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SCOTISH MINSTREL

A SELECTION

from the

VOCAL MELODIES OF SCOTLAND

ANCIENT & MODERN

ARRANGED FOR THE

PIANO FORTE

— BY —

R. A. SMITH.

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1
 THY CHEEK IS O' THE ROSES HUE.

The musical score consists of five systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is in a simple, folk-like style with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Thy cheek is o' the ro-ses' hue, My on-ly jo and
 dea-rie, O; Thy neck is like the sil-ler dew Up-on the
 bank sae brier-ic, O: Thy teeth are o' the i-vo-ry; O,
 sweet's the twin-kle o' thine e'e! Nae joy, nae pleas-ure,
 blinks on me, My on-ly jo and dea-rie, O.

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

Whan we war bairnies on you brae,
 An' youth was blinkin' bonny O,
 Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,
 Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O;

Aft I wad chace thee o'er the lea,
 And round about the thornie tree;
 Or pu' the wild-flowers a' for thee,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

I hae a wish I canna fine,
 'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O;
 I wish that thou wert ever mine,
 And never mair to leave me, O;
 Then I wad daut thee night and day,
 Nor ither war'ly care wad hae,
 Till life's warm stream forgat, to play,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

An thou were my ain thing, O! I would love thee,
 I would love thee, An thou were my ain thing, how dear-ly
 would I love thee. Then thy de-fence should be my arms; Then
 I'd se-cure thee from all harms; For 'bove all mor-tals
 thy hast charms; How dear-ly do I love thee.

Of race divine thou needs must be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee;
 With angel pity look on me,
 Who only lives to love thee.
 An thou were, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
 But that I love, and, for thy sake,
 What man can do I'll undertake;
 So dearly do I love thee.
 An thou were, &c.

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY.

3

Saw ye nae my Peg-gy? Saw ye nae my Peg-gy?

Saw ye Peg-gy, com-in by Til-li-bel-ton's broom? Im' trac A-ber-da-gie,

Owre the cratts o' Craigie; For aught I ken o' Peg-gy, She's a-yont the moon.

'Twas but at the daw-in, Clear the cock was craw-in, I saw Peg-gy caw-in

Haw-ky by the brier. Ear-ly bells were ring-ing, Blythest birds were singing,

Sweet-est flows were spring-ing, A' her heart to cheer.

Now the tempest's blowin,
Almond water's flowin,
Deep and ford unknowin,
She maun cross the day.
Almond water, spare her,
Safe to Lyndoch bear her,
Its braes n'er saw a fairer,
Bess Bell uor Mary Gray.

O, now to be wi' her!
Or but ance to see her
Skaithless, far or near,
I'd gie Scotland's crown.
Bye-word blinds a lover—
Wha's yon I discover?—
Just yere ain fair rover,
Stately stappin down.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Air - Crochallan.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here; My heart's in the
Highlands, a-chasing the deer; A-chasing the wild deer, and following the
roe, My heart's in the High-lands where e-very I go.

Farewell to the Highlands! farewell to the north!
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high-cover'd with snow!
Farewell to the straths and green vallies below!
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging-woods!
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods!

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

THE EXILE OF ULDOONAN.*

Air - Cia mar a Surrea' sinn fuirach.

Slowly

A-dieu to rock and to wa-ter-fall, Whose ec-hoes start a-mong

* This Air, lately introduced as Irish under the name of "The Legacy," has been current in the north of Scotland for Sixty Years as the composition of John M^r Murdo of Kintail. "Capt. Fraser's Melodies."

Albyn's hills, A long a-dicu, Ul-doon-an! And all thy wild-wood steeps, and thy
 sparkling rills. From the dreams of my childhood and youth I a-wa-ken, And
 all the sweet vi-sions that lan-cy wove; A-dicu! ye lone glens, and ye
 braes of green bra-ken, En-deard by friendship, and hope, and love.

The stranger came, and adversity's wind
 Blew cold and chill on my father's hearth;
 I strove, but vainly, some shelter to find
 Among the fields of my father's birth:
 But my desolate spirit shall never be severed
 From the home where a sister and mother once smiled,
 Though within its bare walls lies the root-tree all shivered,
 And mouldering rubbish is spread and piled.

I hear before me the waters roar;
 I see the galley in yonder bays,
 All ready and trim, she beckons the shore,
 And seems to chide my longer stay.
 Ul-doon-an! when lingering afar from thy valley,
 At my pilgrimage close o'er the billowy brine,
 Harps long will be strung, and new voices will hail thee,
 Without devotion and love like mine.

THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE.

Jacobite.

Slow

The sun ris-es bright in France, And fair sets he; But he has tint the

blink he had In my ain countrie. It's nae my ain ru-in That weets aye my

ce, But the dear Ma-rie I left a-hin Wi' sweet hair-nies three.

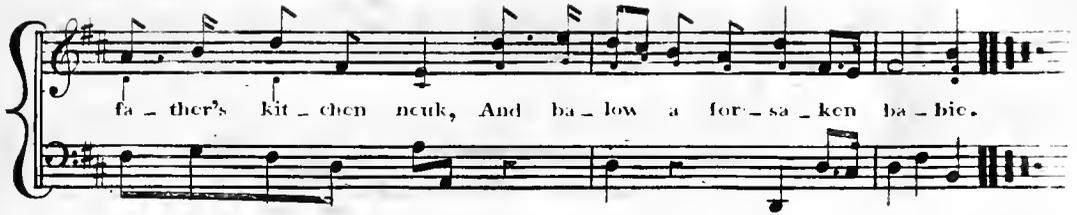
Fu' beinly low'd my ain hearth,
 And smild my ain Marie;
 O I've left a' my heart behind,
 In my ain countrie!
 O I'm leal to high heaven,
 Which aye was leal to me!
 And it's there I'll meet you a' soon,
 Frae my ain countrie.

LORD ABOYNE.

Old Ballad.

At-ten-hae I play'd at the ring and the ba', And lang was a

lit-tle ran-tin-las-sie; But now I maun sit in my



For my father he will not me own,
 And my mother she neglects me;
 And a' my friends hae lightlied me,
 And their servants they do slight me.

But had I a servant at my command,
 As all times I've had many,
 That wad rin wi' a letter to bonny Glenswood,
 Wi' a letter to my rantin laddie.

O! is he either a laird, or a lord?
 Or is he but a cadie?
 That ye do him ca' sae aften by name
 Your bonny, bonny, rantin laddie.

Indeed he is baith a laird and a lord;
 Think ye I married a cadie?
 But he is the Earl o' bonny Aboync,
 And he is my rantin laddie.

O yese get a servant at your command,
 As all times ye've had many,
 That sall rin wi' a letter to bonny Glenswood,
 A letter to your rantin laddie.

When Lord Aboync did the letter get,
 O but he blinket bonie;
 But, or he had read three lines of it,
 I think his heart was sorry.

His face it reddened like a flame,
 And grasping his sword sae massy,
 O wha is this that daur be sae bauld,
 Sae cruelly to use my lassie?

For her father he will not her know,
 And her mother she does slight her,
 And a' her friends hae lightlied her,
 And their servants they neglect her.

Go raise to me my five hundred men;
 Make haste and make them ready,
 With a milk-white steed under every ane,
 For to bring hame my lady.

As they came in thro' Buchan-shire,
 They were a company bonny,
 With a gude claymore in every hand,
 And O but they shind bonny.

CRAIL TOUNE.

Old.

And was ye ere in Crail tounce? I-go and a-go; And

saw ye there Clerk Dish-in-ton? Sing, i-rom i-gon a-go.

His wig was like a dronket hen,
Igo and ago;
The tail o't like a goose pen,
Sing, irom igon ago.

To hear them o' their travels talk,
Igo and ago;
To gae to London's but a walk,
Sing, irom igon ago.

And dinna ye ken Sir John Malcom,
Igo and ago;
Gin he be wise enough I mistak him,
Sing, irom igon ago.

To see the wonders o' the deep,
Igo and ago;
Would gar a man baith wail and weep,
Sing, irom igon ago.

And had ye weel frae Sandy Don,
Igo and ago;
He's muckle datter nor Sir John,
Sing, irom igon ago.

To see the Leviathan skip,
Igo and ago;
An' wi' his tail ding owre a ship,
Sing, irom igon ago.

BOATMAN, HASTE.

The Cow Boy.

2^d Voice part ad lib:

"Boatman, haste, launch your skiff; Row me quick o'er the ferry.
"Boatman, haste, launch your skiff; Row me quick o'er the ferry.

From his haunt on the cliff Screams the gull, wild and ee-rie.

From his haunt on the cliff, Screams the gull, wild and ee-rie.

Boatman, hasten, man your wher-ry; Row me quick-ly o'er the fer-ry.

Boatman, hasten, man your wher-ry; Row me quick-ly o'er the fer-ry.

Snow-white surges of-ten rearing, Warn the dreaded storm is nearing."

Snow-white surges of-ten rearing, Warn the dreaded storm is nearing."

Sail and oar swiftly bore
 Him afar from the mooring;
 But before he was o'er,
 Winds and waves loud were roaring,
 Soon, alas! the weltering billow,
 Is his cold and restless pillow,
 Where he sleeps without commotion,
 Sheeted with the foam of ocean.

CHARLIE, YE ARE WELCOME.

Jacobite.

Lively

Char - lie, ye are wel - come, wel - come, wel - come; Char - lie, ye are
 wel - come to Scot - land, and to me. There's some fòk in yon town, yon town,
 yon town; There's some fòk in yon town, I trow, that should na 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 and owre the sea:
 The clans they are gathering, gathering, gathering;
 The clans they are gathering, to set their kintra free.

Charlie it's the warning, warning, warning;
 Charlie it's the warning we hear, owre hill and lea;
 The colours they are flying, flying, flying;
 The colours they are flying, will lead to victorie.

THERE'S THREE GOOD FELLOWS AYONT YON GLEN.

Jacobite.

There's three true good fel - lows, 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'ling; But, ere the night is fa'ing, Whase cock's best at craw'ing,

Wil'lie, thou shalt ken. There's three true good fel'ows, Three brave loyal

fel'ows, There's three true good fel'ows Down a-yont yon glen.

There is Graham, and Gordon, And Lind-say brave is com-ing;

Ken ye wha is running Wi' his Highlandmen? There's three true good fel'ows, &c.

'Tis he that's ay the foremost,
When the battle is warmest,
The bravest and the kindest
Of all Highlandmen.

There's Sky's noble chieftain,
Hector and bold Evan,
Roeh, Bane Maerabach
And the true Maclean.

There's three true good fellows, &c.

There's three true good fellows, &c.

There's now no retreating,
The clans are a' waiting,
And ilk heart is beating
For honour and fame.
There's three true good fellows,
Whate'er they may tell us,
Thrice three good fellows
Down ayont yon glen.

SING ON, THOU LITTLE BIRD.

Sing on thou lit-tle bird, Thy wild notes sae loud, O
sing, sweet-ly sing frae the tree. Ah, be-neath thy bir-ken bow'r, I have
met, at e'en-ing hour, My young Jam-ie, that's far o'er the sea.

On yon bonnie heather knowes :
We pledged our mutual vows,
And dear is the spot unto me;
Tho' pleasure I hae nae,
While I wander alane,
And my Jamie is far o'er the sea.

But why should I mourn,
The seasons will return,
And verdure again clothe the lea;
The flow'rets shall spring,
And the salt breeze shall bring
My dear Laddie again back to me.

Thou star! give thy light,
Guide my lover aright,
Frae rocks and frae shoals keep him free;
Now gold I hae in store,
He shall wander no more,
No, no more shall he sail o'er the sea.

CASTELL GLOOM.*

Sl. wly

Oh, Castell Gloom! thy strength is gone, The green grass o'er thee growin;

* Castell Gloom belonging to the family of Argyle, was burned down in the civil wars by Montrose about 1643.

On hill of care thou art a-lone, The sorrow round thee flow-in' Oh

Cas-tell Gloom! on thy fair wa's 'Nae ban-ners now are stream-in'; The

hour-lit hits a-mang thy ha's, And wild birds there are scream-in'.

Chorus.
Oh! mourn the woe, oh mourn the crime, From civil war that flows; Oh!

mourn Ar-gyle, thy fal-len line, And mourn the great Mon-trose.

Here ladies bricht were aften seen,
 Here valient warriors trod;
 And here great Knox has aften been,
 Who fear'd nought but his God!
 But a' are gane! the guid, the great,
 And naething now remains,
 But ruin sittin on thy wa's,
 And crumblin doune the stanes!

Oh! mourn the woe, &c.

The lofty Ochills bricht did glow,
 Tho' sloopin' was the sun;
 But mornin's licht did sadly show
 What ragin' flames had done:
 Oh mirk, mirk, was the misty cloud,
 That hangs o'er thy wild wood;
 Thou wert like beauty in a shroud,—
 And all was solitude.

Oh! mourn the woe, &c.

It is worthy of remark that the name of the hill on which the picturesque ruins of the Castle stand, signifies in Gaelic the hill of Care. —the burn of Sorrow murmurs arround it; and the village D of Dollar lies at the foot of the glen.

LADY MARY ANN.

Old Ballad.

