fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
 A cuckold, coward loon is he;
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three.
 We are nae fou, &c.

THE NIGHT IT FLEW, THE GREY COCK CREW.

WRITTEN BY JOHN STRUTHERS—SAME AIR.

John Struthers, author of "The Poor Man's Sabbath," and editor of "The Harp of Caledonia," was born in East Kilbride, Lanarkshire, on the 18th of July, 1776. After serving an apprenticeship to the shoemaking trade, and carrying on business in his native village for a few years, he removed to Glasgow, where he devoted himself to literary pursuits. In 1832, he obtained the keepership of Stirling's Library, in which situation he remained till his death. He died on the 30th of July, 1853, at the age of seventy-seven.

The night it flew, the grey cock crew,
 Wi' blythesome clap o'er a' the three,
 But pleasure beam'd ilk moment new,
 And happier still they hoped to be;
 For they were nae fou, na, nae that fou,
 But just a drap in ilka e'e;
 The cock might crawl, the day might daw,
 They sippled aye the barley-bree.

The moon, that from her silver horn
 Pour'd radiance over tow'r and tree,
 Before the fast approaching morn,
 Sank far behind yon western sea.
 Yet they were na fou, na, nae that fou,
 But just a drap in ilka e'e;
 The cock might crawl, the day might daw,
 They sippled aye the barley-bree.

And soon the gowden beams o' day
 Ting'd a' the mountain taps sae hi'e,
 And burnies sheen with bick'ring play
 Awoke the morn's wild melody.

But aye they sat, and aye they sang,
 "There's just a wee drap in our e'e;
 And mony a day we've happy been,
 And mony mae we hope to be."

The moon still fills her silver horn,
 But ah! her beams nae mair they see;
 Nor crawling cock, nor dawning morn,
 Disturbs the worm's dark revelry.
 For they were nae fou, na, nae that fou,
 But clay-cauld death has clos'd ilk e'e,
 And waefu' now the gowden morn
 Beams on the graves o' a' the three.

Nae mair in learning Willie toils,
 Nor Allan wakes the melting lay;
 Nor Rab, wi' fancy-witching wiles,
 Beguiles the hour o' dawning day.
 For though they were na very fou,
 That wicked wee drap in the e'e
 Has done its turn—untimely, now
 The green grass waves o'er a' the three.

I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—OLD AIR, "I'LL GANG NAE MAIR TO YON TOWN."

This favourite song, as well as "O wat ye wha's in yon town," was written by Burns in honour of his Jean. The air, which is very fine, takes its name from the first line of an old song, beginning, "I'll gang nae mair to yon town." It appears in Oswald's "Caledonian Pocket Companion," 1759.

Lively.

I'll aye ca' in by yon town, And by yon garden green again; I'll
 aye ca' in by yon town, And see my bon-nie Jean a-gain. There's
 nane shall ken, there's nane shall guess, What brings me back the gate a-gain; But
 she, my fairest, faith-fu' lass, And stowlins we shall meet a-gain. I'll
 aye ca' in by yon town, And by yon gar-den green a-gain; I'll
 aye ca' in by yon town, And see my bon-nie Jean a-gain.

Begin the succeeding verse at the mark S :

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
 When trystin' time draws near again;

And when her lovely form I see,
 O haith she's doubly dear again.
 I'll aye ca', &c.

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

SAME AIR.

O wat ye wha's in yon town,
 Ye see the e'enin sun upon;
 The sweetest maid's in yon town,
 That e'enin sun is shining on.

Now haply by yon gay green shaw,
 She wanders by the spreading tree;
 How blest, ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
 Ye catch the glances o' her e'e.
 O wat ye, &c.

How blest, ye birds that round her sing,
 And welcome in the blooming year;
 And doubly welcome be the spring,
 The season to my Jeanie dear.
 O wat ye, &c.

The sun blinks blythe in yon town,
 Amang yon broomy braes sae green;
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.
 O wat ye, &c.

Without my love, not a' the charms
 Of Paradise could yield me joy;
 But gi'e me Jeanie in my arms,
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.
 O wat ye, &c.

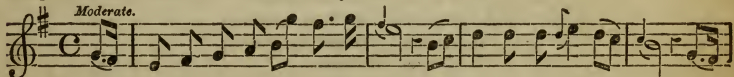
My cave wad be a lover's bow'r,
 Though raging winter rent the air;
 And she a lovely little flow'r
 That I wad tent and shelter there.
 O wat ye, &c.

If angry fate be sworn my foe,
 And suff'ring I am doom'd to bear;
 I'll careless quit aught else below,
 But spare, oh! spare my Jeanie dear.
 O wat ye, &c.

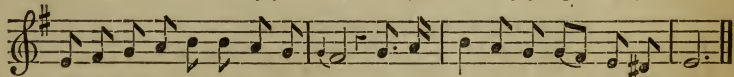
For while life's dearest blood runs warm,
 My thoughts frae her shall ne'er depart;
 For as most lovely is her form,
 She has the truest, kindest heart.
 O wat ye, &c.

AS I CAM' DOWN BY YON CASTLE WA'.

Burns furnished the words and music of this song for Johnson's "Museum." Though he says in his "Reliques" that this is a very popular song in Ayrshire, it does not appear in any collection prior to the "Museum." The air is very fine.



As I cam' down by yon castle wa', And in by yon gar-den green, O



there I spied a bon-nie lass, But the flow'r borders were us be-tween.

A bonnie, bonnie lassie she was,
 As ever mine eyes did see;
 O five hundred pounds wad I gi'e,
 To ha'e sic a bonnie bride as thee.

To ha'e sic a bonnie bride as me,
 Young man ye are sairly mista'en;
 Though ye were king o' fair Scotland,
 I wad disdain to be your queen.

Talk not so very high, bonnie lass,
 O talk not so very, very high;
 The man at the fair that wad sell, [buy.
 He maun learn at the man that wad

I trust to climb a far higher tree,
 And herry a far richer nest;
 Tak' this advice o' me, bonnie lass,
 Humility wad set thee best.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER CAM' DOWN THE LANG GLEN.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "THE QUEEN O' THE LOTHIANS CAM' CRUISING TO FIFE."

This lively song was written by Burns for the second volume of Johnson's "Museum." It was not, however, inserted there. In the meantime the poet revised it, and sent it to Mr. George Thomson's collection, in the second volume of which it appears, and soon became very popular. Though the alterations are by no means improvements, we give the second edition, as it is the one most generally sung. The tune called "The Queen of the Lothians" is very old, and adapted to a ballad beginning,—

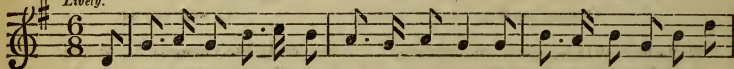
The queen o' the Lothians cam' cruising to Fife,

Sing hey, fal lal de ral, fal de ral, lal de ral,
Hey, fal lal de ral, lairo.

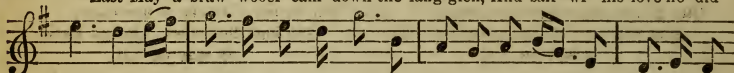
Fal de ral, lal de ral, lairo;

To see gin a wooper would tak' her for life,

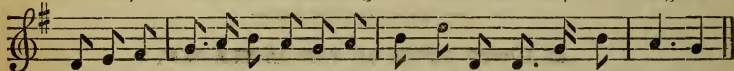
Lively.



Last May a braw wooper cam' down the lang glen, And sair wi' his love he did



deave me; I said there was naething I hated like men, The deuce gae wi'



him to be - lieve me, be-lieve me, The deuce gae wi' him to be - lieve me.

He spak' o' the darts o' my bonnie black een,

And vow'd for my love he was deein' ;

I said he micht dee when he liked for Jean,

The guid forgi'e me for leein', for leein',

The guid forgi'e me for leein'.

A weel stockit mailin', himsel' o't the laird,

And marriage aff hand, was his proffer ;

I never loot on that I kenn'd it or cared,

But thocht I micht ha'e a waur offer, waur offer,

But thocht I micht ha'e a waur offer.

But what do you think ? in a fortnight or less,

The de'il's in his taste to gang near her ;

He's up the Gateslack to my black cousin Bess,

Guess ye how, the jaud, I could bear her, could bear her,

Guess ye how, the jaud, I could bear her.

But a' the next week, as I fretted wi' care,

I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock ;

And wha but my braw fickle wooper was there ?

Wha glower'd as if he'd seen a warlock, a warlock,

Wha glower'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

Out owre my left shouther I gi'ed him a blink,
 Lest neighbours micht say I was saucy ;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd that I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vow'd that I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthie and sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin' ;
 And how my auld shoon fitted her shauchled feet,
 Guid sauf us, how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
 Guid sauf us, how he fell a swearin'.

He begged for guid-sake I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow ;
 Sae, e'en to preserve the pair body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

SLY WIDOW SKINNER.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS C. LATTO—SAME AIR.

O the days when I strutted (to think o't I'm sad),
 The heir to a cosy bit mailin' ;
 When sly Widow Skinner gat round me, the jaud,
 For she thocht my auld daddy was failin', was failin',
 For she thocht my auld daddy was failin'.

I promised to tak' her for better for worse,
 Though sma' was my chance to be happy ;
 For I fand she had courted na me but my purse,
 What's waur—that she liket a drappie, a drappie,
 What's waur—that she liket a drappie.

Then ae nicht at a kirn I saw Maggy Hay,
 To see her was straight to adore her ;
 The widow look'd blue when I pass'd her neist day,
 An' waited na e'en to spier for her, spier for her,
 An' waited na e'en to spier for her.

O pity my case, I was terribly raw,
 And she was a terrible Tartar ;
 She spak' about "measures," and "taking the law,"
 And I set mysel' down for a martyr, a martyr,
 And I set mysel' down for a martyr.

Weel, I buckled wi' Meg, an' the blythe honeymoon
 Scarce was owre, when the widow, I met her;
 She grinningly whisper'd, "Hech! weel ha'e ye dune,
 But tent me, lad, I can do better, do better,
 But tent me, lad, I can do better!"

'Gin ye canna get berries put up wi' the hools!"
 Her proverb I countit a blether;
 But,—widows for ever for hookin' auld fules,—
 Neist week she was cried wi' my faither, my faither!
 Neist week she was cried wi' my faither!

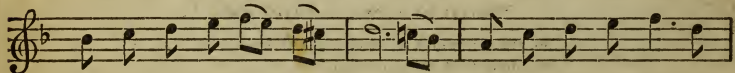
THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

The authorship of this sweet morsel is unknown. The air to which it is adapted is inserted under the same title in Oswald's "Caledonian Pocket Companion."

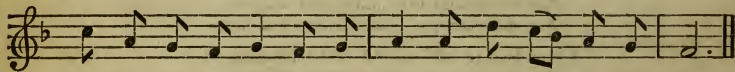
Tenderly.



The win - ter it is past, and the summer comes at last, And the



small birds sing on ev - 'ry tree; Now ev - 'ry-thing is glad, while



I am ver - y sad, For my true love is part - ed from me.

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

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

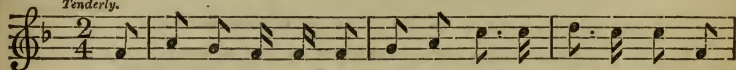
All you that are in love, and cannot it remove,
 I pity the pains you endure;
 For experience makes me know that your hearts are full of woe,
 A woe that no mortal can cure.

BONNIE LADY ANN.

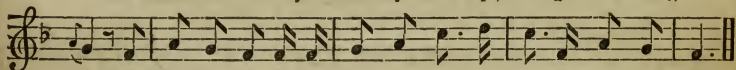
MUSIC BY A. HUME.

Allan Cunningham contributed this luxurious song to Cromek's "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song" (London, 1810), as an *old* production. Allan, himself, was undoubtedly the author.

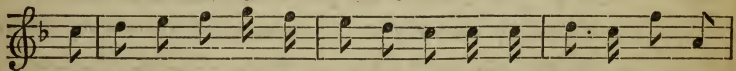
Tenderly.



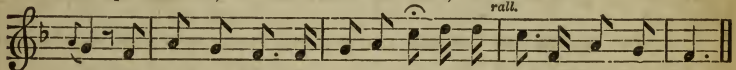
There's kames o' hin - ny 'tween my luv'e's lips, And gowd a - mang her



hair; Her briests are lapt in a ho - ly veil Nae mor-tal een keek there.



What lips daur kiss, or what hand daur touch, Or what arm o' luv'e daur



span The hin - ny lips, the creamy loof, Or the waist o' La - dy Ann?

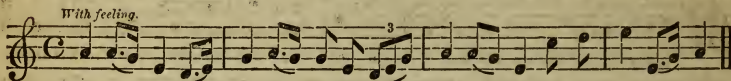
She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,
 Wat wi' the blobs o' dew:
 But nae gentle lip, nor simple lip
 Maun touch her ladie mou'.
 But a broider'd belt wi' a buckle o' gowd,
 Her jimpy waist maun span;
 Oh, she's an armfu' fit for Heaven,
 My bonnie Lady Ann.
 Her bower casement is latticed wi' flow'rs,
 Tied up wi' siller thread;
 And comely sits she in the midst,
 Men's langing een to feed.
 She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,
 Wi' her milky, milky han'; [o' God,
 And her cheeks seem touch'd wi' the finger
 My bonnie Lady Ann.
 The mornin' clud is tasselt wi' gowd,
 Like my luv'e's broider'd cap;
 And on the mantle that my luv'e wears
 Is mony a gowden drap.

Her bonnie e'e-bree's a holy arch,
 Cast by nae earthly han';
 And the breath o' heav'n is atween the lips
 O' my bonnie Lady Ann.
 I wonderin' gaze on her stately steps,
 And I beet a hopeless flame;
 To my luv'e, alas! she maunna stoop,
 It wad stain her honour'd name.
 My e'en are bauld, they dwell on a place
 Where I daur na mint my han';
 But I water, and tend, and kiss the flow'rs
 O' my bonnie Lady Ann.
 I am but her father's gardener lad,
 And puir, puir is my fa';
 My auld mithter gets my wee, wee fee,
 Wi' fatherless bairnies twa.
 My lady comes, my lady gaes,
 Wi' a fou and kindly han'; [luv'e,
 O' the blessin' o' God maun mix wi' my
 And fa' on Lady Ann.

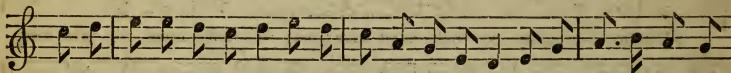
HAME, HAME, HAME.

This song, a great favourite of Sir Walter Scott's, was contributed by Allan Cunningham to Cromek's "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song." In a note Cunningham says, "This song is noticed in the introduction to the 'Fortunes of Nigel,' and part of it is sung by Richie Monplies. It is supposed to come from the lips of a Scottish exile." The old song of the same name had a similar chorus, and one good verse against the British fleet, which was then,—and may it ever continue, master of the sea. The poet prayed for very effectual aid,—

May the ocean stop and stand, like walls on every side,
That our gallant chiefs may pass, wi' heaven for their guide;
Dry up the Forth and Tweed, as thou didst the Red Sea,
When the Israelites did pass to their ain countrie.



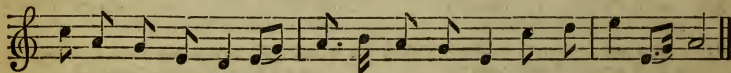
Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain would I be, Hame, hame, hame, to my ain coun-trie;



There's an eye that ever weeps, and a fair face will be fain, As I pass through Annan



water wi' my bon-nie bands a-gain. When the flow'r is in the bud, and the



leaf up - on the tree, The lark shall sing me hame in my ain coun-trie.

Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain would I be,
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie;
The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is witherin' and a';
But I'll water't wi' the blood o' usurping tyrannie,
And fresh it will blow in my ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain would I be,
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie;
There's nought now from ruin my countrie can save,
But the keys o' kind heaven, to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs, wha died for loyalty,
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain would I be,
 Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie;
 The great now are gane, wha attempted to save,
 The green grass now is growing aboon their bloody grave;
 Yet the sun through the mirk seems to promise to me,—
 "I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie."

THE YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH KATIE.

WRITTEN BY RAMSAY.

This song, with the exception of the first stanza, was written by Ramsay to the fine old air of "Wat ye wha I met yestreen?" or as it is sometimes called, "The tartan screen." It appeared in the "Tea Table Miscellany," 1724. Katie's answer, "My mither's aye glowrin' owre me," is published in vol. i., page 59, of the "Lyric Gems." The tune is called "A health to Betty."

Moderate.

Now wat ye wha I met yes-treen, Com-in' down the street, my jo? My
 mis-tress in her tar-tan screen, Fu' bon-nie, braw, and sweet, my jo.
 My dear, quoth I, thanks to the nicht, That never wish'd a lov-er ill; Since
 ye're out o' your mither's sight, Let's tak' a walk up to the hill.

O Katie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
 And leave the dinsome town a while?
 The blossom's sproutin' frae the tree,
 And a' creation's gaun to smile.
 The mavis, nichtingale, and lark,
 The bleatin' lambs, and whistlin' hind,
 In ilka dale, green shaw, and park,
 Will nourish health, and glad your mind.
 Sune as the clear guidman o' day
 Bends to his mornin' draught o' dew,
 We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
 And gather flow'rs to busk your brow.

We'll pu' the daisies on the green,
 The lucken-gowans frae the bog;
 Between hands, now and then, we'll lean,
 And sport upon the velvet fog.
 There's up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
 A cannie, soft, and flow'ry den, [bow'r.
 Which circlin' birks ha'e form'd a
 Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to the caller shade remove;
 There will I lock thee in my arm,
 And love and kiss, and kiss and love.

WILL YE GANG TO THE BAUGYBURN?

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM CAMERON. COMPOSED BY THOMAS M'FARLANE.

The Baugy is a romantic little burn, fifteen minutes' walk from "Gowan Lea," the coast retreat of the poet. It falls into the beautiful west bay of Dunoon, Argyllshire.

Moderate.

Will ye gang to the Baugy - burn, Ma - ry, Ma - ry? O gang wi' me to
 Bau - gy - burn, My ain dear daw - tie Ma - ry, Will ye gang to the
 Baugy - burn, Ma - ry, Ma - ry? O gang wi' me to Bau - gy - burn, My
 ain dear daw - tie Ma - ry. The burn - ie aye still jumps and jorks, Whaur
 mang its flow' - ry sha - dy nooks, O mony a fair wee flow' - ry dooks Its
 sweet face in the stream - ie. Then - - - gang to the Bau - gy - burn,
 Ma - ry, Ma - ry; O gang wi' me to Bau - gy - burn, My ain dear dawtie
 Ma - ry, Will ye gang to the Bau - gy - burn, Ma - ry, Ma - ry? O
 gang wi' me to Bau - gy - burn, My ain dear daw - tie Ma - ry.

The woodland warbler still is there,
 Health floating in the balmy air,
 And a' as fresh, and a' as fair,
 As there when first I woo'd thee.
 Then gang wi' me, &c.

It's no for a' its beauties rare,
 But just because we courted there;


And noo for twenty years an' mair
 You've been my ain dear dawtie.
 Then gang wi' me, &c.

We'll twine a wreath o' bonnie flowers,
 We'll talk o' auld langsyne for hours,
 While high aboon the lav'rock pours
 Its sang o' love an' Mary.
 Then gang wi' me, &c.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'.

The "Great Argyll" of this song is supposed to have been John Campbell, Duke of Argyll, commander of the royal forces in Scotland during the rebellion of 1715. As an enlightened statesman, and thoroughly patriotic Scotchman, he was universally respected.* The well known martial air of "The Campbells are comin'" is very old.

Boldly.



The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho, The Campbells are comin', O
 ho, O ho; The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Loch-le-ven, The
 Camp-bells are comin', O ho, O ho. Up-on the Lomonds I
 lay, I lay, Up-on the Lomonds I lay, I lay: I look-ed
 down to bon-nie Loch-le-ven, And saw three bon-nie per-ches play.

The great Argyll, he goes before,
 He makes the cannons and guns to roar;
 Wi' sound o' trumpet, pipe, and drum,
 The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho.
 The Campbells, &c.

The Campbells they are a' in arms,
 Their loyal faith and truth to show;
 Wi' banners rattlin' in the wind,
 The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho.
 The Campbells, &c.

* See Sir Walter Scott's "Heart of Mid Lothian."

SAE FLAXEN WERE HER RINGLETS.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—IRISH AIR, "ONAGH."

This song was written by Burns for Johnson's "Museum," vol. v., and adapted to the favourite Irish air, "Onagh." In a letter to Mr. Thomson, dated Sept., 1794, he says, "The air is charming, and I have often regretted the want of decent verses to it. It is too much, at least for my humble rustic muse, to expect that every effort of hers shall have merit; still, I think that it is better to have *mediocre* verses to a favourite air than none at all. On this principle I have all along proceeded in the 'Scots Musical Museum,' and as that publication is at its last volume, I intend the following song to the air above mentioned, for that work." Before the fifth volume of the "Museum" was published, poor Burns was no more. The Chloris of the song is said to have been a Jean Lorimer of Craigieburn, Dumfriesshire.

Moderate.

Sae flax - en were her ring - lets, Her eycbrows o' a dark - er
 hue, Be - witching - ly o'er - arch - ing Twa laugh - ing een o' Bonnie blue.
 Her smil - ing, sae wil - ing, Wad mak' a wretch for - get his woe; What
 plea - sure, what trea - sure, Un - to those ro - sy lips to grow. Such
 was my Chlo - ris' bonnie face, When first her bonnie face I saw; And
 aye my Chlo - ris' dear - est charm, She says she lo'es me best o' a'.

Like harmony her motion;
 Her pretty ankle is a spy,
 Betraying fair proportion,
 Wad mak' a saint forget the sky.
 Sae warming, sae charming,
 Her faultless form and gracefu' air;

Ilk feature—auld nature
 Declared that she could do nae mair.
 Hers are the willing chains of loye,
 By conquering beauty's sov'reign law;
 And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best o' a'.

Let others love the city,
 And gaudy show at sunny noon;
 Gi'e me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, and rising moon:
 Fair beaming, and streaming
 Her silver light the boughs amang;

While falling, recalling; [sang;
 The amorous thrush concludes his
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove,
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,
 And say thou lo'es me best o' a'.

THE ARRAN MAID.

WRITTEN BY H. BROWN. MUSIC BY THOMAS ANDERSON.

Andante

The ev'-ning boat was on the bay, The sunset fair on il-ka
 hill, The lammies wantoned in their play, A-mang the braes and
 by the rill. The blackbird's mel-low mus-ic rang, As lane-ly
 through the glen I stray'd; But still I heard the sweet-er sang That charm'd me
 frae the Ar-ran maid. That charm'd me frae the Ar-ran maid.

There's music in the howling blast
 That sweeps by mountain, stream, and sea;
 Yet gentler tones are round me cast
 In simmer's sweet and careless glee.
 O gi'e me still the witchin' strains
 Frae her like nature's sel' arrayed;
 I hear them still on Clutha's plains,
 My own, my lovely Arran maid.

Awa' the cauldri'f strains o' art,
 Gi'e me the sang o' life an' love,
 That lingers lang, although we part,
 Like music frae the stars above.
 Gi'e me the form o' ane I ken,
 I'll row her in my tartan plaid,
 Wi' rapture hear frae bill and glen
 The music o' my Arran maid.

IN SIMMER, WHEN THE HAY WAS MAWN.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "THE COUNTRY LASS."

This charming dialogue was written by Burns for Johnson's "Museum," 1792. The argument is ably sustained on both sides, but, as might be expected, "guid advisement" kicks the beam. The air of "The country lass" appears in the "Orpheus Caledonius," 1725.

Moderate.

In sim-mer, when the hay was mawn, And corn wav'd green in
 il-ka field; While clo-ver blooms white o'er the lea, And ro-ses blaw in
 il-ka bield. Blythe Bes-sie in the milk-in' shiel, Says, I'll be wed, come
 o't what will; Outspak' a dame in wrinkled eild, "O' guid advisement comes nae ill."

It's ye ha'e wooers mony a ane,
 And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken;
 Then wait a wee, and canny wale
 A routhie but, a routhie ben.
 There's Johnnie o' the Buskie glen,
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
 Tak' this frae me, my bonnie hen,
 'Tis plenty beets the lover's fire.

For Johnnie o' the Buskie glen
 I dinna care a single flee;
 He lo'es sae weel his craps an' kye,
 He has nae love to spare for me:
 But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
 An' weel I wat he lo'es me dear;
 Ae blink o' him I wad na gie
 For Buskie glen an' a' his gear.

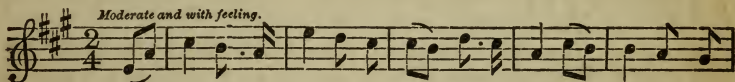
O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught,
 The canniest gate the strife is sair;
 But aye fu' han't is fechtin' best,
 A hungry care's an unco care:
 But some will spend, an' some will spare,
 An' wilfu' folk maun ha'e their will;
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
 Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
 An' gear will buy me sheep an' kye;
 But the tender heart o' leesome love,
 The gowd an' siller winna buy;
 We may be puir, Robie an' I;
 Light is the burden love lays on;
 Content an' love brings peace and joy;
 What mair ha'e queens upon a throne?

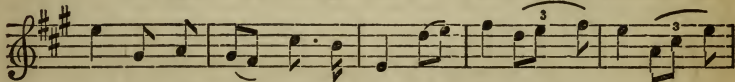
THE VALE OF STRATHMORE.

WRITTEN BY JAMES BALLANTINE—MUSIC BY PETER M'LEOD.

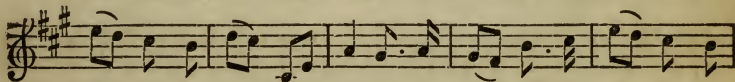
James Ballantine is the well known author of some of our finest songs. They are truly Scottish, combining much feeling and pathos with a delightful vein of pawky good humour and pleasantry. Mr. Ballantine is largely employed in the painting and glass staining business in Edinburgh. Peter M'Leod, Esq., of Polbeath, one of the most successful Scottish melodists, was formerly engaged in an extensive cloth trade in Edinburgh, but he has lately retired from business, and is now enjoying his "*otium cum dignitate*." His melodies are invariably appropriate and graceful. We are indebted to the kindness of these gentlemen for the appearance of this excellent little lyric in the present work.



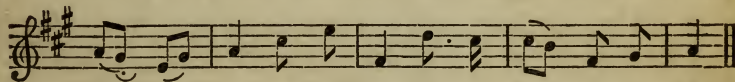
Dear land of my birth, far from thee I have been, By streamlets so



flow - 'ry, and val - leys so green, In vain seek - ing plea - sure, for



still, as of yore, The home of my heart is the vale of Strath-



more. The home of my heart is the vale of Strath - more.

'Twas there, when in school days, my Mary and me
 First plighted our troth on yon bonnie green lea;
 And there our fond parents kind heav'n would implore,
 To smile on our love in the vale of Strathmore.
 To smile on our love in the vale of Strathmore.

No longer I'll wander, no farther I'll roam,
 I'll brave every danger for thee my lov'd home;
 When there, the poor rover will part never more
 From Mary, from love, and the vale of Strathmore.
 From Mary, from love, and the vale of Strathmore.

Duet—THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "THE MILL, MILL O."

ARRANGED AS A DUET FOR THIS WORK BY A. HUME.

The air of "The Mill, Mill O" is of considerable antiquity, and is found in the "Crockat M.S.," written in the beginning of the last century. The original verses being considered by Ramsay to be rather indelicate, he wrote the song beginning, "Beneath a green shade," as a substitute; but even his verses would scarcely pass muster now-a-days. "The soldier's return" has always been considered one of Burns's finest songs, and in every respect worthy of himself.

TREBLE.

Moderate

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn, And gentle peace re-

TENOR.

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn, And gentle peace re-

turn - ing; Wi' mo - ny a sweet babe fa - ther - less, And

turn - ing; Wi' mo - ny a sweet babe fa - ther - less, And

mo - ny a wi - dow mourn - ing. I left the lines and

mo - ny a wi - dow mourn - ing. I left the lines and

tent - ed field, Where lang I'd been a lod - ger; My hum - ble

tent - ed field, Where lang I'd been a lod - ger; My hum - ble

knay - sack a' my wealth, A poor, but hon - est sod - ger.

knay - sack a' my wealth, A poor, but hon - est sod - ger.

A leal light heart beat in my breast,
 My hands unstain'd wi' plunder;
 And for fair Scotia hame again,
 I cheery on did wander.
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
 I thought upon my Nancy;
 I thought upon the witchin' smile
 That caught my youthfu' fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
 Where early life I sported;
 I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,
 Where Nancy oft I courted.
 Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
 Down by her mother's dwelling?
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood
 That in my e'e was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quo' I, Sweet lass,
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom;
 O happy, happy may he be
 That's dearest to thy bosom.
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,
 And fain wad be thy lodger;
 I've serv'd my king and country lang,
 Tak' pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
 And lovelier grew than ever;
 Quo' she, A sodger ance I lo'ed,
 Forget him will I never.

Our humble cot and hamely fare
 Ye freely shall partake o't;
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose,
 Syne pale as ony lily;
 She sank within my arms, and cried,
 Art thou my ain dear Willie?
 By him wha made yon sun and sky,
 By whom true love's regarded;
 I am the man—and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
 And find thee still true hearted;
 Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,
 And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
 Quo' she, My grandsire left me gowd,
 A main' plenish'd fairly;
 Then come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.

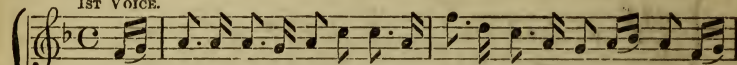
For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor;
 But glory is the sodger's prize,
 The sodger's wealth is honour.
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger;
 Remember he's his country's stay,
 In day and hour o' danger.

Duet—THE WAITS.

WRITTEN BY RICHARD GALL. ARRANGED FOR THIS WORK BY A. HOME.

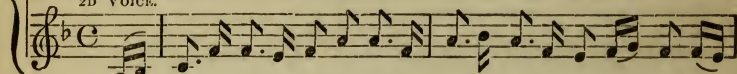
The Waits were a band of musicians (usually three or four) who played through the streets of Edinburgh during the winter nights, and were generally rewarded by the wealthier classes of the inhabitants with "hansel" at the new year. The custom has now fallen into disuse.

1ST VOICE.

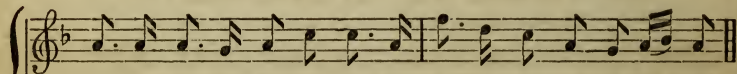


Wha's this wi' voice o' music sweet Sae early wakes the wea - ry wight? O

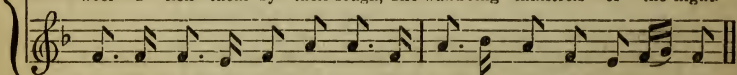
2D VOICE.



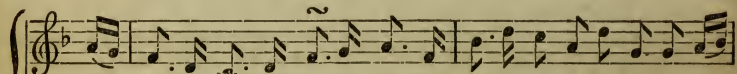
Wha's this wi' voice o' music sweet Sae early wakes the wea - ry wight? O



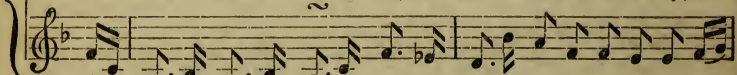
weel I ken them by their sough, The wand'ring minstrels of the night.



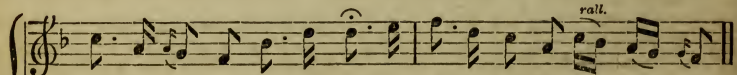
weel I ken them by their sough, The wand'ring minstrels of the night.



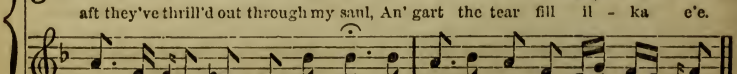
O weel I ken their bonnie lilts, Their sweetest notes o' me - lo - dy; Fu'



O weel I ken their bonnie lilts, Their sweetest notes o' me - lo - dy; Fu'



aft they've thrill'd out through my saul, An' gart the tear fill il - ka e'e.



aft they've thrill'd out through my saul, An' gart the tear fill il - ka e'e.

O sweetest minstrels, weet your pipes,
 A tender, soothing note to blaw;
 Syne souf the "Broom o' Cowdenknoces,"
 Or "Roslin Castle's" ruined wa'.
 They bring to mind the happy days,
 Fu' aft I've spent wi' Jeanie dear;
 Ah! now ye touch the very note
 That gars me sigh, and drap a tear.
 Your fremit lilt I downa bide,
 They never yield a charm to me;
 Unlike our ain, by nature made,
 Unlike the saft delight they gi'e.

For weel I ween they warm the breast,
 Though sair oppress'd wi' poortith cauld;
 An' sae an auld man's heart they cheer,
 He tines the thought that he is auld

O sweetest minstrels, halt a wee,
 Anither lilt afore ye gang;
 An' syne I'll close my waukrife e'e,
 Enraptur'd wi' your bonnie sang.
 They're gane, the moon begins to dawn,
 They're weary paidlin' through the weat;
 They're gane, but on my ravish'd ear,
 The dying sounds yet thrill fu' sweet.

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "THE MAID'S COMPLAINT."

This charmingly tender song was contributed by Burns to Johnson's "Museum." In the "Reliques" he says, "The verses were originally English, but I gave them their Scotch dress." The air was composed by James Oswald, and published in the "Caledonian Pocket Companion" in 1742. Though of rather extensive compass, it is a fine specimen of his musical genius.

With much feeling.

The musical notation consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words underlined to indicate phrasing. The music is a simple, folk-style melody with a gentle, flowing character.

It is na, Jean, thy bon-nie face, Nor shape that I ad - mire; Al-
 though thy beau-ty and thy grace Might weel a - wauk de - sire.
 Some - thing in il - ka pat o' thee, To praise, to love, I find; But
 dear as is thy form to me, Still dear - er is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I ha'e,
 Nor stronger in my breast,
 Than if I canna mak' thee sae,
 At least to see thee blest.

Content am I, if heav'n shall give
 But happiness to thee;
 And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
 For thee I'd bear to die.

THE BONNIE BRUCKET LASSIE.

WRITTEN BY JAMES TYTLER.

James Tytler, the author of this song, was the son of a clergyman of the Established Church, in the presbytery of Brechin. He was a clever but eccentric character, and owed his appellation of "Balloon Tytler" to the circumstance of being the first who ascended from Edinburgh in one. He was principal editor of the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," to which he contributed many valuable articles. Having become obnoxious to the government of the day by the publication of an inflammatory handbill, a warrant was issued for his apprehension; and being under the necessity of leaving the country, he made his escape to America. Here, in Salem, Massachusetts, he established himself as printer and publisher of a newspaper. He died in 1805, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. Burns's description of Tytler is a curiosity in its way. Speaking of "The bonnie brucket lassie," he says, "The two first lines of this song are all that is old. The rest of the song, as well as those in the 'Museum,' marked T., are the production of an obscure, tippling, but extraordinary body of the name of Tytler, commonly known by the name of 'Balloon Tytler,' from his having projected a balloon. A mortal, who, though he drudges about Edinburgh as a common printer, with leaky shoes, a sky-lighted hat, and kuce-buckles as unlike as 'George-by-the-grace-of-God,' and 'Solomon-the-son-of-David;' yet that same unknown, drunken mortal, is author and compiler of three-fourths of Elliot's pompous 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' which he composed at half-a-guinea a-week." The air of "The bonnie brucket lassie" is more than a century old.

Slowly.

The bon - nie bruck - et las - sie, she's blue be - neath the
 een; She was the fair - est las - sie that dan - ced on the green.
 A lad he lo'ed her dear - ly, she did his love re -
 turn; But he his vows has bro - ken, and left her for to mourn.

My shape, he says, was handsome, my face was fair and clean;
 But noo I'm bonnie brucket, and blue beneath the een;
 My een were bright and sparkling, before that they turn'd blue,
 But noo they're dull with weeping, and a', my love, for you.

O I could live in darkness, or hide me in the sea,
 Since my love is unfaithful, and has forsaken me;
 No other love I suffer'd within my breast to dwell,
 In nought have I offended but loving him too well.

Her lover heard her mourning as by he chanced to pass,
 And press'd unto his bosom the bonnie brucket lass;
 My dear, he said, cease grieving, since that you lo'ed sae true,
 My bonnie brucket lassie I'll faithful prove to you.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN?

WRITTEN BY BURNS.

This lively ditty was written by Burns for the third volume of Johnson's "Museum," 1790. Dr. Blacklock (the blind poet) had previously written verses for the same tune, but they were considered too long for insertion. In Tom D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy," 1703, there is a song entitled "What shall a young woman do with an old man." However much we may sympathize with a young lassie tied to "an auld man," we can barely approve of her resolution to "cross him and wrack him until she heart-break him."

Lively.

What can a young las-sie, what shall a young las-sie, What can a young
 las-sie do wi' an auld man? Bad luck to the pen-ny that tempted my
 minnie To sell her puir Jenny for sil-ler an' lan'; Bad luck to the
 penny that tempted my minnie To sell her puir Jenny for sil-ler an' lan'.

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',
 He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang;
 He's doy'lt and he's dozin', his bluid it is frozen,
 O dreary's the nicht wi' a crazy auld man.

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
 I never can please him, do' a' that I can;
 He's peevish and jealous o' a' the young fellows,
 O d'ol on the day I met wi' an auld man.

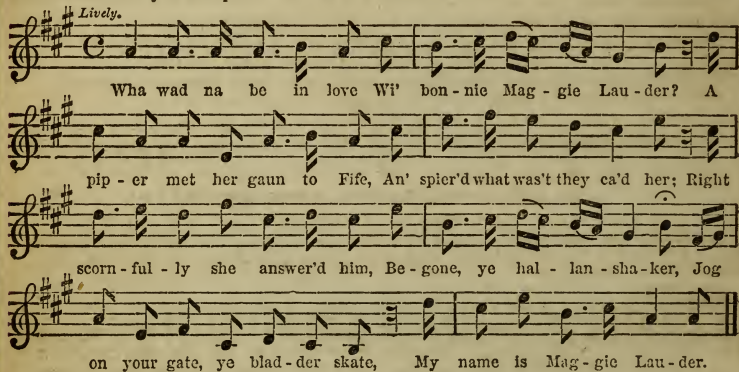
My auld auntie Katie upon me tak's pity,
 I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
 I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
 And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

MAGGIE LAUDER.

WRITTEN BY FRANCIS SEMPLE OF BELTREES.

Who has not heard of "bonnie Maggie Lauder?" The author, Francis Semple of Beltrees in Renfrewshire, who lived about the middle of the seventeenth century, was descended from a family distinguished for poetical talent. His other pieces are "The Banishment of Poverty," "She rose and let me in," "The Blythesome Bridal," and a collection of epitaphs. We give below the excellent sequel to this popular ditty, written by the late Capt. Chas. Gray, R.M. Anstruther, Easter and Wester, is the name of two adjacent towns in Fifeshire. Before the union, Anster "Lint Fair" was held in great repute, and attended by merchants from every commercial country in Europe.

Lively.



Wha wad na be in love Wi' bon-nie Mag-gie Lau-der? A
 piper met her gaun to Fife, An' spier'd what wa't they ca'd her; Right
 scorn-ful-ly she answer'd him, Be-gone, ye hal-lan-sha-ker, Jog
 on your gate, ye blad-der skate, My name is Mag-gie Lau-der.

Maggie, quo' he, and by my bags,
 I'm fidgin' fain to see thee;
 Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
 In troth I winna steer thee.
 For I'm a piper to my trade,
 My name is Rob the Ranter;
 The lasses loup as they were daft
 When I blaw up my chanter.
 Piper, quo' Meg, ha'e you your bags?
 Or is your drone in order?
 If ye be Rob, I've heard o' you,
 Live you upon the border?
 The lasses a', baith far and near,
 Ha'e heard o' Rob the Ranter;
 I'll shake my foot wi' right guid will,
 Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
 About the drone he twistet;
 Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
 For brawly could she frisk it.
 Weel done, quo' he—play up, quo' she,
 Weel bobb'd, quo' Rob the Ranter;
 'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
 When I ha'e sic a dancer.
 Weel ha'e you play'd your part, quo' Meg,
 Your cheeks are like the crimson;
 There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
 Since we lost Habbie Simpson.*
 I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter;
 Gin ye should come to Anster fair,
 Spier ye for Maggie Lauder.

* A famous piper of Kilbarchan, in Renfrewshire.

THE CANTIE SPRING SCARCE REAR'D HER HEAD.

SEQUEL TO THE ABOVE, WRITTEN BY CAPT. CHARLES GRAY, R.M.—SAME AIR.

The cantie spring scarce rear'd her head,
And winter yet did blaud her,
When the Ranter cam' to Anster fair,
An' spier'd for Maggie Lauder:
A snug wee house in the East Green,
Its shelter kindly lent her;
Wi' cantie ingle, clean hearthstane,
Meg welcom'd Rob the Ranter.

Then Rob made bonnie Meg his bride,
An' to the kirk they ranted;
He play'd the auld "East Nook o' Fife,"
An' merry Maggie vaunted,

That Hab himsel' ne'er play'd a spring,
Nor blew sae weel his chanter,
For he made Anster town to ring;
An' wha's like Rob the Ranter?

For a' the talk an' loud reports
That ever gaed against her,
Meg proves a true an' carefu' wife,
As ever was in Anster;
And since the marriage knot was tied,
Rob swears he couldna want her,
For he lo'es Maggie as his life,
An' Meg lo'es Rob the Ranter.

AS I CAM' O'ER THE CAIRNEY MOUNT.

AIR, "THE HIGHLAND LASSIE."

An excellent old song, to which Burns added the second stanza. In Johnson's "Museum," vol. v., it is marked with the letter Z, to denote that it was an old song, with additions or alterations. The air, from Oswald's "Caledonian Pocket Companion," is lively and spirited.

Lively

As I cam' o'er the Cairney mount, And down amang the bloomin' heather,
Kindly stood the milking shiel, To shelter frae the stormy weather.
O my bon - nie Highland lad, My winsome, weel-faur'd Highland laddie;
Wha wad mind the wind and rain, Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaid - ie.

Now Phœbus blinkit o'er the bent,
And o'er the knowes the lambs were bleat—
But he won my heart's consent [ing];
To be his ain at the neist meeting.

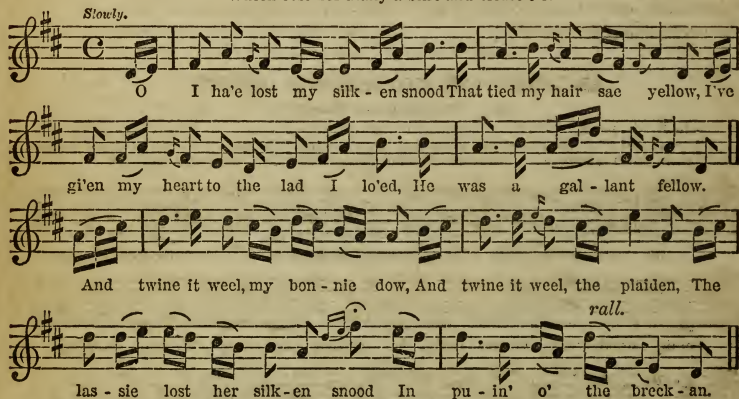
O my bonnie Highland lad, [die];
My winsome, weel-faur'd Highland lad—
Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie.

THE PUIN' O' THE BRECKAN.