O La-dy Ma-ry Ann looks o'er the cas-tle wa', She saw three
bo-nie boys play-ing at the ba'; The young-est he was the
flow'r a-mang them a'; My bo-nie lad-die's young, but he's grow-in yet.

O Father! O Father! an ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year to the College yet;
We'll sew a green ribban round about his hat,
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew,
Sweet was its smell, and bonie was its hue,
And the langer it blossom'd the fairer it grew,
For the lily in the bud will be bonier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik,
Bonie and bloomin, and straught was its make,
The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa that we hae seen;
But far better days, I trust will come again,
For my bonie laddie's young, but he's growin yet.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE O.

Will ye gang o'er the lea-rig, My ain kind .. dea-rie O? Will

ye gang o'er the lea-rig, My ain kind dea-rie O? Gin

ye'll tak heart, and gang wi' me, Mis-hap will ne-ver steer ye

O; Gude luck lies owre the lea-rig My ain kind dea-rie O.

There's wealth owre yon green lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O;
 There's wealth owre yon green lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.
 It's neither land nor gowd nor braws,
 Let them gang tapsey teerie O;
 It's walth o' peace o' love, and truth,
 My ain kind dearie O.

WHEN O'ER THE MUIR THE TWILIGHT GREY.

Same Air.

When o'er the muir the twilight grey
 Spreads o'er the lawn sae eerie O,
 And frae the hill the weary hind
 Comes hame baith douf and weary O;
 Out o'er the sward I tak my road,
 Nae bog or hag can fear me, Jo,
 To meet thee on the lea-rig
 My ain kind dearie O.

Tis sweet, in yonder lonely glen,
 At gloamin when the moon shines hie,
 To see the burnie trotting down
 Out-o'er the lin beneath the tree;
 When at thy side upon the brae,
 My heart grows light and cheery O,
 Upon the trysting lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

When labour's o'er, at close of day,
 How blythsome is the ingle en';
 The joke, the laugh, the langsyne crack,
 Gaes roun' and roun', baith but and ben.
 But frae their mirth I steal awa,
 Altho' I'm wet an' weary O,
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

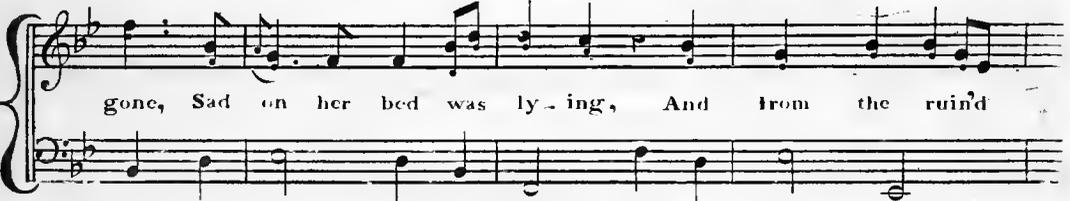
At morning sun the lavrock sings,
 And in the air he tunes his lay,
 And frae the scented dewy woods
 The blackbird chaunts at close of day;
 But at the gloamin', happy hour,
 When a' is dull and dreary O,
 O meet me on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.



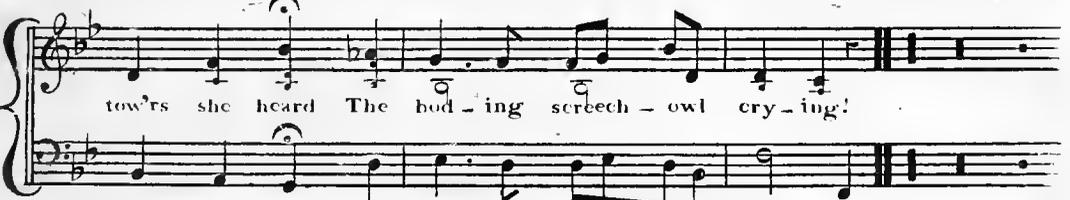
crow - ing, When west - land winds shook Stir - ling tow'r, With



hol - low mur - murs blow - ing. When Fan - ny fair, all woe - be -



gone, Sad on her bed was ly - ing, And from the ruin'd



tow'rs she heard The bod - ing screech - owl cry - ing!

"O dismal night!" she said, and wept;
 "O night presaging sorrow!
 O dismal night! she said, and wept;
 "But more I dread to-morrow.
 For now the bloody hour draws nigh,
 Each host to Preston bending;
 At morn shall sons their fathers slay,
 With deadly hate contending.

"Even in the visions of the night,
 I saw fell death wide sweeping,
 And all the matrons of the land,
 And all the virgins, weeping?"
 And now she heard the massy gates
 Harsh on their hinges turning;
 And now through all the castle heard
 The woeful voice of mourning.

Aghast, she started from her bed,
 The fatal tidings dreading.
 "O, speak!" she cry'd, "my fathers slain!
 I see, I see him bleeding!"

'A pale corpse on the sullen shore,
 At morn, fair maid, I left him;
 Even at the thresh-hold of his gate,
 The foe of life berelt him.

'Bold, in the battle's front, he fell,
 With many a wound deformed;
 A braver knight, nor better man,
 This fair Isle ne'er adorned?
 While thus he spoke, the grief-struck maid
 A deadly swoon invaded;
 Lost was the lustré of her eyes,
 And all her beauty faded.

Sad was the sight, and sad the news,
 And sad was our complaining;
 But oh! for thee, my native land,
 What woes are still remaining.
 But, why complain, the hero's soul
 Is high in heaven shining:
 May providence defend our isle
 From all our foes designing.

CALLER HERRIN.*

Music by Nath. Gow.

Wha'll buy caller herrin? They're bonnie fish, and hailsum fairing;

Wha'll buy caller herrin, New drawn frae the Forth? When ye were sleepin'
on your pillows, Dream'd ye ought o' our pair fellows, Dark-ling, as they
faced the billows, A' to fill the woveen willows. Buy my caller
herrin, They're bonnie fish and hailsum fairing; Buy my caller
herrin, New drawn frae the Forth, Wha'll buy my caller herrin? They're
no brought here with-out brave dar-ling; Buy my caller herrin, Ye

* The common cry of the Edinburgh Fish Women during the Herring season.

lit_tle ken their worth. Wha'll buy my caller her_rin? Oh! ye may ca' them

vul_gar far_ing; Wives and mith_ers, maist de_spair_ing, Ca' them lives o' men.

Wha'll buy caller herrin?
 Bonnie fish and balesome farin';
 Wha'll buy caller herrin;
 Hauled thro' wind and rain?
 A' our lads at herrin' lishin',
 Costly vampum, dinner dressin',
 Sole nor Turbot, how distressin',
 Fine folks scorn shoals o' blessin'.
 Wha'll buy caller herrin?
 Ye may ca' them vulgar fairin';
 Buy my caller herrin,
 Hauled thro' wind and rain.
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin?
 What they've cost ye're little carin';
 Buy my caller herrin,
 Aye the puir man's friend.
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin?
 What they've cost ye're little carin';
 Siller canna pay
 For the lives o' honest men.

Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.
 When the creel o' herrin passes,
 Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
 Gather in their braw pelisses,
 Cast their heads, & screw their laces.
 Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.

Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.
 Caller herrin's no to fightlie,
 Ye can trip the spring lu' fightlie,
 Spite o' tauntin', hauntin', hingin',
 Gow has set you a' a singin',
 Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.

Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.
 Neighbour wives, now tent my tellin',
 When the bonny fish ye're sellin'
 At a word aye be your dealin',
 Truth will stand when a' things' tadin',
 Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.

HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL.

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

me she cries, For night and day on me she cries; And like an Angel

to the skies, Still seems to beck on me! For me she liv'd, for

me she sigh'd, For me she wish'd to be a bride, For me she wish'd to

be a bride; For me, in life's sweet morn, she died On lair Kirkeon-nel lea.

Where Hittle waters gently wind,

As Helen on my arm-reclin'd,

A rival, with a ruthless mind,

Took deadly aim at me:

My love, to disappoint the foe,

Rush'd in between me and the blow;

And now her corsè is lying low,

On lair Kirkeconnel lea.

O! when I'm sleepin' in my grave,

And o'er my head the rank weeds wave,

May he who life and spirit gave

Unite my love and me!

Then from this world of doubts and sighs,

My soul on wings of peace shall rise,

And joining Helen in the skies,

Forget Kirkeconnel lea.

O Bes - sy Bell, and Ma - ry Gray, They are twa bon - ny

lass - es; They bigg'd a bower on yon burn brae, And

theek'd it o'er wi' rash - es. Fair Bes - sy Bell I

lo'ed ye - streen, And thought I ne'er could al - ter; But

Ma - ry Gray's twa paw - ky een Gard a' my fan - cy fal - ter.

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

And Mary's locks are like a caw,
 Her een like diamonds glances;
 She's ay sae clean, redd up, and braw.
 She kills whene'er she dances:

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

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

HEY JENNY COME DOWN TO JOCK.

Joe-ky he came here to woo, Wi' tar - tan plaid and
 bor - net blue. And Jen - ny pat on her best ar -
 ray, When she heard that Joe - ky was come that way.

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

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

Jenny she came down the stair,
 And she came bobbin andbeckin ben;
 Her stays they were laed, & her waist it was jinip,
 And a braw new-made manco gown.

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

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

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

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

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

HUGHIE GRAHAM.

Old Ballad.

Slow
 Our Lords are to the moun - tains gane, A hunt - ing

o' the fal - low deer, And they hae grip - et Hugh - ie

Graham, For steal - ing o' the Bish - op's mare.

And they hae tied him hand and foot,
 And led him up thro' Stirling town;
 The lads and lasses met him there,
 Cried, Hughie Graham, thou art a loon.

O lowse my right hand free, he says,
 And put my braid sword in the same;
 He's no in Stirling town this day,
 Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graham,

Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,
 As he sat by the bishop's knee,
 Five hundred white stots I'll gie you,
 If ye'll let Hughie Graham gae free.

O haud your tongue, the bishop says,
 And wi' your pleading let me be;
 For, tho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
 Hughie Graham this day shall die.

Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,
 As she sat by the bishop's knee,
 Five hundred white pence I'll gie you,
 If ye'll gie Hughie Graham to me.

O haud your tongue now lady, fair,
 And wi' your pleading let it be,
 Altho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
 It's for my honor he maun die.

They've taen him to the gallows-knowe,
 He looked to the gallows-tree;
 Yet never colour left his cheek,
 Nor ever did he blin' his ee.

At length he looked round about,
 To see whatever he could spy;
 And there he saw his auld Father,
 And he was weeping bitterly.

O haud your tongue, my Father dear,
 And wi' your weeping let it be;
 Thy weeping's sairer on my heart,
 Than a' that they can do to me

And ye may gie my brother John,
 My sword that's bent in the middle clear,
 And let him come at twelve o'clock,
 And see me pay the bishop's mare.

And ye may gie my brother James
 My sword that's bent in the middle brown,
 And bid him come at four o'clock,
 And see his brother Hugh cut down.

And ye may tell my kith and kin,
 I never did disgrace their blood;
 And when they meet the bishop's cloak,
 To mak it shorter by the hood.

BLUE-EYED ANN.

Moderately
Slow.

Nine times bleak winter's crancruch snell, Despoild o' bloom the daisied lea; &

nine times has the prim-rose pale, Spread round the dells of Coir-in-shee, Since,

where Mount-stu-art's dus-ky groves Wave o'er yon foaming dis-tant sea, I

blush-in owd' my youth-fu' love, And blue-eyed Ann re-provd na me,

Who then could think our joys wad fade?
 Love's dearest pleasure's a' we knew;
 And not a cloud was seen to shade
 The blissful scenes young fancy drew.
 But ah! misfortune overcasts
 Our fairest hopes full oft we see.
 Alas! I've borne her rudest blasts,
 Yet blue-eyed Ann still smiles on me.

Now safe retir'd, no more I'll stray
 Ambition's faithless path along;
 But calmly spend the careless day
 Dunoon's green winding vales among:
 And oft I'll climb the hoary pile,
 When spring revives each flower and tree,
 To view yon sweet-sequester'd isle,
 Where blue-eyed Ann first smiled on me.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

1st Set. 25

O weel may the boat_ie row, And bet_ter may she speed; And lie_some

may the boat_ie row That wins the bairns' bread. The boat_ie rows, the

boat_ie rows, The boat_ie rows in_deed; And weel may the boat_ie row, That

wins the bairns' bread. O weel may the boat_ie row, And bet_ter may she

speed; And lie_some may the boat_ie row, That wins the bairns' bread.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

2^d Set.

O weel may, the boat_ie row, And bet_ter may it.

speed; And lie_some may the boat_ie row, That wins the bairns' bread.

The boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows in' weeks

Mie - kle luck at - tend the boat, the mur - lain, and the creel. O!

weel may the boat - ie row, That fills a hea - vy creel, And

deeds us a' frae tap to tae, And buys our par - ritch meal.

Chorus,
1st Treble.

The boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows, The boat - ie rows in - deed; And

Tenor.

The boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows, The boat - ie rows in - deed; And

Bass.

The boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows, The boat - ie rows in - deed; And

hap - py be the lot of a' That wish the boat - ie speed.

hap - py be the lot of a' That wish the boat - ie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,
 And wan frae me my heart,
 O mickle lighter grew my creel;
 He swore we'd never part.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel;
 And mickle lighter is the load,
 When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upo' my head,
 And dress'd mysel' in' draw;
 But, dowie, dowie was my heart
 When Jamie gaed awa'.
 But weel may the boatie row,
 And lucky be her part;
 And lightsome be the lassie's care,
 That yields an honest heart.

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

When we are auld, and sair bow'd down,
 And hirplin' at the door,
 They'll row, to keep us dry an' warm,
 As we did them before.
 Then weel may the boatie row,
 And better may it speed;
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wish the boatie speed.

COCKBURN'S CORONACH

Oh wae to us was Flodden's plain, 'Twas there the royal James was slain; Fu'
 oft we've wept the fatal day, That fill'd our Scotch hearts wi' wae. To
 moony a high-horn lass and dame, Their Sires and Lords nae mair came hame; But
 wae-fu' in their ha's a-lane, They heard the sad Coronach's mane!

Coronachs, that not heavy now,
 Are left to sing o'er thousands low;
 Are rais'd o'er chiefs of noble name,
 That with their King to battle came.
 That round him there remain'd to die,
 Fighting till death, right royally,
 How many, that fought at morn so brave,
 Before e'en-tide had found their grave!

Oh! there amongst fu' many a name,
 Still dear to Scotland and to Fame,
 Brave Hume,* that led the right hand wing,
 Sank down in death beside his King.
 And with him fell his daughter's spouse,
 The noble laird of Cockburn's house;
 Two Sons, and twice four knights beside,
 Of Cockburn's chieftain bravely died.

Raise, raise the loud Coronach's cry,
 Let every Highland glen reply,
 And sadly let each lowland plain
 Return the wae-fu' sound again!
 Our King is dead! let true hearts mourn;
 Sad Scotland's choicest flowers are shorn.
 Let Berwick's towers be robb'd in gloom!
 Let Lothian's sons lament their doom!

On Cockburn's and on Langton's towers
 The cloud of desolation lowers!
 Their widows wail their perish'd lords,
 Whilst oft their bairns, in lisping words,
 Demand their Sire, whose face no more
 Shall bless with smiles, which once it wore,
 Those ha's shall neer be gay again,
 Their chiefs are in the battle slain!

*Earl of Home. The chief of Cockburn (Son in law to Earl of Home) with his two sons, and eight knights of his name and kindred, died with their King. In Berwick and Lothian the Humes and Cockburns were chiefly settled. The two principal seats of the Cockburns, in Berwickshire, remains of which still exist, Cockburn (now Cockburn's path Tower) had been in the family since the days of Macbeth.

THE TAYLOR.

The Taylor busy at his seam, Ay tuik a tuik at son-sy Jean, Wha,

red-ding up, made a' things clean, As she gaed but and ben. The

Tay-lor thought: I'd lay my life, She'd mak a thrifty work-in wife; No

like that i-dle tau-py Nell, She'll aye help on the seam. Sa',

while the thread gaed quick-ly thro', Jean-ic he be-gan to woo; And

tho' she made a great a-do, At length she gied con-sent.

OUR AIN COUNTRYE.

Jacobite.

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 speed - i - lie, And bring back the bon - ny lad to his ain coun - trie.

O donkit 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 countrye.

Blest be our royal King, from danger keep him free,
 When he conquers all his foes that oppose his majesty;
 And bless the duke of Mar, and all his cavalry,
 Wha first began the war for the King and our countrye.

THE QUAKER'S WIFE.

Mer - ri - lie danc'd the Quaker's Wife, And merrilie danc'd the Quaker;
 Mer - ri - lie danc'd the Qua - ker's Wife, And mer - ri - lie danc'd the Qua - ker. The

Qua-ker he sat down to bake, Wi' a' his bairns a- bout him;

Ilk o' them did steal a scone, The Qua-ker he was neu-ter.

When ben then came the Quaker's Wife,
 And O she was in a passion;
 Bairns, says she, ye plague my life,
 To steal is a very bad fashion:
 Nae sooner can my back be turned,
 But what the cakes are eat or burned;
 O' a' that I left there's nane to be seen,
 Ye've eaten the cakes and licket the cream.

BLYTHER HAE I BEEN ON YON HILL.

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

Same Air.
 Heavy, heavy is the task,
 Hopeless love declaring;
 Trembling, I dow nought but glow'r,
 Sighing, dumb, despairing.
 If she winna ease the thraws
 In my bosom swelling,
 Underneath the grass green-sod
 Soon maun be my dwelling.

THE REGALIA.

We hae the Crown without a head,
 The Sceptre but a hand O;
 The ancient warlike royal blade
 Might be a willow wand O.
 Gin they had tongues to tell the wrangs,
 That laid them useless bye a';
 Fu' weel I wot, there's ne'er a Scot
 Could boast his cheek was dry a'.

O for a touch o' Warlock's wand,
 The bye-gane back to bring a,
 And gie us ae lang simmer's day,
 O' a true born Scottish King a.
 We'd put the Crown upon his head,
 The Sceptre in his hand a',
 We'd rend the welkin wi' the shout,
 Bruce and his native Land a'.

Same Air.
 The thistle ance it flourish'd fair,
 An' grew maist like a tree a;
 They've stunted down its stately tap,
 That roses might luik lie a.
 But tho' its head lie in the dust;
 The stump is stout and steady;
 The thistle is the warrior yet;
 The rose its tocher'd lady.

Then flourish, thistle, flourish fair,
 Tho' ye've the crown nae langer,
 They'll hae the skaith that cross ye yet;
 Your jags grow aye the stranger.
 The rose it blooms in safer soil,
 And strangers up could root it;
 Aboon the grund was ne'er the hand,
 That pu'd the thistle out yet.

O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS.

Old Ballad.

Slow

O can ye sew cush-ions? and can ye sew sheets? And
 can ye sing bal-lu-loo, when the bairn greets? And hee and baw,
 bir-die, and hee and baw, lamb; and hee and baw, bir-die, my
 bon-nie wee lamb. Hee O wee! O what wou'd I do wi' you?
 black's the life that I lead wi' you? Mo-ny o' you, lit-tle for to
 gie you; Hee O wee! O! what wou'd I do wi' you?

Lively.

Slow.

I biggit the cradle on the tree top,
 And the wind it did blaw, and the cradle did rock.
 And hee and baw, birdie, &c.

FINE FLOWERS IN THE VALLEY.

53

Old Ballad.

A lady look'd out at a cas_tle wa', Fine flowers in the val_ley; She

saw twa bo_nie babes play_ing at the ha', And the green leaves they grow rarely.

O my bonnie babes, an' ye were mine,
 Fine flowers in the valley;
 I would deed ye i' the scarlet sae line,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

I'd lay ye saft in beds o' down,
 Fine flowers in the valley;
 And watch ye morning, night, and noon,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

O mither dear, when we were thine,
 Fine flowers in the valley;
 Ye didna deed us i' the scarlet sae line,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

But ye took out yere little pen knife,
 Fine flowers in the valley;
 And parted us frae our sweet life,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

Ye howkit a-hole aneath the moon,
 Fine flowers in the valley;
 And there ye laid our bodies down,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

Ye happit the hole wi' mossy stanes,
 Fine flowers in the valley;
 And there ye left our wee bit banes,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

But ye ken weel, O mither dear,
 Fine flowers in the valley;
 Ye never cam that gate for fear,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

Seven lang years ye'll ring the bell,
 Fine flowers in the valley,
 And see sic sights as ye darra tell,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

Lively

I am my Mammy's ae bairn, Wi' un-co folk I wea-ry Sir, And

liv-ing in a house, my lane, I'm fley'd it mak me ee-rie Sir. I'm

o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young to mar-ry yet; I'm

o'er young 'twad be a sin To tak me frae my Mam-my yet.

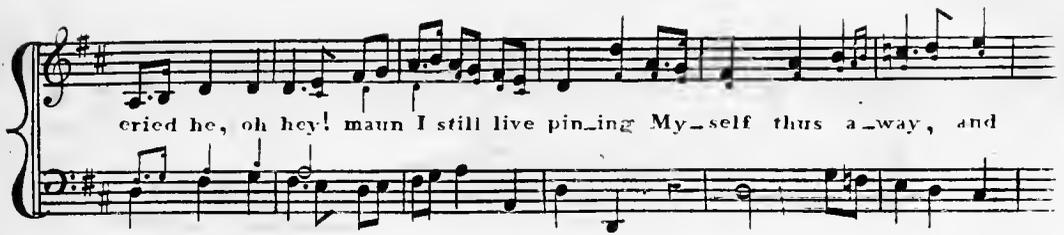
For I've aye had my ain will,
 Nane dar'd to contradict me, Sir,
 And now to say I wad obey,
 In troth, I dar na venture, Sir.
 I'm o'er young, &c.

Fu' loud and shill the frosty wind
 Blaws thro' the leafless timmers, Sir;
 But if ye come this gate again,
 I'll aulder be gin Simmer, Sir.
 I'm o'er young, &c.

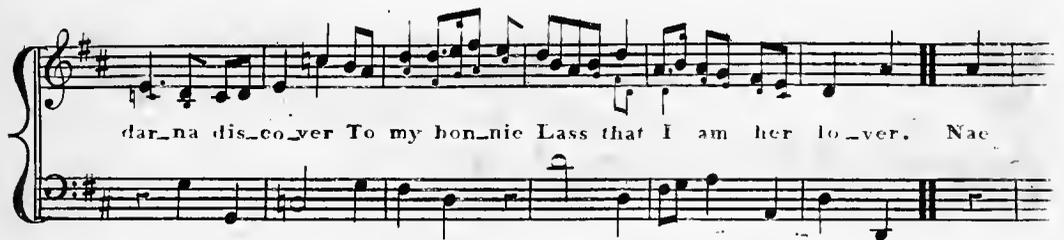
JOHN HAY'S BONNY LASSIE.

Andante

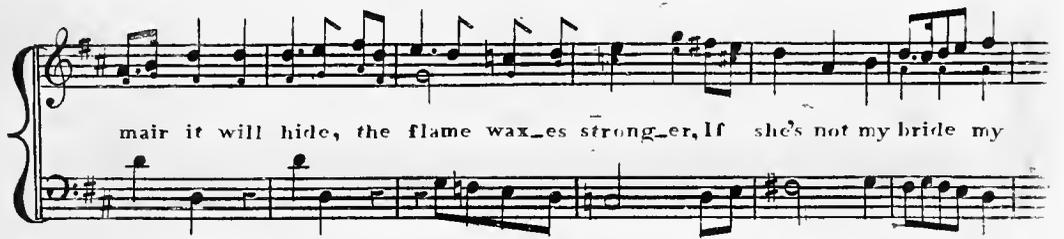
By smooth wind-ing Tay a swain sat re-clin-ing, Aft



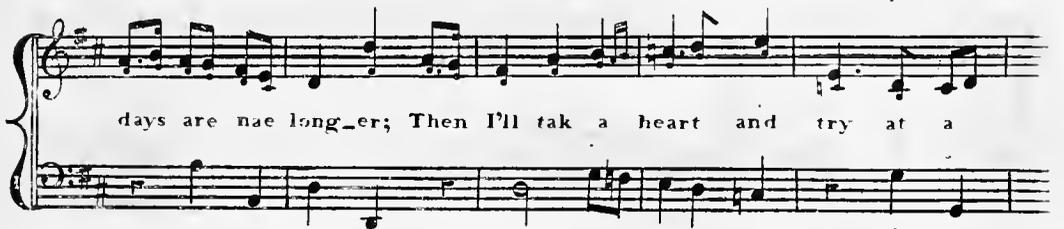
cried he, oh hey! maun I still live pin_ing My-self thus a-way, and



dar-na dis-co_aver To my bon-nie Lass that I am her lo-ver. Nae



mair it will hide, the flame wax-es strong-er, If she's not my bride my



days are nae long-er; Then I'll tak a heart and try at a



ven_ture; May he e'er we part, my vows may con_tent her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,
 When birds mount and sing, bidding day a goodmorrow:
 The swart of the mead, enamell'd with daisies,
 Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdures invite her,
 The fountains run clear, and flou'rs smell the sweeter:
 'Tis heaven to be by when her wit is a flowing,
 Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a glowing.

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.*

Frac Duindier as I cam through Doun by the hill of Ba-noch-ic, A-

langst the lands of Ga-ri-och, Grit pi-tie 'twas to hear and see. The

noys and dule-sum har-mon-ic, That e'er that dreary day did daw, Cry,

and the Co-ry-noch on' hie, A-las! a-las! for the Har-law.

I marvelt quhat the matter meint,
 All folks war in a fiery fairy;
 I wist nocht qua was foe or friend,
 Zit quietly I did me, carrie.
 But sen the days of auld king Hairie,
 Sic slaughter was not herde nor sene;
 And thair I had nae tyme to tairy,
 For bissness in Aberdene.

Thus as I walkit, on the way
 To Inverury as I went,
 I met a man, and bad him stay,
 Requisting him to mak me quaint
 Of the beginning, and the event,
 That happenit thair at the Harlaw.
 Then he entreated me tak tent
 And he the truth should to me shaw.

Grit Donald of the Yles did claim
 Unto the lands of Ross some right,
 And to the Governour† he came,
 Thaim for to haif gif that he might;
 Quha saw his interest was but slicht,
 And thairfore answer wi' disdain;
 He hastit hame baith day and night,
 And sent nae bodward back again.