We are unable to name the author of this song. An air, under the title of "The lassie lost her silken snood," is found in Oswald's collection, 1735, but it is quite different from the one here given, which is one of the finest to which Scotland can lay claim, and thoroughly pastoral in its character. In a note to the "Lady of the Lake," Sir Walter Scott says, "The *snood* or riband, with which a Scottish lass braided her hair, had an emblematical signification, and applied to her maiden character. It was exchanged for the *curch, toy, or coif* when she passed, by marriage, into the matron state. But if the damsel was so unfortunate as to lose pretensions to the name of maiden, without gaining a right to that of matron, she was neither permitted to use the snood, nor advanced to the graver dignity of the curch." In old Scottish songs there occur many sly allusions to such misfortunes, as in the old words* to the popular tune of "O'er the muir among the heather."

* Comin' through the broom at e'en,
And comin' through the broom sae dreary,
The lassie lost her silken snood,
Which cost her many a blirt and bleart e'e.

Slowly.



O I ha'e lost my silk - en snood That tied my hair sae yellow, I've
gi'en my heart to the lad I lo'ed, He was a gal - lant fellow.
And twine it weel, my bon - nie dow, And twine it weel, the plaiden, The
las - sie lost her silk - en snood In pu - in' o' the breck - an.

rall.

He praised my een sae bonnie blue,
Sae lily-white my skin, O;
And syn he pried my bonnie mou',
And said it was nae sin, O.
And twine it weel, &c.

But he has left the lass he lo'ed,
His ain true love forsaken,
Which gars me sair to greet the snood
I lost among the breckan.
And twine it weel, &c.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

WRITTEN BY ROBERT CRAWFURD OF DRUMSOY.

Robert Crawford of Drumsoy, author of "Tweedside," &c., was born in 1695, and drowned in returning from France, 1732-3. "The bush aboon Traquair" was first published in Ramsay's "Tea Table Miscellany," 1724, and afterwards with the music, in the "Orpheus Caledonius." Traquair is a parish in Peeblesshire, lying on the south side of the Tweed, and watered by the Quair.

Tenderly.

Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev' - - ry swain, I'll tell how Peg - gy
 grieves me, Though thus I languish and - - com - plain, A -
 lass! she ne'er be - lieves me. My vows and sighs, like
 si - lent air, Un - heed - ed, nev - er move - - - her; The
 bon - nie bush a - boon Traquair, 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smiled and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I tried to soothe my am'rous flame,
 In words that I thought tender;
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I mean't not to offend her.
 Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
 The fields we then frequented;
 If e'er we meet, she shows disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.

The bonnie bush bloom'd fair in May;
 Its sweets I'll aye remember;
 But now her frowns make it decay;
 It fades as in December.
 Ye rural pow'rs who hear my strains,
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
 Oh! make her partner in my pains;
 Then let her smiles relieve me.
 If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion no more tender;
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

BESSIE AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "SWEET'S THE LASS THAT LO'ES ME."

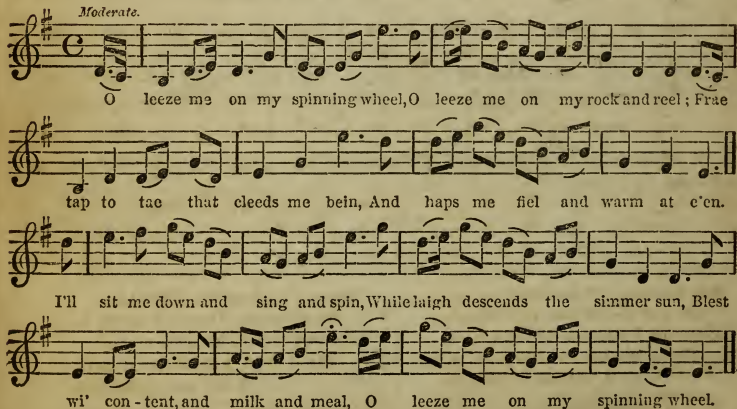
This delightful picture of rural contentment was written by Burns for Johnson's "Museum," vol. iv., p. 371. The air, by James Oswald, though of considerable compass, flows melodiously, and is certainly more befitting the words than "The Bottom of the Punch Bowl," to which, in some collections, the song is directed to be sung. James Oswald, a respectable composer and collector of Scottish melodies, was, it appears, originally a dancing master in Duufernline. He removed to Edinburgh about 1736, where he was employed as a teacher of music and dancing. After a few years spent in the Scottish metropolis, he was induced to proceed to London, where he entered into business as a music-seller and publisher. We cannot give the date of his death, but we know he was alive in 1761. From an epistle to Oswald, written probably by Allan Ramsay, we extract a few lines to show the respect in which Oswald was held by his countrymen.

"But wha can sing that feels wi' sae great pain,
The loss for which Edina sighs in vain?
Our concerts now nae mair the ladies mind,
They've a' forgot the gate to "Niddery's Wynd."
* * * * *

London, alas! which aye has been our bane,
To which our very loss is certain gain;
* * * * *

Still envious of the little we had left,
Of Jamie Oswald last our town bereft.

Moderate.



O leeze me on my spinning wheel, O leeze me on my rock and reel; Frae
tap to tae that cleeds me bein, And haps me fiel and warm at e'en.
I'll sit me down and sing and spin, While laigh descends the simmer sun, Blest
wi' con-tent, and milk and meal, O leeze me on my spinning wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite.

Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest;
The sun blinks kindly in the biel,
Where blythe I turn my spinning wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
 And echo cons the dolefu' tale;
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
 Delighted, rival ither's lays.
 The craik amang the clover hay,
 The pairtrick whirring o'er the lea;
 The swallow jinking round my shiel
 Amuse me at my spinning wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
 Aboon distress, below envy;
 O wha wad leave this humble state,
 For a' the pride o' a' the great?
 Amid their flaring, idle toys;
 Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys;
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessy at her spinning wheel?

AULD ROB THE LAIRD O' MUCKLE LAND.

The authorship of the words and music of this homely and once popular song is unknown. The musical critic may compare "O'er the muir amang the heather" with the second part of "Auld Rob the laird."

Lively.

Auld Rob the laird o' muckle land, To woo me was na very blate; But
 spite o' a' his gear, he fand He cam' to woo a day owre late.
 A lad sae blythe, sae fu' o' glee, My heart did nev - er, nev - er
 ken, An' nane can gi'e sic joys to me As Jam - ie o' the glen.

My minnie grat like daft, an' rair'd,
 To gar me wi' her will comply;
 But still I wad na ha'e the laird,
 Wi' a' his owsen, sheep, an' kye.
 A lad sae blythe, &c.

Ah! what are silks an' satins braw,
 What's a' his warldly gear to me?
 They're daft that cast themsel's awa',
 Where nae content or love can be.
 A lad sae blythe, &c.

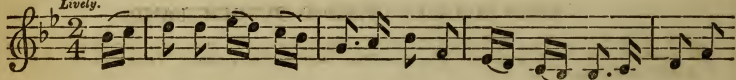
I could na bide the silly clash
 Cam' hourly frae the gawky laird;
 An' sae to stop his gab an' fash,
 Wi' Jamie to the kirk repair'd.
 A lad sae blythe, &c.

Now ilka simmer's day sae lang,
 An' winter's clad wi' frost an' snaw:
 A tunefu' lilt, an' bonnie sang,
 Aye keep dull care an' strife awa'.
 A lad sae blythe, &c.

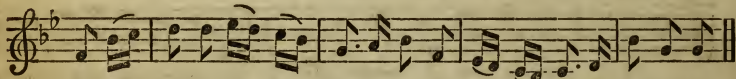
WHEN I WAS IN MY SE'ENTEN YEAR.

Of the history of the beautiful air called "Johnnie's grey breeks" little or nothing is known. It appears in Oswald's collection, 1742. Burns says, "Though it has certainly every evidence of being a Scottish air, yet there is a well known tune in the north of Ireland, called 'The weaver and his shuttle,' which, though sung much quicker, is every note the same tune." Which has the better claim to originality we cannot now determine, but we may observe that in Oswald there is a tune called "Jocky's grey breeches," in triple time, from which it is likely he manufactured the modern version. The additional song by Burns we have inserted, was written at the request of a gentleman who had composed the chorus. There are also two other songs to this air: "Jenny's heart was frank and free," written by John Mayne, Burns admits to be "tolerable;" the other beginning, "Now smiling spring again appears," the same authority pronounces "exccrable."

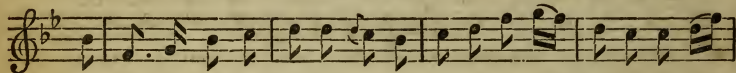
Lively.



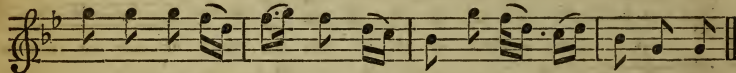
When I was in my se'enteen year, I was baith blythe and bonnie,



O, The lads lo'ed me baith far and near, But I lo'ed none but Johnnie, O.



He gain'd my heart in twa three weeks, He spake sae blythe and kindly, O; And



I made him new grey breeks, That fit - ted him most fine - ly, O.

He was a handsome fellow;
His humour was baith frank and free;
His bonnie locks sae yellow,
Like gowd they glitter'd in my e'e.
His dimpled chin and rosy cheeks,
And face sae fair and ruddy, O;
And then a-days his grey breeks
Were neither auld nor duddy, O.

But now they are a' threadbare worn,
They're wider than they wont to be;
They're a' tash'd-like and sair torn,
And clouted upon ilka knee.

But gin I had a summer's day,
As I ha'e had right monie, O;
I'd mak' a web o' new grey,
To be breeks to my Johnnie, O.

For he's weel wordy o' them,
And better than I ha'e to gi'e;
But I'll take pains upo' them,
And strive frae fau'ts to keep them free.
To clead him weel shall be my care,
To please him a' my study, O;
But he maun wear the auld pair
A wee, though they be duddy, O.

AGAIN REJOICING NATURE SEES.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—SAME AIR.

Again rejoicing nature sees
 Her robe assume its vernal hues;
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.
 And maun I still on Menie doat,
 And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
 For it's jet, jet black, and it's like a hawk,
 And winna let a bodie be.
 In vain to me the cowslips blaw;
 In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
 The merry ploughboy cheers his team;
 Wi' joy the tentie seedman stauks;
 But life's to me a weary dream,
 A dream o' ane that never wauks.
 The wanton coot the water skims;
 Among the reeds the ducklings cry;

The stately swan majestic swims,
 And ev'rything is blest but I.
 The shepherd steeks his faulding slaps,
 And o'er the moorland whistles shrill;
 Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,
 I meet him on the dewy hill.
 And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
 Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
 And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,
 A wae-worn ghost, I hameward glide.
 Come winter wi' thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree;
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
 When nature all is sad like me.
 And maun I still on Menie doat,
 And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
 For it's jet, jet black, and it's like a hawk,
 And winna let a bodie be.

RED GLEAMS THE SUN.

WRITTEN BY DR. COUPER—AIR, "NEIL GOW."

Moderate.

Red gleams the sun on yon hill tap, The dew sits on the gow-an; Deep
 murmurs through her glens the Spey, A-round Kin-ra-ra row-in'.
 Where art thou, fairest, kind-est lass? A-las! wert thou but near me, Thy
 gen-tle soul, thy melt-ing eye, Would e-ver, e-ver cheer me.

The lav'rock sings among the clouds,
 The lambs they sport sae cheery;
 And I sit weeping by the birk,
 O where art thou, my dearie?

Ait may I meet the morning dew,
 Lang greet till I be weary;
 Thou canna, winna, gentle maid,
 Thou canna be my dearie.

Duet—O DINNA ASK ME GIN I LO'E THEE.

WRITTEN BY MR. DUNLOP, PORT-GLASGOW—AIR, "COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE."

ARRANGED FOR THIS WORK BY A. HUME.

In Johnson's "Museum" we have three different sets of this air. We have adopted the one most generally sung. The air is taken from a strathspey called "The Miller's Daughter."

AIR.

Tenderly. O din - na ask me gin I lo'e thee, Deed I daur na tell;

TENOR.
O din - na ask me gin I lo'e thee, Deed I daur na tell;

Din - na ask me gin I lo'e thee, Ask it o' your - sel'.

Din - na ask me gin I lo'e thee, Ask it o' your - sel'.

O din - na look sae sair at me, For weel ye ken me true; O

O din - na look sae sair at me, For weel ye ken me true; O

gin ye look sae *rall.* sair at me, I daur - na look at you.

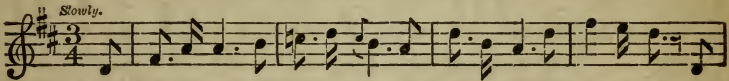
gin ye look sae *rall.* sair at me, I daur na look at you.

An' when ye're gane to yon big town,
 An' mony a braw lass see;
 O, Jamie, dinna look at them
 For fear ye mind na me.
 For weel I ken there's mony a ane
 That weel might fancy thee;
 Then, Jamie, keep me in your mind,
 Wha lo'es but only thee.

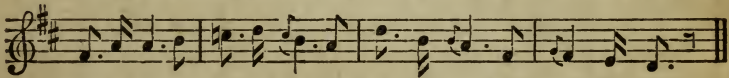
When ye gang to yon braw, braw town,
 And bonnier lasses see,
 O dinna, Jamie, look at them,
 Lest you should mind na me.
 For I could never bide the lass
 That ye'd lo'e mair than me;
 And, O, I'm sure, my heart would break
 Gin ye'd prove false to me.

AGAIN THE BREEZE BLOWS THROUGH THE TREES.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON—AIR, "NAE DOMINIES FOR ME, LADDIE."



Again the breeze blows through the trees, The flow'rs bloom by the burn, Willie; Gay



spring is seen in fai - ry green, The year nae mair shall mourn, Wil - lie.

The tender buds hang on the woods,
 An' lowly slae-thorn tree, Willie;
 Its blossom spreads, nor cauld blast dreads,
 But may be nipt like me, Willie.

The frien'less hare is chas'd nae mair,
 She whids along the lea, Willie;
 Through dewy show'rs the lav'rock tow'rs,
 An' sings, but no for me, Willie.

When far frae thee, a' nature's charms,
 What pleasure can they gi'e, Willie?
 My spring is past, my sky o'ercast,
 It's sleepless nights wi' me, Willie.

Silent and shy, they now gae by,
 That us'd to speak wi' me, Willie;
 Nae tale, nae sang, the hale day lang,
 It's a' for loving thee, Willie.

Wi' wily art ye wan my heart,
 That heart nae mair is free, Willie;
 Then O, be kind, sin' now it's thine,
 I had nae mair to gi'e, Willie.

But vain I've pled—for thou hast wed
 A wealthier bride than me, Willie;
 Now nought can heal the wound I feel,
 But lay me down an' die, Willie.

Fareweel ye braes, and happier days,
 By crystal-winding Cree, Willie;
 When o'er my grave the green grass waves,
 O, wilt thou think on me, Willie?

THE BLUDE-RED ROSE AT YULE MAY BLAW.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "TO DAUNTON ME."

"The blude-red rose at yule may blaw" was, with the exception of the chorus, written for Johnson's "Museum" in 1787. The air, which is much older, appears in Oswald's "Pocket Companion," 1740, also in M'Gibbon's "Collection of Scots Tunes," edited by Bremner, 1762. William M'Gibbon was a good composer, an excellent performer on the violin, and an industrious collector and editor of Scots music. He was for many years leader of the Gentlemen's Concerts in Edinburgh. He died on the 3d of October, 1756.

Moderate.

The blude-red rose at yule may blaw, The sim-mer li-lies
 bloom in snaw, The frost may freeze the deep-est sea, But an
 auld man shall nev-er daun-ton me. To daun-ton me, and
 me sae young, Wi' his fause heart and flatt'-ring tongue, That is the
 thing you ne'er shall see, For an auld man shall nev-er daun-ton me.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
 For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
 For a' his gowd and white monie,
 An' auld man shall never daunton me.

To daunton me, &c.

His gear may buy him kye and ewes,
 His gear may buy him glens and knowes,
 But me he shall not buy nor fee,
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.

To daunton me, &c.

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow,
 Wi' his toothless gab, and his auld beld pow,
 And the rain rins down frae his red blear'd e'e,
 But an auld man shall never daunton me.
 To daunton me, &c

TO DAUNTON ME, AND ME SAE YOUNG.

SAME AIR.

Of "To daunton me," or, as it is sometimes called, "The song of the chevalier," Hogg in his "Jacobite Relics" has three different versions. We give the original, as communicated to Cromek by Mrs. Copland of Dalbeattie.

To daunton me, and me sae young,
 And guid King James's auldest son;
 O that's the thing that ne'er can be,
 For the man is unborn that shall daunton me.
 O set me ance on Scottish land,
 My guid braidsword into my hand,
 My guid blue bonnet 'bune my bree,
 And shaw me the man that will daunton me.

It's nae the battle's deady stoure,
 Nor friends proved false, that'll gar me cower,
 But the reckless hand o' povertie,
 O that alane can daunton me.
 High was I born to kingly gear,
 But a cuif cam' in my cap to wear;
 But wi' my broadsword I'll let him see
 He's nae the man that shall daunton me.

O I ha'e scarce to lay me on,
 O' kingly fields were ance my ain;
 Wi' the muircock on the mountain bree;
 But hardship ne'er can daunton me.
 Up cam' the gallant chief Lochiel,
 And drew his glaive o' nut-brown steel;
 Says Charlie, Set your foot to me,
 And shaw me the man that shall daunton thee.

O GIN I WERE WHERE GADIE RINS.

WRITTEN BY JOHN IMLAH—AIR, "THE HESSIAN'S MARCH."

Imlah wrote two versions of this song. The one we give is from his volume of "Poems and Songs," 1841. The Gadie is a river, and Bennachie a mountain, in Aberdeenshire.

Moderate.

O gin I were where Gadie rins, Where Gadie rins, where Ga - die
rins, O gin I were where Gadie rins By the foot of Ben - na - chie.
I've roam'd by Tweed, I've roam'd by Tay, By border, Nith, and High - land
Spey, But dearer far to me than they, The braes o' Ben - na - chie.
O gin I were where Gadie rins, Where Gadie rins, where Ga - die
rins, O gin I were where Gadie rins By the foot o' Ben - na - chie.

Begin the succeeding verses at the mark S :

When blade and blossoms sprout in spring,
And bid the birdies wag the wing,
They blythely bob, and soar, and sing,
By the foot of Bennachie.
O gin I were, &c.

When simmer cleeds the varied scene
Wi' licht o' gowd and leaves o' green,
I fain wad be where aft I've been,
At the foot of Bennachie.
O gin I were, &c.

When autumn's yellow sheaf is shorn,
And barnyards stored wi' stooks o' corn,
'Tis blythe to toom the clyack horn
At the foot of Bennachie.

O gin I were, &c.

When winter winds blaw sharp an' shrill,
O'er icy burn and sheeted hill,
The ingle neuk is gleesome still
At the foot of Bennachie.

O gin I were, &c.

Though few to welcome me remain,
Though a' I lov'd be dead and gane;
I'll back, though I should live alane,
To the foot o' Bennachie.
O gin I were, &c.

O AN' I WERE WHERE GADIE RINS.

SAME AIR.

Dr. Charles Rogers says, "The most popular words which have been attached to this air and chorus were the composition of a student in one of the colleges of Aberdeen, nearly thirty years since, who is now an able and accomplished clergyman of the Scottish Church. Having received the chorus, and heard the air from a comrade, he immediately composed the following verses. —"Modern Scottish Minstrel," vol. iv.

O an' I were where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins, where Gadie rins,
O an' I were where Gadie rins
At the back o' Bennachie.

I wish I were where Gadie rins,
'Mang fragrant heath and yellow whins,
Or brawlin' down the bosky linns
At the back o' Bennachie.
O an' I were, &c.

To hear ance mair the blackbird's sang,
To wander birks and braes amang,
Wi' frien's and fav'rites, left sae lang
At the back o' Bennachie.
O an' I were, &c.

How mony a day in blythe spring-time,
How mony a day in summer's prime,
I wil'd awa' my careless time
On the heights o' Bennachie.
O an' I were, &c.

Ah! fortune's flowers wi' thorns are rife,
And walth is won wi' grief and strife—
Ae day gi'e me o' youthfu' life
At the back o' Bennachie.
O an' I were, &c.

O Mary! there on ilka nicht, [licht,
When baith our hearts were young and
We've wander'd when the moon was bricht,
Wi' speeches fond and free.
O an' I were, &c.

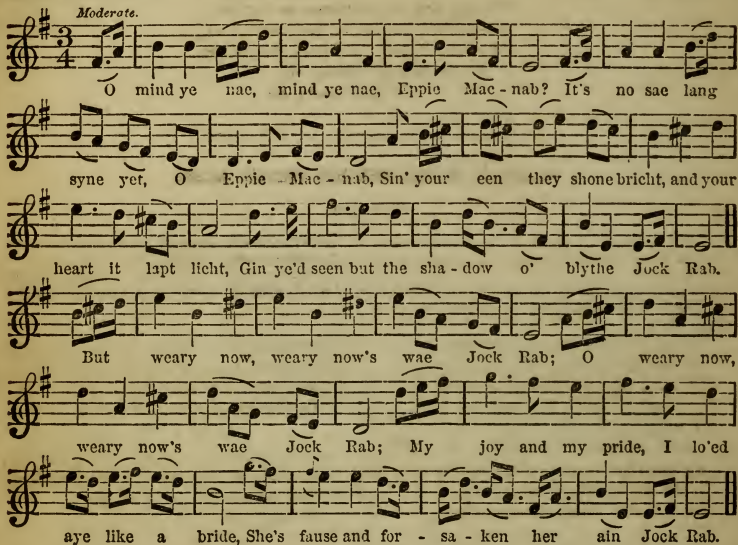
O ance, ance mair where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins, where Gadie rins—
O nicht I dee where Gadie rins
At the back o' Bennachie.
O an' I were, &c.

EPIE MACNAB.

WRITTEN BY BARONESS NAIRNE.

This and the accompanying song were written by their respective authors as substitutes for an old song, which, Burns observes, had more wit than decency. The tune, which in its construction greatly resembles that of Eppie Adair, is taken from Oswald's "Pocket Companion," where it appears under the title of "Appie M'Nabb."

Moderato.



O mind ye nae, mind ye nae, Eppie Mac-nab? It's no sae lang
 syne yet, O Eppie Mac-nab, Sin' your een they shone bricht, and your
 heart it lapt licht, Gin ye'd seen but the sha-dow o' blythe Jock Rab.
 But weary now, weary now's wae Jock Rab; O weary now,
 weary now's wae Jock Rab; My joy and my pride, I lo'ed
 aye like a bride, She's fause and for-sa-ken her ain Jock Rab.

O wae worth the lordling, my Eppie Macnab,
 O wae worth the lordling, my Eppie Macnab;
 His fancy ye'll tine, ye maun nae mair be mine,
 And the world's now a waste to your ain Jock Rab.
 O weary now, &c.

An' ye saw your wee bairnies now, Eppie Macnab,
 Your mitherless bairnies now, Eppie Macnab;
 They greet, and think shame, gin they hear but your name,
 And they wring the heart's blude frae your ain Jock Rab.
 O weary now, &c.

O SAW YE MY DEARIE.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—SAME AIR.

O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie Macnab?
 O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie Macnab?
 She's down in the yard, she's kissin' the laird,
 She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.
 O come thy ways to me, my Eppie Macnab;
 O come thy ways to me, my Eppie Macnab;
 Whate'er thou hast done, be it late, be it soon,
 Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie Macnab?
 What says she, my dearie, my Eppie Macnab?
 She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot,
 'And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie Macnab;
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie Macnab;
 As light as the air, and as fause as thou's fair,
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

STAY, MY CHARMER, CAN YOU LEAVE ME?

WRITTEN BY BURNS—GAELIC AIR.

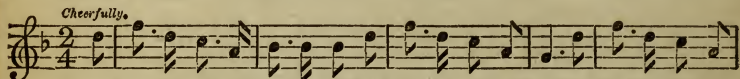
Slowly.

Stay, my charm - er, can you leave me? Cru - el, cru - el,
 to de - ceive me; Well you know how much you grieve me,
 Cru - el charm - er, can you go? Cru - el charm - er, can you go?

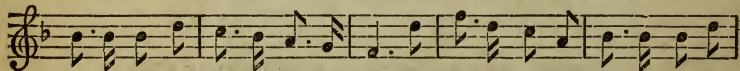
By my love, so ill requited;
 By the faith you fondly plighted;
 By the pangs of lovers slighted,
 Do not, do not leave me so,
 Do not, do not leave me so.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

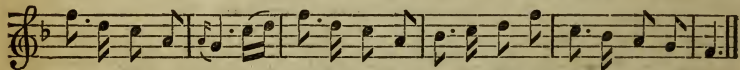
The authorship of this charming domestic song has been much disputed; one party ascribing it to William Julius Mickle, an accomplished scholar and poet, and another, with equal probability, claiming it for Mrs. Jean Adams, a poor schoolmistress, who lived at Crawford's Dyke, near Greenock, early in the last century, and died in the Town's Hospital, Glasgow, in 1765. Mrs. Fullerton, a pupil of Jean Adams, frequently heard her repeat the song and affirm it to be her own composition; on the other hand, the Rev. John Sim (Mickle's editor) says, that Mrs. Mickle perfectly recollected her husband giving her the ballad as *his* own composition, and explaining to her (she being an Englishwoman) the Scottish words and phrases. A judicious modern critic justly observes, "that the schoolmistress was brought up at a sea port, which Mickle was not, and must have been often the witness of partings and meetings between sailors and their wives. The very familiar expression in the song, I'll to '*the quay*,' is in her favour, as is also the name of the hero, 'Colin,' which is a name only common in the West Highlands." On comparing the evidence, *pro* and *con.*, we think the claim of the old schoolmistress to be, at least, as fully substantiated as that of the elegant translator of the "*Lusiad*." The chorus is arranged for this work by A. Hume.



And are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's weel? Is this a time to



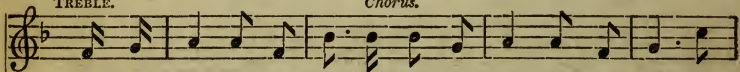
talk o' wark? Ye jades fling by your wheel. Is this a time to think o' wark, When



Colin's at the door; Rax me my cloak, I'll to the quay, And see him come ashore.

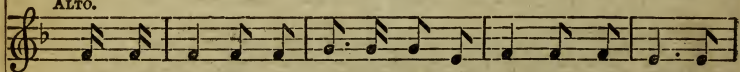
TREBLE.

Chorus.



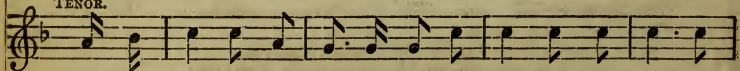
For there's nae luck a - bout the house, There's nae luck at a'; There's

ALTO.



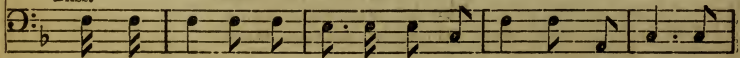
For there's nae luck a - bout the house, There's nae luck at a'; There's

TENOR.



For there's nae luck a - bout the house, There's nae luck at a'; There's

BASS.



The musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff is in bass clef. The melody is written on the top staff, with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "lit - tle plea - sure in the house When our guid - man's a - wa'." The word "rall." is written above the second and third staves. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a final note held over.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside,
 Put on the muckle pot;
 Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown,
 And Jock his Sunday coat.
 And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
 Their hose as white as snaw;
 It's a' to please my ain guidman,
 For he's been lang awa'.
 For there's, &c.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,
 They've fed this month and mair;
 Mak' haste and throw their necks about,
 That Colin weel may fare.
 And spread the table neat and clean,
 Gar ilka thing look braw;
 For wha can tell how Colin fared,
 When he was far awa'.
 For there's, &c.

And gi'e to me my bigonet,
 My bishop-satin gown;
 For I maun tell the bailie's wife
 That Colin's come to town.
 My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,
 My hose o' pearl blue;
 It's a' to please my ain guidman,
 For he's baith leal and true.
 For there's, &c.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
 His breath like caller air;
 His very foot has music in't,
 As he comes up the stair.
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
 In troth, I'm like to greet.
 For there's, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
 That thirled through my heart;
 They're a' blawn by, I ha'e him safe,
 Till death we'll never part;
 But what puts parting in my head?
 It may be far awa';
 The present moment is our ain,
 The neist we never saw.
 For there's, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
 I ha'e nae mair to crave;
 Could I but live to mak' him blest,
 I'm blest aboon the lave.
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
 In troth, I'm like to greet.
 For there's, &c.

NELLY MUNRO.

WRITTEN BY JAMES LITTLE—MUSIC BY A. HUMÉ.

Serio-comically.

O say, will you marry me, Nel-ly Munro? O say will you marry me,
 Nel-ly Munro? For gidsake, for o - ny sake, din - na say no, Or
 else ye may bu - ry me, Nel-ly Munro. Should Royal Prince Albert e'er
 chance to come down, An' meet you at e'en'mang the lang yel-low broom, I'm
 fear'd he might ask ye gin you'd be his jo, An' for - sake his bit queen for you,
 Nel - ly Munro. Then say, will you mar - ry me, Nel - ly Mun - ro? O
 say, will you mar - ry me, Nel - ly Munro? For gidsake, for on - y sake,
 din - na say no, Or else you may bu - ry me, Nel - ly Mun - ro.

The succeeding verses begin at the mark S :

The kiss o' your mou', and the blink o' your e'e,
 Are dearer by far than gowd guineas to me;
 For you to the end o' the world would I go,
 Gin you say you will marry me, Nelly Munro.
 'Then say will you marry me, &c.

My breeks they want mending, my sarks are a' torn,
 Sae restless I lie frae the e'en to the morn;
 And if e'er a puir mortal has suffer'd below,
 That mortal's before ye now, Nelly Munro.

Then say will you marry me, &c.

My mither's an auld-farrent carline, you see,
 And she says if you winna, I'll pine till I dee;
 But I'll kiss you, and daut you, gin you'll be my jo,
 And I'll live a' my days wi' you, Nelly Munro.

Then say will you marry me, &c.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

OLD AIR.

Slow.

High up - on Hiellands, and laigh up - on Tay, Bon - nie George
 Campbell rode out on a day; He sad - dled, he brid - led, and
 gal - lant rode he, And hame cam' his guid horse, but ne - ver cam' he.

Out cam' his mither dear, greeting fu' sair,
 And out cam' his bonnie bride riving her hair;
 The meadow lies green, the corn is unshorn,
 But bonnie George Campbell will never return.

Saddled and bridled and booted rode he,
 A plume in his helmet, a sword at his knee;
 But toom cam' his saddle, all bloody to see,
 O hame cam' his guid horse, but never cam' he.

O where is he lying, tell me but where?
 Is he drown'd in the Yarrow, or lost in the Quhair?
 O vain are thy wallings, the echoes reply,
 Bonnie George Campbell, ye'll see him nae mair.

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

WRITTEN BY JAMES V.

This humorous ballad is ascribed to James V., King of Scotland, father of Mary Queen of Scots (born 1512, died 1542). He was in the habit of strolling about the country disguised as a tinker, gaberlunzie, or travelling mechanic, and mingling with all sorts of company. The most of his songs and ballads, descriptive of his many adventures, are now lost. He was an excellent musician, as well as poet. We cannot name the author of the lively air we have adopted (possibly the merry monarch himself); it is from "The Vocal Magazine," Edinburgh, 1793. Johnson's set of the same air in the "Museum" is very stiff and unvoiced.

Lively.

The paw - kie auld carle cam' o'er the lea, Wi' mo - ny guid
e'ens an' guid days to me; Say - ing, Guid - wife, for your cour - te -
sie, Will ye lodge a sil - ly poor man? The nicht was cauld, the
carle was wat, And down a - yont the in - gle he sat; My doch - ter's
shouters he 'gan to clap, And cadg - i - ly rant - ed and sang.

O vow, quo' he, were I as free,
As first when I saw this countrie;
How blythe and merry wad I be,
And I would never think lang.
He grew canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir sleet twa thegither were say'ng,
When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O, quo' he, an' ye were as black
As e'er the crown o' my daddy's hat,
It's I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa' wi' me thou should gang.

And O, quo' she, an' I were as white
As e'er the snaw lay on the dyke,
I'd clead me braw and lady-like,
And awa' wi' thee I wad gang.

Between the twa was made a plot,
They raise a wee before the cock,
And wily they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up in the morn the auld wife rase,
And at her leisure put on her claes;
Syne to the servant's bed she gaes
To spier for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld and he was away ;
She clapt her hands, and cried "Waladay,

For some o' our gear will be gane."
Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
But nought was stown that could be mist ;
She danced her lane and cried "Praise be
I have lodg'd a leal poor man. [blest,

"Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
The kirm's to kirm, and milk to earn ;
Gae but the house, lass, and wauken my
And bid her come quickly ben." [bairn,
The servant gaed where the dochter lay,
The sheets were cauld, and she was away ;
And fast to the guidwife she 'gan say,
She's aff wi' the gaberlunzie man.

O fye, gar ride, and fye gar rin,
And haste ye find these traitors again ;
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
The wearyfu' gaberlunzie man.
Some rade upo' horse, some ran a-fit,
The wife was wud, and out o' her wit ;
She could na gang, nor yet could she sit,
But aye she curs'd and she bann'd.

Meantime, far hind out o'er the lea,
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,
The twa wi' kindly sport and glee,

Cut frae a new cheese a whang ;
The priving was guid, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for aye, he ga'e her his aith ;
Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome gaberlunzie man.

O kenn'd my minny I were wi' you,
Ill-faurdly she wad crook her mou',
Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
After the gaberlunzie man.

My dear, quo' he, ye're yet owre young,
And ha'e na learn'd the beggar's tonguc,
To follow me frae town to town,
And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' caulk and keel I'll win your bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,

To carry the gaberlunzie on.
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my e'e,
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry and sing.

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

AIR—"O DINNA ASK ME GIN I LO'E THEE," *see page 112.*

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' through the rye ;
Gin a body kiss a body
Need a body cry ?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, ha'e I ;
Yet a' the lads they smile on me
When comin' through the rye.
Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the well ;
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body tell ?

Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Ne'er a ane ha'e I ;
But a' the lads they smile on me
When comin' through the rye.
Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town ;
Gin a body meet a body,
Need a body frown ?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, ha'e I ;
But a' the lads they lo'e me weel,
An' what the waur am I ?

Duet—THE LASS O' PATIE'S MILL.

WRITTEN BY RAMSAY. ARRANGED AS A DUET FOR THIS WORK BY A. HUME.

Burns, on the authority of Sir William Cunningham of Robertland, to whom the anecdote was related by John Earl of Loudon, gives the following account of the origin of Ramsay's verses:—"The then Earl of Loudon, father of Earl John before mentioned, had Ramsay at Loudon, and one day walking together by the banks of Irvine water, near New Mills, at a place still called Patie's Mill, they were struck with the appearance of a beautiful country girl; his Lordship observed that she would be a fine theme for a song. Allan lagged behind in returning to Loudon castle, and at dinner produced this identical song."—Burns's "Reliques." The air, which is very fine, is known to be, at least, as old as the middle of the seventeenth century.

AIR. *With feeling.*

TENOR.

The lass o' Patie's mill, Sae bon - nie, blythe, and gay; In
 The lass o' Patie's mill, Sae bon - nie, blythe, and gay; In
 spite of all my skill She stole my heart a - - way.
 spite of all my skill She stole my heart a - - way.
 When ted - din' out the hay, Bare - head - ed on the green; Love
 When ted - din' out the hay, Bare - head - ed on the green; Love
 'mid her locks did play, And wan - ton'd in her een.
 'mid her locks did play, And wan - ton'd in her een.

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

Oh, had I a' the wealth
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill;
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasure at my will.
 I'd promise, and fulfil,
 That nane but bonnie she,
 The lass o' Patie's mill,
 Should share the same wi' me.

RED, RED, IS THE PATH TO GLORY.

Gaelic Air, "STU MO RUN," OR "MY OWN."

R. A. Smith says, "Lady G. Gordon picked up this beautiful air in the Highlands. The verses were written by Dr. Couper, at her desire, on the Marquis of Huntly, when in Holland, in 1799." Robert Couper, the son of a farmer in Wigtonshire, was born in 1750. He studied for the medical profession, and on obtaining his diploma, settled in Newton Stewart. He afterwards removed to Fochabers, where he remained till 1806. His death took place at Wigton, in January, 1818. He has left few songs, and this may be considered one of the best.

Plaintive.

Red, red is the path to glo-ry, See yon banners float-ing high;

O, my Geordie, death's before ye, Turn and hear my bod'-ing cry.

Joy of my heart, Geordie, hear me, Joy of my heart, "Stu mo run."

Turn and see thy tartan plaidie
 Rising o'er my breaking heart;
 O my bonnie Highland laddie,
 Wae was I with thee to part.
 Joy of my heart, &c.

But thou bleeds, O bleeds thou, beauty?
 Swims thine eye in woe and pain;
 Child of honour, child of duty,
 Shall we never meet again?
 Joy of my heart, &c.

Yes, my darling, on thy pillow,
 Soon thy head shall easy lie;
 Soon, upon the bounding billow,
 Shall thy war-worn standard fly.
 Joy of my heart, &c.

Then again thy tartan plaidie,
 Then my bosom, free from pain,
 Shall receive my Highland laddie,
 Never shall we part again.
 Joy of my heart, &c.

WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE ?

WRITTEN BY SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

Miss Susanna Blamire, the accomplished authoress of this and other beautiful lyrics, was born at Carden Hall, about six miles from Carlisle, on the 12th of January, 1747, and died at the latter town on the 5th of April, 1794, at the age of forty-seven. Her biographer, Patrick Maxwell, Esq., says, "She had a graceful form, somewhat above the middle size, and a countenance, though slightly marked with the small-pox, beaming with good nature; her dark eyes sparkled with animation, and won every heart at the first introduction. She was called by her affectionate countrymen, 'A bonnie and varra lish young lass,' which may be interpreted as meaning 'A beautiful and very lively young girl.' Her songs, 'The Nabob,' 'The waefu' heart,' and 'Gin living worth,' entitle her to a high place in the list of Scottish song writers." The melody of this song is very old, and was formerly called "My dearie, an' thou dee."

Slow.

What ails this heart o' mine? What ails this wa-t'ry e'e? What
gars me a' turn cauld as death When I tak' leave o' thee?
When thou art far a-wa' Thou'lt dear-er grow to me; But
change o' place an' change o' folk May gar thy fan-cy jee.

When I gae out at e'en,
Or walk at morning air,
Ilk rustling bush will seem to say,
I used to meet thee there.
Then I'll sit down and cry,
And live aneath the tree,
And when a leaf fa's in my lap
I'll ca't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bower
That thou wi' roses tied,
And where wi' mony a blushing bud
I strove mysel' to hide.

I'll doat on ilka spot
Where I ha'e been wi' thee,
And ca' to mind some kindly word,
By ilka burn and'tree.

Wi' sic thoughts i' my mind,
Time through the world may gae,
And find my heart in twenty years
The same as 'tis to-day.
'Tis thoughts that bind the soul,
And keep friends i' the e'e;
And gin I think I see thee aye,
What can part thee and me?

O MARY, TURN AWA'.

WRITTEN BY RICHARD GALL—SAME AIR.

O Mary, turn awa'
That bonnie face o' thine;
O dinna, dinna shaw that breast
That never can be mine.
Can ought of world's gear
E'er cool my bosom's care?
Na, na, for ilka look o' thine,
It only feeds despair.

Then Mary, turn awa'
That bonnie face o' thine;
O dinna, dinna shaw that breast
That never can be mine.
Wi' love's severest pangs
My heart is laden sair;
An' o'er my breast the grass maun grow
Ere I am free frae care.

THE BRAES O' KILLIECRANKIE.

OLD SONG, ALTERED BY BURNS.

The battle of Killiecrankie, between the forces of King William the Third, under General Mackay, and the clans, commanded by Dundee (Graham of Claverhouse), was fought on the 27th of July, 1689. The Highlanders were victorious, but the death of Claverhouse, who fell early in the action, prevented them following up their advantage. Killiecrankie is a mountain pass in Athole, near the junction of the Tummel and Garry.

With spirit.

Where ha'e ye been sae braw, lad, Where ha'e ye been sae brankie, O; Where
ha'e ye been sae braw, lad, Cam' ye by Kil-lie-crank-ie, O? An'
ye had been where I had been, Ye wad na be sae cantie, O; An'
ye had seen what I ha'e seen On the braes o' Kil-lie-crank-ie, O.

I've faught on land, I've faught at sea,
At hame I faught my aunty, O;
But I met the deevil and Dundee
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
An' ye had been, &c.

The bauld Pitcur fell in a fur,
And Claver's got a clankie, O;
Or I had fed an Athole gled
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
An' ye had been, &c.

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

WRITTEN BY ALEX. RODGER—AIR, "THE DRUMMER."

"The Drummer" is a very old tune, to which Burns wrote a humorous little song called "The Tailor." Alex. Rodger, author of "Behave yourself before folk," and other excellent songs, was born at Midcalder, 16th July, 1784, and died in Glasgow, 26th September, 1846. His remains were interred in the Necropolis of that city.

Lively.

Be - have yourself be - fore folk, Be - have yourself be - fore folk; An' din - na
 be sae rude to me, As kiss me sae be - fore folk. It wad na gi'e me
 meikle pain, Gin we were scen and heard by nane, To tak' a kiss, or grant you
 ane, But, guid sake, no be - fore folk. Be - have yourself be - fore folk, Be - have your -
 sel' be - fore folk; Whate'er ye do when out, o' view, Be cautious aye be - fore folk.

Consider, lad, how they will crack,
 An' what a great affair they'll mak',
 O' naething but a simple smack,
 That's gi'en or ta'en before folk.

Behave yourself before folk,
 Behave yourself before folk;
 Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young
 Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss,
 That I sae plainly tell you this;
 But, losh, I tak' it sair amiss
 To be sae teas'd before folk.

Behave yourself before folk,
 Behave yourself before folk;
 When we're our lane ye may tak' ane,
 But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
 As ony modest lass should be;
 But yet it does na do to see
 Sic freedom used before folk.

Behave yourself before folk,
 Behave yourself before folk;
 I'll ne'er submit again to it,
 Sae mind ye that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair;
 It may be sae,—I dinna care;
 But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
 As ye, ha'e done before folk.

Behave yourself before folk,
 Behave yourself before folk;
 Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
 But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
 Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit;
 At ony rate, it's hardly meet
 To pree their sweets before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk;
 Gin that's the case, there's time and place,
 But surely no before folk.

But gin ye really do insist
 That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
 Gae, get a license frae the priest,
 And mak' me yours before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk; [bane,
 And when we're ane, baith flesh and
 Ye may tak' ten—before folk.

THE ANSWER.

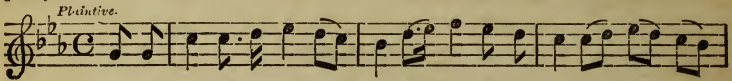
WRITTEN BY ALEX. RODGER—SAME AIR.