But Donald, richt impatient
 Of that answer Duke Robert gair,
 He vowed to God omnipotent,
 All the hale lands of Ross to haif;
 Or ells he graithed in his gair;
 He wald not quat his richt for nocht;
 Nor be abusit like a staif,
 That bargain sould he deirly bocht.

* Fought upon Friday July 24th 1411 against Donald of the Isles.

† Robert, Duke of Albany, uncle to king James I. The account of this famous battle may be seen in our Scots histories.

THE RINAWA BRIDE.

37

A laddie and a lassie Dwelt in the south coun-trie, And

they hae cas-sen their clai-ths the-gi-ther, and mar-ried they wad be.

On Tys-day was the bri-dal day Ap-point-ed for to be; Then,

hey, play up the rin-a-wa bride, For she has taen the gee.

She had nae run a mile or twa,
 When she began to consider
 The angering of her father dear,
 The displeasing of her mither,
 The slighting o' the silly bridegroom,
 The weel warst o' the three;
 Then, hey, play up the rin-awa bride,
 For she has taen the gee.

Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and a mantle,
 The face o' lind up wi' blue;
 The face o' lind up wi' blue;
 And the tail lind round wi' green
 Saw ye a lass, wi' a hood and a mantle
 Sud been married on Tysday 'teen,
 Then, hey, play up the rin-awa bride,
 For she has taen the gee.

Her father and her mother
 Ran after her wi' speed,
 And ay they ran until they cam
 Unto the water of Tweed;
 And when they came to Kelso town,
 They gart the clap gae thro';
 Then, hey, play up the rin-awa bride,
 For she has taen the gee.

Now wally fu' fa' the silly bridegroom,
 He was as salt as butter;
 For, had she play'd the like to me,
 I'd neer made sic a splutter;
 I'd taen a tune o' my hoboy,
 And set my fancy free;
 And, sync, play'd up the rin-awa bride,
 And luttin her tak the gee.

TURN AGAIN, THOU FAIR ELIZA.

Air—The bonny brucket lassie.

Turn a_gain, thou fair E_li_za, Ae kind blink be_fore we
 part, Rue on thy des_pair-ing lo_ver, Canst thou break his faith_fu'
 heart? Turn a_gain thou, fair E_li_za, If to love thy heart de_nies, For
 pi_ty hide the cruel sen_tence, Un_der friend-ship's kind dis_guise.

Thee, dear maid, have I offended?

The offence is loving thee;
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
 Wha for thine wad gladly die?
 While the life beats in my bosom,
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe;
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,

In the pride of sunny noon;
 Not the little sporting fairy,
 All beneath the summer moon;
 Not the Poet, in the moment,
 Fancy-lightens in his ee,
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
 That thy presence gies to me.

JOHNNY'S GRAY BREEKS.

When I was in my nineteenth year, I was baith blyth and bonny, O; The

lads lo'ed me baith far and near, But I lo'ed nane but John'ny, O. . He

gain'd my heart in twa three weeks, He spak' sae blythe and kind_ly, O; And

he wore then his new gray breeks, And coat that fit_ted fine_ly, O. He

gain'd my heart in twa three weeks, He spak' sae blythe and kind_ly, O; And

he wore then his new gray breeks, And coat that fit_ted fine_ly, O. .

His coat was blue, his waistcoat red,
 His bannet just a thought a jee;
 His bonny hair sae yellow,
 Like goud it glittered in my ee;
 His dimpled chin and rosy cheeks,
 And face sae fair and ruddy, O,
 I think ye canna wonder now,
 That I lo'ed weel my John'ny, O.

He waited for a year and mair,
 Till Faither his consent wad gie;
 His coat was tashed and thread-bare,
 His breeks were clouted on the knee.
 But gin I had a simmer's day,
 As I had right mony, O,
 I'll spin a wab o' new gray,
 And mak claes to try John'ny, O.

THE AULD MAN'S MEAR'S DEAD.

Chor.

The auld man's mear's dead! The puir man's mear's dead! The

auld man's mear's dead, A mite a-boon Dun-dee! She was

cut-lug-git, pain'd lip-pit, Steel-wai-met, stain-cher-fit-tet,

Chanter-chaft-it, lang-neck-it, Yet the brute did die! Repeat the Chor

The auld man's mear's dead!

The puir man's mear's dead!

The peats, and neeps, and a' to lead,

And she is gane—wae's me!

The auld, &c.

The puir man's head's sair,

Wi' greetin for his grey mear;

He's like to die himsel wi' care,

Aside the green kirk-yard.

The auld, &c.

He's thinkin on the bygone days,

And a' her douce and canny ways;

And how his ain gudewife, auld Meg,

Micht maist as weel been spared.

The auld, &c.

THE WOMEN ARE A' GANE WUD.

Whig Song.

Chorus.

The women are a' gane wud; O that he had bid-den a-wa! He's

turn'd their heads the lad, And ruin will bring on us a'. I

ay was a peace-a-ble man, My wife she did douce-ly be-have; But

now, do a' that I can, She's just as wild as the lave. Repeat the Cho?

My wife she wears the cockaude,
 Tho' she kens'tis the thing that I hate;
 There's ane too prined on her maid,
 An' baith will tak their ain gate.
 The women, &c.

The senseless creatures nêr think,
 What ill the lad would bring back;
 We'd hae the Pope and the Deil,
 An' a' the rest o' his pack.
 The women, &c.

I've liev'd a' my days in the strath;
 Now Tories-infest me at hame;
 An' tho' I tak nae part at a',
 Baith sides do gie me the blame.
 The women, &c.

The wild Hieland Lads they did pass,
 The yetts wide open did flee;
 They eat the very house bare,
 And spiered nae leave o' me.
 The women, &c.

But when the red coats gaed bye,
 D'ye think they'd let them alane;
 They aye the louder did cry,
 Prince Charlie will soon get his ain.
 The women, &c.

JOCKY SAID TO JENNY.

Lively.

Jock_y said to Jen_ny, Jen_ny wilt thou wed? Nē'er a fit, quo'

Jen_ny, for my to-cher good; For my to-cher good, I

win_na mar-ry thee; E'en's ye like, quo' Jock_y, ye may let me be.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enugh;
I hae sax good owsen ganging in a pleugh;
Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee;
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' house, a barn, and a byre,
A stack afore the door; I'll make a rantin fire,
I'll make a rantin fire, and merry shall we be;
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

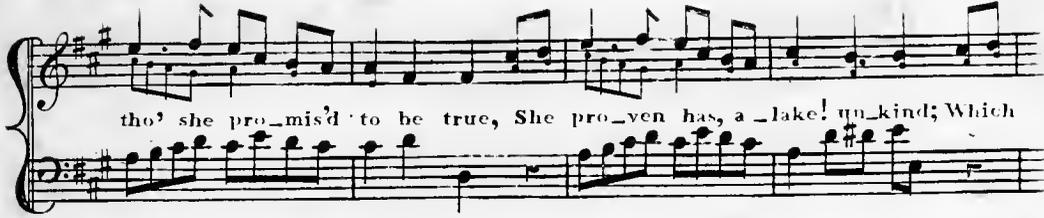
Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

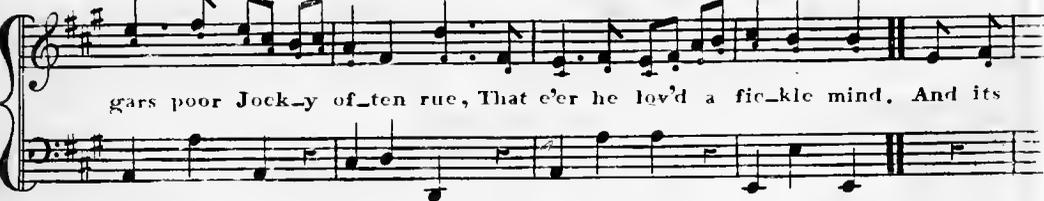
Andante.

Jock_y met with Jen_ny fair, Aft by the dawn-ing of the day; But,

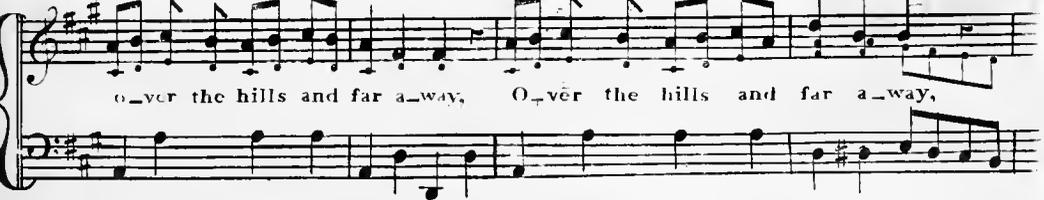
Jock_y now is fu' of care, Since Jen_ny staw his heart a-way. Al-



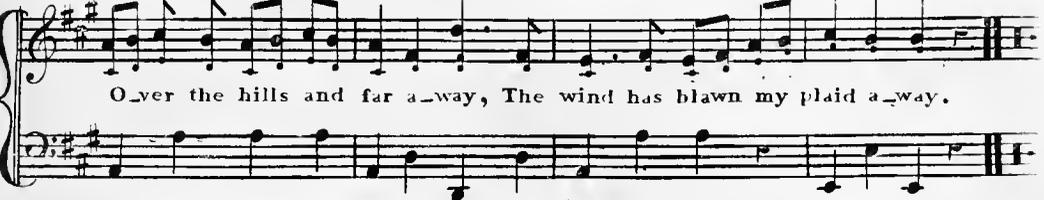
tho' she pro-mis'd to be true, She pro-ven has, a lake! un-kind; Which



gars poor Jock-y of-ten rue, That e'er he lov'd a fic-kle mind. And its



o-ver the hills and far a-way, O-ver the hills and far a-way,



O-ver the hills and far a-way, The wind has blawn my plaid a-way.

Now Jocky was a bonny lad
As e'er was born in Scotland fair;
But now, poor man! he's e'en gane wud,
Since Jenny has gart him despair.
Young Jocky was a piper's son,
And fell in love when he was young;
But a' the springs that he could play,
Was o'er the hills, and far away.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

He sung: When first my Jenny's face
I saw, she seem'd sae fu' of grace,
With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
That's now, alas! with sorrow kill'd.
Oh! was she but as true as fair,
'Twad put an end to my despair;
Instead of that she is unkind,
And wavers like the winter wind.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Ah! could she find the dismal wae,
That for her sake I undergae,
She could nae chuse but grant relief,
And put an end to a' my grief.

But, oh! she is as fause as fair,
Which causes a' my sighs and care;
But she triumphs in proud disdain,
And takes a pleasure in my pain.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Hard was my hap to fa' in love
With aye that does sae faithless prove;
Hard was my fate to court a maid,
That has my constant heart betray'd.
A thousand times to me she swore,
She wad be true for evermore;
But, to my grief, alack! I say,
She staw my heart and ran away.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Since that she will nae pity take,
I maun' gae wander for her sake,
And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove,
I'll sighing sing, Adieu to love.
Since she is fause whom I adore,
I'll never trust a woman more;
Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
And on my pipe I'll sweetly play.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

MY WIFE HAS TAEN THE GEE.

A friend o' mine came here yea-treen, And he wad hae me

down, To drink a pot of ale wi' him In the neist bor-rows town. But

oh! a-lake! it was the waur, And sair the waur for me; For,

lang or ne'er that I came hame, My wife had taen the gee.

We sat, sae late, and drank sae stout,
The truth I tell to you,
That lang or ever midnight came
We were a' roaring fou.
My wife sits at the fire-side,
And the tear blinds ay her ee;
The ne'er a bed will she gae to,
But sit and tak the gee.

In the morning soon when I came down,
The ne'er a word she spake;
But mony a sad and sour look,
And ay her head she'd shake:
My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee,
To look sae sour on me;
I'll never do the like again,
If you'll ne'er tak the gee.

When that she heard, she ran, she Hrang
Her arms about my neck,
And twenty kisses, in a crack,
And poor wee thing she grat:
If you'll ne'er do the like again,
But bide at hame wi' me,
I'll lay my life I'll be the wife,
That's never tak the gee.

I HAE A GREEN PURSE.

45

Air—Lothian Lass.

I hae a green purse and a wee pic_kle gowd, A bon_nie pic

land, and a plant_ing on't; It fat_tens my flocks, and my Barns it has

stow'd, But the best thing o' a's yet want_ing on't. It fat_tens my flocks, and my

Barns it has stow'd, But the best thing o' a's yet want_ing on't.

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

I thought o' a wife for ten years and mair,
 But nane will answer that stops here about,
 And I hae nae time to gang here and there;
 A wanter I am, and I'll bide sac, I doubt.

A bonny tame patrick I wared upon Bell,
 A sweet singing mavis to Jeanie I geed,
 To Betty I plainly did offer my sel;
 She saw the green purse, but I didna succeed.

So I've done my duty; farewell to all folly!
 I tak up my buik, and I sit in my chair,
 Wi' my red night-cap, my cat, and my colly,
 Contented and cheertu', tho' sixty and mair.

TO DAUNTON ME.