Can I behave, can I behave,
 Can I behave before folk,
 When, wily elf, your sleekey self
 Gars me gang gyte before folk?
 In a' ye do, in a' ye say,
 Ye've sic a pawky, coaxing way,
 That my poor wits ye lead astray,
 An' ding me doilt before folk.
 Can I behave, can I behave,
 Can I behave before folk,
 While ye ensnare, can I forbear
 To kiss ye, though before folk?
 Can I behold that dimpling cheek [beek,
 'Whaur love 'mang sunny smiles might
 Yet, howlet like, my e'elids steek,
 An' shun sic light, before folk?
 Can I behave, can I behave,
 Can I behave before folk,
 When ilka smile becomes a wile,
 Enticing me—before folk?
 That lip, like Eve's forbidden fruit,
 Sweet, plump, an' ripe, sae tempts me to't,
 That I maun pree't, though I should rue't,
 Ay, twenty times,—before folk.
 Can I behave, can I behave,
 Can I behave before folk,
 When temptingly it offers me
 Sae rich a treat—before folk?
 That gowden hair, sae sunny bright,
 That shapely neck o' snawly white,

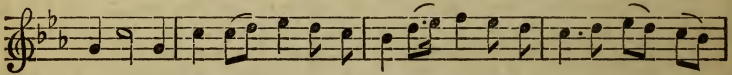
That tongue, e'en when it tries to flyte,
 Provokes me till't before folk.
 Can I behave, can I behave,
 Can I behave before folk, [warm,
 When ilka charm, young, fresh, and
 Cries "Kiss me now,"—before folk?
 An' o', that pawky, rowin' e'e,
 Sae roguishly it bliuks on me,
 I canna for my soul let be
 Frae kissing you before folk.
 Can I behave, can I behave,
 Can I behave before folk,
 When ilka gliint conveys a hint
 To tak' a smack—before folk?
 Ye own that were we baith our lane,
 Ye wad na grudge to grant me ane;
 Weel, gin there be nae harm in't then,
 What harm is in't before folk?
 Can I behave, can I behave,
 Can I behave before folk,
 Sly hypocrite, an anchorite
 Could scarce desist—before folk.
 But after a' that has been said,
 Since ye are willing to be wed,
 We'll ha'e a "blythesome bridal" made,
 When ye'll be mine before folk.
 Then I'll behave, then I'll behave,
 Then I'll behave before folk;
 For whereas then, ye'll aft get "ten,"
 It winna be before folk.

BARBARA ALLAN.

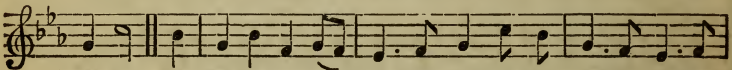
This simple and affecting ballad is evidently very old. Mr. Sharpe supposes Annan, in Dumfriesshire, to have been the scene of the story, and says, that the peasantry of Annandale sang more verses of this ballad than have appeared in print. In Bishop Percy's "Ancient Songs and Ballads," 1767, there is another version of "Barbara Allan," entitled "Barbara Allan's cruelty; or, the Young Man's Tragedy," in which "Scarlet Town" is named as the residence of the heroine, and "Jemmye Grove" is substituted for Sir John Grahame. Both ballads, however, appear to have had the same origin. From the construction of the air its age appears to equal that of the poetry.



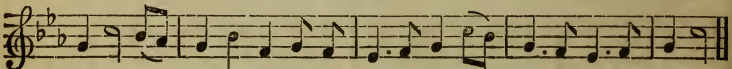
It was in and about the Mart'mas time, When the green leaves were a-



fallin', That Sir John Grahame, in the west countrie, Fell in love wi' Bar - b'ra



Al - lan. He sent his man down through the town, To the place where she was



dwallin'; O haste and come to my master dear, Gin ye be Barb'ra Al - lan.

O hooly, hooly rase she up
 To the place where he was lyin',
 And when she drew the curtains by—
 "Young man, I think ye're dyin'."
 It's oh, I'm sick, and very, very sick,
 And it's a' for Barb'ra Allan;
 O the better for me ye'se never be,
 Though your heart's blude were a spillin'.
 Oh, dinna ye mind, young man, she said,
 When ye the cups were fillin',
 That ye made the healths gae round and
 And slichtit Barb'ra Allan? [round,
 He turn'd his face unto the wa',
 And death was with him dealin';

Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
 And be kind to Barb'ra Allan.
 And slowly, slowly rase she up,
 And slowly, slowly left him;
 And sighin', said, she could not stay,
 Since death of life had reft him.
 She had na gane a mile but twa,
 When she heard the deid-bell knellin';
 And every jow that the deid-bell g'ied,
 It cried, "Woe to Barb'ra Allan."
 O mother, mother, mak' my bed,
 And mak' it saft and narrow;
 Since my love died for me to-day,
 I'll die for him to-morrow.

The last four lines are sung to the second part of the tune.

I LO'ED NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.

There is no doubt that this beautiful melody is merely an adaptation of the Irish air, "My lodging is on the cold ground." The first stanza is said to have been written by the Rev. Mr. Clunie of Borthwick. The four additional stanzas are the composition of Hector MacNeil.

Moderate.



I lo'ed ne'er a lad-die but ane, He lo'ed ne'er a
 las-sie but me; He's wil-lin' to mak' me his ain; An' his
 ain I am wil-lin' to be. He coft me a roke-lay o'
 blue, An' a pair o' mit-tens o' green; The price was a
 kiss o' my mou', An' I paid him the debt yes-treen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
 Their land, an' their lordly degree;
 I care na for aught but my dear,
 For he's ilka thing lordly to me.
 His words are sae sugar'd, sae sweet,
 His sense drives ilk fear far awa';
 I listen, puir fool, an' I greet,
 Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'.

Dear lassie, he cries wi' a jeer,
 Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;
 Though we've little to brag o', ne'er fear,
 What's gowd to a heart that is wae?
 Our laird has baith honours and wealth,
 Yet see how he's dwinin' wi' care;
 Now we, though we've naething but health,
 Are cantie an' leal evermair.

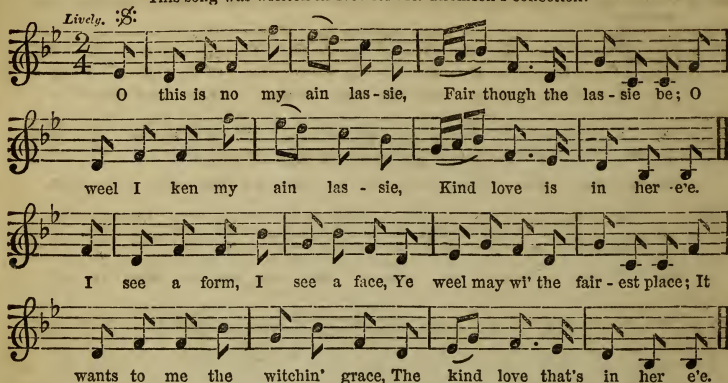
O Marion! the heart that is true
 Has something mair costly than gear;
 Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,
 Ilk morn it has naething to fear.
 Ye warldlings, gae hoard up your store,
 And tremble for fear ough ye tyne;
 Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, an' door,
 While here in my arms I lock mine!

He ends wi' a kiss an' a smile—
 Wae's me, can I tak' it amiss?
 My laddie's unpractis'd in guile,
 He's free aye to daunt an' to kiss.
 Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment
 Your wooers wi' fause scorn an' strife,
 Play your pranks; I ha'e gi'en my consent,
 An' this night I am Jamie's for life.

O THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "O THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE."

This song was written in 1795 for Mr. Thomson's collection.

Lively. 

O this is no my ain las-sie, Fair though the las-sie be; O
weel I ken my ain las-sie, Kind love is in her e'e.
I see a form, I see a face, Ye weel may wi' the fair-est place; It
wants to me the witchin' grace, The kind love that's in her e'e.

Begin the succeeding verses with the second part of the Air, and end with the first part.

She's bonnie, bloomin', straight, and tall,
An' long has had my heart in thrall;
An' aye it charms my very saul,
The kind blink that's in her e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean;
She'll steal a glance by a' unseen;

But gleg as light are lovers' e'en,
When kind love is in the e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weel the watchin' lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie, &c.

O THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

JACOBITE VERSION—SAME AIR.

O, this is no my ain house,
I ken by the biggin' o't;
For bowkail thrave at my door cheek,
And thistles on the riggin' o't.

A carle cam' wi' lack o' grace,*
Wi' unco gear and unco face;
And since he claim'd my daddie's place,
I downa bide the triggin' o't.

O this is no my ain house, &c.

* King William III.

Wi' routh o' kin, and routh o' reek,
My daddie's door it wad na steek;
But bread and cheese were his door cheek,
And girdle cakes the riggin' o't.
O, this is no my ain house, &c.

My daddie bigg'd his housie weel,
By dint o' head, and dint o' heel;
By dint o' arm, and dint o' steel,
And muckle weary piiggin' o't.
O, this is no my ain house, &c.

Then was it dink, or was it douce,
For ony cringing foreign goose
To claught my daddie's wee bit house,
And spoil the hamely triggin' o't.
O, this is no my ain house, &c.

Say, was it foul, or was it fair
To come a hunder mile and mair,
For to ding out my daddie's heir,
And dash him wi' the wiggin' o't.
O, this is no my ain house, &c.

CARLE, AN' THE KING COME.

This song, or at least the greater portion of it, is supposed to be as old as the time of the Commonwealth (the second stanza was added by Burns). Mause's song in "The Gentle Shepherd," "Peggy, now the King's come," is sung to this tune. On the occasion of George IV.'s visit to Scotland in 1822, Sir Walter Scott, in the burning fervour of his loyalty, wrote a long congratulatory poem; the burthen of which was "Carle, now the King's come," but unfortunately for the sensitive adulation of royalty which characterized Sir Walter, he was much annoyed by the simultaneous appearance of Sandy Rodgers's well known "Sawney, now the King's come," which, though rather broad in its allusions, contains some biting satire.

Moderate.

Car - le, an' the king come, Car - le, an' the king come, Thou shalt
dance, and I will sing, Car - le, an' the king come. An' some - bo -
die were come a - gain, Then some - bo - die maun cross the main, And
ev - 'ry man shall ha'e his ain, Car - le, an' the king come.

I trow we swappit for the warse,
We ga'e the boot and better horse,
And that we'll tell them at the cross,
Carle, an' the king come.

When yellow corn grows on the rigs,
And gibbets stand to hang the whigs,
O, then we'll a' dance Highland jigs,
Carle, an' the king come.

Nae mair wi' pinch and drouth we'll dine,
As we ha'e done—a dog's propine—
But quaff our draughts o' rosy wine,
Carle, and the king come.

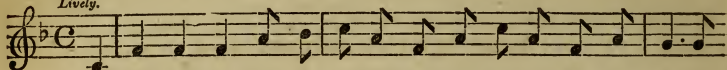
Cogie, an' the king come,
Cogie, an' the king come,
I'se be fou, and thou'se be toom,
Cogie, an' the king come.

AULD GUIDMAN, YE'RE A DRUCKEN CARLE.

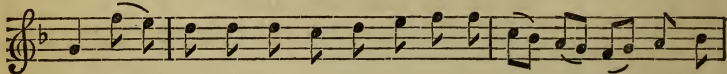
WRITTEN BY SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.—AIR, "THE EAST NEUK O' FIFE."

The lively air of "The east neuk o' Fife" is very old. We have adopted M'Gibbon's set, published in 1749. It differs slightly from Johnson's, in the "Museum." Burns's humorous song, "The rantin' dog, the daddie o't," is sung to this tune.

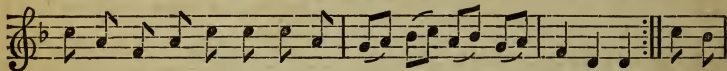
Lively.



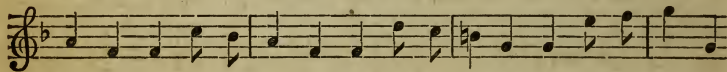
O, auld guidman, ye're a drucken car - le, drucken car - le, A' the
Hech, guidwife, ye're a flyt-in' bo - dy, flytin' bo - dy, Will ye



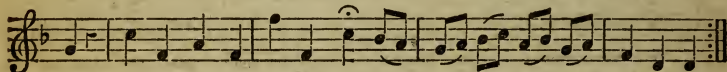
day lang ye wink and drink, an' gape an' gaunt; O' sot - tish loons ye're the
ha'e, but, guid be prais'd, the *wit* ye want; The put - tin' cow should be



pink an' pearl, pink an' pearl, Ill - faur'd, doit - ed, ne'er-do-weel. Ye're a
aye a dod - dy, aye a dod - dy, Mak' na sic an' awsome reel. It's a



sow, auld man, Ye get fou', auld man, Fye, for shame, auld man, To your wame, auld
lie, guid-wife, It's your tea, guidwife, Na, na, guid-wife, Ye spend a', guid-



man; Pinch'd I win, wi' spinnin' tow, A plack to clead your back an' pow.
wife; Din - na fa' on me pell mell, Ye like a drap fu' weel yoursel'.

Ye'se rue, auld gowk, your jest an' frolic, jest an' frolic:

Dare ye say, goose, I ever lik'd to tak' a drappie?

An' 'twerna just to cure the cholic, cure the cholic,

De'il a drap wad weet my mou'.

Troth, guidwife, an' ye wad na swither, wad na swither,

Soon to tak' the cholic, when it brings a drappie o' the cappie,

But twascore years we ha'e fought thegither, fought thegither,

Time it is to gree, I trow.

I'm wrang, auld John,
O'er lang, auld John,
For nought, guid John,
We ha'e fought, guid John;
Let's help to bear ilk ither's weight,
We're far o'er feckless now to fecht.

Ye're richt, guid Kate,
This nicht, guid Kate,
Our cup, guid Kate,
We'll sup, guid Kate;
Thegither frae this hour we'll draw,
An' toom the stoup atween us twa.

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "THE CORDWAINER'S MARCH."

This song was written for Johnson's "Museum." "The Cordwainer's March" may be called the "gathering tune" of the ancient and honourable fraternity of sutors, and was usually played at their annual procession on St. Crispin's day. The last great procession of the craft took place in Edinburgh, about forty years ago. Mr. Sawers, bootmaker, of that city, swayed the regal sceptre on the occasion.

Moderate.

O lay thy loof in mine, lass, In mine, lass, in mine, lass, And
swear on thy white hand, lass, That thou wilt be my ain. A slave to love's un-
bounded sway, He aft has wrought me meik - le wae; But now he is my
rall.
dead - ly fae, Un - less thou'lt be my ain. O lay thy loof in mine, lass, In
mine, lass, in mine, lass, And swear on thy white hand, lass, That thou wilt be my ain.

Begin the second verse at the sign S :

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I ha'e lo'ed best;
But thou art queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.

O lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

THE LASS O' MOREDUN.

WRITTEN BY JAMES SMITH—MUSIC BY A. HUME.

Tenderly.

When simmer comes smilin' o'er mountain an' lea, The green haughs o' Moredun are
 plea - sant to see; An' pleasant's the hum o' the merry wild
 bee, When the rose, when the rose an' the li - ly are blow - in'. An'
 blythely the ma - vis sa - lutes the gay morn, As sweetly he
 sings on yon snawy-white thorn, While the lav' - rock soars high o'er the
 lang yellow corn, An' the moorcocks, the moorcocks are cheer - i - ly craw - in'.

But fairer yon calm stilly gloaming, I ween,
 When fondly I rov'd wi' my ain comely queen,
 While the soft zephyr sigh'd 'mang the breckans sae green,
 An' the dew lay on ilka sweet blossom.
 I pu'd the wild flow'rets, sae balmy and fair,
 An' I twin'd me a wreath for her dark raven hair,
 Wi' a bonnie wee rosebud o' fragrance sae rare,
 For a gem to her lily-white bosom.

We sat by the streamlet that wimpled sae clear,
 And fond did I gaze on my lassie, sae dear,
 Till the wail o' the cushat fell low on the ear,
 An' the moon through the blue lift was roaming;

Oh! wae was my heart when she parted from me,
 An' saft fell the tears frae her dark hazel e'e;
 As cheerless an' sad, by yon auld rowan-tree,
 We whispered "farewell" at the gloamin'.

DARK LOWERS THE NIGHT.

WRITTEN BY ALEX. WILSON—AIR, "GOOD-MORROW, FAIR MISTRESS."

Alexander Wilson, the celebrated author of "American Ornithology," was born at Paisley on the 6th of July, 1766. After serving an apprenticeship to the weaving trade, he wrought a few years as journeyman in Paisley and other towns. He afterwards commenced the trade of travelling packman or pedlar, and it was during this rambling life that some of his best pieces were composed. Of his "Watty and Meg," Allan Cunningham says, "it has been excelled by none in live'y, graphic fidelity of touch: whatever was present to his eye and manifest to his ear, he could paint with a life and a humour which Burns seems alone to excel." He died of dysentery at Philadelphia, United States, on the 23d of August, 1813, in the forty-eighth year of his age. As we are not aware of this song being set to music worthy of the poetry, we have adapted it to a very fine air, communicated to Mr. Stephen Clarke by an amateur.

Slow.

Dark low - ers the night o'er the wide stormy main, Till mild ros - y
 morn - ing rise cheer - ful a - gain; A - las, morn re - turns to re -
 vis - it the shore, But Con - nel re - turns to his Flo - ra no more.

For see, on yon mountain, the dark cloud of death,
 O'er Connel's lone cottage, lies low on the heath;
 While bloody and pale, on a far distant shore,
 He lies to return to his Flora no more.

Ye light floating spirits that glide o'er the steep,
 O would ye but waft me across the wild deep;
 There fearless I'd mix in the battle's loud roar,
 I'd die with my Connel, and leave him no more.

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Mr. Stenhouse is of opinion that the fine air of "Cauld kail in Aberdeen" is modelled from an old tune in triple time, called "The sleepy body." Though now a general favourite, the air is not very old; at least it is not found in any of the earlier collections. Besides the two songs we have given, there are several others to same air: viz., the original "Cauld kail in Aberdeen," from Herd's collection, 1772; another, with the same title, by Alexander Duke of Gordon (died 1827); a third by William Reid, bookseller, Glasgow; and an excellent song beginning, "Life aye has been a weary round," by an unknown author. The "Bogie" is a river in Aberdeenshire, which runs through the valley of Strathbogie, and falls into the Deveron, near the town of Huntly.

Moderate.

There's cauld kail in A - ber - deen, An' custocks in Stra'bo - gie, Where
ilk - a lad maun ha'e his lass, But I maun ha'e my cog - ie. For
I maun ha'e my cog - ie, sirs, I can - na want my cog - ie; I
wad na gi'e my three-gir'd cog For a' the wives in Bog - ie.

There's Johnnie Smith has got a wife
Wha scrimps him o' his cogie;
But were she mine, upon my life,
I'd dook her in a bogie.
For I maun ha'e my cogie, sirs,
I canna want my cogie;
I wad na gi'e my three-gir'd cog
For a' the wives in Bogie.

An' twa three todlin' weans they ha'e,
The pride o' a' Stra'bogie;
Whene'er the totums cry for meat,
She curses aye his cogie;

Crying, "Wae betide the three-gir'd cog,
O wae betide the cogie;
It does mair skaith than a' the ills
That happen in Stra'bogie."

She fand him ance at Willie Sharp's,
An' what they maist did laugh at,
She brak' the bicker, spilt the drink,
An' tightly cuff'd his haffet;
Crying, "Wae betide the three-gir'd cog,
O wae betide the cogie;
It does mair skaith than a' the ills
That happen in Stra'bogie."

Yet here's to ilka honest soul
 Wha'll drink wi' me a cogie;
 An' for ilk silly, whinging fool,
 We'll dock him in a bogie.

For I maun ha'e my cogie, sirs,
 I canna want my cogie;
 I wad na gi'e my three-gir'd cog
 For a' the wives in Bogie.

WHEN POORTITH CAULD, AND SOUR DISDAIN.

WRITTEN BY TANNAHILL—SAME AIR.

Robert Tannahill, the fourth child of James Tannahill, a silk gauze weaver, and Janet Pollock, was born at Paisley, on the 3d of June, 1774. At an early age he began to write verses; but it was not till he had formed the acquaintance of Smith, the well known composer, that his ambition seemed to have been awakened to higher efforts as a song writer. In 1807 he published a volume of poems and songs, which met with a favourable reception. "Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane," "London's bonnie woods and braes," and "Gloomy winter's now awa'," received an immense share of popularity. Naturally of a sensitive temperament, an imaginary slight on the part of George Thomson, and the disappointment he experienced in not securing the Messrs. Constable as his publishers, so much affected him that he became, as it were, completely dispirited, and in a fit of utter despondency he terminated his life by drowning, on the 17th of May, 1810.

When poortith cauld, and sour disdain,
 Hang o'er life's vale sae fogie;
 The sun that brightens up the cene
 Is friendship's kindly cogie.
 Then, O revere the cogie, sirs,
 The friendly, social cogie;
 It gars the wheels o' life rin light,
 Though e'er sae doilt and clogie.

Let pride in fortune's chariots fly,
 Sae empty, vain, and vogie;
 The source o' wit, the spring o' joy,
 Lies in the social cogie.
 Then, O revere the cogie, sirs,
 The independent cogie;
 And never snool beneath the frown
 O' ony selfish rogie.

Puir modest worth, wi' heartless e'e,
 Sits hurlking in the bogie;
 Till she asserts her dignity,
 By virtue of the cogie.
 Then, O revere the cogie, sirs,
 The puir man's patron cogie;
 It warsles care, it fights life's faughts,
 And lifts him frae the bogie.

Gi'e feckless Spain her weak snail-broo,
 Gi'e France her weel spic'd frogie;
 Gi'e brother John his luncheon, too,
 But gi'e to us our cogie.
 Then, O revere the cogie, sirs,
 Our kind, heart-warming cogie;
 We doubly feel the social tie,
 When just a wee thought grogie.

In days o' yore our steady sires,
 Upon their hills sae scrogie,
 Glow'd with true freedom's warmest fires,
 And fought to save their cogie.
 Then, O revere the cogie, sirs,
 Our brave forefathers' cogie;
 It rous'd them up to doughty deeds,
 O'er which we'll lang be vogie.

Then here's "May Scotland ne'er fa'
 A cringing, coward dogie; [down
 But bauldly stand, and bang the loon
 Wha'd reave her o' her cogie."
 Then, O protect the cogie, sirs,
 Our guid auld mither's cogie;
 Nor may her luggie e'er be drain'd
 By ony foreign rogie.

MY NANNIE, O.

WORDS BY BURNS—AIR, "MY NANNIE, O."

The heroine of this song was Miss Agnes Fleming, daughter of a farmer at Calcothill, near Lochlea, in the parish of Tarbolton, Ayrshire. Burns wrote this song when very young. It appears in the 6th vol. of Johnson's "Museum," adapted to a different air, but the verses having been composed expressly for the air "My Nannie, O," evidently unite more happily with it than any other melody to which it can possibly be adapted. Burns subsequently gave his original song a few masterly touches, which have considerably heightened its effect. This fine old air appears in the "Orpheus Caledonius," 1725, with the song written by Ramsay, beginning "While some for pleasure pawn their health." The Lugar is a river in Ayrshire, which takes its rise in the Cumnock lakes, and discharges itself into the river Ayr, at Barskimming.

Be - hind yon hills where Lu - gar flows, 'Mang moors and mos - ses
no - ny, O, The win - try sun the day has clos'd, And
I'll a - wa' to Nan - nie, O. The west - lin' wind blows
loud and shrill, The night's baith mirk and rain - y, O, But I'll get my
plaid, and out I'll steal, And owre the hills to Nan - nie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O!
Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
The opening gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be?
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.
My riches a' 's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come wae, I care na by,
I'll tak' what heaven will sen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life ha'e I
But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

LASS GIN YE WAD LO'E ME.

WRITTEN BY ALEX. LAING—MUSIC BY A. HUME.

Alexander Laing, one of the most popular Scottish song writers of the day, was born at Brechin, on the 14th of May, 1787. Though almost wholly self-taught, he has earned himself an honoured name in the minstrelsy of his native country, and has contributed largely to every respectable collection of Scottish songs published within the last forty years, including "The Harp of Caledonia," "The Harp of Renfrewshire," "The Scottish Minstrel," "Whistle Binkie," "Book of Scottish Song," and others. He died on the 14th of October, 1857.

Moderate.

The musical notation consists of four staves of music in a single system. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

Lass gin ye wad lo'e me, Lass gin ye wad lo'e me, Yese
be the la-dy o' my ha', O, lass gin ye wad lo'e me. A
can-tie but, a co-sie ben, Weel plen-ish'd ye may trow me; A
brisk, a blythe, a kind guid-man. [O] lass gin ye wad lo'e me.

"Walth there's little doubt ye ha'e,
An' bidin' bien an' easy;
But brisk an' blythe ye canna be,
An' you sae auld and crazy.
Wad marriage mak' you young again?
Wad woman's love renew you?
Awa', ye silly doited man,
I canna, winna lo'e you."

"Witless hizzie, e'en's ye like,
The ne'er a doit I'm carin';
But men maun be the first to speak,
An' wanters maun be spierin'.

Yet lassie, I ha'e lo'ed you lang,
An' now I'm come to woo you—
I'm no sae auld as clashes gang,
I think you'd better lo'e me."

"Doj'tet bodie!—auld or young,
You needna langer tarry,
Gin ane be loutin' owre a rung,
He's no for me to marry.
Gae hame an' ance bethink yoursel',
How ye wad come to woo me—
And mind me i' your latter will,
Bodie, gin ye lo'e me."

FROM THE CHASE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GAELIC BY MACLAREN—GAELIC AIR, "MACGRIGAIR A RUIDHRUIDH."

This elegant song was translated from the original Gaelic by a Mr. MacLaren about fifty or sixty years ago.

Slowly.



From the chase on the moun - tain As I was re-



turn - ing, By the side of a foun - tain Mal - vi - na sat mourning.



To the winds that loud whist - led She told her sad sto - ry,



And the val - leys re - ech - oed Mac - gre - gor a Ru - a - ra.

Like a flash of red lightning
 O'er the heath came MacAra,
 More fleet than the roebuck
 On lofty Beinn Lara;
 O, where is Macgregor?
 Say, where does he hover?
 You bold son of Calmar,
 Why tarries my lover?

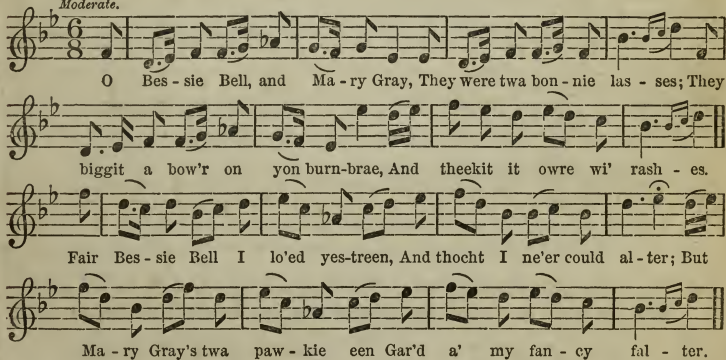
Then the voice of soft sorrow
 From his bosom thus sounded:—
 Low lies your Macgregor,
 Pale, mangled, and wounded,
 Overcome with deep slumber,
 To the rock I conveyed him,
 Where the sons of black malice
 To his foes have betrayed him.

As the blast from the mountain
 Soon nips the fresh blossom,
 So died the fair bud
 Of fond hope in her bosom.
 Macgregor! Macgregor!
 Loud echo resounded;
 And the hills rung in pity,
 Macgregor is wounded.

Near the brook in the valley,
 The green turf did hide her,
 And they laid down Macgregor
 In death's sleep beside her.
 Secure is their dwelling
 From foes and fell slander,
 Near the loud roaring waters
 Their spirits oft wander.

BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.

The first stanza of this universally popular ballad is old, the rest is from the pen of Ramsay. We think he might have spared the classic allusions to Phœbus and Thetis, Jove and Pallas; they are not in the best taste. However, we may say of "honest Allan," "his faults were those of the age, his beauties were all his own." There is no existing copy of the air dating prior to 1725, where it appears in the "Orpheus Caledonius." Gay selected the tune for one of his songs in the "Beggar's Opera" beginning, "A curse attends that woman's love." Bessie Bell and Mary Gray were the daughters of two neighbouring country gentlemen, in the vicinity of Perth. They are reported to have been both very handsome, and were united in terms of the closest friendship. Bessie Bell, daughter of the laird of Kinnauld, or Kinvaid, was on a visit to Mary Gray, at her father's house of Lyndoch, in the year 1666, when the plague broke out. In the hope of avoiding the contagion, they built a small cottage or bower in a retired spot called the "Burn-braes," a short distance from Lyndoch House, receiving occasional visits from a young gentleman, a mutual admirer, from whom it is said they caught the infection, and here they both died. Their remains were interred in a place called Dronach Haugh, upon the banks of the Almond.

Moderate.


O Bes-sie Bell, and Ma-ry Gray, They were twa bon-nie las-ses; They
biggit a bow'r on yon burn-brae, And theekit it owre wi' rash-es.
Fair Bes-sie Bell I lo'ed yes-treen, And thoct I ne'er could al-ter; But
Ma-ry Gray's twa paw-kie een Gar'd a' my fan-cy fal-ter.

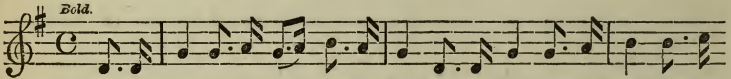
Bessie's hair's like a lint-tap,
She smiles like a May mornin';
When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills wi' rays adornin'.
White is her neck, saft is her hand,
Her waist and feet fu' genty;
Wi' ilka grace she can command
Her lips, O, vow, they're dainty.
Mary's locks are like the craw,
Her een like diamond's glances;
She's aye sae clean, redd-up, and braw,
She kills when'er she glances.

Blythe as a kid, wi' wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is,
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
O Jove, she's like thy Pallas.
Young Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco sair oppress us;
Our fancies jee between ye twa,
Ye are sic bonnie lasses.
Wae's me, for baith I canna get,
To ane, by law, we're stented;
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,
And be wi' ane contented.

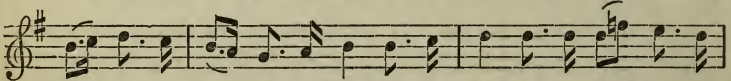
IN THE GARB OF OLD GAUL.

WRITTEN BY LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR HENRY ERSKINE, BART. MUSIC BY GENERAL JOHN REID.

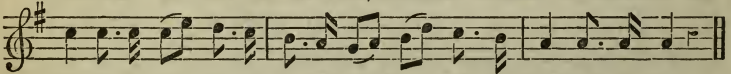
Sir Henry Erskine was the second son of Sir John Erskine of Alva. He was Deputy Quarter-master-General, and succeeded his uncle, the Hon. General St. Clair, in the command of the Scots Royals (now the 1st or Royal Regiment) in 1762. He died in 1765. General John Reid, the composer of the music, was Colonel of the 88th Connaught Rangers, and died in the early part of the present century. He left a considerable sum for establishing a professorship of music in the University of Edinburgh. We are sorry to say that for all the good the Professorship has done for the cause of music in Scotland, the worthy General's money might as well have been thrown into the sea,—we beg pardon, there is an annual concert given on the 13th of February (General Reid's birthday), at which the majority of the performers are, of course, foreigners. So much for the cultivation of music in Scotland.



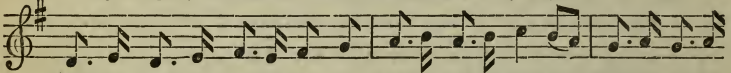
In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome, From the heath-cover'd



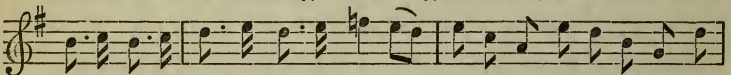
mountains of Sco-tia we come, Where the Ro-mans en-deavour'd our



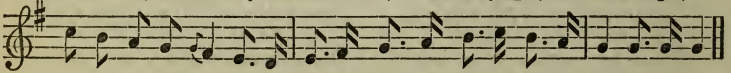
country to gain, But our an-ces-tors fought, and they fought not in vain.



Such our love of li-ber-ty, our country, and our laws, That like our an-ces-



tors of old, we stand by freedom's cause; We'll bravely fight, like heroes bright, for



honour and applause, And de-fy the French, with all their art, to al-ter our laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,

No luxurious tables enervate our race;

Our loud sounding pipe breathes the true martial strain,

And our hearts still the old Scottish valour retain.

Such our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
 So are we enraged when we rush on our foes ;
 We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
 Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.
 Such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
 Are swift as the roe which the hound doth assail ;
 As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear,
 Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.
 Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
 In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance ;
 But when our claymores they saw us produce,
 Their courage did fail and they sued for a truce.
 Such our love, &c.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
 May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase ;
 And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find
 That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove kind.
 Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our laws,
 And teach our late posterity to fight in freedom's cause ;
 That they like our bold ancestors, for honour and applause,
 May defy the French, with all their art, to alter our laws.

MY HEATHER LAND.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM THOM—AIR, "THE BLACK WATCH," *see page 172.*

My heather land, my heather land,
 My dearest pray'r be thine ;
 Although upon thy hapless heath
 There breathes nae friend o' mine.
 The lanely few that Heav'n has spar'd
 Fend on a foreign strand ;
 And I maun wait to weep with thee,
 My hameless heather land.

My heather land, my heather land,
 Though fairer lands there be,
 Thy gowany braes in early days
 Were gowden ways to me.

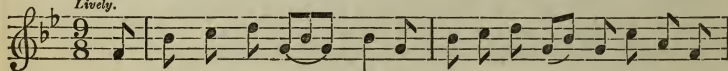
Maun life's puir boon gang dark'ning
 Nor die whaur it had dawn'd ? [down,
 But claught a grave ayont the wave,
 Alas ! my fatherland.

My heather land, my heather land,
 Though chilling winter pours
 Her freezing breath round fireless hearth,
 Whaur breadless mis'ry cowers,
 Yet breaks the light that soon shall blight
 The godless reiving hand ;
 When wither'd tyranny shall reel
 Frae our rous'd heather land.

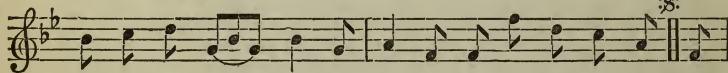
O GI'E MY LOVE BROSE, BROSE.

PARTLY WRITTEN BY JOHN ANDERSON.

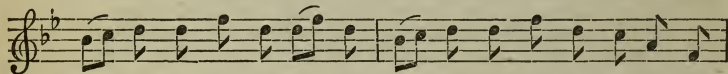
The air of "Brose and Butter" is of considerable antiquity, dating back as far as at least as the beginning of the seventeenth century. A humorous story, in connection with this tune, is told of the Laird of Cockpen. At the restoration of Charles II., Cockpen,* whose estates had been forfeited, on account of his adherence to the royal cause, made many unsuccessful attempts to regain them. Visiting London for that purpose, he experienced the usual fate of those "who put their trust in princes," being even denied an audience of the king. He had, however, formed acquaintance with the organist of the chapel royal, from whom he obtained permission to play one Sunday, when his Majesty was expected to be present. At the close of the service, instead of the usual concluding voluntary, he struck up the lively air of "Brose and Butter," a particular favourite of the king's. His Majesty flew to the organ-gallery, when, recognizing "The Laird," he shook him warmly by the hand, declaring that he had "almost made him dance." "I could dance too," said Cockpen, "if I had my lands back again." "You shall yet dance to 'Brose and Butter' on your own lands of Cockpen," was the gracious reply, and the king kept his word.

Lively.

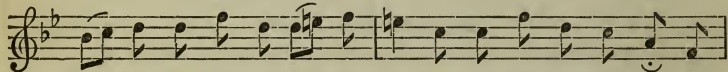
O gi'e my love brose, brose, O gi'e my love brose and but-ter; O



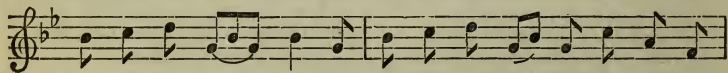
gi'e my love brose, brose, Yes-treen he want-ed his sup-per. There's



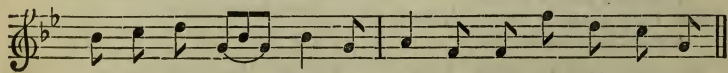
some got par-ritch an' milk, An' some got sow-ans an' suc-car, An'



some got 'tat-oes an' saut, But he got nae-thing for sup-per. O



gi'e my love brose, brose, O gi'e my love brose an' but-ter; O



gi'e my love brose, brose, Yes-treen he want-ed his sup-per.

Begin the second and third verses at the sign § :

* See note to "The Laird o' Cockpen."

For Charlie he drew the broadsword,
 For Charlie he lost house an' haddin';
 For Charlie he fought on the sward,
 For Charlie he bled at Culloden.
 O gi'e my love, &c.

The chief that was true to his prince,
 May yet ha'e a hame an' a steadin';
 But the whiggums that had little mense
 Will dree the weird o' their reidin'.
 O gi'e my love, &c.

O THIS IS NO MY PLAID.

WRITTEN BY W. HALLEY—AIR, "DE'IL STICK THE MINISTER."

Moderate.

O this is no my plaid, my plaid, my plaid, O this is no my plaid,
 Bon - nie though the col - ours be. The ground o' mine was mix'd wi' blue, I
 gat it frae the lad I lo'e, He ne'er has gi'en me cause to rue, An'
 O the plaid is dear to me. O this is no my plaid, my plaid,
 my plaid, O this is no my plaid, Bon - nie though the col - ours be.

Begin the succeeding verses at the mark :§:

For mine was silky, soft, an' warm,
 It wrapp'd me round frae arm to arm,
 An' like himsel' it bore a charm,
 An' O, the plaid is dear to me.

O this is no my plaid, &c.

The lad that gi'ed me't likes me weel,
 Although his name I daurna tell;
 He likes me just as weel's himsel';

An O, the plaid is dear to me.

O this is no my plaid, &c.

Frae surly blasts it covers me,
 He'll me himsel' protection gi'e,

I'll lo'e him till the day I die,
 His plaid shall aye be dear to me.
 O this is no my plaid, &c.

The time may come, my ain dear lad,
 When we will to the kirk an' wed,
 Weel happit in thy tartan plaid,
 That plaid that's aye sae dear to me.

O this will then be my plaid,
 My plaid, my plaid,

O this will then be my plaid,

An' while I live will ever be.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

WORDS FROM THE "SCOTTISH THISTLE," 1857.

ARRANGED FOR THREE VOICES FOR THIS WORK BY A. HUME.

In Ramsay's "Tea Table Miscellany," 1724, we find the old version of "The yellow-hair'd laddie;" and in 1725, Thomson, in the "Orpheus Caledonius," published Ramsay's version, beginning, "In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain," with the music. Though neither of these songs has anything but "use and wont" to recommend it, we give them entire. The excellent verses we have selected are from the *Scottish Thistle*, a respectable weekly newspaper. The beautiful air of "The yellow-hair'd laddie" is probably not less than two centuries old. The duet between Patie and Peggy, in the "Gentle Shepherd," beginning, "When first my dear laddie gaed to the green hill" is sung to this tune.

AIR. Tenderly.

The yel - low - hair'd lad - die he's blythesome and gay, Wi'

TENOR.

The yel - low - hair'd lad - die he's blythesome and gay, Wi'

BASS.

The yel - low - hair'd lad - die, he's blythesome and gay, Wi'

1st. 2d.

cheeks like the red rose, and eyes like the slae. eyes like the slae.

1st. 2d.

cheeks like the red rose, and eyes like the slae. eyes like the slae.

1st. 2d.

checks like the red rose, and eyes like the slae. eyes like the slae.

And saft - ly he sings, as the merle on the tree, And

And saft - ly he sings, as the merle on the tree, And

And saft - ly he sings, as the merle on the tree, And

dearly I'd lo'e him, gin he wad lo'e me. he wad lo'e me.

dearly I'd lo'e him, gin he wad lo'e me. he wad lo'e me.

dearly I'd lo'e him gin he wad lo'e me. he wad lo'e me.

My father has riches, and men at his ca',
 The yellow-hair'd laddie has naething at a';
 This mak's him sae bashfu', but little kens he
 How dearly I'd lo'e him, gin he wad lo'e me.

There's mealy-mou'd Andrew comes up frae the mill,
 And lang Will the farmer comes down frae the hill;
 They crack wi' my father o' markets and kye,
 As gin they thought love wi' their siller to buy.

There's Adam the factor, he scrapes and he bows,
 And ca's on the starns a' to witness his vows;
 But he courts my tocher, and sae he is free
 To marry my tocher—he'll ne'er marry me.

When love lights the cottage it's turn'd to a ha',
 And thrift wi' contentment fleys poortith awa';
 Though mither should flyte, and though father should ban,
 The yellow-hair'd laddie wad be my guidman.

Thus sung a fair maid as she milket her kye,
 The yellow-hair'd laddie stood list'ning near by;
 He sprung through the bushes, and ere she kent how,
 He seal'd a' her wishes wi' kisses sae true.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

OLD VERSION.

The yellow-hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae,
 Cried, "Milk the yowes, lassie, let nane o' them gae;"
 And aye as she milket, she merrily sang,
 The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my guidman.

The weather is cauld, and my cleadin' is thin,
 The yowes are new clipt, and they winna bucht in;
 They winna bucht in, although I should dee;
 Oh, yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind unto me.

The guidwife cries but the house, Jenny, come ben,
 The cheese is to mak', and the butter's to kirn;
 Though butter, and cheese, and a' should gang sour,
 I'll crack and I'll kiss wi' my love ae half hour.
 It's ae lang half hour, and we'll e'en mak' it three.
 For the yellow-hair'd laddie my guidman shall be.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

RAMSAY'S VERSION.

In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;
 The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
 To the woods and deep glens where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves, ev'ning and morn;
 He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That sylvans and fairies, unseen, danced around.

The shepherd thus sung, "Though young Madie be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu', proud air;
But Susie is handsome, and sweetly can sing,
Her breath's like the breezes perfum'd in the spring."

That Madie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon, was inconstant, and never spoke truth;
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess that sprang from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dower,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour;
Then sighing, he wish'd, would but parents agree,
The witty, sweet Susie, his mistress might be.

I'LL O'ER THE MUIR TO MAGGIE, O.

WRITTEN BY JOHN ANDERSON.

"O'er the muir to Maggie," though containing little originality, is a pleasant old simple melody. It was published by Daniel Wright in the "British Miscellany; or, The Harmonious Grove," London, 1733. Mr. John Anderson, music engraver, of Edinburgh, the composer of the verses, served his apprenticeship with Johnson, the publisher of the "Scots' Musical Museum."

Briskly.

The musical notation consists of three staves of music in treble clef with a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below the notes. The first staff begins with the word 'Briskly.' and the lyrics 'I'll o'er the muir to Maggie, O, I'll o'er the muir to Maggie, O; When'. The second staff continues with 'done wi' wark, though e'er sae dark, I'll o'er the muir to Maggie, O.' The third staff concludes with 'When the sun sinks down the western sky, When daun'rin' hameward comes the kye, When the veil o' e'en bedims the eye, I'll o'er the muir to Maggie, O.'

I'll o'er the muir to Maggie, O, I'll o'er the muir to Maggie, O; When
done wi' wark, though e'er sae dark, I'll o'er the muir to Maggie, O.
When the sun sinks down the western sky, When daun'rin' hameward comes the kye, When the
veil o' e'en bedims the eye, I'll o'er the muir to Maggie, O.

I'll o'er the muir to Maggie, O,
I'll o'er the muir to Maggie, O;
I'll pass the den, and through the glen,
Syne o'er the muir to Maggie, O.

When day is past I tak' my kent,
And hie me o'er the heather bent;
I feel sic joy and blythe content,
While o'er the muir wi' Maggie, O.

DESPAIRING MARY.

WRITTEN BY TANNAHILL—MUSIC BY R. A. SMITH.

DUET FOR EQUAL VOICES.

"The music published with this song," says Mr. Smith, "was originally composed to other words, but Tannahill took a fancy to the air, and immediately wrote 'Despairing Mary' for it, which, being the better song, was adopted."

1ST VOICE. *p*

Plaintive. Ma - ry, why waste thus thy youth time in sor - row? See all a -

2D VOICE. *p*

Ma - ry, why waste thus thy youth time in sor - row? See all a -

round thee the flow'rs sweet - ly blow. Blythe sets the sun o'er the

round thee the flow'rs sweet - ly blow. Blythe sets the sun o'er the

wild cliffs of Ju - ra, Blythe sings the ma - vis in il - ka green shaw.

wild cliffs of Ju - ra, Blythe sings the ma - vis in il - ka green shaw.

mf

How can this heart e - ver mair think of plea - sure? Sum - mer may smile, but de -

mf

How can this heart e - ver mair think of plea - sure? Sum - mer may smile, but de -

The musical score is written for two voices on grand staves. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The music is in a plaintive style, with a melody that is simple and expressive. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words in italics to indicate emphasis or mood. The score is divided into four systems, each with two staves. The first system is marked '1ST VOICE. p' and '2D VOICE. p'. The second system is marked 'Plaintive.' and 'p'. The third system is marked 'mf'. The fourth system is marked 'mf'.

light I ha'e nane; Cauld in the grave lies my heart's on - ly

light I na'e nane; Cauld in the grave lies my heart's on - ly

pp trea - sure, Nature seems dead since my Jam - ie is gane. *rall.*

pp trea - sure, Na - ture seems dead since my Jam - ie is gane. *rall.*

This 'kerchief he gave me, a true lover's token,*
 Dear, dear to me was the gift for his sake;
 I wear't near my heart, but this puir heart is broken,
 Hope died with Jamie, and left it to break.
 Sighing for him, I lie down in the e'ening,
 Sighing for him I awake in the morn;
 Spent are my days a' in secret repining,
 Peace to this bosom can never return.

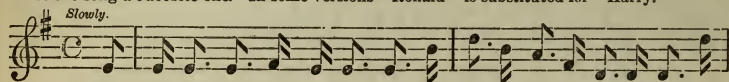
Oft ha'e we wander'd in sweetest retirement,
 Telling our loves 'neath the moon's silent beam;
 Sweet were our meetings o' tender endearment:
 Fled are those joys like a fleet passing dream.
 Cruel remembrance, in pity forsake me,
 Brooding o'er joys that for ever are flown;
 Cruel remembrance, in pity forsake me,
 Flee to some bosom where grief is unknown.

* The second stanza is usually omitted in singing.

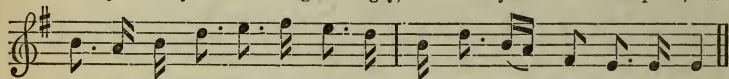
MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "THE HIGHLANDER'S LAMENT."

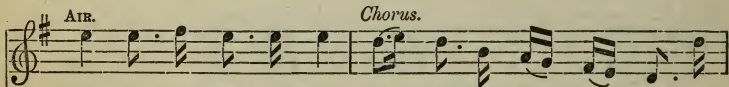
Burns, in the "Reliques," says, "The oldest title I ever heard to this tune was 'The Highland watch's farewell to Ireland.' The chorus I picked up from an old woman in Dunblane, the rest of the song is mine." In this note Burns alludes to the three first stanzas only; the other two were added by a Mr. Sutherland. "Highland Harry," according to Mr. Peter Buchan, was a Harry Lunsdale, who made love to a daughter of the Laird of Knockhaspie. Burns and Sutherland have made the song a Jacobite one. In some versions "Ronald" is substituted for "Harry."



My Harry was a gallant gay, Fu' stately strode he o'er the plain; But

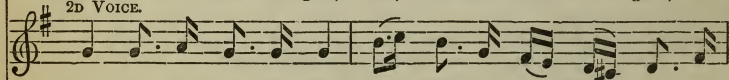


now he's banish'd far a - way, I'll ne - ver see him back a - gain.



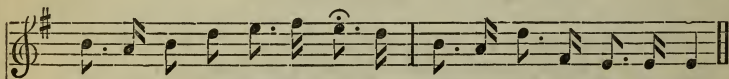
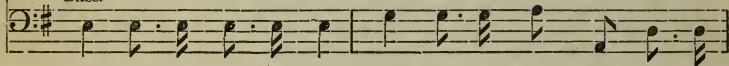
Oh, for him back a - gain, Oh, for him back a - gain; I

2D VOICE.

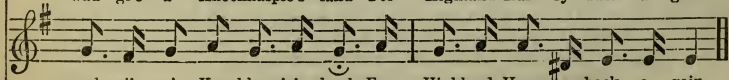


Oh, for him back a - gain, Oh, for him back a - gain; I

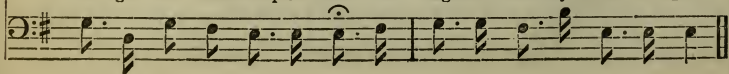
BASS.



wad gi'e a' Knockhaspie's land For Highland Har - ry back a - gain.



wad gi'e a' Knockhaspie's land For Highland Har - ry back a - gain.



When a' the lave gae to their bed,
 I wander dowie up the glen;
 I sit me down and greet my fill,
 And aye I wish him back again.
 Oh, for him back again, &c.
 O were some villains hangit high,
 And ilka bodie had their ain;
 Then I might see the joyful sight,
 My Highland Harry back again.
 Oh, for him back again, &c.

Sad was the day, and sad the hour,
 He left me in his native plain, [join;
 And rush'd his much wrong'd prince to
 But, oh, he'll ne'er come back again.
 Oh, for him back again, &c.
 Strong was my Harry's arm in war,
 Unmatched on a' Culloden's plain;
 But vengeance marks him for her ain,
 I'll never see him back again.
 Oh, for him back again, &c.

SMILE AND SAY THOU'LL MARRY.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS DICK OF PAISLEY—AIR, "DUKE OF GORDON'S BIRTHDAY."

Cheerfully. Chorus.

Bonnie lassie, modest lassie, Wilt thou be my dearie? Lovely lassie,
 charming lassie, Smile and say thou'll mar - ry. Live nae long - er ee - rie,
 Laithfu', lane, and weary; But free - ly part wi' hand and heart, And
 come and be my dearie. Bonnie las - sie, modest lassie, Wilt thou be my
 dear - ie? Bon - nie las - sie, charming las - sie, Smile and say thou'll marry.

Begin the succeeding verses at the mark § :

Why should sorrow beary
 Een sae bright and cheery?
 I'd blythely bear ilk toil and care,
 Gin thou wadst be my dearie.
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

Though the purse I carry
 Be baith "light and airy,"
 Ilk fear remove,—we'll wed for love,
 Syne work for gowd, my dearie.
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

WHEN THE GLEN ALL IS STILL.

WRITTEN BY HENRY SCOTT RIDDEL. MUSIC BY A. HUME.

Tenderly.

When the glen all is still save the gush of the fountain,
 When the shep-herd has ceas'd on the gray heath to roam; And the
 wall of the plover is heard on the mountain, In - vit - ing her
 mate to re - turn to his home; O meet me, E - li - za, a -
 down by the wild wood, Where the wild dai - sies sleep 'mong the
 low ly - ing dew; And our bliss shall be sweet as the vi - sions of
 childhood, And pure as the fair star in heaven's deep blue.

Thy locks shall be braided with dews of the gloaming,
 And fann'd by the far travell'd breeze of the lawn;
 The spirits of heav'n shall know of thy coming,
 And watch o'er our joy till the hour of the dawn.
 No woes shall we know of dark fortune's decreeing,
 Of the past and the future my dreams may not be;
 For the light of thine eye seems the home of my being,
 And my soul's fondest thoughts shall be gather'd to thee.

AN' O FOR ANE AN' TWENTY, TAM.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "THE MOUDIEWART."

The following is said to be the origin of this song:—A young girl being entitled to some property on attaining her majority, was urged by her relations to marry a wealthy old suitor. Her affections, however, having been previously engaged by one, whose years, at least, were more in accordance with her own, she refused, and the song represents her as assuring her lover of her constancy and affection. She is determined to "learn her kin a rattlin' sang" on arriving at the desired age of "ane an' twenty."

Cheerfully.

An' O for ane an' twen-ty, Tam, An' hey for ane an'
 twen-ty, Tam; I'll learn my kin a rat-tlin sang, Gin I saw
 ane an' twenty, Tam. They snool me sair, an' haud me down, An'
 gar me look like bluntie, Tam; But three short years will soon wheel
 round, An' then comes ane an' twenty, Tam. An' O for ane an'
 twenty, Tam, An' hey for ane an' twen-ty, Tam; I'll learn my
 kin a rat-tlin' sang Gin I were ane an' twenty, Tam.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
 Were left me by my auntie, Tam;
 At kith an' kin I needna speir,
 Gin I saw ane an' twenty, Tam.
 An' O for ane an' twenty, &c.

They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof,
 Though I mysel' ha'e plenty, Tam;
 But hear'st thou, laddie? there's my loof,
 I'm thine at ane an' twenty, Tam.
 An' O for ane an' twenty, &c.

A WEE BIRD CAM' TO OUR HA' DOOR.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM GLEN—AIR, "THE GYPSIE LADDIE."

ARRANGED AS A DUET BY A. HUME.

William Glen, the author of this affecting song was a native of Glasgow, and for some time carried on business as a manufacturer there. It appears he had been unfortunate, as he died in a state of poverty in 1824. "Johnnie Faa" or the "Gypsy Laddie," is the title of a very old ballad founded on a romantic adventure in an old Scottish family (Cassilis). Burns says, that Johnnie Faa is the only old song which he could trace as belonging to the extensive county of Ayr. The date of the air is uncertain, it is probably coeval with that of the ballad.

AIR.

Slowly. A wee bird cam' to our ha' door, He warbled sweet and clear-

TENOR.

A wee bird cam' to our ha' door, He warbled sweet and clear-

ly, An' aye the o'ercome o' his sang Was "Wae's me for Prince Char-lie."

ly, An' aye the o'ercome o' his sang Was "Wae's me for Prince Char-lie."

Oh! when I heard the bon-nie bon-nie bird, The tears cam' drappin' rare-ly; I

Oh! when I heard the bon-nie bon-nie bird, The tears cam' drappin' rare-ly; I

took my bon-net aff my head, For weel I lo'ed Prince Char-lie.

took my bon-net aff my head, For weel I lo'ed Prince Char-lie.

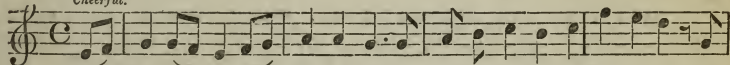
Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie bonnie bird," "Dark night cam' on, the tempest roar'd
 Is that a sang ye borrow, Cold o'er the hills and valleys;
 Are these some words ye've learnt by heart, An' whaur was't that your prince lay down,
 Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?" Whase hame should been a palace?
 "Oh! no, no, no," the wee bird sang, He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
 "I've flown sin' morning early, Which covered him but sparely,
 But sic a day o' wind an' rain— An' slept beneath a bush o' broom—
 Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie! Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"
 "On hills that are by right his ain, But now the bird saw some red coats,
 He roams a lonely stranger, An' he shook his wings wi' anger;
 On ilka hand he's press'd by want, Oh! this is no a land for me;
 On ilka side by danger: I'll tarry here nae langer.
 Yestreen I met him in a glen, A while he hover'd on the wing,
 My heart maist burstit fairly; Ere he departed fairly,
 For sairly changed indeed was he— But weel I mind the fareweel strain
 Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie! Was, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie."

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

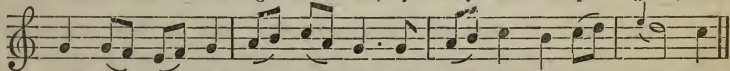
WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "THE WEAVER'S MARCH."

Written by Burns for Johnson's "Museum." The beautiful air to which it is adapted was selected by the poet himself, from "Aird's Selection of Scots Airs, adapted to the Fife, Violin, or German Flute," Glasgow, 1784. The Cart, a small river in Renfrewshire, takes its rise in the parish of Eaglesham, and flowing through the busy manufacturing town of Paisley, falls into the Clyde a little below Renfrew.

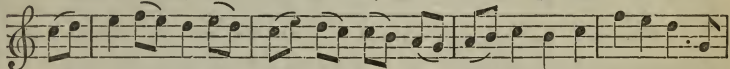
Cheerful.



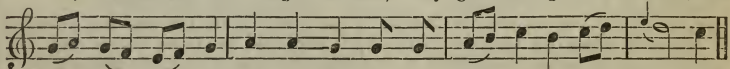
Where Cart rins row- ing to the sea, By mony a flow'r and spreading tree; There



lives a lad, the lad for me, He is a gal- lant weav- er.



Oh, I had woo- ers aught or nine, They gi'ed me rings and ribbons fine, And



I was fear'd my heart would tine, And I gi'ed it to the weav- er.

My daddy signed my tocher-band,
 To gi'e the lad that has the land,
 But to my heart I'll add my hand,
 And gi'e it to the weaver.

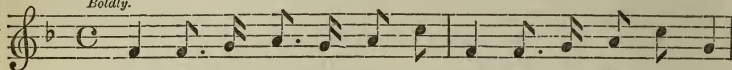
While birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs,
 While bees delight in op'ning flow'rs,
 While corn grows green in summer show'rs,
 I'll love my gallant weaver.

WHA WAD NA FIGHT FOR CHARLIE?

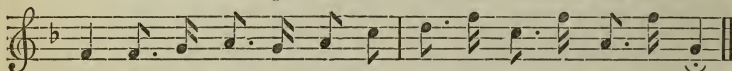
AIR, "WILL YE GO AND MARRY, KATIE?"

This song appears in Hogg's "Jacobite Relics," 1821. The air, "Will ye go and marry, Katie?" is an old strathspey, found in Bremner's collection, 1764, and others. The original song, recovered and sent to Johnson by Burns, we give below. A good song by Lady Nairne, beginning, "Saw ye ne'er a lanely lassie," is sung to this tune.

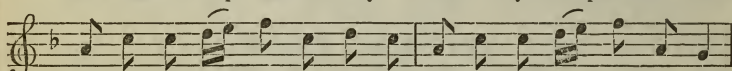
Boldly.



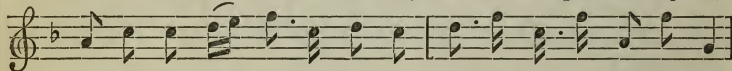
Wha wad na fight for Char - lie? Wha wad na draw the sword?



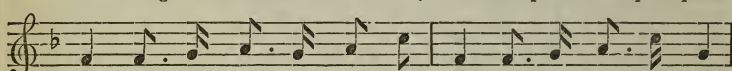
Wha wad na up and ral - ly At the roy - al prin - ce's word?



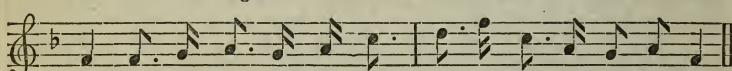
Think on Sco - tia's an - cient he - roes, Think on fo - reign foes repell'd;



Think on glo - rious Bruce and Wal - lace, Wha the proud u - surpers quell'd.



Wha wad na fight for Char - lie? Wha wad na draw the sword?



Wha wad na up and ral - ly At the roy - al prince's word?

Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors,
Rouse, ye heroes of the north;
Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,
'Tis your prince that leads you forth.
Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?
Shall we own a foreign sway?
Shall a royal Stuart be banished,
While a stranger rules the day?
Wha wad na fight, &c.

See the northern clans advancing,
See Glengarry and Lochiel;
See the brandished broadswords glancing,
Highland hearts are true as steel.
Now our prince has raised his banner,
Now triumphant is our cause;
Now the Scottish lion rallies—
Let us strike for prince and laws.
Wha wad na fight, &c.

A COGIE O' ALE AN' A PICKLE AITMEAL.

WRITTEN BY ANDREW SHERIFFS, A.M.—MUSIC BY ROBT. M'INTOSH.

Andrew Sheriffs, A.M., was the author of "Jamie and Bess; or, The Laird in Disguise," a Scottish pastoral, in imitation of "The Gentle Shepherd." Burns describes him as "a little decrepit body, with some abilities." In 1793 he removed from Aberdeen to London. Robert M'Intosh was a musician in Edinburgh, an excellent violinist, and composer of reels, strathspeys, &c. He died in London in February, 1807.

Lively.

A cogie o' ale an' a pick-le aitmeal, An' a dainty wee
drappie o' whisky, Was our forefathers' dose for to swell down their brose, An'
mak' them baith cheerie an' fris-ky. Then hey for the whisky, an' hey for the
meal, An' hey for the cog - ie, an' hey for the ale; When mix'd a' the
gith - er they do un-co weel To mak' a chiel cheerie and brisk aye.

As I view our Scots lads, in their kilts an' cockades,

A' blooming an' fresh as a rose, man,

I think wi' mysel, O! the meal an' the ale,

An' the fruits o' our Scottish kail brose, man.

Then hey for the cogie, &c.

When our brave Highland blades, wi' their claymores an' plaids,

In the field, drive, like sheep, a' our foes, man,

Their courage an' pow'r spring frae this, to be sure,

They're the noble effects o' the brose, man.

Then hey for the cogie, &c.

But your spindle-shank'd sparks, wha but ill set their sarks,

An' your pale-visaged milksops an' beaus, man,

I think when I see them 'twere kindness to gi'e them

A cogie o' ale an' o' brose, man.

Then hey for the cogie, &c.

IT WAS UPON A LAMMAS NIGHT.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "CORN RIGGS."

"The rigs o' barley" is one of Burns's earliest productions, and written to the old tune of "Corn rigs." Of the history of this air little is known. It appears in Adam Craig's collection, 1730, but it must then have been a well known tune, for in Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," published in 1725, the song "My Patie is a lover gay," is directed to be sung to "Corn riggs." Of the original song to this tune, the following lines form the chorus:—

O corn riggs and rye riggs
And corn riggs are bonnie,
And gin you meet a bonnie lass,
Prin up her cockernony.

Cheerfully.

It was upon a Lam-mas night, When corn riggs are bon-nie, O: Be-
neath the moon's un - cloud - ed light, I held a - wa' to An - nie, O.
The time flew by wi' tent - less heed, Till 'tween the late and
ear - ly, O, Wi' sma' per-sua-sion she a - greed To see me through the
Chorus.
bar - ley, O. Corn riggs and bar - ley riggs, Corn riggs are bon-nie, O; I'll
ne'er forget that hap - py night A - mang the rigs wi' An - nie, O.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly, O;
I set her down wi' right guid-will,
Among the rigs o' barley, O.

I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
I lov'd her most sincerely, O;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Among the rigs o' barley, O.
Corn riggs, &c.

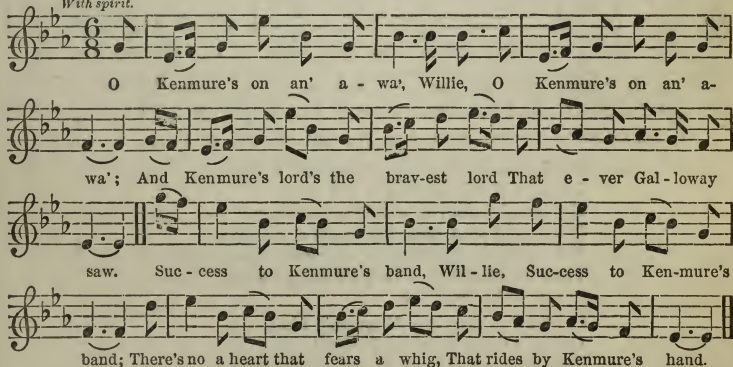
I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
 Her heart was beating rarely, O;
 My blessings on that happy place,
 Among the rigs o' barley, O.
 But by the moon and stars sae bright,
 That shone that hour sae clearly, O,
 She aye shall bless that happy night,
 Among the rigs o' barley, O.
 Corn rigs, &c.

I ha'e been blythe wi' comrades dear;
 I ha'e been merry drinkin', O;
 I ha'e been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;
 I ha'e been happy thinkin', O.
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Though three times doubled fairly, O,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Among the rigs o' barley, O.
 Corn rigs, &c.

O KENMURE'S ON AN' AWA', WILLIE.

William Gordon, Viscount Kenmure, took an active part in the rebellion of 1715. At Preston, in Lancashire, he was attacked by General Carpenter, and taken prisoner, after which he was conveyed to London, and committed to the Tower. Being put upon trial for treason at Westminster Hall, he pled guilty and was condemned to death. He was beheaded on Tower Hill, 24th February, 1716.

With spirit.



O Kenmure's on an' a-wa', Willie, O Kenmure's on an' a-
 wa'; And Kenmure's lord's the brav-est lord That e-ver Gal-loway
 saw. Suc-cess to Kenmure's band, Wil-lie, Suc-cess to Ken-mure's
 band; There's no a heart that fears a whig, That rides by Kenmure's hand.

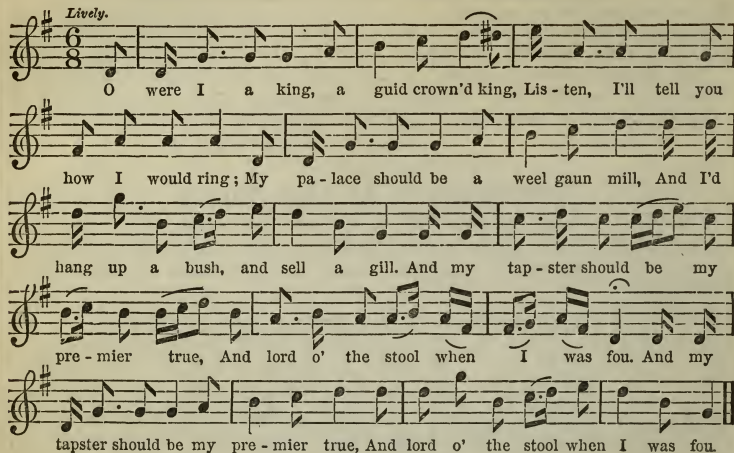
Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line. [bluid,
 O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
 O Kenmure's lads are men;
 Their hearts and swords are metal true,
 And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,
 They'll live or die wi' fame;
 But soon wi' sounding victory
 May Kenmure's lord come hame.
 Here's him that's far awa', Willie,
 Here's him that's far awa';
 And here's the flow'r that I lo'e best,
 The rose that's like the snaw.

THE GABERLUNZIE KING.

WRITTEN BY ARCHD. CRAWFORD. MUSIC BY ROBERT GALE.

Lively.



O were I a king, a guid crown'd king, Lis - ten, I'll tell you
 how I would ring; My pa - lace should be a weel gaun mill, And I'd
 hang up a bush, and sell a gill. And my tap - ster should be my
 pre - mier true, And lord o' the stool when I was fou. And my
 tapster should be my pre - mier true, And lord o' the stool when I was fou.

When I am a king, a guid crown'd king,
 Listen, I'll tell you how I will ring;
 My cham'er shall be a guid warm barn,
 Wi' a guid snod sark, tho' made o' the harn;
 Wi' routh o' guid blankets an' clean pease strae,
 Then I'd snore like a king till the guid braid day.
 Wi' routh, &c.

O were I a king, a guid crown'd king,
 Listen, I'll tell you how I would ring;
 Mess John should preach just ae half-hour,
 He might carry a drap to drown the stoure,
 And gi'e the precentor when he had done—
 It would help his voice an' mend the tune.
 And gi'e, &c.

O were I a king, a guid crown'd king,
 Listen, I'll tell you how I would ring;
 Citation and summons I'd fling to the moon,
 And captions and hornings, before I'd done.

Guid fellowship aye should end the plea,
 And a drap o' guid drink be the lawyer's fee.
 Guid fellowship, &c.

O were I a king, a guid crown'd king,
 Listen, I'll tell you how I would ring ;
 I'd burst the jougs, and I'd hang the tykes,
 Wha aften ha'e forced me to bield by the dykes,
 A' this I would do, my duck and my honey,
 But I'm but king o' the Gaberlunzie.
 A' this, &c.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

WORDS BY BURNS.

This fine song was written in honour of Miss Janet Miller of Dalswinton. The air to which it is adapted is the first part of a strathspey, called "The Souter's dochter," printed in Bremner's collection, 1764.

Tenderly.

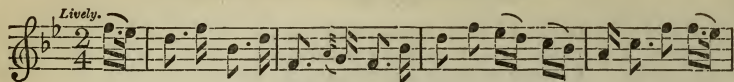
Wilt thou be my dearie? When sor - row wrings thy gentle heart, O
 wilt thou let me cheer thee? By the treasures of my soul, That's the love I
 bear thee; I swear and vow that on - ly thou Shall ever be my dearie.
 On - ly thou, I swear and vow Shall e - ver be my dear-ie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
 Or, if thou wilt not be my ain,
 Say na thou'lt refuse me;
 If it winna, canna be,
 Thou for thine may choose me,

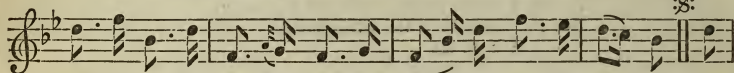
Let me lassie, quickly dee,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.
 Lassie, let me quickly dee,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.

O LEEZE ME ON THE PHILABEG.

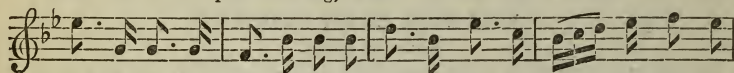
WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY M'GREGOR SIMPSON.



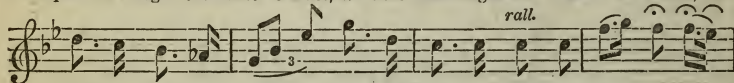
O leeze me on the phil - a - beg, The ancient garb, the phil - a - beg; O



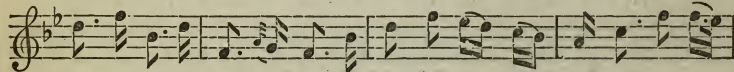
leeze me on the phil - a - beg, And a' the lads that wear it. The



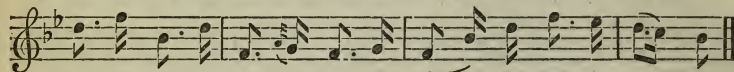
phil - a - beg's the wale o' claes, Wi' hose and brogues to tak' the braes, An'



purse for weight on wind - y days, There's no a garb comes near it. O



leeze me on the phil - a - beg, The ancient garb, the phil - a - beg; O



leeze me on the phil - a - beg, And a' the lads that wear it.

A' modest ladies like it weel,
Man in't is dress'd frae head to heel—
When moving in the bounding reel,
Wi' hearty smiles they cheer it.
O leeze me, &c.

Its deeds o' fame are spread afar,
Frae Vesper to the morning star;
Bellona and the god o' war
Would stand aghast and fear it.
O leeze me, &c.

E'en now we read, wi' wild delight,
How it has climbed the Alma's height,
And put the bold and brave to flight
O' Russia's sons—gae spier it.
O leeze me, &c.

In Balaklava's bloody fray
It turned the fortune o' the day,
And made Liprandi run away,
Nor daur again come near it.
O leeze me, &c.

And now, the memory o' the dead,
Whose winding sheet's the belted plaid,
May thistles bloom upon their bed—
And Clio drop a tear on't.
O leeze me, &c.

LEEZIE LINDSAY.

Burns sent the air of "Leezie Lindsay" to Johnson, together with the first four lines of the song. Another version, by Robert Allan of Kilbarchan, we give below.

Moderate.

Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay? Will ye gang to the Hielands wi'
me? Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay? My pride and my darling to be?

To gang to the Hielands wi' you, sir,
I dinna ken how that may be,
For I ken nae the land that ye live in,
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.

O Leezie, lass, ye maun ken little,
If sae ye dinna ken me;
For my name is Lord Ronald MacDonald,
A chieftain o' high degree.

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,
She has kilted them up to the knee;
An' she's aff wi' Lord Ronald MacDonald,
His bride and his darling to be.

LEEZIE LINDSAY.

WRITTEN BY ROBERT ALLAN—SAME AIR.

Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lind-
Will ye gang to the Hielands wi' me? [say?
Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lind-
My pride and my darling to be? [say?

O ye are the bonniest maiden,
The flow'r o' the west countrie;
O gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,
My pride and my darling to be.

I've gowd and I've gear, Leezie Lindsay,
And a heart that lo'es only but thee;
They a' shall be thine, Leezie Lindsay,
Gin ye my lo'ed darling will be.

She has gotten a gown o' green satin,
And a bonnie blythe bride is she,
And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald MacDonald,
His bride and his darling to be.

THE LAIRD O' WINDLESTRAETOWN'S HALLOWE'EN.

WRITTEN BY DAVID VEDDER—AIR, "RETURN, MY HOMEWARD HEART."

The sun had slipp'd a-yont the hill, The darg was done in
 barn an' byre; The carle himsel', cam' hame frae the mill, Was lun-tin' his
 cut-ty be-fore the fire; The lads an' lasses had just sit-ten
 down, The hearth was sweepit fu' can-ty an' clean, When the cad-gie
 laird o' Windle-stræ-town Cam' in for till haud his Hal-low-e'en.

The guidwife beck'd, the carle boo'd;
 In owre to the dais the laird gaed he;
 The swankies a' they glower'd like wud,
 The lasses leugh i' their sleeves sae slee;
 An' sweet wee Lillias was unco fear'd,
 Tho' she bloom'd like a rose in a garden green;
 An' sair she blush'd when she saw the laird
 Come there for till haud his Hallowe'en.

"Noo haud ye merry," quo' Windlestrætown,
 "I downa come here your sport to spill;
 Rax down the nits, ye unco-like loon,
 For though I am auld, I'm gleesome still:
 An' Lillias, my pet, to burn wi' me,
 Ye winna be sweer, right weel I ween;
 However it gangs, my fate I'll dree,
 Since here I am haudin' my Hallowe'en."

The pawky auld wife at the chimley-check
 Took courage an' spak' as a mither should do ;
 "Noo haud up your head, my dochter meek,
 A laird comes na here ilka night to woo.
 He'll mak' you a lady, and that right soon,
 I dreamt it twice owre, I'm sure, yestreen :"—
 "A bargain be't," quo' Windlestraetown,
 "It's lucky to book on a Hallowe'en.
 "I'll stick by the nits, for better, for waur,—
 Will ye do the like, my bonnie May ?
 Ye sall shine at my board like the gloamin' star,
 An' gowd in goupins ye'se ha'e for aye."
 The nits are cannily laid on the ingle,
 Weel, weel are they tented wi' anxious een ;
 An' sweetly in ase thegither they mingle :
 "Noo blessed for aye be this Hallowe'en."

CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.

"Craigie-burn wood is situated on the banks of the river Moffat, about three miles from the village of that name. The woods of Craigie-burn and Dumerleff were at one time favourite haunts of Burns. It was there he met the 'Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,' and there he conceived several of his beautiful lyrics."—Dr. Currie.

With expression.

Sweet fa's the eve on Craigie-burn, And blythe awakes the morrow ; But
 a' the pride o' spring's re-tur'n Can yield me nocht but sor-row.
 I see the flow'rs and spreading trees, I hear the wild birds singing ; But
 what a wea-ry wight can please, And care his bo-som wringing ?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
 Yet darena for your anger ;
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
 If thou shalt love anither ;
 When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
 Around my grave they'll wither.

THE LAND O' CAKES.

WRITTEN BY JOHN IMLAH—AIR, "THE BLACK WATCH."

This spirit-stirring and truly national song is the production of John Imlah, author of "Hey for the Hielan' heather," "Caledonia," and other popular songs. The air is well known as the march of the gallant Forty-Second Royal Highland Regiment.

Boldly.

The land o' cakes, the land o' cakes, O mony a blessing on it; Fair
 fa' the land o' hills an' lakes, The bag-pipe and the bonnet. The
 country o' the kilt-ed clans, That cowed the Dane and Roman; Whose
 sons ha'e still the hearts an' han's To welcome friend or foe-man. Then
 swell the sang baith loud an' lang, Till the hills like aspens qui-ver; An'
 fill ye up, an' toast the cup, "The land o' cakes for e-ver."

Be scorn'd the Scot within whose heart
 Nae patriot flame is burning;
 Wha kent nae pain frae hame to part,
 Nae joy when back returning.
 Nae love for him in life shall yearn,
 Nae tears in death deplore him;
 He hath nae coronach nor cairn,
 Wha shames the land that bore him.
 Then swell the sang, &c.

Fair flow'r the gowans in our glens,
 The heather on our mountains;
 The blue bells deck our wizard dens,
 An' kiss our sparkling fountains.
 On knock an' knowe, the whin an' broom,
 An' on the braes the breckan;
 Not even Eden's flow'rs in bloom
 Could sweeter blossoms reckon.
 Then swell the sang, &c.

When flows our quegh within the glen,
 Within the hall our glasses,
 We'll toast "Auld Scotland's honest men,"
 Thrice o'er "Her bonnie lasses;"

An' deep we'll drink "The Queen an' kirk,"
 "Our country an' our freedom;"
 Wi' broad claymore, an' Highland dirk,
 We're ready when they need them.
 Then swell the sang, &c.

NEIL GOW'S FAREWEELE TO WHISKY.

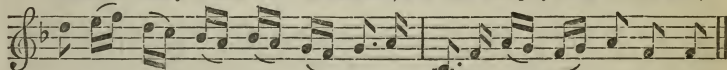
WRITTEN BY MRS. AGNES LYON—MUSIC BY NEIL GOW.

Agnes L'Amy was born at Dundee in 1762. In 1786 she married Dr. James Lyon, minister of Glamis, in Forfarshire, where she died in 1840. It was at the request of Neil himself that Mrs. Lyon composed this popular song.

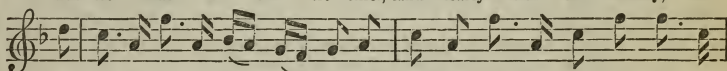
Moderate.



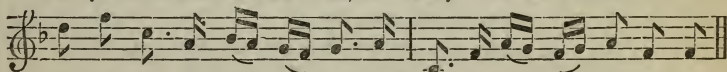
You've surely heard o' famous Neil, The man that play'd the fiddle weel; I



wat he was a can-tie chiel, And dearly lo'ed the whisky, O.



And aye sin' he wore tar-tan hose, He dearly lo'ed the Athole brose*; And



wae was he, you may sup-pose, To bid "fareweel to whisky, O."

Alake, quo' Neil, I'm frail and auld,
 And find my bluid grows unco cauld,
 I think it mak's me blythe and bauld,
 A wee drap Highland whisky, O.

But the doctors they do a' agree,
 That whisky's no the drink for me:
 I'm fley'd they'll gar me tyne my glee,
 Should they part me and whisky, O.

While I can get baith wine and ale,
 And find my head and fingers hale;
 I'll be content, though legs should fail,
 And though forbidden whisky, O.

But I should mind on "auld lang syne,"
 How paradise our friends did tyne,
 Because something ran in their mind—
 Forbid, like Highland whisky, O.

I'll tak' my fiddle in my hand,
 And screw the strings up while they
 And mak' a lamentation grand [stand,
 For guid auld Highland whisky, O
 Oh! a' ye pow'rs o' music, come;
 I find my heart grows unco glum,
 My fiddlestrings will hardly bum
 To say "fareweel to whisky, O."

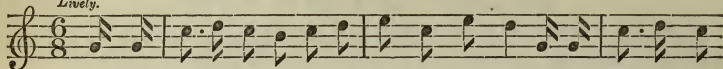
* Honey dissolved in whisky.

THE KAIL BROSE OF AULD SCOTLAND.

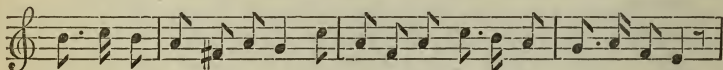
WRITTEN BY ALEX. WATSON—AIR, "OH, THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND."

The author of this song was a merchant tailor in Aberdeen, and deacon of the incorporated trades in that city. The worthy deacon's feelings of nationality had been sorely hurt by hearing the band of an English regiment quartered in Aberdeen playing "The roast beef of old England" rather oftener than he thought there was any occasion for,—hence the origin of "The kail brose of auld Scotland."

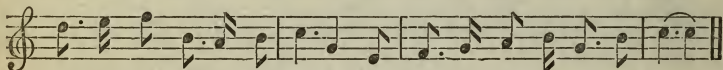
Lively.



When our ancient forefathers agreed wi' the laird For a spot o' guid



ground for to be a kail-yard, It was to the brose that they paid their regard.



Oh, the kail brose of auld Scotland, And oh for the Scottish kail brose.

When Fergus, the first of our kings, I suppose,
At the head of his nobles had vanquish'd our foes,
Just before they began they'd been feasting on brose.

Oh, the kail brose, &c.

Then our sodgers were dress'd in their kilts and short hose,
With bonnet and belt which their dress did compose,
And a bag of oatmeal on their back to make brose.

Oh, the kail brose, &c.

In our free, early ages, a Scotsman could dine
Without English roast beef, or famous French wine;
Kail brose, when weel made, he aye thought it divine.

Oh, the kail brose, &c.

At our annual election of bailies or mayor,
Nae kickshaws of puddings or tarts were seen there,
But a cog of kail brose was the favourite fare.

Oh, the kail brose, &c.

But now since the thistle is joined to the rose,
And the English nae langer are counted our foes,
We've lost a guid part of our relish for brose.

Oh, the kail brose, &c.

But each true-hearted Scotsman, by nature jocose,
 Can cheerfully dine on a dishful of brose;
 And the grace be a wish to get plenty of those.
 Oh, the kail brose, &c.

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

WRITTEN BY SUSANNA BLAMIRE—AIR, "THE SILLER CROWN."

Miss Susanna Blamire, author of "The Siller Crown," "The Waefu' Heart," "The Nabob," and other popular songs, was born at Carden Hall, in Cumberland, on the 12th of January, 1717, and died at Carlisle on the 5th of April, 1794. We cannot name the composer of either of the following airs.

Slowly.

And ye shall walk in silk at-tire, And sil-ler ha'e to spare, Gin
 ye'll con-sent to be his bride, Nor think o' Don - ald mair.
 Oh! wha wad buy a silk - en gown Wi' a poor broken heart? Or
 what's to me a sil-ler crown, Gin frae my love I part?

The mind whase every wish is pure,
 Far dearer is to me;
 And e'er I'm forced to break my faith,
 I'll lay me down and dee;
 For I ha'e pledged my virgin troth
 Brave Donald's fate to share;
 And he has gi'en to me his heart,
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart,
 He gratefu' took the gift;
 Could I but think to see it back,
 It wad be waur than theft.
 For langest life can ne'er repay
 The love he bears to me;
 And ere I'm forced to break my troth,
 I'll lay me down and dee.

OUR MAY HAD AN E'E TO A MAN.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM CROSS.

Lively.

Our May had an e'e to a man, Nae less than the new-ly plac'd
 preacher; An' we plot-ted a dain-ty bit plan, For trap-pin' our
 spir-it-ual teacher. O we were sly, sly; O we were sly an' sleekit; But
 ne'er say a her-rin' is dry Un-til it be rees-tit an' reck-it.

We treated young Mr. M'Gock,

We plied him wi' tea an' wi' toddy;
 An' we praised every word that he spoik,
 Till we put him maist out o' the body.
 O we were sly, &c.

Frae the kirk we were never awa',
 Except when frae hame he was helpin',
 An' then May, an' often us a',
 Gaed far an' near after him skelpin'.
 O we were sly, &c.

We said aye, which our neighbours thought
 droll, [sermon
 That to hear him gang through wi' a
 Was (though a wee dry on the whole)
 As refreshing's the dew on Mount Hermon.
 O we were sly, &c.

But to come to the heart o' the nit—
 The dainty bit plan that we plotted,
 Was to get a subscription aft,
 An' a watch to the minister voted.
 O we were sly, &c.

The young women folk o' the kirk
 By turns lent a hand in collectin';
 But May took the feck o' the wark,
 An' the trouble the rest o' directin'.
 O we were sly, &c.

A gran' watch was gotten belyve,
 An' May wi' sma' priggin' consentit
 To be ane o' a party o' five
 To gang to the manse an' present it.
 O we were sly, &c.

We a' gi'ed a word-o' advice
 To May in a deep consultation,
 To ha'e something to say unco nice,
 An' to speak for the hale deputation.
 O we were sly, &c.

Takin' present an' speech baith in hand,
 May deliver'd a bonnie palaver,
 To let Mr. M'Gock understand
 How zealous she was in his favour.
 O we were sly, &c.

She said that the gift was to prove
That his female friends valu'd him
highly,
But it could na express a' their love;
An' she glintit her e'e at him slyly.
O we were sly, &c.

He put the gold watch in his fab,
An' proudly he said he would wear it;
An', after some flatterin' gab,
Tauld May he was gaun to be married.
O we were sly, sly,
O we were sly an' sleekit;
But Mr. M'Gock was nae gowk,
Wi' our dainty bit plan to be cleekit.

May cam' hame wi' her heart at her mouth,
An' becam' frae that hour a dissenter;
An' now she's renewing her youth,
Wi' some hopes o' the Burgher precentor.
O but she's sly, sly;
O but she's sly an' sleekit;
An' cleverly opens ae door,
As soon as anither is steekit.

WHEN JOHN AND ME WERE MARRIED.

WRITTEN BY TANNAHILL—AIR, "CLEAN PEASE STRAE."

Cheerfully.

When John and me were married, Our haddin' was but sma'; For my minnie,
canker'd carline, Wad gi'e us nocht a - va'. I wair't my fee wi' canny
care, As far as it wad gae; But, weel I wat, our bridal bed Was clean pease strae.

Wi' working late and early,
We've come to what you see;
For fortune thrave aneath our hands,
Sae eident aye were we.
The lowe o' love made labour light,
I'm sure ye'll find it sae;
When kind ye cuddle down at e'en
'Mang clean pease strae.

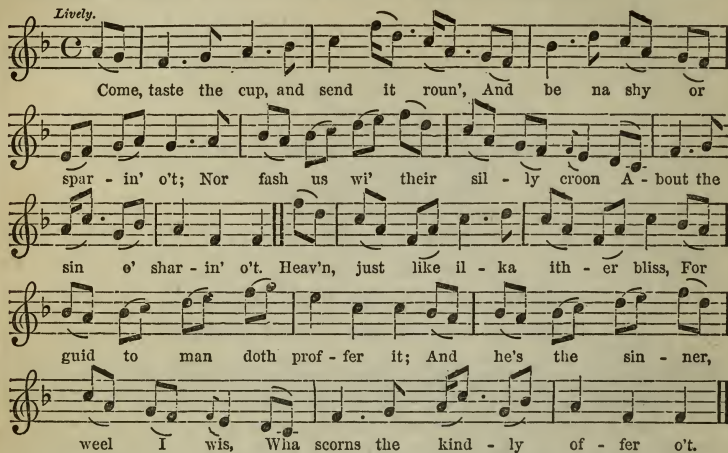
The rose blooms gay on cairny brae,
As weel's in birken shaw;
And love will live in cottage low,
As weel's in lofty ha'.
Sae, lassie, tak' the lad ye like,
Whate'er your minnie say,
Though ye should mak' your bridal bed
O' clean pease strae.

COME, TASTE THE CUP.

WRITTEN BY THOS. DICK, OF PAISLEY—AIR, "THE CARDIN' O'T."

Mr. Stenhouse informs us that the old name of this lively tune was "Salt fish and dumplings." Though Burns's verses to the same air are indifferent enough, we append them.

Lively.



Come, taste the cup, and send it roun', And be na shy or
spar - in' o't; Nor fash us wi' their sil - ly croon A - bout the
sin o' shar - in' o't. Heav'n, just like il - ka ith - er bliss, For
guid to man doth prof - fer it; And he's the sin - ner,
weel I wis, Wha scorns the kind - ly of - fer o't.

The fool that winna merry be,
E'en let him moop wi' misery;
Are we to sit in dool cause he
Will no a blink o' pleasure ha'e?
Gin human life be but a span,
Then wha by gloom wad shorten it?
There comes enuch, do a' we can,
Without the toil of courting it.