The blude red rose at Yule may blaw, The simmer lillies bloom in
 snaw, The frost may freeze the deepest sea, But an auld man shall ne-ver daunton me.
 To daunton 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 ne-ver daun-ton me.

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

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

FROM THEE, ELIZA, I MUST GO.

Air - Donald.

From thee, E - li - za, I must go, And from my

na - tive shore; The cru - el fates be - tween us throw A

bound - less O - cean's roar, E - li - za: But bound - less O - ceans,

roar - ing wide, Be - tween my love and me, They ne - ver, ne - ver

can di - vide My heart and soul from thee, E - li - za.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
 The maid that I adore!
 A boding voice is in my ear,
 We part to meet no more, Eliza!
 But the last throb that leaves my heart,
 While death stands victor by,
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
 And thine that latest sigh, Eliza.

DO. N. A. L. D.

When first you courted me, I own,
 I fondly favour'd you;
 Apparent worth and high renown,
 Made me believe you true, Donald.
 Each virtue then seem'd to adorn,
 The man esteem'd by me,
 But now the masks thrown off, I scorn
 To waste one thought on thee, Donald.

O, then, forever haste away,
 Away from love and me;
 Go seek a heart that's like your own,
 And come no more to me, Donald.
 For I'll reserve myself alone,
 For one that's more like me;
 If such a one I cannot find,
 I'll fly from love and thee, Donald.

IT'L NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

My dear and on-ly love, I pray This lit-tle world of
 thee, Be go-vern'd by no o-ther sway, But pur-est mon-ar-chy. For
 if con-fu-sion have a part, Which vir-tuous souls ab-hor, I'll
 call a sy-nod in my heart, And ne-ver love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
 And I will reign alone;
 My thoughts did evermore disdain
 A rival on my throne.
 He either fears his fate too much,
 Or his deserts are small,
 Who dares not put it to the touch,
 To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
 And always give the law,
 And have each subject at my will,
 And all to stand in awe;
 But 'gainst my batt'ries, if I find
 Thou storm or vex me sore,
 And if thou set me as a blind,
 I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
 Where I should solely be,
 If others do pretend a part,
 Or dare to share with me;
 Or committees if thou erect,
 Or go on such a score,
 I'll smiling mock at the neglect,
 And never love the more.

But if no faithless action stain
 Thy love and constant word,
 I'll make thee famous by my pen,
 And glorious by my sword:
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
 As ne'er was known before;
 I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
 And love the more and more.

FROM THE CHASE ON THE MOUNTAINS. 49

Air—M^o Gregor a Ruara.

From the chase on the moun - tains as I was re -

turn - ing, By the side of a foun - tain Mal - vi - na sat

mourn - ing; To the winds that loud whist - led she told her sad

sto - ry, And the val - lies 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 roc-buck on the lolly Beinn-lara;
Oh! where is Macgregor? Say where does he hover?
Thou son of bold Calmar, why carries 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 convey'd him,
Where the sons of black malice to his foes have betray'd 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 sound sleeping beside her;
Secure is their dwelling from foes and black slander,
Near the roaring-loud waters their spirits oft wander.

S! ANDREW'S TOUNE.

O hae ye been by Ma_gus muir, Or by S! And_rew's

Toun? Or hae ye seen the ruin'd wa's, That hon_est folk pu'd doun?

And o' the bluidy Cardinal,
Ye surly hae heard tell?
And the persecutin Bishop Sharpe,
And a' that them befell?

The licht that martyr'd Wishart saw,
Red-risin oure the sea;
I wat it soon cam to the land,
And brake on the castelle_hic.

The death the wicked Bishop dee'd,*
Some folk will murder ca';
But, by a' it is agreed,
That he is weel awa'.

* May 3^d 1679.

—————*—————
FAREWHEEL EDINBURGH.

Air_Mr's M^cLeod.

Slowly

Fare_weel E_din_burgh, whare hap_py I hae been; Fare_weel

E_din_bor_ough, Ca_le_do_nia's Queen! Auld Reek_ie, fare ye weel, And

Reek_ie New be_side; Ye're like a chief_tain auld and gray, Wi' a

a young bon_nie bride. Fare_weel E_din_burgh, your trus_ty vo_lun

teers; Your Coun_cil, a' sac_cir_cum_spect, your Prof_vosts without peers; Your

state_ly Col_lege stuff'd wi' lear, Your ran_tin hie_schul_yard; The

gib, the lick, the rognish trick, The ghaists o' auld town-guard.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, your philosophic men;
 Your Scribes, that set ye a' to rights, and wield the golden pen;
 The Session-court, your thrang resort, big wigs, and lang gowns a';
 And if ye dinna keep the peace, it's no for want o' law.
 Fareweel, Edinburgh, and a' your glittering wealth;
 Your Bernardswell your Calton hill whar every breathis health
 An' spite o' a' your fresh sea-gales, if ony chance to dee,
 It's no for want o' recipe, the doctor, and the lee.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, your Hospitals, and Ha's,
 The rich man's friend, the Cross lang kend, auld Ports, and city wa's;
 The Kirks that grace their honoured place, and peacefu as they stand;
 Whar'er they're lund on Scottish grund, the bulwarks o' the land.
 Fareweel, Edinburgh, your sons o' genius fine,
 That send your name on wings o' fame beyond the burnin line;
 A name that's stood maist since the flood, and just whan its forgot,
 Your bard will be forgotten - too, your ain Sir Walter Scott.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, and a' your daughters fair;
 Your palace in the shelter'd glen, your castelle in the air;
 Your rocky brows, your grassy knows, and eke your mountain bauld;
 Were I to tell your beauties a', my tale wad n'er be tauld.
 Now, fareweel, Edinburgh, whare happy we hae been;
 Fareweel, Edinburgh, Caledonia's Queen!
 Prosperity to Edinburgh wi' every risin sun,
 And blessin's be on Edinburgh, till time his race has run!

sair hae I tired o' the spin_ning o't. For when we were mar_ried our deed_in was

thin, And poor_tith ye ken made me ci_dent to spin; 'Twas fain love o'

you that first gart me be_gin, And bless_ings hae fol_low'd the spin_ning o't.

The mornings were cauld, and the keen frost and snaw
 War blawin', I mind the beginning o't,
 When ye gae'd to wark, be it frost or be it thaw,
 My task was nae less at the spinning o't:
 But now we've a pantry, baith muckle and fu'
 O' ilka thing guid for to gang in the mu';
 A barrel o' ale, wi' some mant for to brew,
 To mak us forget the beginning o't.

And when winter comes back, wi' the snell hail and rain,
 Nae mair I sit down to the spinning o't,
 Nor you gang to toil in the cauld fields again,
 As little think on the beginning o't:
 O' sheep we hae scores, and o' kye twenty-five,
 Far less we hae seen wad made us fu' blythe;
 But thriit and industry maks poor folk to thrive,
 A clear proof o' that is the spinning o't.

Altho' at our marriage our stock was but sma',
 And heartless and hard the beginning o't,
 When ye was engaged the owsen to ca',
 And first my young skill tried the spinning o't;
 But now we can dress in our pladdies sae sma',
 Fu' neat and fu' clean, gae to kirk or to ha',
 And look ay as blythe as the best o' them a',
 Sic luck has been at the beginning o't.

THE BUSH ABOVE TRAQUAIR.

Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev - ry swain, I'll tell how Peg-gy grieves
 me; Tho' thus I tan-guish and com-plain, A-las! she ne'er be-lieves me. My
 vows and sighs, like si-lent air, Un-heed-ed ne-ver move her; The
 bon-nie bush a-boon Tra-quir, Was where I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad;
 No maid seem'd ever kinder;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 The honny bush bloom'd fair in May,
 It's sweets I'll ay 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 above Traquair,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

HAP AND ROW THE FEETY O'T.

Chorus.

We'll hap and row, we'll hap and row, we'll hap and row the feet-y

ot; It is a wee bit wea-ry thing, I dow-na bide the greet-y, ot.

And we pat on the wee bit pan To boil the lick o' meat-y ot; A

cin-der fell, and spoil'd the plan, And burn't a' the feet-y ot; The

hair-nie squall'd, the mith-er haw'd, The nurse dang owre the cree-py ot, And

then she ran to scart the pan, And clap it to the feet-y ot.

Fu' sair it grat, the poor wee brat,
 And ay it kick'd the feet-y ot,
 Till poor wee elf, it tir'd itself,
 And then began the sleepy ot,
 The skirling brat nae parritch gat,
 When it gaed to the sleepy ot;
 'Tis wacsome true, instead o'ts mou,
 They're round about the feet-y ot.
 We'll hap and row, &c.

WHERE ARE YE GAUN, THOU BLUIDY DUKE?

Where are ye gaun, thou bluidy duke, At sic an hour sae ear-ly? I
 fear the road ye hae mis-took, 'Gin ye ta' in wi' Char-lic. For
 Char-lic's up wi' a' his clans, A-wa they're marching rare-ly; There's
 no a heart but he tre-pans; They're a' in love wi' Char-lic.

He's marching on to Lon'on town,
 To kick yon doited earlie;
 Wha but a king should wear a crown?
 An' wha is king but Charlie?
 Wha now dare say he was to blame?
 Or, wha dare cry a parly?
 Let him gae back the road he came,
 Nae coward hearts for Charlie.

Our Highland and our Lowland maids,
 O but they like him dearly!
 And weel they like the tartan plaids
 That's buckled on for Charlie.
 The bruilzie now is weel begun,
 Then heart an' han' till't fairly;
 Wi' Highland sword an' Highland gun,
 We'll mak' a road for Charlie.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Bold
 Scots wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled, Scots wham Bruce has al-ten led,
 D

Wel - come to your go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - rie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour; See the front of bat - tle - tour!

Ad. lib:
See ap - proach proud Ed - wards pow'r! Chains and slav - er - ic!

Who will be a traitor knave?
 Who can fill a coward's grave?
 Who see base as he a slave?
 Coward! turn and flee!

Who for Scotland's king and lay
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
 Free-man stand, or free-man fa',
 Let him on' wi' me!

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

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



WATERLOO.

Same Air.

Revolving time has brought the day,
 That beams with glory's brightest ray,
 In hist'ry's page, or poets lay
 The day of Waterloo!

Each British heart with ardour burns,
 As this resplendent day returns,
 While humbled France in secret mourns
 The day of Waterloo.

Then lift the brimful goblet high,
 While rapture beams in every eye!
 Let shouts of triumph rend the sky,
 The toast be Waterloo!

To all who can the honor claim,
 From Wellington's immortal name
 To the humblest son of martial fame,
 Who fought at Waterloo!

Fill, fill the wine-cup yet again;
 But altered be the joyous strain;
 To those, the cup now silent drain,
 Who fell at Waterloo!

Soft sigh, ye breezes, o'er the grave,
 Where rests the relics of the brave,
 And sweetest flowrets o'er them wave,
 Who sleep on Waterloo!

From their ensanguin'd honour'd bed,
 The olive rears its peaceful head,
 Nurs'd by the sacred blood they shed
 At glorious Waterloo.

In freedom's sacred cause to die!
 In victory's embrace to lie!
 Who would not breathe his latest sigh,
 Like those at Waterloo!

SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

The king sits in Dun-fer-m-line town, Drinking the blude red wine; O

quhair will I get a guid sai-lor, To sail this schip of mine?

Up and spak an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's richt knee,
Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailer,
That sails upon the sea.

Late late yestreen I saw the new moon,
Wi' the auld moon in her arme,
And I feir, I feir, my dear master,
That we wull come to harme.

The king has written a braid letter,
And sign'd it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

O our Scotch nobles were richt laith,
To weet their eork heel'd shoone;
Bot, lang or a' the play was play'd,
They wat thair heads aboone.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The tear blinded his ee.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies sit
Wi' thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they see Sir Patrick Spence
Cum sailing to the land.

O quha is this has done this deid,
This ill deid done to me?
To send me out this time o' the zeir,
To sail upon the sea.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies stand
Wi' thair gold kems in thair hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lordes,
For they'll see thame na mair.

Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men a',
Our guid schip sails the morne.
O say na sac, my master dear,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

Haff owre, haff owre to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom deip;
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence
Wi' the Scotch lordes at his feit.

THE HAWS OF CROMDALE.

Slowly

As I came in by Achindown, A lit-tle wee bit frae the town, When

to the High-lands I was bound To view the haws of Crom-dale, I

met a man in tar-tan trows, I speird' at him what was the news? Quo?

he, the High-land ar-my rues That e'er they came to Crom-dale.

We were in bed, sir, every man,
When the English host upon us came;
A bloody battle then began
Upon the haws of Cromdale.
The English horse, they were so rude,
They bath'd their hoofs in Highland blood;
But our brave clans they boldly stood
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

But, alas! we could no longer stay,
For o'er the hills we came away,
And sure we do lament the day
That e'er we came to Cromdale.
Thus the great Montrose did say,
Can you direct the nearest way,
For I will o'er the hills this day,
And view the haws of Cromdale.

Alas! my lord, you're not so strong;
You scarcely have two thousand men,
And there's twenty thousand on the plain,
Stand rank and file on Cromdale.
Thus the great Montrose did say,
I say direct the nearest way,
For I will o'er the hills this day,
And see the haws of Cromdale.