Auld Scotia's nectar let us drain
As lang's we ha'e a cappie o't;
It's time enuch to want it when
We canna get a drappie o't.
Then taste the cup, and send it roun',
And be na shy nor sparin' o't;
Nor fash us wi' their silly croon
About the sin o' sharin' o't.

THE CARDIN' O'T.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—SAME AIR.

I coft a stane o' haslock woo
To mak' a coat to Johnnie o't,
For Johnnie is my only jo,
I lo'e him best o' ony yet.

The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The tailor staw the linin' o't.

For though his locks be lyart gray,
 And though his brow be beld aboon;
 Yet I ha'e seen him in a day,
 The pride o' a' the parishen.

The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
 The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;
 When ilka ell cost me a groat,
 The tailor staw the linin' o't.

SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.

The original verses of this song, by Francis Semple, of Beltrees (author of "Maggie Lauder," &c.), were written about 1650; but they are too coarse for insertion in any modern collection. The present version, which appeared first in Johnson's "Museum," while retaining all the force and beauty of the original, are unobjectionable on the score of delicacy. The fine air of "She rose and let me in," is probably about two centuries old.

Slowly.

The night her sab - le man - tle wore, And gloom - y were the skies;
 Of glit - t'ring stars ap - pear'd no more Than those in Nel - ly's eyes. When
 to her fa - ther's door I came, Where I had oft - ten been; I
 begg'd my fair, my love - ly dame To rise and let me in.

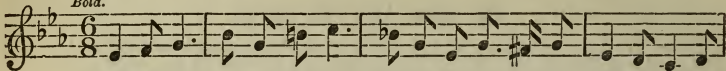
But she with accents all divine,
 Did my fond suit reprove;
 And while she chid my rash design,
 She but inflamed my love.
 Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
 While her bright eyes did roll;
 But virtue had alone the power
 To charm my very soul.

Now happy in my Nelly's love,
 Transporting is my joy;
 No greater blessing can I prove,
 So blest a man am I.
 For beauty may a while retain
 The conquer'd flutt'ring heart;
 But virtue only is the chain,
 Holds, never to depart.

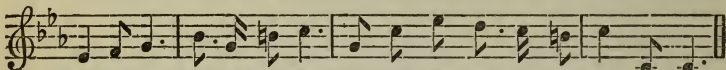
KANE TO THE KING.

AIR, "BRIGUS MICH RUARIDH."

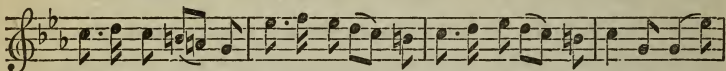
This is a spirited translation from the Gaelic by the Ettrick Shepherd, descriptive of an intended foray by some of the Jacobite clans upon their royalist neighbours. In explanation of the line in the third stanza, "But gently deal with the lady of Moy," it is well known that her husband, Macintosh, having declined to engage in the Prince's cause, the lady herself raised two hundred of the clan for that service, giving the command of them to her kinsman, Donald M'Gilavry.

Bold.

Hark the horn! up i' the morn; Bonnie lad come to the march to - morrow;



Down the glen, Grant and his men, They shall pay kane to the king the morn.



Down by Knockhaspie, down by Gil-les - pie, Mony a red runt nods the horn;



Waken not Cal-lum, Rouky, nor Al - lan; They shall pay kane to the king the morn.

Round the rock, down by the knock,
 Monnaughty, Tannachty, Moy, and Glentrive,
 Brodie and Balloch, and Ballindalloch—
 They shall pay kane to the king belyve.
 Let bark and brevin blaze o'er Strathleven,
 When the red bullock is over the bourn;
 Then shall the maiden dread, low on her pillow laid,
 Who's to pay kane to the king the morn.

Down the glen, true Highlandmen,
 Ronald and Donald, and ranting Roy;
 Gather and drive, spare not Glentrive,
 But gently deal with the lady of Moy.
 Appin can carry through, so can Glengarry too,
 And fairly they'll part to the hoof and the horn;
 But Keppoch and Dunain too, they must be look'd unto,
 Ere they pay kane to the king the morn.

Rouse the steer out of his lair,
 Keep his red nose to the west away;
 Mark for the seven, or sword of heaven;
 And loud is the midnight sough o' the Spey.
 When the brown cock crows day up on the mottled brae,
 Then shall our gallant Prince hail the horn
 That tells both to wood and cleuch, over all Badenoch,
 Who's to pay kane to the king the morn.

JOCKIE HE CAM' HERE TO WOO.

"Rob's Jock;" or, "The wooing of Jock and Jenny," is a very old song, which can be traced as far back as 1568. The version we give is more modern; but the principal ideas are taken from the old ballad.

Lively.

Jockie he cam' here to woo, On ae feast day when we were fou'; And
 Jenny put on her best array, When she heard that Jockie had come that way.

Jenny she gaed up the stair,
 For Jenny was blate before unco folk;
 And aye sae loud as her mither did rair,
 Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock.

Jenny she cam' down the stair,
 And she cam' bobbin' and beckin' ben.
 Her stays they were lac'd, and her waist
 was jimp,
 And a braw new made manco gown.

Jockie took Jenny by the hand,
 O, Jenny, can you fancy me?
 My father's dead, and left me some land,
 And braw houses twa or three,

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

Jenny lookit, and syne she leugh,
 Ye first maun get my mither's consent;
 Aweel, guidwife, and what says she?
 Quo' she, Jock, I am weel content.

Jenny to her mither did say,
 O mither, fetch us some guid meat;
 A piece o' the butter was kirm'd the day,
 That Jockie an' I thegither may eat.

Jockie unto Jenny did say,
 Jenny, my dear, I want nae meat;
 It was na for meat that I cam' here,
 But a' for love o' you, Jenny, my dear.

Jenny she gaed up the stair,
 Wi' a green gown as side as her smock;
 And aye sae loud as her mither did rair,
 Vow, sirs, has na Jenny got Jock.

MARY'S DREAM.

WRITTEN BY JOHN LOWE.

John Lowe, the author of this beautiful song, was the son of a gardener at Kenmore, in Gal-
loway, where he was born in 1750. After receiving a fair education in the parish school of Kells,
he was enabled by his own industry in devoting his leisure hours to teaching sacred music, the
violin, &c., and the assistance of some friends, to enter himself a student in the University of
Edinburgh. He was afterwards employed as tutor in the family of Mr. M'Ghie of Airds. It was
during his residence there, that Mr. Alexander Miller, the accepted lover of Miss Mary M'Ghie,
was drowned at sea, and on this sad event Lowe's well known ballad is founded. He died at
Fredericksburgh, in Virginia, in 1798. In the "Museum" there are two different airs set to this
song, the first (on the authority of Mr. Stenhouse) is by Lowe himself. It is a beautiful tune,
but has been supplanted by the more modern one we have given.

Mournfully.

The moon had climb'd the high - est hill Which ris - es o'er the
source of Dee; And from the east - ern sum - mit shed Her sil - ver
light on tow'r and tree; When Ma - ry laid her down to sleep, Her
thoughts on San - dy far at sea; When soft and low a voice was
heard, Say, Ma - ry, weep no more for me.

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head, to ask who there might be;
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With visage pale and hollow e'e.
O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
It lies beneath the stormy sea;
Far, far from thee I sleep in death,
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

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

O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
 We soon shall meet upon that shore
 Where love is free from doubt and care,
 And thou and I shall part no more.

Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,
 No more of Sandy could she see;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 Sweet Mary, weep no more for me.

THE CAPTIVE HUNTSMAN.

WRITTEN BY SIR WALTER SCOTT—MUSIC BY THOMAS M'FARLANE.

Moderate.

My hawk is tired of perch and hood, My i-dle greyhound loathes his
 food, My horse is wear-y of his stall, And I am sick of
 captive thrall. I wish I were as I have been, Hunting the hart in
 for-ests green, With ben-ded bow and bloodhound free, For that's the
 life that's meet for me. For that's the life that's meet for me.

* I hate to learn the ebb of time,
 From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
 Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl
 Inch after inch along the wall.
 The lark was wont my matin ring,
 The sable rook my vespers sing;
 These towers, although a king's they be,
 Have not a hall of joy for me.

No more at dawning morn I rise,
 And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
 Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
 And homeward wend with evening dew;
 A blythesome welcome blythely meet,
 And lay my trophies at her feet,
 While fled the eve on wing of glee—
 That life is lost to love and me.

* This verse may be left out in singing.

OWRE THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

This song appeared about 1746. In Oswald's "Pocket Companion," published some years before the '45, there is a tune called "O'er the water to Charlie," so it is probable that there had been some older song with the same title and chorus.

Lively.

Come, boat me owre, come row me owre, Come boat me owre to Charlie; I'll
 gi'e John Ross an-ith-er bawbee To row me owre to Charlie. We'll
 owre the water, we'll owre the sea, We'll owre the water to Charlie; Come
 weal, come woe, we'll gather and go, And live or die wi' Charlie. We'll
 owre the water, we'll owre the sea, We'll owre the water to Charlie; Come
 weal, come woe, we'll gather and go, And live or die wi' Charlie.

It's weel I lo'e my Charlie's name,
 Though some there be abhor him;
 But, oh! to see auld Nick gaun hame,
 And Charlie's faes before him.
 We'll owre the water, &c.

I swear by moon and stars sae bright,
 And the sun that glances early;
 If I had twenty thousand lives,
 I'd gie them a' for Charlie.
 We'll owre the water, &c.

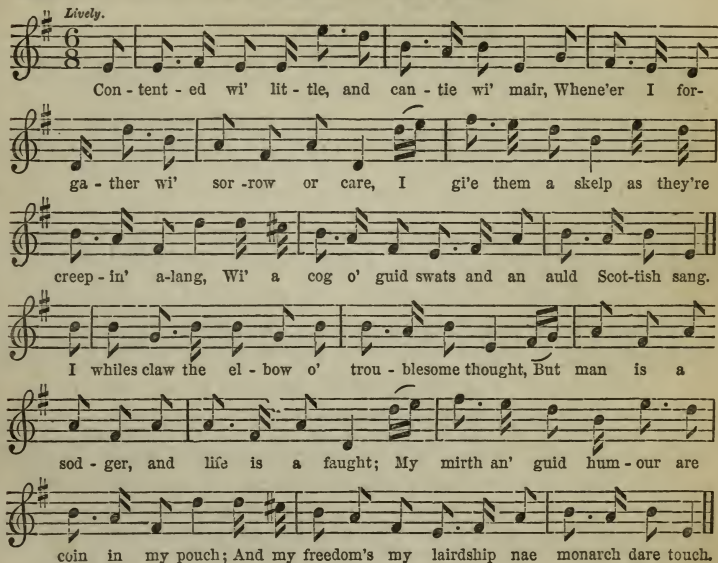
I ance had sons, I now ha'e nane:—
 I bred them, toiling sairly,
 And I would bear them a' again,
 And lose them a' for Charlie.
 We'll owre the water, &c.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "LUMPS O' PUDDING."

This homely song was written for Mr. Thomson's collection, 1794. In the letter accompanying the song, dated 19th November, 1794, Burns says, "Scottish bacchanalians we certainly want, though the few we have are excellent. . . . Apropos to bacchanalian songs in Scottish, I composed one yesterday, for an air I like much,—'Lumps o' Pudding.'"

Lively.



Con-tent-ed wi' lit-tle, and can-tie wi' mair, Whene'er I for-
ga-ther wi' sor-row or care, I gi'e them a skelp as they're
creep-in' a-lang, Wi' a cog o' guid swats and an auld Scot-tish sang.
I whiles claw the el-bow o' trou-blesome thought, But man is a
sod-ger, and life is a faught; My mirth an' guid hum-our are
coin in my pouch; And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

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

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

LASS, GIN YE LO'E ME, TELL ME NOO.

The Scots have been accused of borrowing this song from an English source, namely, a popular song in the reign of Henry VIII., beginning—

Joan, quoth John, when wyll this be?
 Tell me when wilt thou marry me,
 My corne, and eke my calf and rents,
 My lands, and all my tenements?
 Sale, Joan, said John, what wilt thou doe?
 I cannot come every day to woo.

And Mr. Smith affirms that the Scots have also borrowed the air from the English one, but neither in the air nor the song (with the exception of one line) is there the slightest similarity. In David Herd's collection we find the following fragment:—

<p>I ha'e layen three herring a-sa't; Bonnie lass, gin ve'll tak' me, tell me now; And I ha'e brew'n three pickles o' maut, And I canna cum ilka day to woo.</p>	<p>I ha'e a wee calf that wad fain be a cow, Bonnie lass, gin ze'll tak' me, tell me now; I ha'e a grice that wad fain be a sow, And I canna cum ilka day to woo.</p>
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In Blackie's "Scottish Songs" the modern verses are attributed to James Tytler.

Lively.

I ha'e laid a herrin' in saut, Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
 I ha'e brew'd a forpiti o' maut, An' I canna come il - ka day to woo.
 I ha'e a calf will soon be a cow, Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
 I ha'e a pig will soon be a sow, An' I canna come il - ka day to woo.

I ha'e a house on yonder muir,
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
 Three sparrows may dance upon the floor,
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
 I ha'e a butt, an' I ha'e a ben,
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
 I hae three chickens an' a fat hen,
 An' I canna come ony mair to woo.

I ha'e a hen wi' a happity leg,
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
 Which ilka day lays me an egg,
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
 I ha'e a kebbuck upon my shelf,
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
 I downa eat it a' myself,
 An' I winna come ony mair to woo.

AFORÉ THE MUIRCKOCK BEGIN TO CRAW.

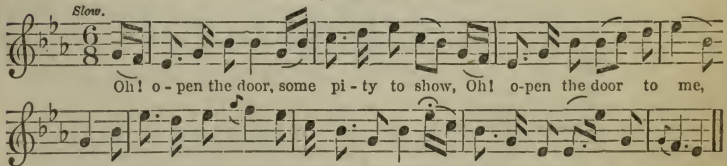
WRITTEN BY JAMES HOGG—SAME AIR.

Afore the muircock begin to crawl,
 Lass, an' ye lo'e me, tell me now;
 The bonniest thing that ever ye saw,
 For I canna come every night to woo.
 The gowden broom is bonnie to see, [haw,
 An' sae is the milk-white flower o' the
 The daisy's wee fringe is sweet on the lea,
 But the bud o' the rose is the bonniest o' a'.
 Now, wae light on a' your flow'ry chat,
 Lass, an' ye lo'e me, tell me now;
 It's no the thing that I wad be at,
 An' I canna come every night to woo.
 The lammie is bonnie upon the brae,
 The leveret friskin' o'er the knowe,
 The bird is bonnie upon the tree—
 But which is the dearest o' a' to you?
 The thing that I lo'e best o' a',
 Lass, an' ye lo'e me, tell me now;
 The dearest thing that ever I saw,
 Though I canna come every night to woo,

Is the gentle smile that beams on me,
 Whenever a gentle hand I press;
 An' the wily blink frae the dark blue e'e
 O' a dear, dear lassie that they ca' Bess.
 Aha! young man, but I couldna see,
 What I lo'e best, I'll tell you now;
 The compliment that ye sought frae me,
 Though ye canna come every night to
 Yet I wad rather ha'e frae you [woo;
 A kindly look, an' a word witha';
 Than a' the flow'rs o' the forest pu',
 Than a' the lads that ever I saw.
 Then dear, dear Bessie, you shall be mine
 Sin' a' the truth ye ha'e tauld me now;
 Our hearts and fortunes we'll entwine,
 An' I'll aye come every night to woo.
 For O, I canna describe to thee
 The feeling o' love an' nature's law,
 How dear this world appears to me,
 Wi' Bessie my ain for guid an' for a'.

OH! OPEN THE DOOR.

OLD SONG, ALTERED BY BURNS.



Oh! o - pen the door, some pi - ty to show, Oh! o - pen the door to me,

oh! Though thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true; Oh! o - pen the door to me, oh!

Oh! could is the blast upon my pale cheek,
 But cauldier thy love for me, oh!
 The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
 Is nought to my pains frae thee, oh!

The wan moon is setting behind the white
 And time is setting with me, oh! [wave,
 False friends, false love, farewell, for mair
 I'll ne'er trouble them nor thee, oh!

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh!
 My true love, she cried, and sank down by his side,
 Never to rise again, oh!

KEEN BLAWS THE WIND O'ER DONOCHT-HEAD.

WRITTEN BY GEO. PICKERING—AIR, "MARY'S DREAM." OLD SET. See page 182.

George Pickering, the author of this charming song, was born at Simonburn in Northumberland, in 1758, and died in the neighbourhood of Newcastle about 1830. In a letter to Mr. Thomson, dated 19th October, 1794, Burns says, "'Donocht-head' is not mine; I would give ten pounds it were. It appeared first in the *Edinburgh Herald*, and came to the editor of that paper with the Newcastle post-mark on it." The twelve last lines were added by the late Captain Charles Gray, R.M., and are in every respect worthy of the original ballad. The air to which these verses are adapted, is the one said to have been composed by Lowe for "Mary's Dream."

Pathetic.

Keen blows the wind o'er Don - ocht - head, The snaw drives snel - ly
 through the dale; The gab - er - lun - zie tirls my sneck, And,
 shiv - 'ring, tells his wae - fu' tale. Cauld is the night, O
 let me in, And din - na let your min - strel fa'; And din - na
 let his wind - ing sheet Be nae - thing but a wreath o' snaw.

Full ninety winters ha'e I seen,
 And piped where gorcocks whirring flew,
 And mony a day ye've danced, I ween,
 To lilts which frae my drone I blew.
 My Eppie waked, and soon she cried—
 Get up, guidman, and let him in;
 For weel ye ken the winter night
 Was short when he began his din.
 My Eppie's voice, O vow, it's sweet,
 E'en though she bans and scaulds a wee;
 But when it's tuned to sorrow's tale,
 O haith, it's doubly dear to me.

Come in, auld carle, I'll steer the fire,
 And mak' it bleeze a bonnie flame;
 Your bluid is thin, ye've tint the gate,
 Ye should na stray sae far frae hame.
 Nae hame ha'e I, the minstrel said,
 Sad party strife o'erturned my ha';
 And, weeping at the eve o' life,
 I wander through a wreath o' snaw.
 Wae's me, auld carle, sad is your tale—
 Your wallet's toom, your clathing thin;
 Mine's no the hand to steek the door
 When want and wae wad fain be in.

We took him ben—we set him doun,
 And soon the ingle bleezed fu' hie;
 The auld man thought himsel' at hame,
 And dried the tear-drap frae his e'e.

Ance mair the minstrel waked a strain,
 Nae merry lilt, but sad and slow;
 In fancy's ear it seemed to wail
 A free-born nation's overthrow.

O, WHA'S FOR SCOTLAND AND CHARLIE!

With spirit.

O, wha's for Scotland and Char - lie! O, wha's for Scotland and Char -
 lie? He's come o'er the sea To his ain coun - trie, Now, wha's for Scotland and
 Charlie? A - wa, a - wa, auld car - lie, A - wa', a - wa', auld car - lie, Gi'e
 Charlie his crown, And let him sit down Whaur ye've beensae lang, auld car - lie.

It's up in the morning early,
 It's up in the morning early;
 The bonnie white rose,
 The plaid and the hose,
 Are on for Scotland and Charlie.

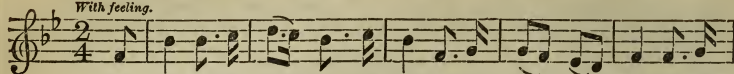
The swords are drawn now fairly,
 The swords are drawn now fairly;
 The swords they are drawn,
 And the pipes they ha'e blawn
 A pibroch for Scotland and Charlie.

The flags are fleeing fu' rarely,
 The flags are fleeing fu' rarely;
 And Charlie's awa'
 To see his ain ha',
 And to bang his faes right sairly.

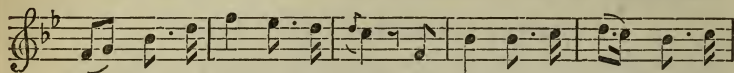
Then wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
 Then wha's for Scotland and Charlie?
 He's come o'er the sea
 To his ain countrie;
 Then wha's for Scotland and Charlie?

JEANIE'S BLACK E'E.

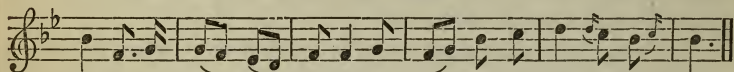
WRITTEN BY HECTOR MACNEILL—MUSIC HERE FIRST PRINTED.

With feeling.

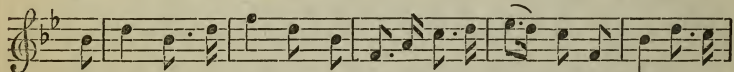
The sun rase sae ro - sy, the gray hills a - dorn - ing, Light sprang the



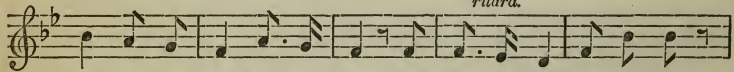
lav' - rock and mounted sae hie, When true to the tryst o' blythe



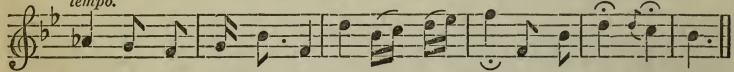
May's dew - y mor - ning, Jeanie cam' link - ing out owre the green lea.



To mark her im - pa - tience I crap among the breckans, Aft, aft to the



kent gate she turn'd her black e'e; Then ly - ing down dow - i - lie,



sigh'd, by the wil - low tree, "I am a - sleep, do not wak - en me."

Saft thro' the green birks I stole to my jewel,

Streek'd on spring's carpet aneath the saugh tree;

"Think na, dear lassie, that Willie's been cruel,"

"I am asleep, do not waken me."

"Wi' love's warm sensations I've mark'd your impatience,

Lang hid 'midst the breckans I watch'd your black e'e;

You're no sleeping, pawkie Jean, open thae lovely e'en;"

"I am asleep, do not waken me."

"Bright is the whins' bloom, ilk green knowe adorning,

Sweet is the primrose, bespangled wi' dew;

Yonder comes Peggie to welcome May morning—

Dark wave her haffet locks o'er her white brow.

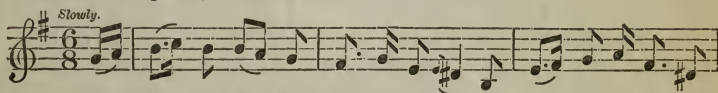
O light, light, she's dancing keen, on the smooth gow'ny green,
 Barefoot and kilted half up to the knee;
 While Jeanie is sleeping still, I'll rin and sport my fill,"
 "I was asleep, and ye've waken'd me."

I'll rin and whirl her round, Jeanie is sleeping sound,
 Kiss her frae lug to lug, no ane can see;
 Sweet, sweet's her hinny mou—"Will, I'm no sleeping noo,
 I was asleep, but ye've waken'd me."
 Laughing till like to drap, swith to my Jean I lap,
 Kiss'd her ripe roses, and blest her black e'e;
 And aye since when'er we meet, sing, for the sound is sweet,
 "I was asleep, and ye've waken'd me."

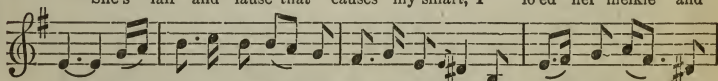
SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

WRITTEN BY BURNS.

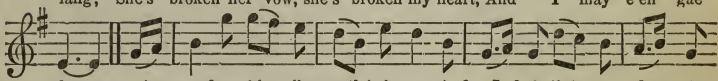
Burns, it is said, picked up this fine air from a country musician, and sent it with the verses to the "Museum." The tune, however, had been previously published by Oswald, in the "Caledonian Pocket Companion," under the title of "The Lads of Leith."



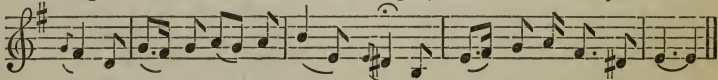
She's fair and fause that causes my smart, I lo'ed her meikle and



lang; She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart, And I may e'en gae



hang. A coof cam' in wi' routh' o' gear, And I ha'e tint my dear-est



dear: But woman is but world's gear, Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Wha e'er ye be that woman love,
 To this be never blind;
 Nae ferlie 'tis though fickle she prove,
 A woman has't by kind.

O woman, lovely woman fair,
 An angel form's fa'n to thy share,
 'Twad been o'er meikle to gi'en thee mair,
 I mean an angel mind.

O TIBBIE, I HA'E SEEN THE DAY.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "INVERCAULD'S REEL."

This is one of Burns's early productions. It is an excellent song, and carries its own moral along with it. The poet has evidently taken Tibbie Fowler for his model.

Moderate.

O Tib - bie, I ha'e seen the day Ye wad na been sae shy; For
 lack o' gear ye lightly me, But troth I care na by. Yestreen I met ye
 on the moor, Ye spak' na, but gaed by like stour; Ye geck at me be-
 cause I'm poor, But fient a hair care I. O Tib - bie, I ha'e seen the day Ye
 wad na been sae shy; For lack o' gear ye lightly me, But troth I care na by.

Begin the succeeding verses at the mark :§:

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
 Because ye ha'e the name o' clink,
 That ye can please me at a wink,
 Whene'er ye like to try.

O Tibbie, &c.

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

O Tibbie, &c.

Although a lad were e'er sae smart,
 Gin he but want the yellow dirt,
 Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
 And answer him fu' shy.

O Tibbie, &c.

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

O Tibbie, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice,
 Your daddie's gear mak's you sae nice;
 The de'il a ane wad spier your price
 Were ye as puir as I.

O Tibbie, &c.

THE AULD HOUSE.

WRITTEN BY LADY NAIRNE.

The "Auld House" of this song was the "auld house o' Gask," the birth-place of Lady Nairne.

With feeling.

Oh! the auld house, the auld house, What tho' the rooms were wee; Oh! kind hearts were
dwelling there, And bairnies fu' o' glee; The wild rose and the jas - a - mine Still
hang upon the wa'; How many cherish'd memories Do they, sweet flow'rs, re-ca'.

Oh! the auld laird, the auld laird,
Sae canty, kind, and crouse;
How many did he welcome
To his ain wee dear auld house.

And the leddy too, sae genty,
There shelter'd Scotland's heir,*
And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand
Frae his lang yellow hair.

The mavis still doth sweetly sing,
The blue bells sweetly blaw;
The bonnie Earn's clear winding still,
But the auld house is awa'.
The auld house, the auld house,
Deserted though you be;
There ne'er can be a new house
Will seem sae fair to me.

Still flourishing the auld pear tree,
The bairnies liked to see;
And oh! how often did they spier
When ripe they a' wad be?

The voices sweet, the wee bit feet,
Aye rinnin' here and there;
The merry shout—oh! whiles we greet
To think we'll hear nae mair.

For they are a' wide scatter'd now,
Some to the Indies gane;
And ane, alas! to her lang hame,
Not here we'll meet again.
The kirk-yard, the kirk-yard,
Wi' flowers o' every hue;
Shelter'd by the holly's shade,
An' the dark sombre yew.

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

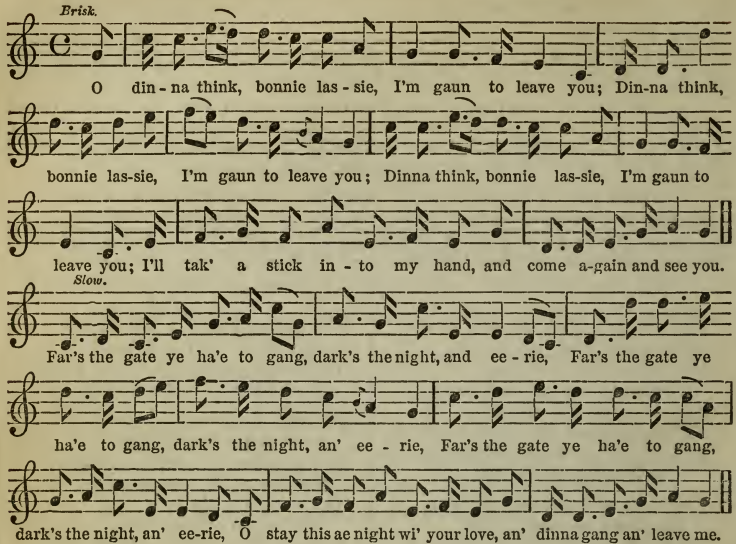
* Prince Charles Edward.

This song, "The Rowan Tree," page 1, and "The Hundred Pipers," page 16, are inserted by the kind permission of Messrs. Paterson and Sons, Edinburgh and Glasgow, of whom copies with Pianoforte accompaniments may be had.

O DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE.

WRITTEN BY HECTOR MACNEILL—AIR, "CLUNIE'S REEL."

Brisk.



O din-na think, bonnie las-sie, I'm gaun to leave you; Din-na think,
 bonnie las-sie, I'm gaun to leave you; Dinna think, bonnie las-sie, I'm gaun to
 leave you; I'll tak' a stick in - to my hand, and come a-gain and see you.

Slow.

Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang, dark's the night, and ee-rie, Far's the gate ye
 ha'e to gang, dark's the night, an' ee-rie, Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang,
 dark's the night, an' ee-rie, O stay this ae night wi' your love, an' dinna gang an' leave me.

Brisk.— It's but a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 But a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 But a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 Whene'er the sun gaes west the loch I'll come again an' see you.

Slow.— Dinna gang, my bonnie lad, dinna gang an' leave me;
 Dinna gang, my bonnie lad, dinna gang an' leave me;
 When a' the lave are sound asleep, I am dull and eerie;
 An' a' the lee lang night I'm sad, wi' thinkin' o' my dearie.

Brisk.— O dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
 Whene'er the sun gaes out o' sight, I'll come again an' see you.

Slow.— Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds blaw loud and fear me;
Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds blaw loud and fear me;
While the waves and winds do roar, I am wae and dreary,
And gin ye lo'e me as ye say, ye winna gang an' leave me.

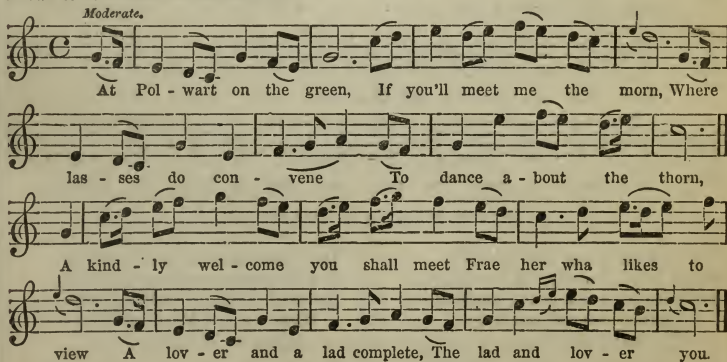
Brisk.— O never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave you;
Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave you;
Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave you;
E'en let the warld gang as it will, I'll stay at hame and cheer thee.
Frae his hand he cuist his stick; I winna gang and leave you;
Threw his plaid into the neuk; never can I grieve you;
Drew his boots an' flang them by; cried, My lass, be cheerie;
I'll kiss the tear frae aff thy cheek, and never leave my dearie.

AT POLWART ON THE GREEN.

WRITTEN BY RAMSAY.

"Polwarth," says Mr. Stenhouse, "is a small village in Berwickshire. In the middle of it are two ancient thorn trees, a few yards distant from each other, around which it was formerly the custom for every newly married pair, and the company invited to the wedding, to dance in a ring. From this circumstance originated the old song of "Polwart on the green." The air is known to be at least two centuries old.

Moderate.



At Pol - wart on the green, If you'll meet me the morn, Where
las - ses do con - vene To dance a - bout the thorn,
A kind - ly wel - come you shall meet Frae her wha likes to
view A lov - er and a lad complete, The lad and lov - er you.

Let dorty dames say na,
As lang as e'er they please;
Seem cauldier than the snaw,
While inwardly they bleeze.

But I will frankly show my mind,
And yield my heart to thee;
Be ever to the captive kind,
That lang's na to be free.

THE AULD WIFE AYONT THE FIRE.

Ramsay published this song with the letter Q affixed, denoting that it was an old song with additions. The air is old, and appears in Crockat's MS., 1709. It is there called "The old wife beyond the fire."

Lively.

The auld wife a - yont the fire, The auld wife a - yont the fire, The
 auld wife a - yont the fire, She died for lack o' snish - ing. There
 was a wife wond in a glen, And she had dochters nine or ten; They
 sought the house bath butt and ben, To find their mam a snishing. The
 auld wife a - yont the fire, The auld wife a - yont the fire, The
 auld wife a - yont the fire, She died for lack o' snish-ing.

Begin the succeeding verses at the mark S :

Her mill into some hole had fa'n,
 What reck! quo' she, let it be gaun;
 For I maun ha'e a young guidman
 To furnish me wi' snishing.
 The auld wife, &c.

Her eldest dochter said right bauld,
 Fye! mither, mind that now ye're auld,
 And if ye wi' a younker wald,
 He'll waste awa' your snishing,
 The auld wife, &c.

The youngest dochter ga'e a shout,
 O mither dear, your teeth's a' out;
 Besides half blind, ye ha'e the gout,
 What wad ye do wi' snishing?
 The auld wife, &c.

Ye lie, ye limmers, cries auld mumps,
 For I ha'e baith guid teeth and stumps,
 And will nae langer live in dumps,
 By wanting o' my snishing.
 The auld wife, &c.

Thole ye, quo' Meg, that pawky slut,
Mither, if you can crack a nut,
Then we will a' consent to it,
That you shall ha'e a snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

The auld wife soon agreed to that,
And they a pistol bullet gat;
She powerfully began to crack,
To win hersel' a snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

Brave sport it was to see her chow't,
And 'tween her gums sae squeeze and row't,
While frae her jaws the slaver flow'd,
And aye she cried for snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

At last she ga'e a desperate squeeze,
Which brak' the auld tooth by the neeze;

And syne poor stumpy was at ease,
But she tint hopes o' snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

She o' the task began to tire,
And frae her dochters did retire;
Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,
And died for lack o' snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

Ye auld wives, notice well this truth,
As soon as ye're past mark o' mouth,
Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,
And leave aff thoughts o' snishing.

Else like this wife ayont the fire,
Your bairns against you will conspire,
Nor will ye get, unless you hire,
A young man wi' your snishing.

WELCOME, ROYAL CHARLIE.

SAME AIR.

"This is one of the numerous editions of 'Welcome, royal Charlie,' which were so popular about the time of the Prince's landing. It alludes to the reception which Charles met with from Lochiel and others, immediately after that event."—*Note to Jacobite Minstrelsy.*

When France had her assistance lent,
A royal prince to Scotland sent;
Then to the north his course he bent,
His name was royal Charlie.
But, O! he was lang o' coming,
Lang, lang, lang o' coming;
O! he was lang o' coming;
Welcome, royal Charlie.

When he upon the shore did stand,
The friends he had within the land
Came down and shook him by the hand,
And welcomed royal Charlie.

O! ye've been lang o' coming,
Lang, lang, lang o' coming;
O! he was lang o' coming,
Welcome, royal Charlie.

The dress that our Prince Charlie had,
Was bonnet blue and tartan plaid;
And O he was a handsome lad,
Few could compare wi' Charlie.
But O! he was lang o' coming,
Lang, lang, lang o' coming;
O! he was lang o' coming,
Welcome, royal Charlie.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "MY WIFE'S A WANTON WEE THING."

This lively old air was first published in Oswald's "Caledonian Pocket Companion." In a letter to Mr. Thomson, 8th November, 1792, Burns says, "There is a peculiar rhythmus in many of our airs, and a necessity of adapting syllables to the emphasis, or what I call the feature notes of the tune, that cramp the poet, and lay him under almost insuperable difficulties. For instance, in the air 'My wife's a wanton wee thing,' if a few lines smooth and pretty can be adapted to it, it is all you can expect. The following were made extempore to it; and though, on further study, I might give you something more profound, yet it might not suit the light horse gallop of the air so well as this random clink." As the poet himself was pleased to call Mr. Thomson's alteration of the second stanza "a positive improvement," we insert it, together with the stanza as originally written.

Lively.

My wife's a win - some wee thing, She is a handsome wee thing: She
is a bon - nie wee thing, This sweet wee wife o' mine.
I ne - ver saw a fair - er, I ne - ver lo'ed a dear - er, And
neist my heart I'll wear her, For fear my jew - el tine.

Second Stanza as originally written.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't,
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

Second Stanza as altered by Mr. Thomson.

O leeze me on my wee thing,
My bonnie, blythesome wee thing,
Sae lang's I ha'e my wee thing,
I'll think my lot divine.

Though world's care we share o't,
And may sae meikle mair o't,
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
And ne'er a word repine.

THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDIE.

The first two stanzas of this humorous old ditty were re-written by Burns for the "Museum." The other two were added by Dr. Graham, of Glasgow. The lively air to which they are set had found its way into England before the middle of the seventeenth century. It is published in Playford's "Dancing Master," 1657, under the title of the "Buff Coat."

Moderate.

The bairns gat out wi' an un - co shout, The deuks dang o'er my
dad - die, O; Quo' our guid - wife, e'en let him lie there, For lie's
just a puir paid - lin' bo - dy, O. He paid - les out, and he
paid - les in, And he paid - les late and ear - ly, O; This thretty lang
years I ha'e been his guid - wife, And com - fort comes but spare - ly, O.

Now haud your tongue, quo' our guidman,
And dinna be sae saucy, O;
I've seen the day, and sae ha'e ye,
I was baith proud and gaucy, O.
I've seen the day ye buttered my brose,
And cuitered me late and early, O;
But auld age is on me now,
And wow but I find it richt sairly, O.

I care na though ye were i' the mools,
Or dookit in a bogie, O;
I ken na the use o' the crazy auld fool,
But just to toom a cogie, O.

Gin the wind were out o' your whaisling
I'd marry again, and be vogie, O; [hause
Some bonnie young lad wad be my lot,
Some rosy cheekit rogie, O.

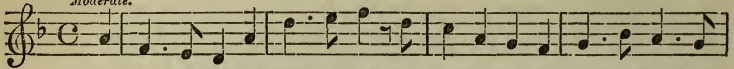
Quo' our guidman, gi'e me that rung
That's hinging at the ingle, O;
I'se gar ye haud that sorrowfu' tongue,
Or else your lugs will tingle, O.
Gang to your bed this blessed nicht,
Or I'll be your undoing, O.
The cannie auld wife crap out o' sicht,—
What think ye o' sic wooing, O?

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET?

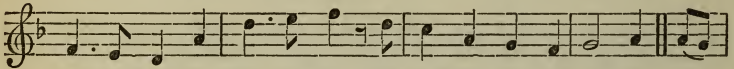
WRITTEN BY BURNS.

This song, with the exception of the first four lines, which form the first stanza of the original, was written for Thomson's collection, February, 1795. The tune, which is very old, was formerly called "The new gowne made."

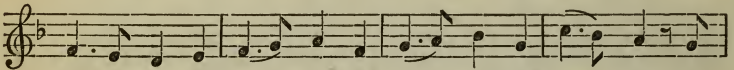
Moderate.



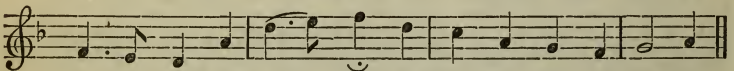
O las - sie, art thou sleeping yet? Or art thou waukin' I would wit? For



love has bound me hand and fit, And I would fain be in, jo. O



let me in this ae night, This ae night, this ae night; For



pi - ty's sake, this ae night; O rise and let me in, jo.

Out owre the moss, out owre the muir,
I cam' this dark and dreary hour;
And here I stand without the door,
Amid the pourin' storm, jo.
O, let me in, &c.

'Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet;
Nae star blinks through the driving sleet,
Tak' pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O, let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blows,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
O' a' my grief and pain, jo.
O, let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O tell me na o' wind and rain;
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain;
Gae back the gate ye cam' again,
I winna let you in, jo.

I tell you now, this ae night,
This ae night, this ae night,
And, ance for a', this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nought to what poor she endures,
That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flow'r that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed ;

Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charin'd his summer day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey ;
Let witless, trusting woman say,
How aft her fate's the same, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

MARY BELL.

WRITTEN BY THOS. ELLIOT—AIR, "THE SILKEN GOWN."

This air, which first appeared in Urbani's collection, about the close of the last century, was composed by Miss Corbet of Edinburgh, when only eleven years of age. As the verses to which it is usually sung are merely "The siller crown," slightly altered, we have adopted Mr. Elliot's song, written for this work.

Slowly.

O mon - y a wear - y year has fled, And far my steps ha'e
stray'd, Since last I left my ain dear lass, Down yon - der bos - ky glade.
How sad that part - ing then to baith, How wild our last farewell ; But
wae is me, we meet nae mair, My bon - nie Ma - ry Bell.

I charge thee not wi' broken vow,
Since fate ordains it sae ;
But gentle thoughts o' thee must fill
My heart, where'er I gae.
Again I tread my native vae,
And feel my bosom swell,
Wi' joy and grief—but where art thou,
My bonnie Mary Bell ?

There's strangers in your father's bield,
That kenna you nor me ;
They've delved our bonnie gowan bink,
And fell'd our trysting tree,
Where we had sat beside the burn,
When dewy gloamin' fell,
Ne'er dreaming o' our parting hour,
My bonnie Mary Bell.

I MARK'D A GEM.

WRITTEN BY TANNAHILL—AIR, "WAE'S MY HEART THAT WE SHOULD SUNDER."

This beautiful old air is found in M.S., written prior to 1593, under the title "Alace this night yat we suld sinder," but the original words are now lost. The verses we have adopted were written by Tannahill under the following circumstances:—"Tannahill and Smith," says Mr. Ramsay, "once went on a fishing excursion with some acquaintances. The two friends being but tyros, soon got weary of lashing the water to no purpose, and separated for a little, each to amuse himself after his own fashion. When Smith rejoined the poet, he was shown this song written with a pencil. Tannahill had been occupied observing a blade of grass bending under the weight of a dew-drop, and this trifling object had suggested the simile embodied in the song. We append a song sung by Peggy in "The Gentle Shepherd," to the same air.—See page 211.

Slowly.

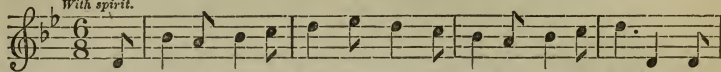
I mark'd a gem of pear - ly dew, While wand'ring near yon
 mist - y moun - tain, Which bore the ten - der flow'r so low, It
 drop - ped off in - to the fount - ain. So thou hast wrung this
 gen - tle heart, Which in its core was proud to wear thee, Till
 droop - ing sick be - neath thy art, It sighing found it could not bear thee.

Adieu, thou faithless fair; unkind,
 Thy falsehood dooms that we must sever;
 Thy vows were as the passing wind,
 That fans the flower, then dies for ever.
 And think not that this gentle heart,
 Though in its core 'twas proud to wear thee,
 Shall longer droop beneath thy art;—
 No, cruel fair, it cannot bear thee.

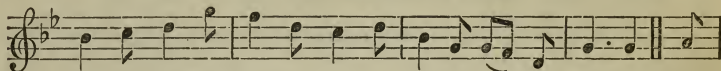
WHALL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

This spirited song alludes to the landing of Prince Charles at Boradale, on the 25th of July, 1745. It is a general favourite, but we are unable to name the writer or composer.

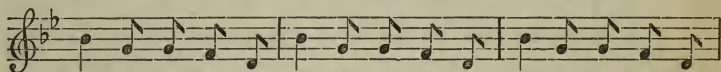
With spirit.



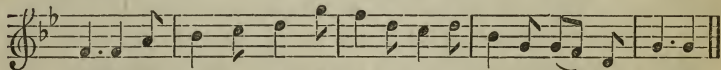
The news frae Moidart cam' yestreen, Will soon gar mony fer-lie, For



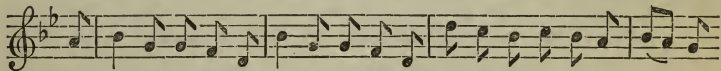
ships o' war ha'e just come in, And landed roy-al Char-lie. Come



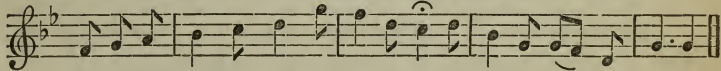
through the heather, around him ga-ther, Ye're a' the wel-com-er



early; A-round him cling wi' a' your kin, For wha'll be king but Charlie?



Come through the heather, around him gather, Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' the-



gether, And claim your rightfu', lawfu' king, For wha'll be king but Charlie?

The Highland clans wi' sword in hand,
Frae John o' Groat's to Airly,
Ha'e to a man declared to stand
Or fa' wi' royal Charlie.
Come through the heather, &c.

The Lowlands a', baith great an' sma',
Wi' mony a lord an' laird, ha'e
Declared for Scotia's king an' law,
An' speir ye wha, but Charlie?
Come through the heather, &c.

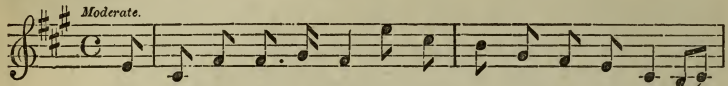
There's ne'er a lass in a' the land,
But vows baith late an' early,
To man she'll ne'er gi'e heart or han'
Wha wad na fecht for Charlie.
Come through the heather, &c.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
An' be't complete an' early;
His very name our heart's blood warms,
To arms for royal Charlie.
Come through the heather, &c.

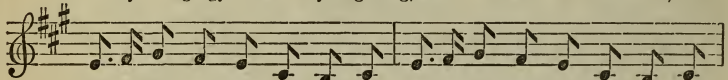
MY PEGGY IS A YOUNG THING.

WRITTEN BY RAMSAY—AIR, "THE WAUKING O' THE FAULD."

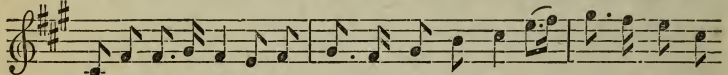
This, the opening song in "The Gentle Shepherd," is one of the best Ramsay ever wrote, and the air is an exquisite specimen of Scottish pastoral music. "The Gentle Shepherd" was published in 1725.



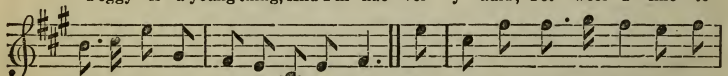
My Peg - gy is a young thing, Just en - ter'd in her teens; Fair



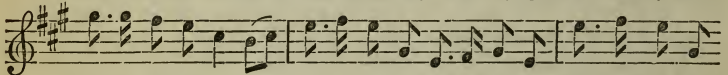
as the day, and sweet as May, Fair as the day, and always gay. My



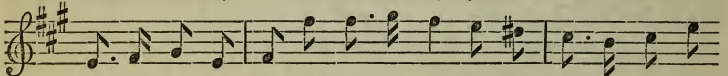
Peggy is a young thing, And I'm nae ver - y auld; Yet weel I like to



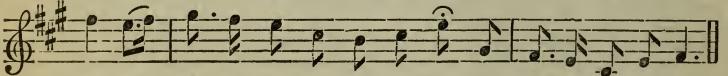
meet her at The wauking o' the fauld. My Peg - gy speaks sae sweetly When-



e'er we meet alane; I wish nae mair to lay my care, I wish nae mair o'



a' that's rare; My Peg - gy speaks sae sweetly, To a' the lave I'm



cauld; But she gars a' my spi - rits glow, At wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It mak's me blythe and bauld;
And naething gi'es me sic delight
As wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly
 When on my pipe I play ;
 By a' the rest it is confess'd,
 By a' the rest that she sings best.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 And in her sangs are tauld,
 Wi' innocence, the wale o' sense,
 At wauking o' the fauld.

THE HIGHLAND GARB.

MUSIC BY A. HUME.

With energy.

When Scotla, freedom's fa - vour'd queen, Of old her might display'd; Her
 Highland sons, in High - land garb, Their man - ly forms ar - ray'd.
 And fair they shone in festive hall, And fearless trod the lea; Like
 eagles of their mountain land, As dar - ing and as free. Like
 eagles of their mountain land, As dar - ing and as free.

As rear their crests the Highland hills
 In grandeur evermore;
 So live the dauntless Highland hearts,
 Unchanged as of yore.

But Highland garb—the kilt and plaid,
 And all the proud array,
 That cheer'd the friend and scar'd the foe,
 O, tell me, where are they?
 That cheer'd the friend, &c.

Additional verse by A. Hume.

But still, at freedom's sacred call,
 Old Scotland's sons shall come,
 To guard their Queen, their rights, and
 laws,
 And Scotland's mountain home.

And Alma's heights, and India's plains,
 Shall tell the martial story
 Of Highland blades and belted plaids,
 Of gallantry and glory.
 Of Highland blades, &c.

THE DAYS O' LANGSYNE.

WRITTEN BY MISS BLAMIRE—ARRANGED AS A DUET FOR THIS WORK BY A. HUME.

The authorship of this song was for a long time disputed. Among others, Dr. James Moore, Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, was reputed to be the author. It is, however now well known as the composition of Susanna Blamire, authoress of "What ails this heart o mine," "Gin living worth," and other fine songs. The old air of "Todlin' hame" is that from which "The days o' langsyne" has evidently been manufactured. Mr. Stenhouse says, "Todlin' hame" has been wrought into a variety of modern tunes, under different names, such as 'Armstrong's farwell,' 'Robidh donna gorrach,' 'The days o' langsyne,' 'Lude's lament,' 'The death of the chief,' &c.; and we may add, "My ain fireside."

AIR.

Stov. TENOR. When war had broke in on the peace o' auld men, And frae

When war had broke in on the peace o' auld men, And frae

Chel-sea to arms they were summon'd a - gain; Twa vet'rans grown

Chel-sea to arms they were summon'd a - gain; Twa vet'rans grown

gray, wi' their muskets sair soil'd, Wi' a sigh were re - lat - ing how

gray, wi' their muskets sair soil'd, Wi' a sigh were re - lat - ing how

hard they had toll'd. The drum it was beat-ing, to fight they in-

hard they had toll'd. The drum it was beat-ing, to fight they in-

The musical score is written for a duet in G major and 6/8 time. It consists of two staves: a vocal line (Tenor) and a piano accompaniment line. The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first two lines of the lyrics, and the second system contains the remaining four lines. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a treble line with chords and melodic fragments. The tempo is marked 'Stov.' (Slow).

cline, But aye they look'd back to the days o' lang - syne.
 rall.

cline, But aye they look'd back to the days o' lang - syne.
 rall.

Eh! Davie, man, weel thou remembers the time,
 When, twa brisk young callants, an' just in our prime;
 The Duke* bade us conquer, and show'd us the way,
 An' mony a braw chield we laid low on that day;
 Still again would I venture this auld trunk o' mine,
 Could our generals but lead, or we fight like langsyne.

But garrison duty is a' we can do,
 Though our arms are worn weak, yet our hearts still are true;
 We care na for dangers by land or by sea,
 For time is turn'd coward, an' no you an' me;
 An' though at the change we may sadly repine,
 Youth winna return, nor the strength o' langsyne.

When after our conquests, it joys me to mind,
 How thy Jean caress'd thee, an' my Meg was kind;
 They follow'd our fortunes, though ever sae hard,
 Nor car'd we for plunder when sic our reward;
 E'en now they're resolv'd baith their hames to resign,
 And will follow us yet, for the sake o' langsyne.

FAREWEEL, O FAREWEEL.

AIR, "FAREWELL TO GLENSHALLOCH." See page 48.

Fareweel, O fareweel, for my heart it is sair,
 Fareweel, O fareweel, I will ne'er see him mair;
 Lang, lang was he mine, O lang, lang—but nae mair,
 I maunna repine, though my heart it is sair.
 His staff's at the wa', and toom, toom is his chair;
 The bannet an' a', an' I maun be here.
 Oh! to meet him again where true hearts ne'er are sair,
 Oh! to meet him again, where we'll part never mair.

* The Duke here alluded to was the infamous Duke of Cumberland. In her later editions of this song, Miss Blamire, knowing the detestation in which his memory was held, altered the title to that of Prince, which the singer, if so inclined, may easily do.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E DEAR.

WRITTEN BY BURNS.

This beautiful song, among the last Burns ever wrote, was addressed to Miss Jessie Lewars of Dumfries, who so affectionately tended the poet on his deathbed.

Tenderly.

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, Here's a health to ane I lo'e
 dear; Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lov - ers meet, And
 soft as their part - ing tear, Jes - sie. Al - though thou maun ne - ver be
 mine, Although e - ven hope is de - nied, 'Tis sweet - er for
 thee de - spair - ing, Than aught in the world be - side, Jes - sie.

I mourn through the gay gaudy day,
 As hopeless I muse on thy charms;
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
 For then I am lock'd in thy arms, Jessie.
 I guess by the dear angel smile,
 I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
 But why urge the tender confession,
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree, Jessie.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THOSE FAR AWAY.

SAME AIR.

Here's a health to those far away,
 Who are gone to war's fatal plain;
 Here's a health to those that were here t'other day,
 But who ne'er may be with us again, oh! never.

'Tis hard to be parted from those
 With whom we for ever could dwell;
 But bitter indeed is the sorrow that flows,
 When perhaps we are saying—Farewell, for ever.
 Here's a health to those far away,
 Who are gone to war's fatal plain;
 Here's a health to those who were here t'other day,
 But who ne'er may be with us again, oh! never.
 Though those whom we tenderly love
 Our tears at this moment may claim;
 A balm to our sorrow this truth sure must prove,
 They'll live in the records of fame for ever.

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENT.

WRITTEN BY MRS. HUNTER—COMPOSED BY SIGNOR GIORDANI.

This beautiful and affecting poem is the composition of Mrs. John Hunter, wife of the celebrated Dr. John Hunter, founder of the Anatomical Museum, London. Giordani, the composer of the music, was an Italian musician of considerable celebrity.

Slow and with much feeling.

I sigh and la - ment me in vain, These walls can but e - cho my
 moan; A - las! it in - creases my pain, To think on the days that are
 gone. Through the grates of my prison I see The birds as they wanton in
 air; My heart! how it pants to be free, My looks they are wild with despair.

Ye roofs, where cold damps and dismay
 With science and solitude dwell;
 How comfortless passes the day,
 How sad tolls the evening bell.
 The owls from the battlements cry,
 Hollow winds seem to murmur around,
 "O Mary, prepare thee to die."
 My blood it runs cold at the sound.

Unchanged by the rigours of fate,
 I burn with contempt for my foes;
 Though fortune has clouded my state,
 This hope shall enlighten its close.
 False woman! in ages to come,
 Thy malice detested shall be;
 And when we are cold in the tomb,
 The heart shall still sorrow for me.

THERE WAS A LASS AND SHE WAS FAIR.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "BONNIE JEAN OF ABERDEEN."

In a letter to Mr. Thomson, dated 2d July, 1793, Burns says, "I have just finished the following ballad, and as I think it in my best style, I send it to you." It is certainly one of the poet's finest effusions. From some unexplained cause Mr. Thomson published the verses to the tune of "Willie was a wanton wag." We prefer giving the tune to which the poet meant his song to be sung. In Craig's collection of "Old Scottish Melodies," published in 1730, we find the beautiful air of "Bonnie Jean," which shows that even then it was considered an old tune.

Cheerfully.

There was a lass and she was fair, At kirk and mar - ket
to be seen, When a' the fairest maids were met The fair - est
maid was bon - nie Jean. And aye she wrought her mam - my's
wark, And aye she sang sae mer - ri - lie; The blyth - est
bird up - on the bush Had ne'er a light - er heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest,
And frost will blight the fairest flow'rs,
And love will break the soundest rest.
Young Robbie was the brawest lad,
The flow'r and pride o' a' the glen;
And he had ousen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryst,
He danced wi' Jeanie on the down;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.
As in the bosom o' the stream,
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling, pure, was tender love,
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammy's wark,
 And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
 Yet wist na what her ail might be,
 Or what wad mak' her weel again.
 But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
 And did na joy blink in her e'e,
 As Robbie tauld a tale o' love,
 Ae e'enin' on the lily lea.

The sun was sinkin' in the west,
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
 His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love—

O Jeanie fair, I love thee dear,
 O canst thou think to fancy me;
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammy's cot,
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
 Or naething else to trouble thee;
 But stray among the heather bells,
 And tent the wavin' corn wi' me.
 Now what could artless Jeanie do?
 She had na will to say him na;
 At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
 And love was aye between them twa.

SPEAK ON, SPEAK THUS.

FROM "THE GENTLE SHEPHERD" BY RAMSAY—AIR, "WAE'S MY HEART THAT WE SHOULD
 SUNDER." *See page 202.*

Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief,
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under
 Those fears that soon shall want relief,
 When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.
 A gentler face, and silk attire,
 A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
 Alake puir me, will now conspire
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

Nae mair the shepherd wha excell'd
 The rest, whase wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell;
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
 Ye meadows, where we aften stray'd,
 Ye banks, where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet-scented rucks, round which we play'd,
 Ye'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah! shall I never creep
 Around the knowe, with silent duty,
 Kindly to watch thee, while asleep,
 And wonder at thy manly beauty.
 Hear, heaven! while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou should'st prove a wand'ring lover,
 Through life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to ony other.

MY JOCKIE'S FAR AWA'

WRITTEN BY WALTER WATSON.

Walter Watson was born at Chryston, in Lanarkshire, in March, 1780, and died at Kirkintilloch on the 13th of September, 1854. "My Jockie's far awa'" was a very popular song about thirty years since, and well deserves a place among the lyrics of Scotland. His "Maggie an' me," and "Come, sit down, my cronie," are also excellent in their way.

Tenderly.

Now sim - mer decks the fields wi' flow'rs, The woods wi' leaves sae
 green; An' lit - tle birds a - round their bow'rs In harmon - y con - vene.
 The cuc - koo flees frae tree to tree, While saft the ze - phyrs
 blaw; But what are a' thae joys to me, When Jockie's far a -
 wa'? When Jockie's far a - wa' at sea, When Jockie's far a -
 wa'; But what are a' thae joys to me, When Jockie's far a - wa'?

On last May morn, how sweet to see
 The little lambkins play;
 Whilst my dear lad alang wi' me
 Did kindly walk this way.
 On yon green bank wild flow'rs he pu'd,
 To busk my bosom brow;
 Sweet, sweet he talked, and aft he vow'd,
 But now he's far awa'.
 But now, &c.

O gentle peace, return again,
 Bring Jockie to my arms;
 Frae dangers on the raging main,
 An' cruel war's alarms.
 Gin e'er we meet, nae mair we'll part,
 As lang we've breath to draw;
 Nae mair I'll sing, wi' aching heart,
 My Jockie's far awa'.
 My Jockie's far awa', &c.

SCOTLAND YET.

WRITTEN BY HENRY S. RIDDELL—MUSIC BY PETER M'LEOD

This song, with Mr. M'Leod's much admired music, to which it is set, was first published by him in a separate sheet, and the profits given for the purpose of putting a parapet and railing round the Monument of Burns on the Calton Hill, Edinburgh.

With spirit.

Gae bring my guid auld harp ance mair, Gae bring it free and fast; For
I maun sing an-ith-er sang Ere a' my glee be past. And
trow ye as I sing, my lads, The bur-den o't shall be, Auld
Scotland's howes, and Scotland's knowes, And Scotland's hills for me; I'll
drink a cup to Scotland yet, Wi' a' the honours three.

The heath waves wild upon her hills,
And, foaming frae the fells,
Her fountains sing o' freedom still
As they dance down the dells.
And weel I lo'e the land, my lads,
That's girded by the sea; [vales,
Then Scotland's dales, and Scotland's
And Scotland's hills for me;
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three.

The thistle wags upon the fields
Where Wallace bore his blade,
That gave her foemen's dearest bluid
To die her auld gray plaid.
And looking to the lift, my lads,
He sang this doughty glee, [might,
Auld Scotland's right, and Scotland's
And Scotland's hills for me;
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
Wi' a' the honours three.

Inserted by permission of Messrs. Wood & Co., Edinburgh and Glasgow, from whom copies with pianoforte accompaniments may be had.

They tell o' lands wi' brichter skies,
 Where freedom's voice ne'er rang;
 Gi'e me the hills where Ossian dwelt,
 And Coila's minstrel sang;
 For I've nae skill o' lands, my lads,
 That ken na to be free;

Then Scotland's right and Scotland's
 And Scotland's hills for me; [might,
 We'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,
 Wi' a' the honours three.

O WHAT CAN MAK' MY ANNIE SIGH?

WRITTEN BY JOHN ANDERSON—AIR, "WHERE WAD BONNIE ANNIE LIE?"

"Where wad bonnie Annie lie" was written by Ramsay, and printed in the first volume of the "Tea Table Miscellany," 1724. It is there entitled "The Cordial," to the tune of "Where shall our Goodman lie." Ramsay's song, though an improvement on the older version, is rather broad, and coarse in its allusions. The verses we have given are unobjectionable. The tune is at least two centuries old. It appears in Playford's "Dancing Master," 1657, under the title of "The Red House."

Moderate.

O what can mak' my An - nie sigh? O what can mak' my An - nie
 cry? Why does the big tear dim thine eye? My life, my love, my dearie?
 What tho' I sail a - cross the sea? What tho' I bid fare - weel to
 thee? With - in my breast thou still shalt be My life, my love, my dear-ie.

But when thou'rt far out o'er the sea,
 A fairer face and pawky e'e
 May steal that love ye've pledged to me,
 An' thou forget thy dearie.
 O never doubt, my Annie fair,
 O never doubt my truth sincere;
 I'll never fill that breast wi' care,
 My life, my love, my dearie.

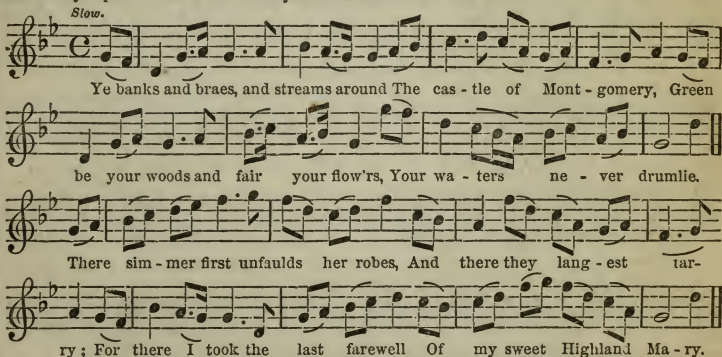
When lightnings dart frae every cloud,
 And pealing thunders roar aloud;
 And rushing pours the rainy flood,
 Thy Annie will be eerie.
 When tempests rend the dark'ning sky,
 When rolling billows burst and fly,
 When death and horror meet ilk eye,
 I'll think upon my dearie.

HIGHLAND MARY.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "KATHERINE OGIE."

Mary Campbell, the subject of this beautiful effusion, was servant in a gentleman's family, near Mauchline. Though not a beauty, she possessed a sweet temper and an obliging disposition, while her mental qualifications were of a high order. "After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment," says Burns, "we met, by appointment, on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot, by the banks of Ayr, where we spent a day in taking a farewell before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed, when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness." Mr. Cromek in his "Reliques" gives the following particulars respecting the parting of Burns with his Mary:—"This adieu," says he, "was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonies which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions, and to inspire awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook; they laved their hands in its limpid stream, and, holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other." The remains of Highland Mary repose in the West churchyard of Greenock.

Slow.



Ye banks and braes, and streams around The cas - tle of Mont - gomery, Green
 be your woods and fair your flow'rs, Your wa - ters ne - ver drumlie.
 There sim - mer first unfaulds her robes, And there they lang - est tar -
 ry; For there I took the last farewell Of my sweet Highland Ma - ry.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasped her to my bosom!
 The golden hours, on angel-wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;
 For dear to me as light and life
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.
 Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore ourselves asunder;

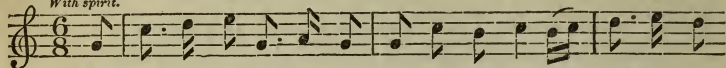
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early!
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay
 That wraps my Highland Mary!
 O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
 I aft ha'e kissed sae fondly!
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly!
 And mouldering now in silent dust
 The heart that lo'ed me dearly!
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary!

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

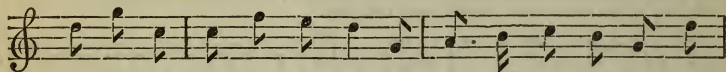
WRITTEN BY SIR WALTER SCOTT—THE MUSIC ADAPTED FROM AN OLD BORDER MELODY
BY MACGREGOR SIMPSON.

This spirited song is one of the "Great Magician's" best productions, and a universal favourite. The fine old melody, "Borthwick braes," to which it is here set, is characteristic, and highly expressive of the poetry.

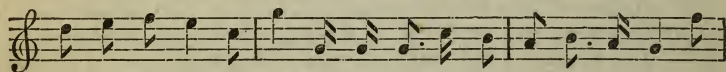
With spirit.



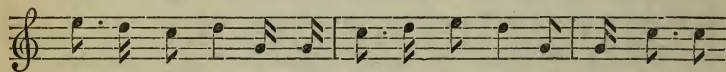
O young Loch-in-var has come out of the west; Through all the wide



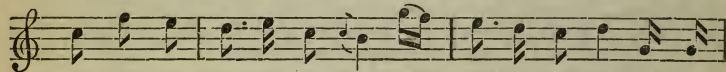
bor-der his steed was the best; And, save his good broadsword, he



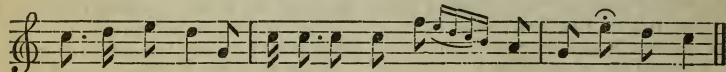
weapons had none, He rode all un-arm'd, and he rode all a-lone. So



faith-ful in love, and so daunt-less in war, There ne-ver was



knight like the young Loch-in-var. So faith-ful in love, and so



dauntless in war, There never was knight like the young Loch-in-var.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Esk river, where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of young Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
 'Mong bride'smen, and kinsmen, and brothers and all:
 Out spoke the bride's father—his hand on his sword,
 For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word:
 "O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war?
 Or to dance at our bridal? young Lord Lochinvar."

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
 And now I am come with this lost love of mine,
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine;
 There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet, the knight took it up,
 He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup;
 She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
 With a smile on her cheek, and a tear in her eye;
 He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,
 "Now tread we a measure," quoth young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
 And the bridemaidsens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far
 To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word to her ear,
 When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood near;
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung:
 "She is won, we are gone over bank, bush, and scaur,
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan,
 Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie lea,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of knight like the young Lochinvar?

ROSLIN CASTLE.

WRITTEN BY RICHARD HEWIT.

Of Richard Hewit, a native of Cumberland, the author of this song, little is known. He was employed as an amanuensis by Dr. Blacklock,* the blind poet. He latterly became secretary to Lord Milton, and died in 1764. James Oswald was long supposed to be the composer of the music of "Roslin Castle," but in his "Collection of Scots Tunes," wherein he affixes an asterisk to his own compositions, he makes no such claim to this. In M'Gibbon's collection, most of which were old, even in Oswald's day, we find the same tune, nearly note for note, under the title of "The House of Glams." Roslin Castle stands on the north bank of the Esk, a few miles south-west from Edinburgh.

Slowly

'Twas in that sea - son of the year When all things gay and
sweet ap - pear, That Co - lin with the morn - ing ray A -
rose and sung his ru - ral lay. Of Nan - ny's charms the shep - herd
sung, The hills and dales with Nan - ny rung, While Ros - lin
cas - tle heard the swain, And e - choed back the cheer - ful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring
With rapture warms; awake and sing;
Awake, and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a song.
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
O bid her haste and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on ev'ry spray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song.
Then let the raptur'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

* Dr. Thomas Blacklock was born at Annan in 1721. Though licensed to preach in 1759, his blindness proved an insuperable obstacle to his settlement as a parochial minister. In 1776 he received the degree of D.D. from Marischal College, Aberdeen. He died at Edinburgh, July, 1791.

O, come my love, thy Colin's lay
 With rapture calls; O come away;
 Come, while the muse this wreath shall
 twine,
 Around that modest brow of thine.

O hither haste, and with thee bring
 That beauty blooming like the spring;
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravished heart of
 mine.

BONNIE BONALY.

WRITTEN BY JAMES BALLANTINE—MUSIC BY ALEX. MACKENZIE.

Bonaly, the seat of the late Lord Cockburn, is romantically situated at the foot of the Pentland hills, a few miles from Edinburgh.

Slowly.

Bon-nie Bo-naly's wee fai-ry led stream, Murmurs and sobs like a
 child in a dream; Falling where silver light gleams on its breast,
 Gliding through nooks where the dark shadows rest; Flooding with mu-sic its
ad lib.
 own tin-y valley, Dances in gladness the stream o' Bon-a-ly.

Proudly Bonaly's gray-brow'd castle towers,
 Bounded by mountains, and bedded in flow'rs;
 Here hangs the blue bell, and there waves the broom;
 Nurtur'd by art, rarest garden sweets bloom;
 Heather and thyme scent the breezes that dally,
 Playing amid the green knolls o' Bonaly.

Pentland's high hills raise their heather-crown'd crest;
 Peerless Edina expands her white breast;
 Beauty and grandeur are blent in the scene,
 Bonnie Bonaly lies smiling between;
 Nature and art, like fair twins, wander gaily;
 Friendship and love dwell in bonnie Bonaly.

Inserted by permission of Messrs. Alexander Robertson & Co., Edinburgh, from whom copies with pianoforte accompaniments may be had.

WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

Mr. Stenhouse says, "This song was written about the beginning of the last century, by Mr. Wm. Walkinshaw, *of that ilk*, near Paisley." Mr. Laing, however, is of opinion that the hero was William Hamilton of Gilbert (born about 1680, died 1751), and that the song was probably written by himself. The air is as old at least as the words. They appear together in the "*Orp.eus Caledonius*," 1725.

Lively.

O Wil - lie was a wanton wag, The blythest lad that e'er I saw; At
 bri - dals still he bore the brag, And car - ried aye the gree a - wa.
 His doublet was o' Zetland shag, And vow! but Wil - lie he was brow; And
 at his shouther hung a tag, That pleas'd the las - ses best o' a'.

He was a man without a clag,
 His heart was frank without a flaw;
 And aye whatever Willie said
 It still was halden as a law.
 His boots they were made o' the jag;
 When he gaed to the weapon-shaw,
 Upon the green nane durst him brag,
 The fient a ane among them a'.

And was na Willie weel worth gowd,
 He wan the love o' great and sma';
 For after he the bride had kiss'd,
 He kiss'd the lasses halesale a'!
 Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
 When by the hand he led them a';
 And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
 By virtue o' a standing law.

And was na Willie a great loon,
 As shyre a lick as e'er was seen;
 When he danc'd wi' the lasses round,
 The bridegroom spier'd where he had
 been.
 Quoth Willie, I've been at the ring,
 Wi' bobbin', faith my shanks are sair;
 Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
 For Willie he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willie, I'll gae out,
 And for a wee fill up the ring;
 But shame light on his supple snout,
 He wanted Willie's wanton fling.
 Then straight he to the bride did fare,
 Says, Weel's me on your bonnie face;
 Wi' bobbin' Willie's shanks are sair,
 And I'm come out to fill his place.

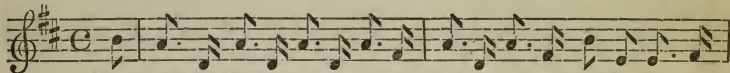
Bridegroom, says she, you'll spoil the
And at the ring you'll aye be lag, [dance,
Unless like Willie you advance,
(O Willie has a wanton leg).

For wit he learns us a' to steer,
And foremost aye bears up the ring;
We will find nae sic dancing here,
If we want Willie's wanton fling.

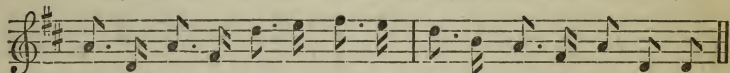
THE BRIDAL O'T.

WRITTEN BY ALEX. ROSS—AIR, "LUCY CAMPBELL'S DELIGHT."

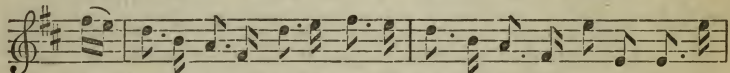
"Lucy Campbell's delight" is a well known strathspey tune. It was formerly called "Acharnae's Reel," or "Bal nan Grantich."



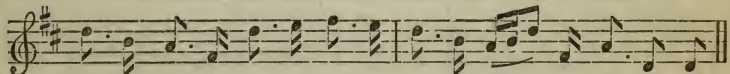
They say that Jockie'll speed weel o't; They say that he will speed weel o't; For



he grows brow-er il-ka day, I hope we'll ha'e a brid-al o't.



For yesternight, nae far-der gane, The backhouse, at the side-wa' o't; He



there wi' Meg was court-in' seen, I hope we'll ha'e a brid-al o't.

An' we had but a bridal o't;
An' we had but a bridal o't,
We'd leave the rest unto guid luck,
Altho' there should betide ill o't.
For bridal days are merry times,
And young folks like the coming o't;
And scribblers they bang up their rhymes,
And pipers they ha'e bumming o't.

The lasses like a bridal o't,
The lasses like a bridal o't;
Their braws maun be in rank and file,
Altho' that they should guide ill o't.

The bottom o' the kist is then
Upturned into the inmost o't;
The end that held the braws, sae clean
Is now become the toomest o't.

The bangster at the threshing o't,
The bangster at the threshing o't,
Afore it comes is fidgin' fain,
And ilka day is clashin' o't.
The pipers and the fiddlers o't,
The pipers and the fiddlers o't,
Can smell a bridal unco far,
And like to be the middlers o't.

THE MACDONALD'S GATHERING.

GAELIC AIR.

This is a translation, by the Ettrick Shepherd, of a Highland gathering song, communicated to him by a lady of the race of Macdonald. The principal chieftains referred to are Glengarry, Clanronald, and Keppoch. "Keppoch," says the Shepherd, "was indeed too brave, and too independent, and it proved his family's ruin. When admonished once of the necessity of getting regular charters to his lands from government, of which he never had any, 'No,' said Keppoch, 'I shall never hold lands that I cannot hold otherwise than by a sheep's hide.' Keppoch trusted to his claymore, but the day of it was past. 'Othello's occupation was gone.' On the restoration of the forfeited estates, Keppoch, having no rights to show for his extensive lands, lost them; a circumstance which must ever be deplored, but cannot now be remedied."

Boldly.

Come a - long, my brave clans, There's nae friends sae staunch and true;

Come a - long, my brave clans, There's nae lads sae leal as you;

Come a - long, clan Donuil, Frae 'mang your birks and heather braes;

Come with bold Mac - A - lis - ter, Wild - er than his mountain raes.

Gather, gather, gather,
From Loch Morer to Argyle;
Come from castle Turim,
Come from Moidart and the isles,
Macallan is the hero
That will lead you to the field;
Gather, bold Siollallain,
Sons of them that never yield.

Gather, gather, gather,
Gather from Lochaber glens;
Mac-Hic-Rannail calls you;
Come from Taroph, Roy, and Span.

Gather, brave clan Donuil,
Many sons of might you know;
Lenochan's your brother,
Auchterectan and Glencoe.

Gather, gather, gather,
'Tis your prince that needs your arm;
Though Macconnell leaves you,
Dread no danger nor alarm.
Come from field and foray,
Come from sickle and from plough;
Come from cairn and corrie,
From deer-wake and driving too.

Gather, bold clan Donuil,
Come with haversack and cord;
Come not late with meal and cake,
But come with dirk, and gun, and sword.

Down into the Lowlands,
Plenty bides by dale and burn;
Gather, brave clan Donuil,
Riches wait on your return.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—GAELIC AIR.

This pathetic lamentation was written for the "Museum," and appeared in the fifth volume of that work. Allan Cunningham and Hogg wrote additional verses, but we prefer giving the song as it came from the pen of Burns. The fine tune to which it is adapted, Burns obtained from a lady in the north of Scotland. "The unrelenting cruelties of the Duke of Cumberland spared neither age, sex, nor condition; and Scotland for a while realized the prophecy of Peden, which foretold that the time was nigh when her people might ride fifty miles among her hills and valleys, and not find a *reeking* house, nor hear a *crawing* cock."—*Jacobite Minstrelsy*.

Mournfully.

Oh, I am come to the low countrie, Och - on, och - on, och -
rie; * Without a penny in my purse, To buy a meal to me.

It was na sae in the Hieland hills,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie:
Nae woman in the country wide
Sae happy was as me.

For there I had a score o' kye,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie;
Feeding on yon hill sae high,
And bringing milk to me.

And there I had threescore o' yowes,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie;
Skippin' on yon bonnie knowes,
And casting woo to me.

I was the happiest o' a' the clan,
Sair, sair may I repine;
For Donald was the bravest man,
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stuart cam' at last,
Sae far, to set us free;
My Donald's arm was wanting then,
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell,
Right to the wrang did yield;
My Donald and his country fell
Upon Culloden field.

Ochon, ochon, oh, Donald, oh,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie;
Nae woman in the world wide
Sae wretched now as me.

* Oh, my heart!

MY HEATHER HILLS

WRITTEN BY JOHN BALLANTINE—MUSIC BY JAMES S. GEIKIE

Allegretto.

O gladsome is the sea, wi' its heaving tide, And bon - nie are the
 plains in their sim - mer pride; But the sea wi' its tide, and the
 plains wi' their rills Are nae half sae dear as my heath - er
 hills. I can heed - less look on the sil - ler sea, I may
 tent - less muse on the flow' - ry lea, But my heart wi' a name - less
 rap - ture thrills When I gaze on the cliffs o' my heath - er hills.

1ST TENOR.

Chorus after each verse.

Then hur - rah, hur-rah, for the heather hills, Where the bon - nie this - tie

2D TENOR.

Then hur - rah, hur-rah, for the heather hills, Where the bon - nie this - tie

BASS.

waves to the sweet blue bells, And the wild moun - tain floods heave their

waves to the sweet blue bells, And the wild moun - tain floods heave their

crests to the clouds, Syne foam down the steeps o' my heather hills.

crests to the clouds, Syne foam down the steeps o' my heather hills.

O! aft in my roving youthfu' days,
 I've nestled and row'd on their sunny braes;
 And pouket the bloom and the sweet hare bells
 Aff the bonnie broomy knowes o' my heather hills.
 I ha'e herried the nest o' the wild muircock,
 I ha'e clamber'd the steeps o' the raven's rock;
 I ha'e courted my love in their rocky fells,
 And won a sweet bride on my heather hills.—Then hurrah, &c.

I cling to their braes like the bud to the thorn,
 For 'mang their heather knowlets sae free, was I born;
 And the hame o' my youth is my lov'd hame still,
 'Neath the kindly shade o' a heather hill.
 And when nature fails, row'd in my plaid,
 I'll lay me down on a heather bed;
 And leesome I'll wait till kind Heaven wills
 To waft me awa' frae my heather hills.—Then hurrah, &c.

Inserted by the kind permission of Messrs. Wood & Co., Edinburgh and Glasgow, from whom copies with pianoforte accompaniments may be had.

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

AIR, "CHARLES GORDON'S WELCOME HAME."

The first stanza of this song was written by Burns for the "Museum." The second and third are from Blackie's "Scottish Songs," where they appear anonymously.

Slowly.

Out o - ver the Forth I look to the north, But what is the north and its
Highlands to me? The south nor the east gi'e ease to my breast, The
far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea. But I look to the west when I
gae to my rest, That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be; For far in the
west live he I lo'e best, The lad that is dear to my bairnie and me.

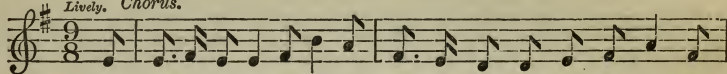
His father he frown'd on the love of his boyhood,
And oh, his proud mother looked cauld upon me;
But he follow'd me aye to my hame in the shieling,
And the hills o' Breadalbane rang wild wi' our g'lee.
A' the lang simmer day, 'mid the heather and bracken,
I joy'd in the light o' his bonnie blue e'e;
I little then thought that the wide Western Ocean,
Would be rolling the day 'tween my laddie and me.

When we plighted our faith by the cairn on the mountain,
The deer and the roe stood bridemaids to me;
And my bride's trying-glass was the clear crystal fountain,
What then was the world to my laddie and me?
Sae I look to the west, when I gae to my rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the west is the lad I lo'e best,
He's seeking a hame for my bairnie and me.

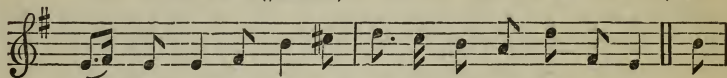
THE WOMEN ARE A' GANE WUD.

After giving so many Jacobite songs, we think it but fair to insert one on the other side of the question. Though the Jacobites did not, as Burns alleges, write all the political songs of the period, still those in favour of the Stuarts were the most numerous, and decidedly the best. The ladies of Scotland were enthusiastic in their devotion to the cause of Charles. Lord President Forbes, a shrewd observer and zealous supporter of the existing government, remarked, "that men's swords did less for the cause of Charles than the tongues of his fair countrywomen."

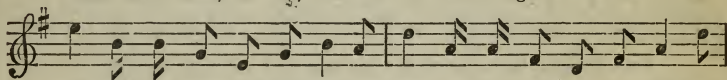
Lively. Chorus.



The women are a' gane wud; O that he had bid - den a - wa'; He's

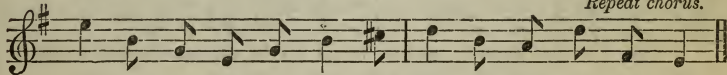


turn'd their heads, the lad, And ru - in will bring on us a'. I



aye was a peace - a - ble man, My wife she did doucely be - have; But

Repeat chorus.



now, do a' that I can, She's just as wild as the lave.

My wife she wears the cockade,
Though she kens it's the thing that I hate;
There's ane too prinn'd on her maid,
And baith will tak' the gate.
The women are, &c.

I've liv'd a' my days in the strath;
Now Tories infest me at hame;
An' though I tak' nae part at a',
Baith sides do gi'e me the blame.
The women are, &c.

The senseless creatures ne'er think
What ill the lad will bring back;
We'd ha'e the Pope an' the de'il,
An' a' the rest o' the pack.
The women are, &c.

The wild Highland lads they did pass,
The yetts wide open they flee;
They ate the very house bare,
An' ne'er spier'd leave o' me.
The women are, &c.

But when the red coats gaed by,
D'ye think they'd let them alane?
They a' the louder did cry—
Prince Charlie will soon get his ain.
The women are, &c.

THE CROOK AND PLAID.

WRITTEN BY HENRY S. RIDDELL.

Tenderly.

The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are: "I win-na lo'e the lad-die that ca's the cart and pleugh, Though he should own that ten-der love that's on-ly felt by few; For he that has this bo-som a' to fond-est love be-tray'd, Is the faith-fu' shep-herd lad-die that wears the crook and plaid. For he's aye true to his las-sie, He's aye true to his las-sie, wha wears the crook and plaid." The word "rall." is written above the final note of the fifth staff.

I win - na lo'e the lad - die that ca's the cart and pleugh, Though
 he should own that ten - der love that's on - ly felt by few; For
 he that has this bo - som a' to fond - est love be - tray'd, Is the
 faith - fu' shep - herd lad - die that wears the crook and plaid. For he's aye true
 to his las - sie, He's aye true to his las - sie, wha wears the crook and plaid.

At morn he climbs the mountains wild, his fleecy flocks to view,
 While o'er him sweet the laverock sings, new sprung frae 'mang the dew;
 His doggie frolics roun' and roun', and may not weel be stayed,
 Sae blythe it is the laddie wi' that wears the crook and plaid.
 And he's aye true, &c.

At noon he leans him down upon the high and heathy fell,
 And views his flocks beneath him, a' fair feeding in the dell;
 And there he sings the sangs o' love, the sweetest ever made,
 Oh! how happy is the laddie that wears the crook and plaid.
 And he's aye true, &c.

He pu's the bells o' heather red, the lily-flow'r sae meek,
 Ca's the lily like my bosom, and the heath-bell like my cheek;
 His words are sweet and tender, as the dew's frae heaven shed,
 And weel I love to list the lad wha wears the crook and plaid.
 For he's aye true, &c.

Inserted by permission of the author, from "Poems, Songs, and Miscellaneous Pieces," by Henry Scott Riddell. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox, 1847

When the dew's begin to fauld the flow'rs, and the gloaming shades draw on,
 When the star comes stealing through the sky, and the kye are on the loan,
 He whistles through the glen sae sweet, the heart is lighter made,
 To ken the laddie hameward hies wha wears the crook and plaid.
 For he's aye true, &c.

Beneath the spreading hawthorn gray, that's growing in the glen,
 He meets me in the gloaming aye, when nane on earth can ken ;
 To woo and vow, and there I trow, whatever may be said,
 He kens aye unco weel the way to row me in his plaid.
 For he's aye true, &c.

The youth o' mony riches may to his fair one ride,
 And woo across the table cauld, his madam-titled bride;
 But I'll gang to the hawthorn gray, where cheek to cheek is laid,
 Oh! nae wooer's like the laddie that rows me in his plaid.
 And he's aye true, &c.

To own the truth o' tender love, what heart wad no comply?
 Since love gie's purer happiness than aught aneath the sky
 If love be in the bosom, then the heart is ne'er afraid,
 And through life I'll love the laddie that wears the crook and plaid.
 For he's aye true, &c.

HERE AROUND THE INGLE BLEEZING.

AIR, "WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG." *See page 220.*

Here around the ingle bleezing,
 Wha sae happy and sae free?
 Though the northern winds blaw freezing,
 Friendship warms baith you and me.
 Happy we are a' thegither,
 Happy we'll be ane an' a';
 Time shall see us a' the blyther,
 Ere we rise to gang awa'.
 See the miser o'er his treasure,
 Gloating wi' a greedy e'e;
 Can he feel the glow o' pleasure,
 That around us here we see?
 Happy we are, &c.

Thus then let us a' be tassing
 Aff our stoups o' gen'rous flame;
 And while round the board 'tis passing,
 Raise a sang in friendship's name.
 Happy we are, &c.
 Friendship mak's us a' mair happy,
 Friendship gi'es us a' delight;
 Friendship consecrates the drappie,
 Friendship brings us here the night.
 Happy we've been a' thegither,
 Happy we've been ane an' a';
 Time shall find us a' the blyther,
 When we rise to gang awa'.

O DINNA CROSS THE BURN, WILLIE.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM CAMERON. MUSIC BY MACGREGOR SIMPSON.

The song tells a melancholy story, but a true one, of an incident that happened on the river Stinchar in Ayrshire.

With expression.

O din - na cross the burn, Willie, Wil - lie, dinna cross the
 burn; For big's the spate, and loud it roars, O din - na cross the burn.

♩

Your folks a' ken you're here the night, And sair they would me blame; Sae
 bide wi' me till morn - in' light, In - deed ye're no gaun hame. Ha'e
 ye nae care a - bout your - sel', To brave that fear - fu' storm? Some
rall.
 twa three hours a tale may tell We noo can hard - ly form. O

tempo.

din - na cross the burn, Wil - lie, Wil - lie, dinna cross the burn; For
rall.
 big's the spate, and loud it roars, O din - na cross the burn.