They were at dinner every man,
When great Montrose upon them came;
A second battle then began
Upon the haws of Cromdale.
The Grants, Mackenzies, and Mackays,
Soon as Montrose they did espy,
O then they fought most valiently
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The Mc Donalds they return'd again,
The Camerons did their standard join,
Mc Intosh play'd a bonny game
Upon the haws of Cromdale.
The Mc Gregors fought like lions bold,
Mc Phersons none could them controul,
Mc Lauchlans fought like loyal souls
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

Mc Leans, Mc Dougals, and Mc Neals,
So boldly as they took the field,
And made their enemies to yield
Upon the haws of Cromdale.
The Gordons boldly did advance,
The Frazers fought wi' sword and lance,
The Grahams they made their heads to dance
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The loyal Stewarts with Montrose,
So boldly set upon their foes,
And brought them down with Highland blows
Upon the haws of Cromdale.
Of twenty thousand Cromwell's men,
Five hundred fled to Aberdeen,
The rest of them lies on the plain
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWAY.

Gloom-y win-ter's now a-way, Salt the west-lin bree-zes blow,

'Mang the birks o' Stan-ley shaw The ma-xis sings in' cheer-ie O.

Sweet the craw-flow'rs ear-ly bell Decks Glen-il-ter's dew-y dell,

Bloom-ing like thy bon-nie sel', My young, my art-less dear-ie O.

Come, my las-sie, let us stray O'er Glen-kil-loch's sun-ny brae,

Blyth-ly spend the gowd-en day 'Midst joys that ne-ver wea-rie O.

Tawring o'er the Newton woods,
 Lav'rocks fan the snow-white clouds,
 Siller saughs, wi' downy buds,
 Adorn the bank sae briery O:
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
 Feathry breckans fringe the rocks,
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
 And ilka thing is cheery O.
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flowers may bloom and verdure spring,
 Joy to me they canna bring,
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie O.

As I was a walking all a_lone Be_tween a wa-ter and a wa? And

there I spied a wee, wee man, The wee_est man that e'er I saw. His

leg was scarce a shath_mont's † length, And thick and thimber was his thie; Be-

tween his brows there was a span, And between his shoulders there were three.

He took up a meikle stane,
 And he flang't as far as I could see;
 Tho' I had been a Wallace wight,
 I couldna litten't to my knee.
 O wee, wee man, but thou be strong!
 O tell me where thy dwelling be?
 My dwelling's down at yon bonny bower,
 O will you go with me and see?

On we lap, and awa we rade,
 Till we came to yon bonny 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' been his queen.

On we lap, and awa we rade,
 Till we came to yon bonny ha',
 Where the roof was o' the bonny beaten gould,
 And the floor was o' the crystal a'.
 When we came to the stair foot,
 Ladies were dancing jimp and sma',
 But, in the twinkling of an e'e,
 My wee, wee man, was clean awa.

† Shathmont in old Scotch, means the fist closed with the thumb extended.

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

In A-pril when prim-roses paint the sweet plain, And

sum-mer ap-proaching re-joic-eth the swain. In A-pril when prim-roses

paint the sweet plain, And sum-mer ap-proaching re-joiceth the swain, The

yel-low-hair'd lad-die wou'd of-ten times go, To wilds and deep

glens, where the haw-thorn trees grow. The yellow-hair'd laddie wou'd

of-ten times go To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

THE LADYE GRANGE.

Oh! lang the La - dy Grange did lieve U - pon S^t. Kil - da's

rock; But sure - ly sor - row win - na kill, Or else her heart had broke.

Far far re - mov'd frac kith and kin, And a' that life en - dears, She

aft look'd o'er the wat' - ry waste, Where ne'er a Schip ap - pears.

O! is it for my faither's* crime
That I'm thus banish't far?
Or was it ony faut o' mine
That kindled civil war?
M^cLeod and Lovat, weel I trow,
Hae wrought this treacherie;
But wherefore has their cruel spite
Een on helpless me?

And thus she murned; fair Ladye Grange
Thus sped her life away;
The mornin sun it brought nae joy,
And night did close the day;
And nough was heard but sea-birds cry
To cheer her solitude,
Or the raging billow's roar
That broke o'er rocks so rude.

At length a fav'ring wind did bring
An auld and worthy pair,
Whase kindest charitie
Her sorrows a' did share.
They taught her pridetfu' heart to bend
Ancath the chastening rod;
And then she kent her prison walls
Had been a blest abode.

*Chiesly of Dalry, who shot the Lord President, Sir George Lockhart about the 1706 for deciding a law suit against him.

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

Slow

Out o-ver the Forth I look to the north; But what is the

north and its High-lands to me, The south nor the east gie ease to my

breast, The far Fo- reign land, or the wide rol- ling sea. But I

look to the west when I gae to my rest, That hap- py my

dreams and my slum- bers may be; For far in the west lives

he I loe best, The man that is dear to my ba- bie and me.

HAME CAM OUR GUDEMAN AT E'EN.

Recit: In time Recit.

Hame cam oure gude-man at e'en, And hame cam he, And

In time

there he saw a sad-dle horse, Where horse sud na be. Oh!

In time

how's this? and what's this? And wha's may he be? How cam this

Recit:

horse here with-out the leave o' me? Ye sil-ly, blind,

In time

doit-ed earl, and blind-er may ye be; It's but a bon-nie

Recit:

milk-cow my min-ny sent to me. Milk cow! quo' he; Ay,

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of six systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo markings are 'Recit:' (recitative) and 'In time'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic accompaniment with some melodic lines in the bass.

In time

milk cow, quo' she; O far hae I rid-den, and mie- kle hae I

Recit:

In time

gaen, But a sad- dle on a milk- cow saw I ne- ver nane.

Hame cam oure gudeman at e'en,

And hame cam he,

And there he saw a siller gun,

Whar nae sic gun sud be.

How's this? and what's this?

And how cam this to be?

How cam this gun here

Without the leave o' me?

Ye stupid auld doited carl,

Ye're unco blind I see;

It's but a bonnie parritch-stick

My Minnie sent to me.

Parritch-stick, quo' he; ay, parritch-stick, quo' she;

Far hae I ridden, and mickle hae I seen,

But siller munted parritch-sticks

Saw I never nane.

Hame cam oure gudeman at e'en,

And hame cam he,

And there he saw a feather-cap,

Whar nae cap sud be.

How's this? and what's this?

And how cam this to be?

How cam this bannet here?

Without the leave o' me?

Ye're a 'silly auld donard bodie,

And unco blind I see;

It's but a tappit clocken hen

My minnie sent to me.

A clocken hen, quo' he; a clocken hen, quo' she;

Far hae I ridden, and farer hae I gaen,

But white cockauds on clocken hens

Saw I never nane.

Ben the house gaed the gudeman,

And ben gaed he,

And there he spied a' Hicland plaid,

Whar nae plaid sud be.

How's this? and what's this?

And how cam this to be?

How cam the plaid here

Without the leave o' me?

Oh hooly, hooly, my gudeman,

And dinna angered be;

It cam wi' eousin M' Intosh

Frac the north countrie.

Your cousin, quo' he; aye eousin, quo' she;

Blind as ye may jibe me, I've sight enough to see,

Ye're hidin' tories in the house

Without the leave o' me.

WHAWADNA FIGHT FOR CHARLIE.

Chorus.

Wha wad-na fight for Char-lie? Wha wad-na draw the sword?

Wha wad-na up-and ral-ly, At their roy-al Prin-ce's word?

Think on Sco-tia's an-cient he-ros; Think on for-eign foes re-pell'd;

Think on glorious Bruce and Wal-lace, Wha the proud usurpers quell'd. Repeat the Chorus

Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors;
 Rouse ye heroes of the north;
 Rouse, and join your chieftains banners,
 'Tis your Prince that leads you forth.
 Wha wadna fight, &c.

Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?
 Shall we own a foreign sway?
 Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,
 While a stranger rules the day.
 Wha wadna fight, &c.

See the northern clans advancing!
 See Glengary and Lochiel!
 See the brandish'd broad swords glancing,
 'Highland hearts are true as steel!
 Wha wadna fight, &c.

Now our prince has reard his banner;
 Now triumphant is our cause;
 Now the Scottish lion rallies,
 Let us strike for prince and laws.
 Wha wadna fight, &c.

And a' that e'er my Jen-ny had, my Jen-ny had, my Jen-ny had; And

a' that e'er my Jen-ny had was ae baw-bie. There's your plack, and

my plack, and your plack, and my plack; and my plack, and your plack, and

Chorus.

Jenny's baw-bie. And a' that e'er my Jen-ny had, my Jen-ny had, my

Jen-ny had; And a' that e'er my Jen-ny had was ae baw-bie.

We'll pit it a' in the penny-pig,
 The penny-pig, the penny-pig;
 We'll pit it a' in the penny-pig,
 And birn' a' three.
 And a' that e'er, &c.

THE EMIGRANT.

Air, "Si do mholla?"

From his booth on the hill the sad shep-herd re-tires, Down the

long slo-ping vale to the sea-bea-ten shore; From the scenes of his youth, from the

home of his sires, A new home to seek o'er the wild o-cean's roar,

On his arm hung his partner of joy and of woe;

On her cheek the smile strove to oppose the big tear;

'Twas vain; for the past still return'd to her view,

And the future was darken'd with sorrow and care.

By their side the dear pledges of love cheerful smil'd,

For they knew not the cause why their fond father mourn'd;

And the old shepherd dog, as he follow'd, howl'd wild,

And oft to the dear lonely mansion return'd.

O hard, cruel Lordling, thy mandate's severe,

That sends you sad band o'er the wide western wave;

O'er thy bier weeping Pity shall ne'er shed a tear,

Nor love sadly sigh o'er thy dark narrow grave.

THERE'S NONE TO SOOTHE MY SOUL TO REST.

Gaelic.

There's none to soothe my soul to rest, There's none my load of grief to share,

Or wake to joy this lone-ly breast, Or light the gloom of dark des-pair.

Oft to the winds my grief I tell;
They bear along the mournful tale,
To dreary echo's rocky cell,
That heaves it back upon the gale.

The little wild bird's merry lay,
That wont my lightsome heart to cheer,
In murmuring echoes dies away,
And melts like sorrow on my ear.

The voice of joy no more can cheer,
The look of love no more can warm,
Since mute for aye's that voice so dear,
And clos'd that eye alone could charm.

FAREWHEEL, O FAREWHEEL!

Very Old.

Fare-wcel, O fare-wcel! my heart it is

sair; Fare-wcel, O fare-wcel! I'll see him nac mair.

Lang, lang was he mine,
Lang, lang, but nac mair;
I maun-na repine,
But my heart it is sair.

But, O! he's at rest,
Why sud I compleen?
Gin my saul be blest,
I'll meet him again.

His stall's at the wa,
Toom, toom is his chair!
The bannet an' a'!
And I maun be here.

O! to meet him again.
Whar hearts ne'er were sair,
O! to meet him again,
To part never mair.

THE SOUTERS O' SELKIRK.

Its up wi' the Sout - ers o' Sel - kirk, And down wi' the

Earl o' Hume; And here is to a' the braw lad - dies, That

wear the sin - gle - soald shoon. Its up wi' the Sout - ers o'

Sel - kirk, For they are baith trus - ty and leal; And up wi' the

lads o' the Fo - rest, And down - wi' the Merse to the deil.

Eye upon yellow and yellow,
 Eye upon yellow and green;
 But up wi' the true blue and scarlet,
 And up wi' the single soald sheen.
 Up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,
 For they are baith trusty and leal;
 And up wi' the men o' the Forest,
 And down wi' the Merse to the deil.

O' might-y, na-tures han-dy-works, The com-mon,

or un-com-mon, There's nocht thro' a' her li-mits wide, Can

be com-pard to Wo-man, The Far-mer toils, the Mer-chant

strokes, Frae daw-in to the gloam-in, The far-mer's pains, the

mer-chant's gains, Are baith to please a Wo-man,

The Sailer spreads the daring sail,
 Thro' angry seas a foaming;
 The jewels, gems o' foreign shores,
 He gies, to please a Woman,
 The Sodger fights o'er crimson fields,
 In distant climates roaming;
 Yet lays wi' pride, his laurels down,
 Before all-conquering Woman.

A Monarch lea'es his golden throne,
 Wi' other men in common,
 He flings aside his crown, and kneels
 A subject to a Woman.
 Tho' I had a' e'er man possess'd,
 Barbarian, Greek or Roman;
 It wad nae a' be worth a strae,
 Without my goddess, Woman.

MY LOVE HAS FORSAKEN ME.

My love has for_saken me; Ken ye for why? Be_cause he has

Chorus.

flocks and herds, And nane hae I. Whe_ther I get him, whe_ther I get him,

whether I get him or no; I care na three far_dins; whether I get him or no.

Alas! that e'er poortith
 On teal hearts should fa;
 For love it turns cauldric,
 And soon flies awa.
 But whether I get him, &c.

The fairest o' maidens,
 If poor they may be,
 W'ill alt sic fu' wacfu'
 W'it the tear in their ee.
 Whether I get him, &c.

He vow'd, and he promis'd,
 And I did believe;
 But, since that he's faithless,
 'Tis folly to grieve.
 Whether I get him, &c.

BANNOCKS O' BEAR MEAL.

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.



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.