Begin the succeeding verses at the mark *♩*:

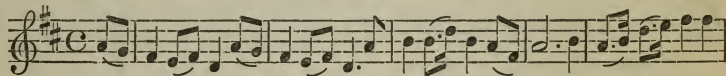
O bide, dear Willie, here the night,
 O bide till morning here—
 Your faither he'll see a' things right,
 And ye'll ha'e nocht to fear.
 Sae dark's the lift, nae moon is there,
 The rain in torrents pours—
 Ah! see the lightning's dreadful glare,
 Hear how the thunder roars.
 O dinna cross, &c.

Awa' he rode, nae kindness could
 His wild resolve o'erturn ;
 He plunged into the foaming flood,
 But never cross'd the burn.
 And noo, though ten lang years ha'e past
 Since that wild storm blew by,
 Ah! still the maniac hears the blast,
 And still the crazy cry.
 O dinna cross, &c.

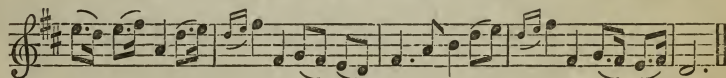
IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

JACOBITE AIR.

Hogg says that this song was written by a Captain Ogilvie, of the house of Inverquharly, who fought under King James at the battle of the Boyne, and afterwards fell in an engagement on the Rhine, 1695. "It is said also that he was one of the hundred gentlemen, all of good families, who volunteered to attend their royal master in his exile. James had afterwards the pain of seeing these devoted followers submit, voluntarily, to become private soldiers on his account in the French service, rather than return to their own country, with permission of the government, although it was optional to them to do so. They were formed into one company, and fought both in Spain and on the Rhine with heroic valour and reputation. At the peace of 1696, only sixteen of them remained alive." Burns communicated the fine air to which these verses are adapted to the "Museum."—*Note to Jacobite Minstrelsy*, 1828.



It was a' for our rightfu' king We left fair Scotland's strand, It was a' for our



right-fu' king We e'er saw I - rish land, my dear, We e'er saw I - rish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
 And a' is done in vain ;
 My love, my native land, farewell,
 For I maun cross the main, my dear,
 For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right, an' round about,
 Upon the Irish shore,
 An' ga'e his bridle-reins a shake,
 With, Adieu, for evermore, my dear,
 Adieu, for evermore.

The sodger frae the wars returns,
 The sailor frae the main ;
 But I ha'e parted frae my love,
 Never to meet again, my dear,
 Never to meet again.

When day is gane, an' night is come,
 An' a' folk bound to sleep ;
 I think on him that's far awa',
 The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear,
 The lee-lang, night and weep.

I WONDER WHA'LL BE MY MAN.

WRITTEN BY EDWARD POLIN, OF PAISLEY—TUNE, "THE BRECHIN WEAVER."

The humorous ballad of "The Brechin weaver" is of considerable antiquity, and is still a favourite in the northern counties; it is, however too long for singing. The following stanza may serve as a specimen:—

In Brechin did a wabster dwell,
Wha was a man o' fame, O;
He was the deacon o' his trade,
John Ste'enson was his name, O.
A mare he had, a lusty jade,
Baith sturdy, stark, and strang, O;
A lusty, trusty, skeigh young yad,
And he had spared her lang, O.

Moderate.

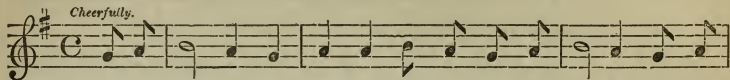
A' kinds o' lads an' men I see, The young - est an' the
auld - est; The fair, the dark, the big, the wee, The blat - est an' the
bauldest. An' mony a laughin', can - ty ane, An' mo - ny a coax - in'
sly man--Hech sirs, 'mang a' the lads that rin, I wonder wha'll be my man.

I wonder whaur he is the noo—
I wonder gin he's near me,
An' whaur we'll meet at first, an' hoo,
An' when he'll come to spier me.
I wonder gin he kens the braes,
The bonnie braes whaur I ran;
Was't there he leev'd his laddie days?
I wonder wha'll be my man.
O guidsake! how I wish to ken
The man that I'm to marry,
The ane amang sae mony men:—
I wish I kent a fairy,

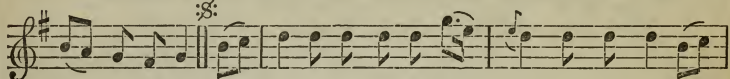
Or ony body that can see
A farer gate than I can—
I wonder wha the chiel's to be—
I wonder wha'll be my man.
But losh, na! only hear to me,
It's neither wise nor bonnie
In asking wha the lad may be—
I'll maybe ne'er get ony.
But if for me indeed there's ane,
I think he's but a shy man,
To keep me crying late and soon,
"I wonder wha'll be my man."

WE'RE A' NODDIN'.

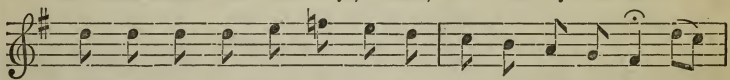
The original air of "We're a' noddin'" differs considerably from the version now generally adopted. We cannot name the author of the verses we give to the air. They are from Blackie's "Book of Scottish Song," and are certainly much better than the old doggerel.



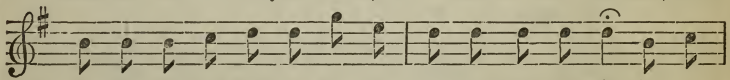
And we're a' nod - din', Nid, nid, nod - din', And we're a' nod - din' At



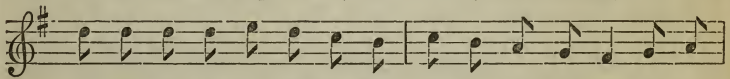
our house at hame. Guid e'en to ye, kimmer, And are ye a - lane? O



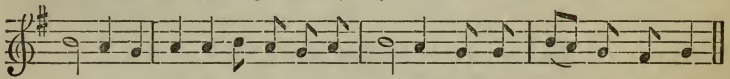
come and see how blythe are we, For Jam - ie he's come hame; And



O, but he's been lang a - wa', And O my heart was sair, As I



sob - bed out a lang fareweel, May - be to meet nae mair. Noo we're



a' noddin', Nid, nid, noddin', And we're a' noddin' At our house at hame.

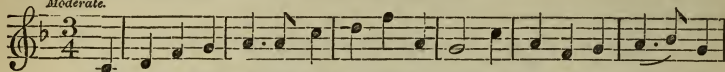
O sair hae I fought,
 Ear' and late did I toil;
 My bairnies for to feed and clead—
 My comfort was their smile.
 When I thought on Jamie far awa',
 And O his love sae fain;
 A bodin' thrill cam' through my heart,
 We'd maybe meet again.
 Noo we're a' noddin', &c.

When he knocket at the door,
 I thought I kent the rap;
 And little Katie cried aloud,
 "My daddie he's come back."
 A stoun' gaed thro' my anxious breast,
 As thochtfully I sat;
 I rase—I gazed—fell in his arms,
 And burstet out and grat.
 Noo we're a' noddin', &c.

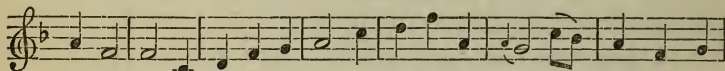
THE ROCK AN' THE WEE PICKLE TOW.

WRITTEN BY ALEX. ROSS.

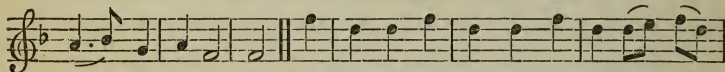
Alexander Ross, author of "Helenore; or, the fortunate shepherdess," "The rock and the wee pickle tow," and various other poems and songs, was born in Kincardine-o'Neill, Aberdeenshire, on the 13th of April, 1699. He held the office of parochial schoolmaster of Lochlea in Forfarshire for the lengthened period of fifty years, and died in May, 1784.

Moderate.

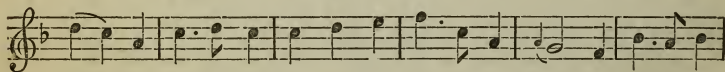
There was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow, And she wad gae try the



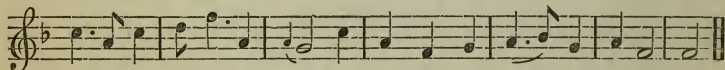
spinnin' o't; But lootin' her doun, her rock took a - lowe, And that was an



ill be - ginnin' o't. She spat on't, she flat on't, and tramp'd on its



pate, But a' she could do it wad ha'e its ain gate; At last she sat



doun on't and bit - ter - ly grat, For e'er ha'e - in' tried the spinnin' o't.

Foul fa' them that ever advised me to spin,

It minds me o' the beginnin' o't;

I weel might ha'e ended as I had begun,

And never ha'e tried the spinnin' o't.

But she's a wise wife wha kens her ain weird.

I thought ance a day it wad never be spier'd,

How let ye the lowe tak' the rock by the beard,

When ye gaed to try the spinnin' o't?

The spinnin', the spinnin', it gars my heart sab

To think on the ill beginnin' o't;

I took't in my head to mak' me a wab,

And that was the first beginnin' o't.

But had I nine daughters, as I ha'e but three,
 The safest and soundest advice I wad gi'e,
 That they wad frae spinnin' aye keep their heads free,
 For fear o' an ill beginnin' o't.

But if they, in spite o' my counsel, wad run
 The dreary, sad task o' the spinnin' o't;
 Let them find a lown seat by the light o' the sun,
 And syne venture on the beginnin' o't.
 For wha's done as I've done, alake and awow!
 To busk up a rock at the cheek o' a lowe;
 They'll say that I had little wit in my pow,
 O the muckle black de'il tak' the spinnin' o't.

CHARLIE, YE ARE WELCOME.

Lively.

Char - lie, ye are welcome, welcome, welcome, Char - lie, ye are
 welcome to Scotland and to me; There's some folk in yon town,
 yon town, yon town, There's some folk in yon town, I trow, that shouldna be.

Charlie, we'll no name them, name them, name them,
 Charlie, we'll no name them—we ken wha they be;
 The swords they are ready, ready, ready,
 The swords they are ready, I trow, to mak' them flee.

Charlie, ye'll get backing, backing, backing,
 Charlie, ye'll get backing, baith here an' owre the sea;
 The clans are a' gath'ring, gath'ring, gath'ring,
 The clans are a' gath'ring, to set their kintra free.

Charlie, 'tis the warning, warning, warning,
 Charlie, 'tis the warning we hear owre hill and lea;
 The colours they are flying, flying, flying,
 The colours they are flying, to lead to victorie.

THE PIPER O' DUNDEE.

AIR, "AIKEN DRUM."

Nothing is known of the origin of this fine air. There are various versions of "Aiken Drum," one beginning—

There lived a man in our town,
In our town, in our town;

There lived a man in our town,
And his name was Aiken Drum.

"The hero of this song is supposed to have been Carnegie of Phinhaven, celebrated as the best flier from the field of Sherriffmuir, namely:—

The laird of Phinhaven, who swore to be even
Wi' ony general or peer o' them a', man.

He was a very active partizan of the Stuart party for a while, but afterwards became notorious for deserting the cause, and of course incurred all the odium usually attached to the character of a turncoat. The song evidently refers to some meeting held at Amulrie, a village in Perthshire, no doubt with a view to ascertain the feelings of individuals towards the cause, and fix their intentions."—*Note, Jacobite Minstrelsy.*

Lively.

The pip-er cam' to our town, To our town, to our town, The
pip-er cam' to our town, And he play'd bonnie-lie. He play'd a spring, the
laird to please, A spring brent new, frae 'yont the seas, And then he ga'e his
bags a squeeze, And play'd anith-er key. And was na he a rog-ie, A
ro-gie, a ro-gie; And was na he a ro-gie, The piper o' Dundee?

He play'd "The welcome o'er the main,"
And "Ye'se be fou, and I'se be fain,"
And "Auld Stuarts back again,"
Wi' muckle mirth and glee.

He play'd "The Kirk" he play'd "The
Queen,"
"The Mullin Dhu," and "Chevalier,"
And "Lang away, but welcome here,"
Sae sweet, sae bonnielie.
And was na, &c.

It's some gat swords, and some gat nane,
And some were dancing mad their lane;
And mony a vow o' weir was ta'en,
That nicht at Amulrie.

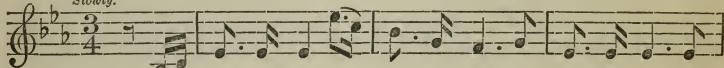
There was Tullibardine and Burleigh,
And Struan, Keith, and Ogilvie;
And brave Carnegie, wha but he,
The piper o' Dundee?
And was na, &c.

O POORTITH CAULD.

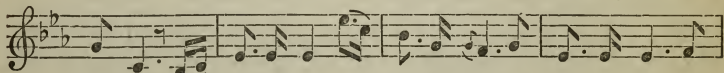
WRITTEN BURNS—AIR, "I HAD A HORSE."

This song was written by Burns for Mr. Thomson's collection, 1793, to the tune of "I had a horse." As a rule we generally give the original song, but in this case, we prefer giving Burns's words set to the music, as they seem more in keeping with the beautiful air, which is decidedly of a plaintive character.

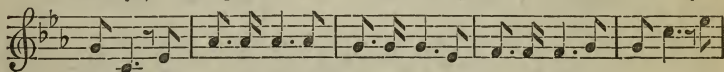
Slowly.



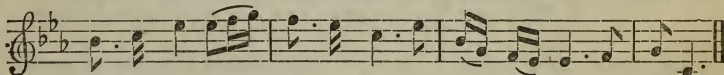
O poor-tith cauld, an' rest-less love, Ye wreck my peace be-



tween ye; Yet poortith a' I could for-gi'e, And 'twere na for my



Jeanie. O, why should fate sic pleasure ha'e Life's dearest bands en-twinin'g? Or



why sae sweet a flow'r as love De-pend on for-tune's shinin'g?

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

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

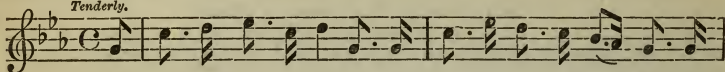
O wha can prudence think upon,
An' sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
An sae in love as I am?
O, why, &c.

How blest the humble cottar's fate,
He woos his simple dearie;
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never mak' him eerie.
O, why, &c.

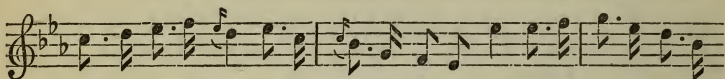
O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME?

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "MORAG."

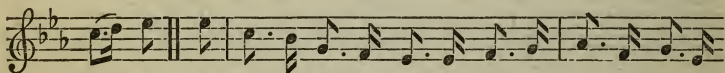
The air of "Morag," (Marion), seems to have been a great favourite of Burns's, as he has no fewer than three songs to that tune. "Of the air of 'Morag,'" says Allan Cunningham, "Burns was passionately fond; yet it cannot be said that he was more than commonly successful in wedding it to words. The measure which the tune requires is cramp and difficult, and the sentiment is interrupted before it has well begun to flow. This song was found among the papers of Burns; the exact period of its composition is not known, nor has the heroine been named."

Tenderly.

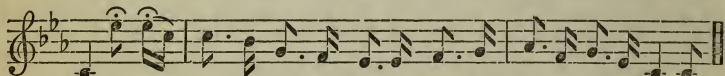
O wha is she that lo'es me, And has my heart in keeping? O



sweet is she that lo'es me, As dew's o' simmer weeping, In tears the rose-buds



steeping. O that's the las-sie o' my heart, My las-sie e-ver



dearer; O that's the queen o' woman-kind, And ne'er had ane to peer her.

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

If thou had'st heard her talking,
And thy attentions plighted,
That ilka body talking,
But her by thee is slighted,
An' thou art all delighted.
O that's, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one,
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one,
But her, thou hast deserted,
An' thou art broken-hearted.
O that's, &c.

NAE GENTLE DAMES, THOUGH E'ER SAE FAIR.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDIE." *See page 199.*

Nae gentle dames, though e'er so fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care;
Their titles a' are empty show,
Gi'e me my Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plain sae rushy, O;
I set me down wi' richt guid-will,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

O! were yon hills and valleys mine,
Yon palace and yon garden fine;
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea;
But while my crimson currents flow,
I'll love my Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

Although through foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change;
Her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
For her I'll trace a foreign shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band;
Till mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.

Farewell the glen sae bushy, O.
Farewell the plain sae rushy, O;
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

SEE SPRING HER GRACES WILD DISCLOSE.

AIR, "THERE WAS A LASS AND SHE WAS FAIR." *See page 210.*

See spring her graces wild disclose,
Birds sweetly chant on ilka spray;
'Mang broomy knowes the shepherd goes,
While sportive lambkins round him play.

Enraptur'd now I take my way,
While joy enlivens a' the scene;
Down by yon shaded stream I stray,
To meet and hail my bonnie Jean.

Ye Kelburn groves, by spring attired,
Where zephyrs sport amang the flow'rs;
Your fairy scenes I've aft admired,
While jocund pass the sunny hours.

But doubly happy in your bow'rs
When fragrance scents the dewy e'en,
I wander where your streamlet pours
To meet and hail my bonnie Jean.

Let grandeur rear her lofty dome,
Let mad ambition kingdoms spoil;
Through foreign lands let av'rice roam,
And for her prize unceasing toil.

Give me fair nature's vernal smile,
The shelter'd grove and daisied green;
I'll happy tread my native soil,
To meet and hail my bonnie Jean.

OH! WAS NOT I A WEARY WIGHT?

GAELIC AIR.

This song is supposed to have been written upon the massacre of Glencoe, in 1691, when nearly forty of the Macdonalds were murdered in cold blood by a party of soldiers under Captain Campbell, of Glenlyon. Those of the clan who escaped immediate death, afterwards perished in the mountains from cold and hunger. Glencoe, the supposed birthplace of the warrior-bard Ossian, is a vale in Argyllshire, near the head of Loch Etive.

Mournfully.

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is characterized by a mournful, descending contour. The lyrics are printed below the staff, with some words underlined to indicate phrasing. The score consists of seven lines of music, each with its corresponding lyrics underneath.

Oh! was not I a wear-y wight, Oh! on - ochri, oh! oh!
 on - o - chri, O; Maid, wife, and wid - ow, in one night, Oh!
 on - o - chri, on - o - chri, on - o - chri, O. When in my
 soft and yield - ing arms, Oh! on - o - chri, oh! oh!
 on - o - chri, O; When most I thought him free from
 harms, Oh! on - o - chri, on - o - chri, on - o - chri, O.

E'en at the dead hour of the night,
 Oh! onochri, oh! oh! onochri, O;
 They broke my bow'r, and slew my knight,
 Oh! onochri, onochri, onochri, O.
 Wi' ae lock o' his jet-black hair,
 Oh! onochri, oh! oh! onochri, O;
 I'll tie my heart for evermair,
 Oh! onochri, onochri, onochri, O.

Naesly-tongued youth, or flattering swain,
 Oh! onochri, oh! oh! onochri, O;
 Shall e'er untie that knot again,
 Oh! onochri, onochri, onochri, O.
 Thine still, dear youth, that heart shall be;
 Oh! onochri, oh! oh! onochri, O;
 Nor pant for aught but Heav'n and thee,
 Oh! onochri, onochri, onochri, O.

THE NAMELESS LASSIE.

WRITTEN BY JAMES BALLANTINE—MUSIC BY ALEX. MACKENZIE.

Moderate.

There's nane may e - ver guess or trow my bon - nie las - sie's name; There's
 nane may ken the humble cot my las - sie ca's her hame; Yet
 tho' my las - sie's nameless, an' her kin o' low de - gree, Her
 heart is warm, her thoughts are pure, an' O, she's dear to me. Her
 heart is warm, her thoughts are pure, an' O, she's dear to me.

She's gentle as she's bonnie, an' she's modest as she's fair,
 Her virtues, like her beauties a', are varied as they're rare;
 While she is light and merry as the lammie on the lea,
 For happiness an' innocence thegither aye maun be.

When she unveils her blooming face, the flow'rs may cease to blaw,
 An' when she opes her hinnied lips, the air it trembles a';
 But when wi' ither's sorrow touched, the tear starts till her e'e,
 Oh! that's the gem in beauty's crown, the priceless pearl to me.

Within my soul her form's enshrined, her heart is a' my ain,
 An' richer prize, or purer bliss, nae mortal e'er can gain;
 The darkest paths o' life I tread wi' steps o' bounding glee,
 Cheer'd onward by the love that lights my nameless lassie's e'a.

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THE BRAES ABOON BONAW.

THE CHORUS ARRANGED FOR THIS WORK BY A. HUME.

Lively.

Wilt thou go, my bon-nie las-sie? Wilt thou go, my braw las-sie?

Wilt thou go? say aye or no, To the braes a-boon Bo-naw, las-sie?

Though Don-ald ha'e nae meikle frase, Wi' Lawland speeches fine, las-sie, What *rall.*

he'll im-part comes frae the heart, Sae let it be frae thine, las-sie.

ATR. *Chorus.*

Wilt thou go, my bon-nie las-sie? Wilt thou go, my braw las-sie?

TENOR.

Wilt thou go, my bon-nie las-sie? Wilt thou go, my braw las-sie?

BASS.

rall.

Wilt thou go? say aye or no, To the braes aboon Bo-naw, las-sie?

Wilt thou go? say aye or no, To the braes aboon Bo-naw, las-sie?

When simmer days clead a' the braes
 Wi' blossom'd broom sae fine, lassie;
 At milkin' shiel we'll join the reel,
 My flocks shall a' be thine, lassie.
 Wilt thou go, &c.

I'll hunt the roe, the hart, the doe,
 The ptarmigan sae shy, lassie;
 For duck and drake I'll beat the brake,
 Nae want shall thee come nigh, lassie.
 Wilt thou go, &c.

For trout and par, wi' cannie care,
 I'll wily skim the flee, lassie;
 Wi' sic-like cheer I'll please my dear,
 Then come awa' wi' me, lassie.

Yes, I'll go, my bonnie laddie,
 Yes, I'll go, my braw laddie;
 Come weel, come wae, I'll kilt an' gae
 To the braes aboon Bonaw, laddie.

In answer to an inquiry of R. A. Smith, the late Robert Gilfillan stated that this song was believed to be the composition of a second cousin of his father's, who died abroad.

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET?

PART OF THE ORIGINAL SONG, FROM HERD'S COLLECTION, 1776. See page 200.

David Herd was one of the most laborious and successful collectors of our old ballads and songs, many of which he rescued from oblivion. He published a collection of these in 1776, under the title of "Ancient Songs and Ballads."

O lassie, art thou sleeping yet?
 Or are you waking, I would wit;
 For love has bound me hand and fit,
 And I would fain be in, jo.
 O let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
 O let me in this ae night,
 And I'll ne'er come back again, jo.

The morn it is the term day,
 I maun away, I canna stay;
 O pity me before I gae,
 And rise and let me in, jo.
 O let me in, &c.

The night it is baith cauld and weet,
 The morn it will be snaw and sleet;

My shoon are frozen to my feet,
 Wi' standing on the plain, jo.
 O let me in, &c.

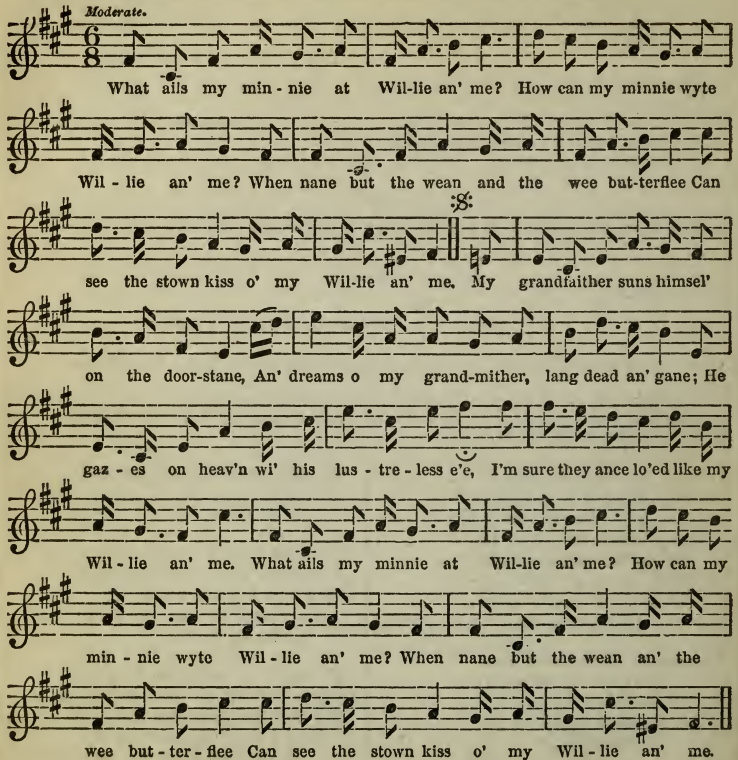
I am the laird o' Windy-wa's,
 I come na here without a cause,
 And I ha'e gotten mony fa's
 In coming through the plain, jo.
 O let me in, &c.

My father's waking on the street,
 My mither the chamber keys does keep;
 My chamber door does chirp and cheep,
 And I daurna let you in, jo.
 O gae your ways this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
 O gae your ways this ae night,
 For I daurna let you in, jo.

THE STOWN KISS.

WRITTEN BY JAMES BALLANTINE—MUSIC BY PETER M'LEOD.

Moderate.



What ails my min - nie at Wil - lie an' me? How can my minnie wyte
 Wil - lie an' me? When nane but the wean and the wee but - ter - fee Can
 see the stown kiss o' my Wil - lie an' me. My grandfather suns himsel'
 on the door - stane, An' dreams o my grand - mither, lang dead an' gane; He
 gaz - es on heav'n wi' his lus - tre - less e'e, I'm sure they ance lo'ed like my
 Wil - lie an' me. What ails my minnie at Wil - lie an' me? How can my
 min - nie wyte Wil - lie an' me? When nane but the wean an' the
 wee but - ter - fee Can see the stown kiss o' my Wil - lie an' me.

Begin the succeeding verse at the mark S :

Inserted by the kind permission of Messrs. Robertson & Co., Edinburgh, from whom copies with pianoforte accompaniments may be had.

I ken Willie's true, an' I feel he's my ain ;
 He courts na for gear, an' he comes na for gain—
 He leaves a' his flocks far out owre on yon lea,
 What true heart wad sinder my Willie an' me?
 What ails my minnie at Willie an' me?
 How can my minnie wyte Willie an' me?
 When nane but the wean an' the wee butterflie
 Can see the stown kiss o' my Willie an' me.

OH! WHY LEFT I MY HAME?

WRITTEN BY ROBERT GILFILLAN—MUSIC ADAPTED BY PETER M'LEOD.

Slow.

Oh! why left I my hame? Why did I cross the deep? Oh! why left I the
 land Where my fore-fa-thers sleep? I sigh for Sco-tia's shore, And I
 gaze across the sea, But I can-na get a blink o' my ain coun-trie.

The palm-tree waveth high,
 And fair the myrtle springs;
 And to the Indian maid
 The bulbul sweetly sings.
 But I dinna see the broom,
 Wi' its tassels on the lea;
 Nor hear the lintie's sang
 O' my ain countrie.

Oh! here no Sabbath bell
 Awakes the Sabbath morn,
 Nor song of reapers heard
 Among the yellow corn;

For the tyrant's voice is here,
 And the wail o' slaverie;
 But the sun of freedom shines
 In my ain countrie.

There's a hope for every woe,
 And a balm for every pain;
 But the first joys of our heart
 Come never back again.
 There's a track upon the deep,
 And a path across the sea;
 But the weary ne'er return
 To their ain countrie.

Inserted by the kind permission of Messrs. Wood & Co., Edinburgh and Glasgow, from whom copies with pianoforte accompaniments may be had.

LET US HASTE TO KELVIN GROVE.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS LYLE—AIR, "O, THE SHEARIN'S NO FOR YOU."

The authorship of this popular song was at first erroneously ascribed to John Sim, but Mr. Thomas Lyle, surgeon in Glasgow, afterwards established his title to it. "Kelvin Grove," says Whitehaw, "a picturesque and richly wooded dell, through which the river Kelvin flows, lies at a very short distance to the north-west of Glasgow, and will in all probability soon be comprehended within the wide-spreading boundaries of the city itself. At one part of it (North Wood-side), is an old well, called the Pear-tree Well, from a pear tree which formerly grew over it. This used to be, and still is to some extent, a favourite place of resort for young parties from the city on summer afternoons."

Moderate.

Let us haste to Kelvin grove, bonnie las-sie, O, Through its mazes let us
rove, bon - nie las - sie, O; Where the rose in all her pride, Paints the
hollow din-gle side, Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie las - sie, O.

Let us wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O,
To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O;
Where the glens rebound the call
Of the roaring waterfall,
Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.

O Kelvin's banks are fair, bonnie lassie, O,
When in summer we are there, bonnie lassie, O;
There the May-pink's crimson plume
Throws a soft, but sweet perfume,
Round the yellow banks of broom, bonnie lassie, O.

Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O,
As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, O;
Yet with fortune on my side,
I could stay thy father's pride,
And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O.

But the frowns of fortune lower, bonnie lassie, O,
 On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O;
 Ere yon golden orb of day
 Wake the warblers from the spray,
 From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.

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,
 Ev'n to thee, of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.

When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O,
 Should I fall 'midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,
 Then, Helen! should'st thou hear
 Of thy lover on his bier,
 To his memory drop a tear, bonnie lassie, O.

OUR AIN COUNTRIE.

JACOBITE SONG.

Stowly.

O! far, far frae hame, frae hame I wad be, it's far, far frae
 hame, to a strange coun-trie; To tar-ry but a wee, and re-
 turn speedi-lie, And bring back the bonnie lad to his ain coun-trie.

O doukit be the Dutch in their ain sleepy sea,
 Cadogan and all such, wherever they may be;
 Wae worth the volunteers, and shame to them be,
 That wad fight against their prince in his ain countrie.

Blest be our royal king, and frae danger keep him free,
 When he conquers all his foes that oppose his majesty;
 And bless the Earl o' Mar, and all his cavalry,
 Wha first began the war for the king and our countrie.

FYE LET US A' TO THE BRIDAL.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS DICK OF PAISLEY.

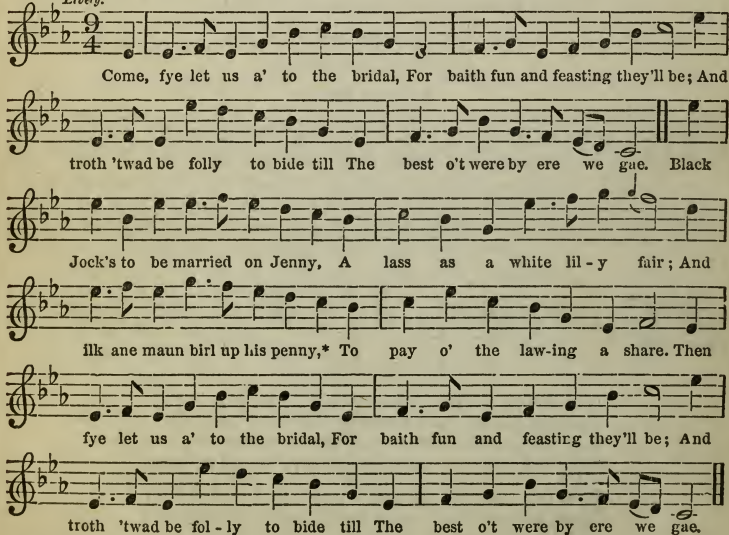
The original ballad of "The blythesome bridal" is principally a curious, though spirited catalogue of heterogeneous characters, which, however, are rather inadmissible to modern company. It was given in Watson's "Collection of Scots Poems," printed at Edinburgh in 1706. The authorship is said to have been claimed by the noble family of Napier, for an ancestor, who lived upon the Border, but on what circumstance this claim is founded we are not informed. In "The Annual Miscellany" for 1812, it is ascribed to Francis Sempill, of Beltrees, in Renfrewshire, and begins—

Fye let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be liltin there;
Black Jock's to be married on Maggie,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.

"The license of a Scottish bridal," says Allan Cunningham, "if we may believe the northern painters and poets, was very great. The riding for the bruse—the bedding—the stocking-throwing—the eating—the dancing—and the drinking would require a volume." The air was formerly called "An' the kirk wad let me be."

The excellent verses we have adopted, while retaining all the humour of the original, are unexceptionable on the score of delicacy.

Lively.



Come, fye let us a' to the bridal, For baith fun and feasting they'll be; And
troth 'twad be folly to bide till The best o't were by ere we gae. Black
Jock's to be married on Jenny, A lass as a white lil-y fair; And
ilk ane maun birl up his penny,* To pay o' the law-ing a share. Then
fye let us a' to the bridal, For baith fun and feasting they'll be; And
troth 'twad be fol-ly to bide till The best o't were by ere we gae.

* What is called a "Penny Wedding" in Scotland, derives its name from the circumstance of all the male guests paying a share of the expense, to treat the company.

And there will be cores o' young fellows,
 A' bent on a reel and a spree;
 Wi' auld carles hearty and zealous
 In tasting the beef and the bree.
 Wives wagging their pows at young lasses,
 Wha are licht baith o' head and o' heel;
 Trick'd out in their new-fangled dresses
 To dazzle some puir silly chiel.
 Then fye, &c.

And there will be plenty o' a' thing
 To eat and to sup ye could name;
 Wi' liquor, baith strong thing and sma'
 To warm the inside o' the wame. [thing,

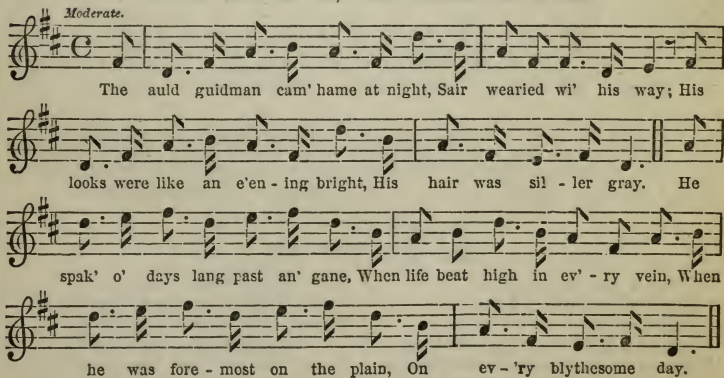
The meat wi' the music was trystit,
 And, no to lose time in the ha',
 The clerk o' the parishesen bless'd it
 Afore it was roastit ava'.
 Then fye, &c.

Whenever the bride's cake is broken,
 Ilk maiden maun strive for a bit;
 They wha canna sleep, may lie wauken,
 And dream on't what men they're to get.
 Belyve they'll be flinging the stocking,
 To see wha is next to be wed;
 And unco sly smirking and joking,
 At putting the young folks to bed.
 Then fye, &c.

THE AULD GUIDMAN CAM' HAME AT NIGHT.

WRITTEN BY HOGG—AIR, "LORD EGLINTON'S AULD MAN."

Moderate.



The auld guidman cam' hame at night, Sair wearied wi' his way; His
 looks were like an e'en-ing bright, His hair was sil-ler gray. He
 spak' o' days lang past an' gane, When life beat high in ev-ry vein, When
 he was fore-most on the plain, On ev-ry blythesome day.

The life o' man's a winter's day—
 Look back—'tis gane as soon;
 But yet his pleasures halve the way,
 And fly before 'tis noon.

But conscious virtue still maintains
 The honest heart through toils an' pains,
 And hope o' better days remains,
 An' hauds the heart aboon.

O BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "THE WEE, WEE MAN."

Burns sent this song to Mr. Thomson in 1795. In a letter, he says, "I do not know whether I am right, but that song pleases me. . . . If you like the song, it may go as Scottish verses to the air of 'I wish my love were in the mire.'" Mr. Thomson published the song in the third volume of his collection, to the air of "The wee, wee man." This air, which greatly resembles "Garry Owen," had previously appeared in Johnson's "Museum," with the original words, which we give entire. We are indebted to old David Herd for the recovery of this singular fragment.

With feeling.

O bon-nie was yon ro-sy brier That blooms sae far frae haunt o'
 man, And bon-nie she, and Oh! how dear It shad-ed frae the e'en-in' sun.
 Yon rosebuds in the morning dew, How pure, among the leaves sae green; But
 pur-er was the lov-er's vow They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
 That crimson rose, how sweet and fair;
 But love is far a sweeter flow'r,
 Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
 Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
 And I the world, nor wish nor scorn,
 Its joys and griefs alike resign.

THE WEE, WEE MAN.

As I was a walking all alone,
 Between a water and a wa',
 O there I spied a wee, wee man,
 And he was the least that e'er I saw.
 His legs were scarce a stathmont's* length,
 And thick and thimber were his thighs;
 Between his brows there was a span,
 And between his shoulders there was three.

He took up a muckle stane,
 And he flang't as far as I could see;
 Though I had been a Wallace wight,
 I could na lift it to my knee.
 O wee, wee man, but thou be strong,
 O tell me where thy dwelling be;
 My dwelling's down at yon bonnie bower,
 O will ye go with me and see?

* Stathmont, in old Scottish measure, means the fist closed with the thumb extended.

On we lap, and awa' we rade,
 Till we cam' to yon bonnie green ;
 We lighted down for to bait our horse,
 And out there came a lady fine.
 Four-and-twenty at her back,
 And they were a' clad out in green ;
 Though the king of Scotland had been there,
 The warst o' them might ha'e been his
 queen.

On we lap, and awa' we rade,
 Till we cam' to yon bonnie ha' ;
 Where the roof was o' the beaten gowd,
 And the floor was o' the crystal a'.
 When we cam' to the stairfoot,
 Ladies were dancing, jimp and sma' ;
 But in the twinkling of an e'e,
 My wee, wee man was clean awa'.

YE CANNA MARRY ME.

MUSIC BY H. C. GRIFFITHS.

Moderate.

Take back that ring, dear Jam - ie, The ring ye gi'ed to me; And
 a' the vows ye made yestreen, Be - neath the bir - ken trec. But
 gi'e me back my heart a - gain, It's a' I ha'e to gie; Gin
 ye'll no wait a fit - ting time, Ye can - na mar - ry me.

I promis'd to my daddie,
 Afore he slipp'd awa',
 I ne'er wad leave my minnie,
 Whate'er should be her fa'.
 I'll faithfu' keep my promise,
 For a' that ye can gi'e ;
 Sae, Jamie, if ye winna wait,
 Ye canna marry me.
 I canna leave my maminie,
 She's been sae kind to me ;
 Sin e'er I was a bairnie,
 A wee thing on her knee.

Nae mair she'll kame my gowden hair,
 Nor busk my snood sae braw ;
 She's auld an' frail—her e'en are dim,
 An' sunie will close on a'.
 I maunna leave my maminie,
 Her journey is nae lang ;
 Her head is bending to the mools,
 Whaur it maun shortly gang.
 Were I an heiress o' a crown,
 I'd a' its honours tine,
 To watch her steps in helpless age,
 As she in youth watch'd mine.

Inserted by the kind permission of the composer.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

WRITTEN BY J. FRASER—MUSIC BY A. HUME.

With feeling.

Dear land of my birth, of my friends, of my love, Shall I
 ne - ver a - gain climb thy mountains, Or wan - der at eve through the
 lone, leaf - y grove To list to the dash of thy foun - tains?
 Shall no hand that I love close my faint beam - ing eye, That
 dark - ens 'mid war - fare and dan - ger? Ah! no, for I feel that my
rall.
 last heav - ing sigh Must fleet on the gale of the strang - er.

Then farewell, ye valleys, ye fresh blooming bow'rs,
 Of childhood the once happy dwelling;
 No more in your haunts shall I chase the gay hours,
 For death at my bosom is knelling.
 But proudly the lotus shall bloom o'er my grave,
 To mark where a freeman is sleeping;
 And my dirge shall be heard in the Nile's dashing wave,
 When the Arab his night-watch is keeping.

'Twas a soldier who spoke—but his voice now is gone,
 And lowly the hero is lying;
 No sound meets the ear save the crocodile's moan,
 And the breeze 'mid the palm trees sighing.

But lone though he rests where the camel is seen
 Thro' the wilderness heavily pacing,
 His grave in our bosoms shall ever be green,
 And his monument ne'er know defacing.

THROUGH CRUIKSTON CASTLE'S LONELY WA'S.

WRITTEN BY TANNAHILL.

Cruikston, or Crockston Castle, a romantic ruin, stands about three miles south from Paisley, and is now the property of Sir John Maxwell of Pollok, Bart.

Moderate.

Through Cruikston castle's lone - ly wa's The win - try wind howls
 wild and drear-y; Though mirk the cheerless e'ning fa's, Yet I ha'e vow'd to
 meet my Ma - ry. Yes, Ma - ry, though the winds should rave Wi'
 jeal - ous spite to keep me frae thee, The dark - est storm - y
 night I'd brave, For ae sweet sec - ret mo - ment wi' thee.

Loud o'er Cardonald's rocky steep
 Rude Cartha pours in boundless measure;
 But I will ford the whirling deep
 That roars between me and my treasure.
 Yes, Mary, though the torrent rave,
 Wi' jealous spite, to keep me frae thee;
 Its deepest flood I'd bauldly brave,
 For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

The watch-dog's howling loads the blast,
 And makes the nightly wand'rer eerie;
 But when the lonesome way is past,
 I'll to this bosom clasp my Mary.
 Yes, Mary, though stern winter rave
 Wi' a' his storms to keep me frae thee,
 The wildest dreary night I'd brave,
 For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFFMUIR.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "THE CAMERONIAN RANT."

The battle of Sheriffmuir has been commemorated in several songs. Among the earliest is "A dialogue between Will Lickladle and Tam Cleancogue, twa shepherds, wha were feeding their sheep on the Ochil Hills on the day the battle of Sheriffmuir was fought." The author was the Rev. John Barclay, founder of the sect called Bereans. Burns's song, though only an imitation, is decidedly the best of the two. The air, sometimes called "The Cameron's march," is a good old Highland reel tune. The chorus may be omitted at the pleasure of the singer. "The Drygate brig" crosses the Molindinar burn in the north-east district of Glasgow.

Lively.

O cam' you here the fight to shun, Or herd the sheep wi' me, man; Or
 was ye at the Sher - ra - muir, And did the bat - tle see, man? I
 saw the bat - tle, sair and teuch, And reek-in' red ran mony a sheuch, My
 heart, for fear, ga'e sough for sough, To hear the thuds, and see the cluds, O'
 clans frae wuds, in tar - tan duds, Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man. Huh!
 hey dum dir - rum, hey dum dan, Huh! hey dum dir - rum dey dan; Huh!
 hey dum dir - rum, hey dum dan, Huh! hey dum dir - rum dey dan.

The red-coat lads wi' black cockades,
To meet them were na slaw, man,
They rush'd, and push'd, and bluid out
gush'd,

And mony a bouk did fa', man.
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced twenty miles,
They hough'd the clans like nine-pin kyles;
They hack'd and hash'd, while broad-
swords clash'd,
And through they dash'd, and hew'd and
smash'd,

Till feymen died awa', man.
Huh! hey, &c.

But had you seen the philabegs,
And skyrin' tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they daur'd our Whigs,
And covenant true-blues, man.

In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets opposed the targe,
And thousands hastened to the charge;
Wi' Highland wrath, they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till out o' breath,
They fled like frighted do'es, man.

Huh! hey, &c.

O, how de'il, Tam, can that be true?
The chase gaed frae the north, man;
I saw mysel' they did pursue
The horsemen back to Forth, man.

And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight,
But, cursed lot, the gates were shut,
And mony a huntit puir red-coat,
For fear amaisht did swarf, man.
Huh! hey, &c.