Wha, in his war days, were loyal to Charlie?
 Wha was it cow'd the English loons rarely?
 And claw'd their backs at Falkirk fairly?
 Wha, but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?
 Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

Wha was't, when hope was blasted fairly,
 Stood in ruin wi' Bonnie Prince Charlie?
 And 'neath the Duke's bluidy paw dreed lu' sairly?
 Wha, but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?
 Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

Wha for auld Gordie, at Egypt and Maida,
 Scotland's proud banner sae fearless display'd - a?
 Broke the Invincible ranks blade to blade - a?
 Wha, but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?
 Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

Wha on the Waterloo - heights waukened early?
 Wha, when the bullets rain'd on them right sairly,
 Charged back the faemen, an' stud their grund fairly?
 Wha, but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?
 Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

Wha, when the coward loons first gan to swither,
 Poured like the bleeze o' their ain mountain heather?
 Wha frae the Eagles wing plucked its last feather?
 Wha, but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?
 Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENT.

Fadingly

I sigh and la - ment me in vain, These walls can but

e - cho my moan; A - las! it in - creas - es my pain, When I

think of the days that are gone. Thro' the grate of my pri - son I

- see The birds as they wan - ton in air, My heart how it

pants to be free, My looks they are wild with des - pair.

Above tho' oppress'd by my Fate,
 I burn with contempt for my foes,
 Tho' Fortune has alter'd my state,
 She ne'er can subdue me to those.
 False woman! in ages to come,
 Thy malice detested shall be,
 And when we are cold in the tomb,
 Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay,
 With silence 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.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

The smi-ling morn, the breath-ing spring, In-vite the
 tune-ful birds to sing, And while they war-ble from each spray, Love
 melts the u-ni-ver-sal lay. Let us, A-man-da, time-ly
 wise, Like them, im-prove the hour that flies, And sing as
 sweet and blythe as they A-mang the Birks of In-ver-may.

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks abound;
 The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,
 Gambol and dance about their dams;
 The busy bees, with humming noise,
 And all the reptile-kind rejoice:
 Let us, like them, rejoicing, stray
 About the Birks of Invermay.

Hark! how the waters, as they fall,
 Loudly my love to gladness call;
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams:

The circling sun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance:
 Let us as jovial be as they,
 Among the Birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear;
 At this thy living bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade:
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters are no more;
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the Birks of Invermay.

LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

Chorus.

O Love-ly Pol-ly Stew-art! O charm-ing Pol-ly Stew-art! There's

ne'er a flow'r that blooms in May, That's half so, fair as thou art. The

flow'r it blows, it fades, it fās, And art can ne'er re-new it; But

worth and truth, e-ter-nal youth Will gie to Pol-ly Stew-art.

O lovely Polly Stewart!
 O charming Polly Stewart!
 There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
 That's half sae sweet as thou art.
 May he, whase arms shall fauld thy charms,
 Possess a leal and true heart;
 To him be given, to ken the heaven,
 He grasps in Polly Stewart.

GLENOGIE.

Old Ballad.

Three-score o' No-bles rade up the King's ha', But bon-ny Glen-



O had your tongue, dochter, ye'll get better than he;
 O say nae sae, mither, for that canna be;
 Tho' Drumlie is richer, and greater than he,
 Yet if I maun tak him, I'll certainly dee.

Where will I get a bonny boy, to win hose and shoon,
 Will gae to Glenogic, and cum shune again?
 O here am I, a bonny boy, to win hose and shoon,
 Will gae to Glenogic, and cum shune again.

When he gaed to Glenogic, 'twas wash and go dine;
 'Twas wash ye, my pretty boy, wash and go dine;
 O 'twas ne'er my Faither's fashion, and it neer shall be mine,
 To gar a Lady's hasty errand wait till I dine:

But there is, Glenogic, a letter to thee;
 The first line that he read, a low smile gae he;
 The next line that he read, the tear blindit his ee;
 But the last line that he read, he gart the table flee.

Gar saddle the black horse, gae saddle the brown;
 Gar saddle the swiftest steed e'er rade frae a town;
 But lang ere the horse was drawn, and brought to the green,
 O bonny Glenogic was twa mile his lane.

When he cam to Glenfeldy's door, little mirth was there,
 Bonny Jean's Mother was tearing her hair;
 Ye're welcome, Glenogic, ye're welcome! said she;
 Ye're welcome, Glenogic, your Jeanie to see.

Pale and wan was she, when Glenogic gaed ben;
 But red and rosy grew she whene'er he sat down;
 She turned awa her head, but the smile was in her ee;
 O binna feared, Mither, I'll may be no dee.

O! WILT THOU THINK ON ME, WILLIE?

A gain the breeze blows thro' the trees, The flow'rs bloom by the burn,

Willie; Gay spring is seen in fair-y green, The year nae mair shall mourn, Willie.

The tender buds hang on the woods,
 An' lowly slaethorn tree, Willie;
 Its blossom spreads, nor cauld blast dreads,
 But may be nipt like me, Willie.

The frien^dless hare is chas'd nae mair;
 She whids along the lea, Willie,
 Thro' dewy show'rs the lav'rock tow'rs,
 An' sings, but not for me, Willie.

When far frae thee, a' nature's charms,
 What pleasure can they gie, Willie?
 My spring is past, my sky o'ercast;
 It's sleepless nights wi' me, Willie.

Silent and shy, they now gae bye,
 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 its thine,
 I had nae mair to gie, 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 CRAW'S KILL'D THE POUSSIE, O.

51

The craw's kill'd the poussie O, The craw's kill'd the poussie O; The

mie_kle cat sat down and grat, In Wil_ties wee bit hous_ie O.

The craw's kill'd the pous_sie O, The craw's kill'd the pous_sie O; And

aye, aye, the kit_tlen cried, Oh wha'll bring me a mou_sie O!

Comin' by the rockie O,
Comin' by the rockie O,
I lickt out the pickle meal,
And play'd me wi' the poekie O,
The Colly dog he sat and growl'd,
But never stirr'd the poussie O;
But, waur than a', the mickle craw
Has taen and kill'd our poussie O.

THE BONNIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA.

O, how can I be blythe and glad; Or how can I gang
brisk and braw; When the bon-nie lad, that I lo'e hest, Is
o'er the hills and far a-wa? When the bon-nie lad, that
I lo'e best, Is o'er the hills and far a-wa?

A pair o' gloves he bought to me,
And silken snoods he gae me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that's far awa.
And I will, &c.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloom-y De-cem-ber! Ance mair I

hail thee wi' sor-row and care; Sad was the part-ing, thou

mak'st me re-mem-ber; Part-ing wi' Nan-cy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.

Fond lov-ers part-ing is sweet pain-ful pleas-ure, Hope beam-ing

mild on the soft part-ing hour; But the dire feel-ing, O!

fare-well, for e-ver, An-guish un-min-gled and a-gon-y pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
 Till the last leaf of the summer is flown;
 Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
 Till my last hope and last comfort is gone.
 Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
 Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
 For sad was the parting, thou makes me remember;
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.

LORD EGLINTON'S AULD MAN.

The auld gudeman can hame at night, Sair wearied wi' the way; His

looks were like an eve-ning 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 blyth-some day.

The life o' man's a winter day;
 Look back, 'tis gane as soon;
 But yet his pleasures halve the way,
 An' fly before 'tis noon.
 But conscious virtue still maintains
 The honest heart thro' toils an' pains,
 An' hope o' better days remains,
 An' hauds the heart aboon.

Jacobite.

Lively

It's here a-wa, there a-wa, How they did rin, When they

saw the clans march, and in ear-nest be-gin: It's here a-wa,

there a-wa, how they did flee, When they heard that Prince Charlie was

come owre the sea. It's loons ye maun gae hame.

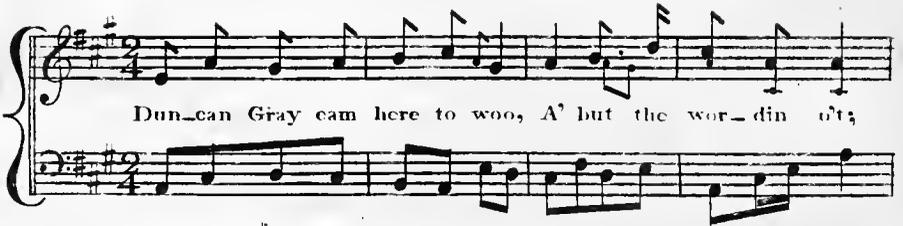
They got to their feet, just as sure as a gun,
 When-è'er they heard Charlie to Scotland was come.
 "Haste, haste ye awa", quo the auld wives wi' glee;
 "O joy to the day Charlie cam owre the sea."
 An' loons ye maun gae hame.

Whigs, fare ye a' weel, ye may scamper awa,
 For haith here nae langer ye'll whip an' ye'll ca';
 Nor mair look on Scotland wi' lightlifu' è'e,
 For Charlie at last has come over the sea.
 An' loons ye maun gae hame.

Our lang Scottish miles they will tire ye right sair,
 An', aiblins, in mosses an' bogs ye will lair;
 But, rest an' be thankfu' gin hame ye may see,
 I rede ye that Charlie has come owre the sea.
 An' loons ye maun gae hame.

DUNCAN GRAY.

Lively



Dun-can Gray cam here to woo, A' but the wor-din o't;



He cou'd scrape, and he cou'd bow; Mum was the bur-den o't.



Mo-ny hums and mo-ny heys, Thumbs he twird' twenty ways;



But a sound he cou'd na raise; Mum was the bur-den o't.

Meg was blythe and Meg was bra,
 Hech, hey, the woin o't;
 She had scorn'd ane or twa,
 And ne'er tuik the ruen fort—
 "Dummy lad, now ye'll can spay,
 Tell me wha for life I'll hae?"
 He has written Duncan Gray;
 Fair fa' the wordin o't.

Meg bethought her it was time,
 Hech, hey, the woin o't;
 Dearth o' words it was nae crime;
 Hech, hey, the woin o't;
 Duncan yellow gow'd cou'd tell,
 Walth had he o' maut an' meal,
 She wad find the words hersell,
 Hech, hey, the woin o't.

TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.



In winter when the rain rain'd cauld, And frost and snaw on il-ka hill, And

Bor-cas wi' his blasts sae bauld, Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill. Then

Bell my wife, wha lo'es na strife, She said to me, right has-ti-ly, Get

up, gudeman, save Cromie's life, And tak your auld cloak a-bout ye.

My Cromie is a usefu' cow,
 And she is come of a good kyne;
 Oft has she wet the bairns' mou,
 And I am laith that she should tynes;
 Get up, gudeman, it is for time,
 The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Gae tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a good grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear;
 But now its scantly worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this thirty year;
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 We little ken the day we'll die;
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn,
 To ha'e a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but half a crown;
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And ca'd the taylor thief and loun.
 He was the king that wore a crown,
 And thou the man of laigh degree;
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool,
 I think the world is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule;
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hal,
 As they are girdled gallantly,
 While I sit lurkling in the asc?
 I'll ha'e a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years
 Since we did ane anither ken;
 And we ha'e had, between us twa
 O' lads and bonny lasses ten;
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray well may they be;
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife, she lo'es na strife,
 But she wad guide me, if she can,
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman;
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gie her a' the plea;
 Then I'll leave aff whare I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

THE LAMENT OF WALLACE.

After the Battle of Falkirk, 1299.

Air—Maids of Arrochar.

Thou dark-wind-ing Car-ron ance pleasing to see, To me thou canst

ne-ver bring plea-sure a-gain; My brave Ga-le-don-ians lie low on the

lea, And thy streams are deep-ting'd with the blood of the slain! Ah!

base-heart-ed treach'-ry has doom'd our un-do-ing; My poor bleed-ing

oun-try, what more can I do? Ev'n va-lour looks pale o'er the

red field of ru-in, And free-dom be-holds her best warriors laid low!

Farewell, ye dear partners of peril, farewell!

Tho' buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave,

Your deeds shall ennoble the place where you fell,

And your names be enroll'd with the sons of the brave!

But I, a poor outcast, in exile must wander;

Perhaps, like a traitor, ignobly must die;

On thy wrongs, O my Country! indignant I ponder;

Ah! woe to the hour when thy Wallace must fly.

THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

2^d Set.

Andante.

Let us go, Las-sie, go To the braes o' Bal-quhi-ther, Where the

blae-ber-ries grow 'Mang the bon-nie high-land heather; Where the deer and the

rac, Light-ly bound-ing to-ge-ther, Sport the lang sum-mer day on the

braes o' Bal-quhi-ther. Where the deer and the rac, Light-ly bound-ing to-

ge-ther, Sport the lang sum-mer day On the braes o' Bal-quhi-ther.

I will twine thee a bow'r
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flow'rs o' the mountain;
I will range thro' the wilds,
And the dēep glens sac dreary,
And return wi' their spoils
To the bow'r o' my deary.

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

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

LIZZIE BAILIE.

Old Ballad.

It tell a-bout the Lam-mas time, When the trees were fresh and
green, Lizzic Bai-lie gaed to Gar-ter town To see her sis-ter Jean.

She'd no been lang in Garter town
Till she met wi' Duncan Graham,
Wha kindly there saluted her,
And wad convey her hame.