My sister Kate cam' up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
She swore she saw some rebels run
To Perth and to Dundee, man.
Their left-hand general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae guid-will
That day their neighbours' bluid to spill;
For fear, by foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose, they scared at blows,
And hameward fast did flee, man.
Huh! hey, &c.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen
Among the Highland clans, man;
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
Or in his enemies' hands, man.
Now wad ye sing this double fight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right;
And mony bade the world guid night.
Say pell and mell, wi' musket knell,
How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell
Flew aff in frighted bands, man.
Huh! hey, &c.

THE DRYGATE BRIG.

WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER RODGER—SAME AIR.

Last Monday night, at sax o'clock,
To Mirren Gibb's I went, man;
To snuff, an' crack, an' toom the cap,
It was my hale intent, man.
So down I sat, an' pree'd the yill,

Syne luggit out my sneeshin' mill,
An' took a pinch wi' right good-will
O beggar's brown (the best in town),
Then sent it roun' about the room,
To gi'e ilk ane a scent, man.

The sneeshin' mill, the cap gaed round,
 The joke, the crack, an' a', man;
 'Bout markets, trade, and daily news,
 To wear the time awa', man.
 Ye never saw a blyther set
 O' queer auld-fashion'd bodies met,
 For fient a grain o' pride nor pet,
 Nor eating care gat footing there;
 But friendship rare, aye found sincere,
 And hearts without a flaw, man.

To cringing courtiers kings may blaw,
 How rich they are, and great, man;
 But kings could match na us at a',
 Wi' a' their royal state, man.
 For Mirren's swats, sae brisk an' fell,
 An' Turner's snuff, sae sharp an' snell,
 Made ilk ane quite forget himsel';
 Made young the auld, inflamed the cauld,
 An' fired the saul wi' projects bauld,
 That daur'd the power o' fate, man.

But what are a' sic mighty schemes,
 When ance the spell is broke, man?
 A set o' maut-inspired whims,
 That end in perfect smoke, man.
 An' what like some disaster keen,
 Can chase the glamour frae our een,
 An' bring us to oursel's again?
 As was the fate o' my auld pate,
 When that night late, I took the gate,
 As crouse as ony cock, man.

For, sad misluck, without my hat,
 I doiting cam' awa', man;
 An' when I down the Drygate cam',
 The win' began to blaw, man.
 When I cam' to the Drygate brig
 The win' blew aff my guid brown wig,
 That whirled like eny whirligig,
 As up it flew out of my view,
 While I stood glow'rin', waefu' blue,
 Wi' wide extended jaw, man.

When I began to grope for't syne,
 'Thrang poutrin' wi' my staff, man,
 I coupit owre a muckle stane,
 An' skail'd my pickle snuff, man.
 My staff out o' my hand did jump,
 And hit my snout a dreadfu' thump,
 Whilk raised a most confounded lump;
 But whaur it flew I never knew,
 Yet sair I rue this mark sae blue,
 It leuks sae fleesome waff, man.

O had ye seen my waefu' plight,
 Your mirth had been but sma', man;
 An' yet, a queerer antic sight
 I trow ye never saw, man.
 I've lived thir fifty years an' mair,
 But solemnly I here declare
 I ne'er before met loss sae sair;
 My wig flew aff, I tint my staff,
 I skail'd my snuff, I peel'd my loof,
 An' brak' my snout an' a', man.

Now wad ye profit by my loss?
 Then tak' advice frae me, man;
 An' ne'er let common sense tak' wing
 On fumes o' barley bree, man.
 For drink can heeze a man sae high,
 An' mak' his head maist touch the sky,
 But down he tumbles by an' by
 Wi' sic a thud, 'mang stanes an' mud,
 That aft its guid, if dirt and bluid
 Be a' he has to dree, man.

MY BONNIE, BLYTHESOME MARY.

WRITTEN BY JOHN IMLAH—MUSIC BY EDWARD PLATT.

Cheerfully.

Oh! gin thou't gang a - wa wi' me, Bonnie Ma - ry, blythesome Ma - ry; A
 hap - py bo - die shalt thou be, My bon-nie, blythesome Ma - ry. Nae
 world - ly wealth ha'e I for thee, Nor e - ven now a heart to gi'e; For
 that thy charms ha'e stown frae me, My bon - nie, blythesome Ma - ry, Oh
 gin thou't gang a - wa wi' me, Bon - nie Ma - ry, blythesome Ma - ry, A
 hap - py bo - die shalt thou be, My bon - nie, blythesome Ma - ry.

For what is wealth wi' lack o' love,
 Bonnie Mary, blythesome Mary;
 It canna then a blessing prove,
 My bonnie, blythesome Mary.
 Yet were my cot a castle grand,
 My wee bit croft a lairdship's land,
 I'd gi'e them wi' my heart an' hand,
 My bonnie, blythesome Mary.
 Oh! gin, &c.

As lang's the breath o' life is thine,
 Bonnie Mary, blythesome Mary,
 Thou't bless the day that made thee mine,
 My bonnie, blythesome Mary.
 Then, lassie, niffer hearts wi' me,
 And oh! how happy baith shall be;
 How fain to live, how laith to die,
 My bonnie, blythesome Mary.
 Oh! gin, &c.

Inserted by the kind permission of Messrs. Robertson & Co., Edinburgh, from whom copies with pianoforte accompaniments may be had.

THE ROVER OF LOCHRYAN HE'S GANE.

WRITTEN BY HUGH AINSLIE—MUSIC BY R. A. SMITH.

Hugh Ainslie, author of "On wi' the tartan," "The hameward sang," "It's dowie in the hint o' hairst," and other excellent songs, is a native of Dailly, in Ayrshire. He was for some time a clerk in the Register Office, Edinburgh, but has been for above thirty years a resident in North America.

With spirit.

The ro - ver of Loch - ry - an he's gane, Wi' his mer - ry men sae
brave ; Their hearts are o' the steel, an' a bet - ter keel Ne'er
bowl'd on the back o' a wave. It's no when the loch lies dead in its
trough, When naething dis - turbs it a - va' ; But the rack an' the
ride o' the rest - less tide, Or the splash o' the gray sea maw.

It's no when the yawl an' the light skiffs crawl
Owre the breast o' the siller sea,
That I look to the west for the bark I lo'e best,
An' the rover that's dear to me.
But when that the clud lays its cheeks to the flood,
An' the sea lays its shouther to the shore ;
When the win' sings high, and the sea whaups cry
As they rise frae the whitening roar.

It's then that I look to the thickening rook,
And watch by the midnight tide ;
I ken the wind brings my rover hame,
And the sea that he glories to ride.

O merry he sits 'mang his jovial crew
 Wi' the helm-heft in his hand;
 An' he sings aloud to his boys in blue,
 As his e'e's upon Galloway's land.

Unstent an' slack each reef an' tack,
 Gi'e her sail, boys, while it may sit;

She has roar'd through a heavier sea afore,
 An' she'll roar through a heavier yet.
 When landsmen sleep, or wake an' creep,
 In the tempest's angry moan, [lift
 We dash through the drift, and sing to the
 O' the wave that heaves us on.

O SEND LEWIE GORDON HAME.

WRITTEN BY REV. ALEX. GEDDES, D.D.

Dr. Alexander Geddes was born in Banffshire in 1737, and died in London in 1802. He belonged to the Church of Rome, and was well known as the author of several polemical and other works. He was also the author of the humorous song, "The wee wifukie." The Chevalier is the person alluded to as "the lad I daurna name;" and Lewie Gordon was a younger brother of the Duke of Gordon. He joined the Chevalier's standard in 1745, and die' in France in 1754.

Rather slow.

O send Lew- ie Gor- don hame, And the lad I daur- na name;
 Though his back be at the wa', Here's to him that's far a- wa.
 O- hon! my High- land-man; Oh! my bon- nie High- land-man.
 Weel wad I my true love ken A- mang ten thousand Highland- men.

Oh! to see his tartan trews,
 Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,
 Philabeg aboon his knee,
 That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.
 Ohon! my Highlandman, &c.

The princely youth of whom I sing,
 Is fitted for to be a king;

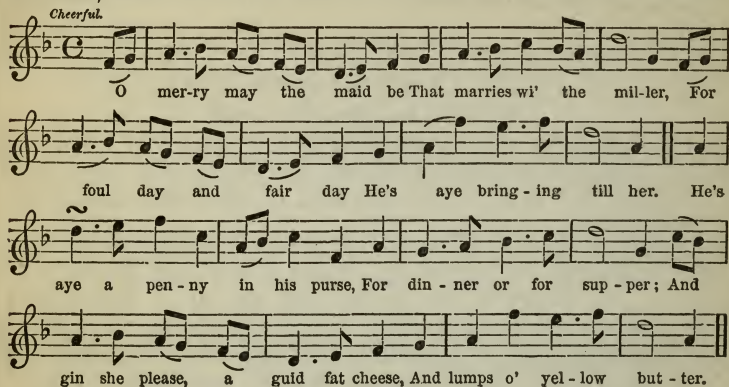
On his breast he bears a star—
 You'd take him for the god of war.
 Ohon! my Highlandman, &c.

Oh! to see the princely one,
 Seated on a royal throne;
 Disasters a' would disappear,
 Then begins the jubilee year.
 Ohon! my Highlandman, &c.

O MERRY MAY THE MAID BE.

With the exception of the first verse, which is very old, this lively song was written by Sir John Clerk of Pennicuik, Bart., one of the Barons of the Exchequer Court of Scotland, "a gentleman of great learning and accomplishments." The first four verses were published in "The Charmer" in 1751, to which Sir John afterwards added a fifth, and in this form it appeared in David Herd's collection in 1769. Sir John Clerk died at his seat, Pennicuik House, Midlothian, 4th October, 1755.

Cheerful.



O mer-ry may the maid be That marries wi' the mil-ler, For
foul day and fair day He's aye bring-ing till her. He's
aye a pen-ny in his purse, For din-ner or for sup-per; And
gin she please, a guid fat cheese, And lumps o' yel-low but-ter.

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

Behind the door a bag o' meal,
And in the kist was plenty
O' guid hard cakes his mither bakes,
And bannocks were na scanty.
A guid fat sow, a sleeky cow
Was standing in the byre;
Whilst lazy puss with mealy mouse
Was playing at the fire.

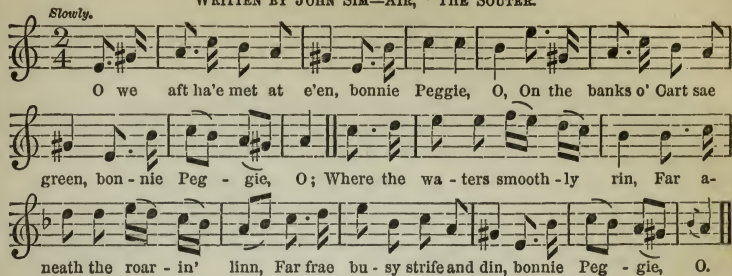
Guid signs are these, my mither says,
And bids me tak' the miller;
For foul day and fair day
He's aye bringing till her.
For meal and maut she does na want,
Nor ony thing that's dainty;
And now and then a keekling hen,
To lay her eggs in plenty.

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

BONNIE PEGGIE, O.

WRITTEN BY JOHN SIM—AIR, "THE SOUTER."

Slowly.



O we aft ha'e met at e'en, bonnie Peggie, O, On the banks o' Cart sae
green, bon - nie Peg - gie, O; Where the wa - ters smooth - ly rin, Far a -
neath the roar - in' linn, Far frae bu - sy strife and din, bonnie Peg - gie, O.

When the lately crimson west, bonnie Peggie, O,
In her darker robe was drest, bonnie Peggie, O,
And a sky of azure blue,
Deck'd with stars of golden hue,
Rose majestic to the view, bonnie Peggie, O.

When the sound of flute or horn, bonnie Peggie, O,
On the gale of ev'ning borne, bonnie Peggie, O,
We have heard in echoes die,
While the wave that rippled by
Sung a saft and sweet reply, bonnie Peggie, O.

Then how happy we would rove, bonnie Peggie, O,
Whilst thou blushing own'd thy love, bonnie Peggie, O;
Whilst thy quickly throbbing breast
To my beating heart I press'd,
Ne'er was mortal half sae blest, bonnie Peggie, O.

Now, alas! these scenes are o'er, bonnie Peggie, O,
Now, alas! we meet no more, bonnie Peggie, O;
Oh! ne'er again, I ween,
Will we meet at simmer e'en,
On the banks of Cart sae green, bonnie Peggie, O.

Yet, had'st thou been true to me, bonnie Peggie, O,
As I still ha'e been to thee, bonnie Peggie O,
Then with bosom, O how light,
Had I hail'd the coming night,
And yon ev'ning star sae bright, bonnie Peggie, O.

GAE BRING TO ME A PINT O' WINE.

WRITTEN BY BURNS—AIR, "MY BONNIE MARY."

Burns wrote this song after seeing a young officer take leave of his sweetheart at the pier of Leith, and embark for foreign service.

Moderate, with expression.

Gae bring to me a pint o' wine, And fill it in a
 sil - ver tassie, That I may drink, be - fore I go, A service to my
 bon - nie las - sie. The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith, Fu'
 loud the wind blows frae the fer - ry, The ship rides by the
 Ber - wick Law, And I maun leave my bon - nie Ma - ry.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glittering spears are ranked ready;
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes deep and bloody!
 It's not the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad mak' me langer wish to tarry,
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

WRITTEN BY W. CRAWFORD—COMPOSER UNKNOWN.

Moderate.

When trees did bud, and fields were green, And broom bloom'd fair to
 see; When Ma - ry was just out fifteen, And love laugh'd in her
 e'e; Blythe Dav - ie's blinks her heart did move To speak her mind thus
 free, Gang down the burn, Dav - ie, love, Down the burn Dav - ie, love,
 Down the burn, Dav - ie, love, And I will fol - low thee.
 Down the burn, Dav - ie, love, Down the burn, Dav - ie, love, Down the burn,
 Dav - ie, love, Gang down the burn, Dav - ie, love, And I will fol - low thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass
 That dwelt on yon burn side,
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride.

Blythe Davie's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were rosy-red and white,
 Her e'en were bonnie blue;
 Her locks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like hinney dew.

Blythe Davie's blinks, &c.

FAREWEEL, YE STREAMS SAE DEAR TO ME.

WRITTEN BY T. M. CUNNINGHAM—AIR, "MISS FORBES'S FAREWELL TO BANFF."

This beautiful air is the composition of a Mr. Isaac Cooper of Banff, musician, and published in Gow's "Repository" about the close of the last century.

Moderate.

Fare - weel, ye streams sae dear to me, My bon - nie Cloud - en,
 Nith, and Dee; Ye burns that row sae bon - ni - lie, Your sil - ler
 waves nae mair I'll see. Yet though frae your green banks I'm
 driv'n, My saul a - wa' could ne'er be riv'n, For still she
 lifts her e'en to heav'n, An' sighs to be a - gain wi' thee.

Ye canty bards ayont the Tweed,
 Your skins wi' claes o' tartan cleed,
 An' lilt along the verdant mead,
 Or, blythely on your whistles blaw,
 An' sing auld Scotia's barns an ha's,
 Her bourtree dikes an' mossy wa's;
 Her faulds, her bughts, and birken shaws,
 Where love an' freedom sweeten a'.

Sing o' her carles, teuch and auld,
 Her carlines grim, that flyte an' scauld,
 Her wabsters blythe, and souters bauld,
 Her flocks and herds sae fair to see.

Sing o' her mountains, bleak an' high,
 Her fords, where neigh'rin' kelpies cry;
 Her glens, the haunts o' rural joy,
 Her lasses liltin' o'er the lea.

To you the darling theme belongs,
 That frae my heart exulting spangs;
 O mind among your bonnie sangs,
 The lads that bled for liberty.
 Think o' our auld forbears o' yore,
 Wha dyed the muirs wi' hostile gore;
 Wha slav'ry's bands indignant tore,
 An' bravely fell for you an' me.

My gallant brithers, brave an' bauld,
Wha haud the pleugh, or wake the fauld,
Until your dearest bluid rin cauld,
Aye true unto your country be.

Wi' daring look her durk she drew,
An' coost a mither's look on you;
Then let na ony spulzein' crew
Herdear bought freedom wrest frae thee.

THERE'S THREE GOOD FELLOWS AYONT YON GLEN.

The chorus is all that remains of this old song. The tune appears in M'Gibbon's "Collection of Scots Tunes," 1740. The words here given are partly by Burns, with some modern additions.

Lively.

There's three true good fel - lows, There's three brave loy - al fel - lows, There's
three true good fel - lows, Down a - yont yon glen. It's now the day is daw'ing, But
ere the night be fa' - ing, Whase cock is best at craw - ing
Wil - lie thou shalt ken. There's three true good fel-lows, There's three brave loy -
al fel - lows, There's three true good fel - lows Down a - yont yon glen.

Begin the succeeding verse at the mark § :

There's Graham and noble Gordon,
And Lindsay brave is coming;
Wi' Cameron, Macgregor, and Logan,
And a' their Highlandmen.

There's three true, &c.

'Tis they that are aye the foremost
Whene'er the battle is warmest;
The bravest and the kindest
Of a' Highlandmen.

There's three true, &c.

O now there's no retreating,
The clans are a' a-waiting,
And every heart is beating
For honour and for fame.

There's three true good fellows,
There's three brave loyal fellows,
There's thrice three good fellows
Down ayont yon glen.

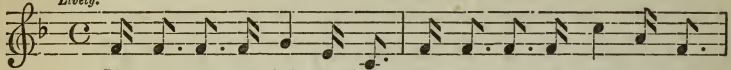
LITTLE WAT YE WHA'S COMING.
THE CHEVALIER'S MUSTER ROLL, 1715.

AIR, "TAIL TODDLE."

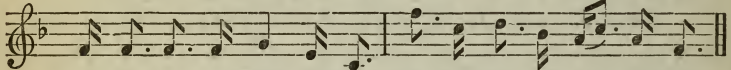
The old name of this lively tune was "Fiddlestrings are dear, laddie," from a song beginning—

Fiddlestrings are dear, laddie,
Fiddlestrings are dear, laddie;
An' ye break your fiddlestrings,
Ye'se get nae mair the year, laddie.

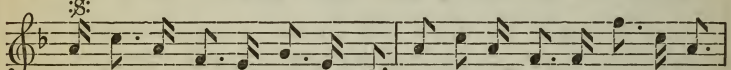
Lively.



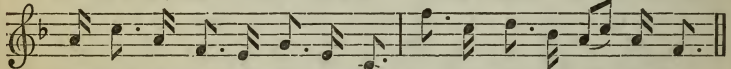
Lit - tle wat ye wha's com-ing, Lit - tle wat ye wha's coming;



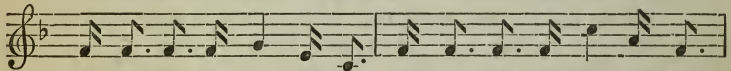
Lit - tle wat ye wha's coming, Jock and Tam and a's com-ing.



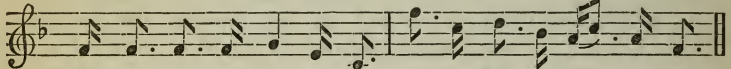
Duncan's coming, Donald's coming, Col-in's coming, Ronald's coming;



Dugald's coming, Lachlan's coming, Al - is - ter and a's coming.



Lit - tle wat ye wha's coming, Lit - tle wat ye wha's com - ing;



Lit - tle wat ye wha's com-ing, Jock and Tam and a's com-ing.

Begin the succeeding verses at the mark $\text{:}\mathcal{S}$:

Borland and his men's coming,
Cameron and M'Lean's coming;
Gordon and M'Gregor's coming,
Iika Dunywastle's* coming.

Little wat ye, &c.

M'Gillvary an' a's coming.

Wigton's coming, Nithsdale's coming,
Carnwath's coming, Kenmure's coming;
Derwentwater and Foster's coming,
Withrington and Nairn's coming.

Little wat ye, &c.

Blythe Cowhill and a's coming.

* Dhuine Uasal, a Highland laird or gentleman.

The Laird of M'Intosh is coming,
M'Crabbie and M'Donald's coming;
M'Kenzie and M'Pherson's coming,
A' the wild M'Craw's coming.

Little wat ye, &c.
Donald Gunn and a's coming.

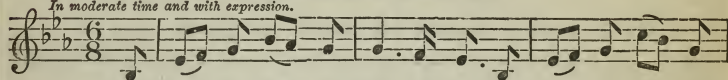
They gloom, they glow'r, they look sae big,
At ilka stroke they'll fell a Whig;
They'll fright the fuds of the Pockpuds,
For mony a buttock bare's coming.

Little wat ye, &c.
A' the Highland clans are coming.

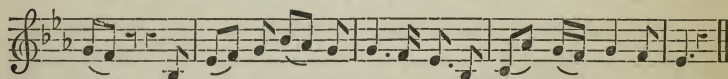
ANNIE'S TRYST.

WRITTEN BY W. E. AYTOUN, ESQ.

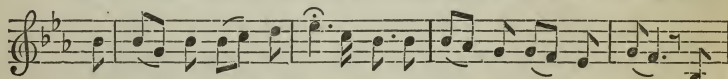
In moderate time and with expression.



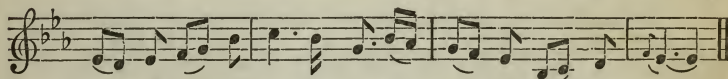
Your hand is cauld as snaw, An-nie, Your cheek is wan and



white; What gars ye trem-ble sae, Annie, What mak's your e'e sae bright?



The snaw is on the ground, Willie, The frost is cauld and keen, But



there's a burn-in' fire, Wil-lie, That sears my heart with-in.

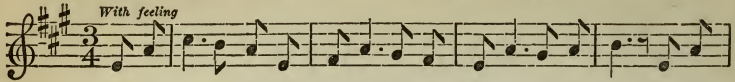
The spring will come again, Annie,
And chase the winter showers,
And you and I shall walk, Annie,
Among the simmer flow'rs.
Oh! bonnie are the braes, Willie,
When a' the drifts are gane,
But my heart misgi'es me sair, Willie,
Ye'll wander there alane.

Oh! will ye tryst wi' me, Annie?
Oh! will ye tryst me then?
I'll meet ye by the burn, Annie,
That wimples down the glen.
I daurna tryst wi' you, Willie,
I daurna tryst ye here,
But we'll hold our tryst in heav'n, Willie,
In the spring time o' the year.

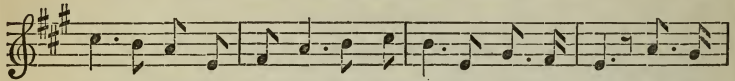
Inserted by the kind permission of Messrs. Wood & Co., Edinburgh and Glasgow, from whom copies with pianoforte accompaniments may be had.

SONG OF THE HIGHLAND EMIGRANT.

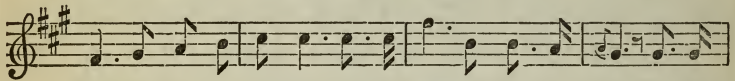
WRITTEN BY ANDW. PARK—MUSIC BY A. HUME.



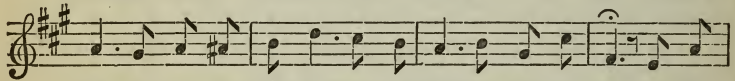
Let me see my native mountains Ere this passing life is o'er; All the



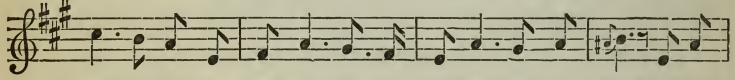
love - ly sparkling fountains That surround my father's door. All the



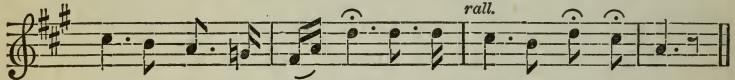
bloom-ing braes o' heather, All the lambkins free as joy, Wand'ring



o'er the hills the - gi - ther, That so charm'd me when a boy. All the



blooming braes o' heather, All the lambkins free as joy, Wand'ring



o'er the hills the - gi - ther, That so charm'd me when a boy.

Far frae a' the hallow'd places,
Ha'e I lang been forced to part;
Far frae a' the weel kent faces
That endeared hame to my heart.
Still in visions I behold thee,
Still I see thee fresh and fair;
Hearing legends love has told me,
And I breathe thy mountain air.
Still in visions, &c.

Peaceful land o' lofty grandeur,
Where the eagle soars on high;
How my footsteps love to wander
On thy cliffs that cleave the sky.
To behold thy cascades springing,
Like pure streams frae heav'n above;
And thy soaring minstrels singing
A' their guileless sangs o' love.
To behold, &c.

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

The authorship of this humorous song is attributed to King James V. of Scotland, about the year 1534. James died on the 14th of December, 1542, in the thirty-first year of his age.

Lively.

There was a jol - ly beg - gar, and a beg - ging he was bound, And
 he took up his quarters in - to a landwart town. And we'll gang nae mair a
 rov - ing, sae late in - to the night, And we'll gang nae mair a
 rov - ing, let the moon shine e'er sae bright. And we'll gang nae mair a rov - ing.

He wad neither lie into the barn, nor yet wad he in byre,
 But in ahint the ha' door or else beyond the fire.

And we'll gang, &c.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en, wi' guid clean straw and hay,
 Just in ahint the ha' door, and there the beggar lay.

And we'll gang, &c.

Up raise the guidman's dochter, and a' to bar the door,
 And there she saw the beggar man, was standing on the floor.

And we'll gang, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and to the neuk he ran,
 Oh! hooly, hooly wi' me, sir, ye'll wauken our guidman.

And we'll gang, &c.

He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud and shrill,
 And four and twenty belted knights came skipping o'er the hill.

And we'll gang, &c.

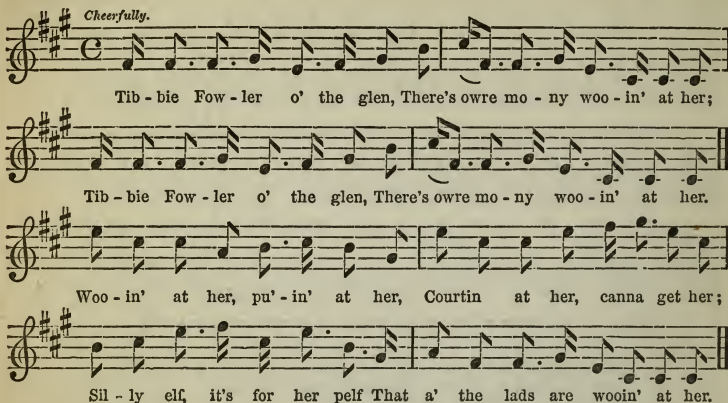
And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa',
 And he stood the bravest gentleman that was amang them a'.

And we'll gang, &c.

TIBBIE FOWLER.

Of this humorous song there are several spurious sets. The most correct is that inserted in Johnson's "Museum," which we have adopted. Ramsay in "The Tea Table Miscellany" has a song to this tune, beginning, "Tibbie has a store of charms." It is entitled, "Genty Tibbie and Sonly Nancy." The air, which is original and characteristic, was considered old even in Ramsay's day.

Cheerfully.



Tib - bie Fow - ler o' the glen, There's owre mo - ny woo - in' at her;

Tib - bie Fow - ler o' the glen, There's owre mo - ny woo - in' at her.

Woo - in' at her, pu' - in' at her, Courtin at her, canna get her;

Sil - ly elf, it's for her pelf That a' the lads are woin' at her.

Ten cam' east, an' ten cam' west,
 Ten cam' rowin' o'er the water;
 Ten cam' down the lang dike side,
 There's twa-an'-thirty woin' at her.
 Woin' at her, &c.

There's seven but, there's seven ben,
 Seven in the pantry wi' her;
 Twenty head about the door,
 There's ane-an'-forty woin' at her.
 Woin' at her, &c.

She's got pendles in her lugs,
 Cockle shells wad set her better;
 High-heel'd shoon an' siller tags,
 An' a' the lads are woin' at her.
 Woin' at her, &c.

Be a lassie e'er sae black,
 Gin she ha'e the name o' siller,
 Set her upon Tintock tap,
 The wind will blaw a man till her.
 Woin' at her, &c.

Be a lassie e'er sae fair,
 Gin she want the penny siller,
 A flee may fell her in the air,
 Before a man be even'd till her.
 Woin' at her, &c.

MY JESSIE AN' ME.

WRITTEN BY W. SHIELDS—MUSIC BY A. HUME.

Affetuoso.

The laird may de-light in his green wav-ing meadows, His
 weel thriven yearocks an' gow-an deck'd lea; But the bliss o' an hour 'neath the
 hawthorn's lown shad-ow Is dear-er by far to my Jessie an' me.
 Her cheeks like twin ros-es, just burst in-to blos-som, Gi'e life to ilk
 smile as it lin-ger-in' fa's; An' warm is the heart aye that
 beats in her bo-som, When wrapt in my plaid frae the cauld wind that blaws.

Her hame may be humble, her jewels but few,
 Her wealth a young heart that she may ca' her ain;
 Wi' a but an' a ben, an' a weel thriven cow
 To wat the saft mou's o' baith mither an' wean.
 An' gin we are blest in the gloamin' o' life,
 Wi' laddies grown men by our bien ingle roun';
 May the joy o' my heart be in Jessie, my wife,
 Sae blythely close life as we've blythely begun.

AWAY! CLANSMEN, AWAY!

MUSIC BY PETER M'LEOD,

With emphatic expression.

A - way! clansmen, a - way! A - way, a-way o'er the sea; We
 cross the wide main, to re - turn ne'er a - gain; Dear Scotland, a farewell to
 thee. Our fa - thers they cher-ish'd the soil, With hearts to their
 own mountains true, But a - las! they are gone, and with hearts sad and
ral - - - len - - - tan - - - do. tempo.
 lone, We bid bon - nie Scotland a - dieu. A - way! clansmen, a -
 way! A - way, a - way o'er the sea; We cross the wide
 main, to re - turn ne'er a - gain; Dear Scotland, a farewell to thee.

Begin the succeeding verse at the mark S :

No more shall the morning awake
 In joy to the corn-reaper's song;
 No more shall we hear Scotland's streamlets so clear,
 Her wild glens and valleys among.
 Away! clansmen, &c.

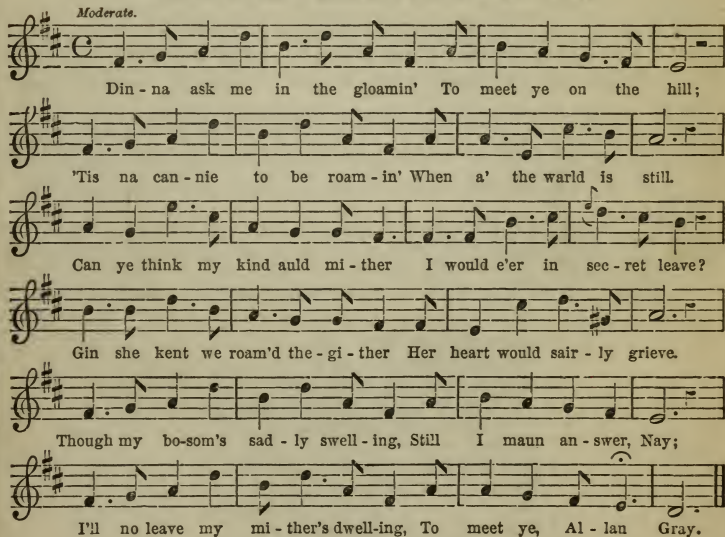
Inserted by the kind permission of the composer.

All sacred the graves of the dead,
 Those friends we were wont to deplore;
 But now we may weep for those dear ones who sleep
 In the land we shall gaze on no more.
 Away! clansmen, &c.

ALLAN GRAY.

WRITTEN BY MRS. V. ROBERTS—MUSIC BY JOHN FULCHER.

Moderate.



Din-na ask me in the gloamin' To meet ye on the hill;
 'Tis na can-nie to be roam-in' When a' the world is still.
 Can ye think my kind auld mi-ther I would e'er in sec-ret leave?
 Gin she kent we roam'd the-gi-ther Her heart would sair-ly grieve.
 Though my bo-som's sad-ly swell-ing, Still I maun an-swer, Nay;
 I'll no leave my mi-ther's dwell-ing, To meet ye, Al-lan Gray.

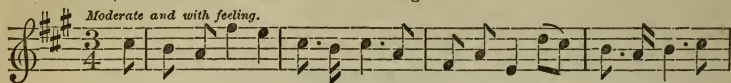
I'll no meet your bright e'e glist'ning
 Wi' love's ain sunny ray,
 Nor trust mysel' while list'ning
 To ought ye ha'e to say.
 Gin ye lo'e me as sincerely
 As you'd ha'e me to believe,

Never, while ye lo'e me dearly,
 Ask me to deceive.
 'Tis in vain ye ask me, Allan,
 Frae hame I winna gae;
 I'll no leave my mither's dwelling,
 To meet ye, Allan Gray.

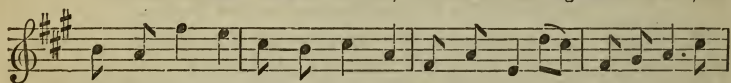
THE WOODS OF ABERDOUR.

WRITTEN BY JAMES BALLANTINE--MUSIC BY PETER M'LEOD.

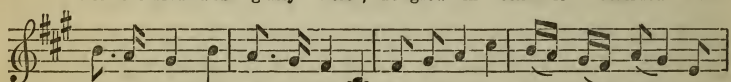
The woods of Aberdour are situated near the village of that name, on the north shore of the Frith of Forth, between Burntisland and Inverkeithing.



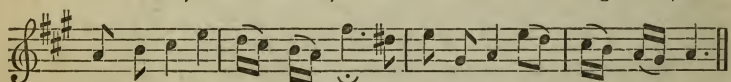
The wind blows saft frae south to north, And wafts the seedling frae the flow'r; Far



o'er the broad and glassy Forth, To grow in bon-nie Aberdour. Fair



Ab-er-dour, dear Ab-erdour, O would I were that seed-ling flow'r; For



there I felt love's ho-ly pow'r, Among the woods o' Ab-er-dour.

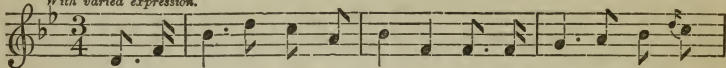
Gin planted in that fertile soil,
 The fairest flow'r I'd aim to be;
 That I might win my laddie's smile,
 And light wi' joy his sparkling e'e.
 Fair Aberdour, dear Aberdour,
 O gin I were that seedling flow'r;
 That thus the air might bear me owre,
 To live in bonnie Aberdour.

And gin that flow'r he deign'd to pu',
 And wear upon his manly breast;
 My glowing love wad pierce him through,
 My joy wad mak' him mair than blest.
 Fair Aberdour, dear Aberdour,
 O gin I were that seedling flow'r;
 That thus the air might bear me owre,
 To live in bonnie Aberdour.

THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

WRITTEN BY M. G. LEWIS—MUSIC BY A LADY.

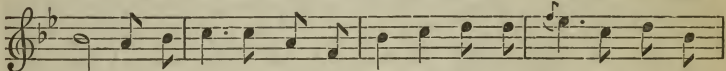
M. G. Lewis, commonly called "Monk Lewis," was a popular writer about the beginning of the century. He was author of "The Monk," "Castle Spectre," "Alonzo the Brave," and other pieces. Allan Water, near Dumblane, has been the theme of many fine songs, but none has shared a greater popularity than this. We cannot give the name of the gifted composer of the music.

With varied expression.

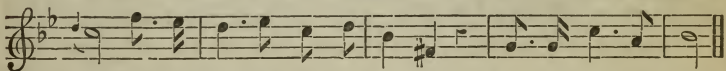
On the banks of Al - lan Wa - ter, When the sweet spring time did



fall, Was the mil - ler's love - ly daugh - ter, Fair - est of them



all. For his bride a sol - dier sought her, And a win - ning tongue had



he; On the banks of Al - lan Wa - ter None so gay as she.

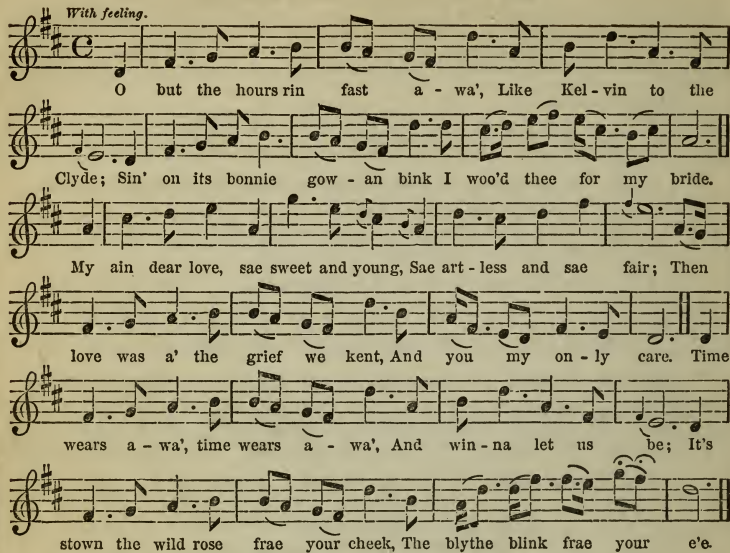
On the banks of Allan Water,
 When brown autumn spread his store,
 There I saw the miller's daughter,
 But she smiled no more.
 For the summer grief had brought her,
 And the soldier false was he;
 On the banks of Allan Water,
 None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
 When the winter snow fell fast,
 Still was seen the miller's daughter,
 Chilling blew the blast.
 But the miller's lovely daughter
 Both from cold and care was freed,
 On the banks of Allan Water
 There a corpse lay she.

TIME WEARS AWA'.

WRITTEN BY T. ELLIOTT—MUSIC BY A. HUME.

With feeling.



O but the hours rin fast a - wa', Like Kel - vin to the
Clyde; Sin' on its bonnie gow - an bink I woo'd thee for my bride.
My ain dear love, sae sweet and young, Sae art - less and sae fair; Then
love was a' the grief we kent, And you my on - ly care. Time
wears a - wa', time wears a - wa', And win - na let us be; It's
stown the wild rose frae your cheek, The blythe blink frae your e'e.

When woods were green, and flowers fair,
While you were a' my ain,
I little reck'd what years would bring
O' poortith, toil, and pain.
Some waefu' hours hae flapp'd their wings'
Dark shadows owre our lot;
Sin' like twa cushats o' the glen,
We stray'd in this dear spot.
Time wears awa', &c.

The voices o' these happy days
Steal on our dreams by night,
And cherish'd mem'ries rise and glow
Wi' their departed light.

But still the birds and burnies sing
 Their 'wilder'd melodie,
 As in the gowden dawn o' love,
 When we were young and free.
 Time wears awa', &c.

THE LOVELY LASS O' INVERNESS.

Burns has very successfully imitated the old ballad style in this pathetic song. (The first half stanza is old.) The fatal battle of Culloden, or Drummosie muir, was fought on the 16th of April, 1746. The air, composed by James Oswald, was published in the "Caledonian Pocket Companion," 1759.

Slow and plaintive.

The love - ly lass o' In - ver - ness, Nae joy nor pleasure can she
 see; For e'en and morn she cries, A - las! And aye the saut tear blinds her e'e.
 Drummos - sie muir, Drum - mos - sie day, A wae - fu' day it was to me, For
 there I lost my fa - ther dear, My fa - ther dear and breth - ren three.

Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,
 Their graves are growing green to see;
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's e'e.
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
 A bluidy man I trow thou be,
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

I'LL LO'E THEE, ANNIE.

WRITTEN BY ROBERT HAMILTON—MUSIC BY A. HUME.

Tenderly.

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is characterized by a gentle, flowing quality, consistent with the 'Tenderly' instruction. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words like 'sil-ler' and 'row-in' appearing as hyphenated syllables. The score includes dynamic markings such as 'tempo.' and 'rall.' to indicate changes in the music's pace.

I'll lo'e thee, An - nie, while the dew In sil - ler bells hings on the
 tree; Or while the burn - ie's waves o' blue Rin wimplin' to the rowin' sea.
 I'll lo'e thee while the gow-an mild Its crimson fringe spreads o'er the lea; While
 blooms the heather on the wild, O Annie, Annie, I'll be true to thee. I'll
tempo. lo'e thee, An - nie, while the dew In sil - ler bells hings on the tree, Or
 while the burn - ie's waves o' blue Rin wimplin', wimplin' to the row - in' sea.

I'll lo'e thee while the lintie sings
 His sang o' love on whinny brae;
 I'll lo'e thee while the crystal springs
 Glint in the gowden beams o' day.
 I'll lo'e thee while there's licht aboon,
 And stars to stud the breast o' sky;
 I'll lo'e thee till life's day is done,
 And bless thee wi' my latest sigh.
 I'll lo'e thee, Annie, while the dew
 In siller bells hings on the tree,
 Or while the burnie's waves o' blue
 Rin wimplin', wimplin' to the rowin' sea.

GOOD NIGHT, AN' JOY BE WI' YE A'.

WRITTEN BY SIR ALEX. BOSWELL.

"This beautiful tune," says Mr. Stenhouse, "has, time out of mind, been played at the breaking up of convivial parties in Scotland." Macgibbon, Oswald, Johnson, and other publishers have made it the concluding tune in their collections. Burns's well known "Farewell to the Brethren of St. James's Lodge, Tarbolton," is sung to the same air. "Ballad making is now as completely my hobby as ever fortification was Uncle Toby's, so I'll e'en canter it away till I come to the limit of my race (God grant that I may take the right side of the winning post), and then, cheerfully looking back on the honest folks with whom I have been happy, I shall say or sing 'Sae merry as we a' ha'e been,' and raising my last looks to the whole of the human race, the last words of the voice of *Coila* shall be 'Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'.'"—BURNS.

Moderato.

Good night, and joy be wi' ye a', Your harm - less mirth has cheer'd my
heart; May life's fell blasts out o'er ye blaw, In sor - row may ye ne - ver part.
My spi - rit lives, but strength is gone, The mountain fires now blaze in vain: Re -
mem - ber, sons, the deeds I've done, And in your deeds I'll live a - gain.

When on yon muir our gallant clan
Frae boasting foes their banners toré,
Who show'd himsel' a better man,
Or fiercer waw'd the red claymore?
But when in peace—then mark me there,
When through the glen the wand'rer came,
I gave him o' our hardy fare,
I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear
Be cantie, but be guid and leal;
Your ain ill's aye ha'e heart to bear,
Anither's aye ha'e heart to feel.

So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,
 I'll see you triumph e'er I fa';
 My parting breath shall boast you mine,
 Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'.

THE YEAR IS WEARIN' TO THE WANE.

WRITTEN BY HOGG—SAME AIR.

The year is wearin' to the wane,
 An' day is fadin' west awa';
 Loud raves the torrent an' the rain,
 An' dark the cloud comes down the shaw.
 But let the tempest tout an' blaw
 Upon his loudest winter horn,
 Good night, and joy be wi' ye a',
 We'll may be meet again the morn.

O we ha'e wander'd far an' wide,
 O'er Scotia's land o' firth an' fell;
 An' mony a simple flow'r we've cull'd,
 An' twin'd them wi' the heather bell.
 We've rang'd the dingle and the dell,
 The hamlet an' the baron's ha';
 Now let us tak' a kind farewell—
 Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'.

Ye ha'e been kind as I was keen,
 An' follow'd where I led the way;
 Till ilka poet's lore we've seen,
 O' this an' mony a former day.
 If e'er I led your steps astray,
 Forgi'e your minstrel ance for a';
 A tear fa's wi' his parting lay—
 Good night, an' joy be wi' ye a'.

and 5