And she's east aff her heigh-heel'd shoon,
Made o' the morroco leather,
And she's put on the Highland brogues,
To skip among the heather.

My bonny Lizzie Bailie,
Ye's hae a tartan plaidie,
Gin ye will gang along wi' me
And be a Highland Lady.

And she's put aff her lowland braws,
Made o' the silk and satin,
And she's put on the worsset gown,
To skip among the breckin.

I'm sure they wad nae ca' me wise,
Gin I wad gang wi' you, Sir;
For I can neither card nor spin,
Nor yet milk ewe or cow, Sir.

She wad nae hae a Lawland laird,
Nor be an English lady,
But she wad gang wi' Duncan Graham,
And wear a tartan plaidie.

My bonny Lizzie Bailie,
Let nane o' these things daunt ye;
Ye'll hae nae need to card or spin;
Your mither weel can want ye.

She was nae ten miles frae the town,
When she began to weary,
And ayeshelooked back and cried,
Farewell to Castlecarry!

Now, wae be to you, logger-heads,
That dwell near Castlecarry,
To let awa sie a bonny lass
Bauld Duncan' Graham to marry!

KITTY REID'S HOUSE ON THE GREEN, 30.

Air Country Bumpkin.

Hech! hey! the mirth that was there, the mirth that was there, the

mirth that was there; Hech! how! the mirth that was there, in Kit-ty Reid's

house on the green, Jo. There was laugh-in and sing-in, and dan-cin and

glee, In Kit-ty Reid's house, In Kit-ty Reid's house; There was laugh-in and

sing-in, and dan-cin and glee, In Kit-ty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

Hech! hey! the fright that was there,
 The fright that was there,
 The fright that was there;
 Hech! how! the fright that was there,
 In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.
 The light glimmer'd in thro' a crack i' the wa',
 An' a' body thought the lilt it wad fa',
 An' lads an' lasses they soon ran awa,
 Frae Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

Hech! hey! the dule that was there,
 The dule that was there,
 The dule that was there;
 The birds and beasts it wauken'd them a'
 In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.
 The wa' gaed a hurly and scatter'd them a',
 The Piper, the Fidler, auld Kitty, and a';
 The Kye fell a routin, the cocks they did craw,
 In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN'?

Moderato

Saw ye John_nie com_in'? quo' she; Saw ye John_nie com_in'?

O saw ye John_nie com_in'? quo' she; Saw ye John_nie

com_in'? Wi' a blue bon_net on his head, And his dog_gie

run_nin'? quo' she; And his dog_gie run_nin'?

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

Fee him, father, fee him,

For he is a gallant lad,

And a weel doin'

And a'the wark about the house

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

Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, hussy?

What will I do wi' him?

He's ne'er a sark upon his back,

And I ha'e nae to gie him.

I ha'e twa sarks into my kist,

And ane o' them I'll gie him;

And for a merk of mair fee

Dinna stand wi' him, quo'she;

Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo'she;

Weel do I lo'e him;

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

Fee him, father, fee him;

He'll hand the plough, thrash in the barn,

And crack wi' me at e'en, quo'she;

Crack wi' me at e'en.

ADIEU, DEAR STREAM, THAT SMOOTHLY GLIDES. 93

A-dieu, dear stream, that smoothly glides Through woody vales and

fer-tile plains, Where ro-sy health and peace re-sides, To

bless the low-ly Cot-tage swains. There, oft be-neath the

beech-en shade, Where wild flowers scent the pass-ing gale, I sat with

Ma-ry, bloom-ing Maid, As Phoebus lin-ger'd in the dale.

No more along thy flowery side,
I'll view the fishes eager spring
To catch the fly, which on thy tide,
Skims unconcern'd, with playful wing.
Those scenes for ever I'll hold dear,
Tho' hoary Ocean roll between,
And oft at eve will shed the tear,
And heave the bursting sigh unseen.

MY RONALD WAS A GALLANT GAY.

Jacobite.

My Ronald was a gallant gay, Fu'stadly strade he on the plain; But

now he's banish'd far awa, I'll never see him back a gain. O for him back a-gain!

Chorus.

O for him back a-gain! I wad gie a Knockhaspie's land For Hi'land Ronald back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen;
I set me down and greet my fill,
And ay I wish him back again.
O for him, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain!
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Ronald back again.
O for him, &c.

THRO' THE WOOD, LADDIE.

Slow *hr*
O San_dy, why leaves thou thy Nel_ly to mourn? Thy

hr
pre_sence could ease me, When nae_thing can please me; Now, dow_ie I

D

sigh on the banks of the burn; Or thro' the wood, lad-die, 'un-til thou re-

turn. Tho' woods now are gay, and morning's so clear; While larks are

sing-ing, And prim-ros-es spring-ing; Yet none of them pleas-es my

eye or my ear, When thro' the wood, lad-die, ye din-na ap-pear.

That I am forsaken, some spare na to tell;

I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,

Baith evening and morning:

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

When thro' the wood laddie, I wander mysell,

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,

But quick as an arrow,

Haste, haste here tomorrow;

For I live in anguish, till that happy day,

When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing and stry-

THE BRIDAL O'T.

Air—Lucy Campbell.

They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't, They say that Joekey'll

speed weel o't; For he grows brow-er il-ka day, I hope we'll hae a

bri-dal o't. For yes-ter-night, nae far-der gane, The

back-house at the side wa' o't, He there wi' Meg was

mir-den seen; I hope we'll hae a bri-dal o't.

An we had but a bridal o't,
 An we had but a bridal o't,
 We'd leave the rest unto gude luck,
 Altho' there should betide ill o't,
 For bridal days are merry times,
 And young folks like the toming o't,
 And Scribblers they bang up their rhymes,
 And Pipers they the bumming o't.

The lasses like a bridal o't,
 The lasses like a bridal o't;
 Their brows maun be in rank and file,
 Altho' that they should guide ill o't.
 The boddom o' the kist is then
 Turn'd up unto the inmost o't,
 The end that held the kecks sac clean
 Is now become the teemest 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's a 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.

Andante

Gin I had a wee house an' a can-ty wee fire, A
 bon-nie wee Wi-fie to praise an' ad-mire, A bon-nie wee
 yar-die a-side a wee burn; Fare-weel to the bo-dies that
 yau-mer an' mourn. Sæ, hide ye yet, and hide ye yet, Ye
 lit-tle ken what may be-tide ye yet, Some bon-nie wee bo-dy may
 fa'to my lot, An' I'll aye be can-ty wi' think-in' o't.

Chorus.

When I gang afield and come hame at c'en,
 I'll get my wee Wifie fu' neat an' fu' clean,
 Wi' a bonny wee bairnie upon her knee,
 That will cry Papa, or Daddy, to me.

Sæ bide ye yet, &c.

An' if there should happen ever to be,
 A diff'rence atween my wee Wifie an' me,
 In hearty good humour, altho' she be teaz'd,
 I'll kiss her, an' clap her, until she be pleas'd.

Sæ bide ye yet, &c.

THE DUKE OF GORDON HAS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Old Ballad.

The Duke of Gor-don has three daugh-ters, E-li-za-beth,

Mar-ga-rect, and Jean; They would na stay in bon-nie Cas-tle

Gor-don, But they would go to bon-nie A-ber-deen.

They had not been in Aberdeen
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till Lady Jean fell in love with Capt Ogilvie,
And away with him she would gae.

Word came to the Duke of Gordon,
In the chamber where he lay,
Lady Jean has fell in love with Capt Ogilvie,
And away with him she would gae.

Go saddle me the black horse,
And you'll ride on the grey,
And I will ride to bonny Aberdeen,
Where I have been many a day.

They were not a mile from Aberdeen,
A mile but only aye,
Till he met with his two daughters walking,
But away was Lady Jean.

Where is your sister, maidens?
Where is your sister, now?
Where is your sister, maidens,
That she is not walking with you?

O pardon us, honoured father!
O pardon us! they did say,
Lady Jean is with Captain Ogilvie,
And away with him she will gae.

And when he came to Aberdeen,
And down upon the green,
There did he see Captain Ogilvie
Training up his men.

O wo to you, Captain Ogilvie,
And an ill death thou shalt die,
For taking awa my daughter Jean,
Hanged thou shalt be.

Duke Gordon has wrote a broad letter,
And sent it to the king,
To cause hang Captain Ogilvie,
If ever he hanged a man.

I will not hang Captain Ogilvie
For no lord that I see;
But I'll cause him to put off the lace and scarlet,
And put on the single livery.

Word came to Captain Ogilvie,
In the chamber where he lay,
To cast off the gold-lace and scarlet,
And put on the single livery.

If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,
This penance I'll tak wi';
If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon
All this and mair I will dree.

Lady Jean had not been married
Not a year but only three,
Till she had a babe in ev'ry arm,
And a third upon her knee.

O, but I'm weary of wandering!
O, but my fortune is bad!
It sets not the Duke of Gordon's daughter
To follow a soldier lad.

THE LASS THAT WINNA SIT DOWN.

What think ye o' the scorn-tu' quean, She'll no sit down by me? I'll
 see the day that she'll re-pine, Un-less she does a-gree. O
 she did hoot, and foot, and flout, Cause I bade her sit down; But
 the neist time that e'er I do't, I'll be whip-ped like a loon. Wi' a
 tir-ry, whir-ry, tir-ry, whir-ry, tir-ry, whir-ry, tee; What
 think ye o' the scorn-tu' Quean, She'll no sit down by me?

I laid my head up' my foot,
 I did na care a strag;
 I ken'd tu' weel, that in a joof
 Stand lang she wad na sac.
 At last a blythsome lass did cry,
 Come, Sandy, gie's a sang;
 O now, Meg Doris, I'll lairly try,
 Your heart-strings for to twang.
 Wi' a tirry, &c.

TIBBIE FOWLER.

Slow

Tib-bie Fow-ler o' the glen, There's o'er mo-ny woo-in at her;

Tib-bie Fow-ler o' the glen, There's o'er mo-ny woo-in at her:

Woo-in at her, pu'-in at her, Court-in at her, can-na get her;

Sil-ly ell, it's for her pelt That a' the lads are woo-in at her.

Ten came east, and ten came west,
 Ten came rowin' o'er the water,
 Twa came down the lang dyke-side;
 There's twa and thirty woo-in at her.
 Woo-in at her, &c.

She's got pendles in her lugs,
 Cockle-shells wad set her better;
 High-heeld shoon and siller tags,
 And a' the lads are woo-in at her.
 Woo-in at her, &c.

There's seven butt, and seven hen,
 Seven in the pantry wi' her;
 Twenty head about the door;
 There's anc and forty woo-in at her.
 Woo-in at her, &c.

Be a lassie e'er sae black,
 An' she hae the name o' siller,
 Set her upon Tintock-tap,
 The wind will blaw a man till her.
 Woo-in at her, &c.

She sits queen amang them a'
 Ilka child expects to get her;
 Gin she but let her thimble fa',
 There's like to knock their heads together.
 Woo-in at her, &c.

Be a lassie e'er sae fair,
 An' she want the penny siller,
 A fiic may fell her in the air,
 Before a man be even till her.
 Woo-in at her, &c.

Ye Hi'lands and ye Lowlands, Oh! where have you been? They have

slain the Earl of Mo - ray, And they laid him on the green! They have

slain the Earl of Mo - ray, And they laid him on the green!

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

He was a brow gallant,
 And he play'd at the ba' —
 And the bonny Earl of Moray —
 Was the flower among them a'.
 And the, &c.

He was a brow gallant,
 And he rid at the ring —
 And the bonny Earl of Moray,
 Oh! he might have been a king.
 And the, &c.

He was a brow gallant,
 And he play'd at the glove —
 And the bonny Earl of Moray
 Oh! he was the Queen's true love.
 And the, &c.

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

The bonnie Earl of Moray, here celebrated the handsomest man of his time was slain by Huntly in 1592.



KIND ROBIN LOES ME.

Ro-bin is my ain' good-man, O! match him ear-lins, gin ye

can, For ilk ane whit-est, thinks her swan, But kind Ro-bin loes me.

To mak my boast I'll e'en be' bauld, For Ro-bin's loed me young an'auld, In

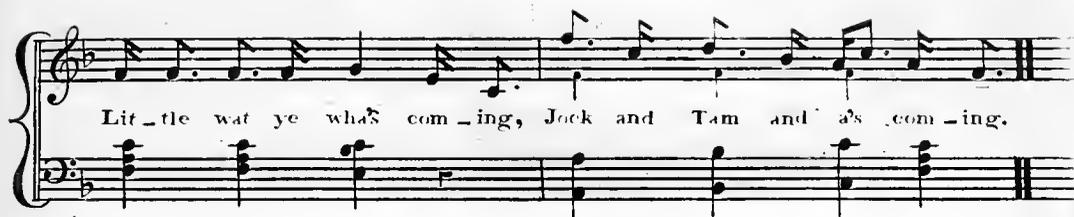
sim-mer's heat and win-ter's cauld My kind Ro-bin loes me.

Robin he comes hame at e'en,
 Wi' pleasure glancin' in his e'en:
 He tells me a' he's heard an' seen,
 And syne how he loes me.
 There's some hae land, and some hae gowd,
 And some wad hae them gin they cou'd,
 But a' I wish o' world's guid
 Is Robin aye to loe' me.

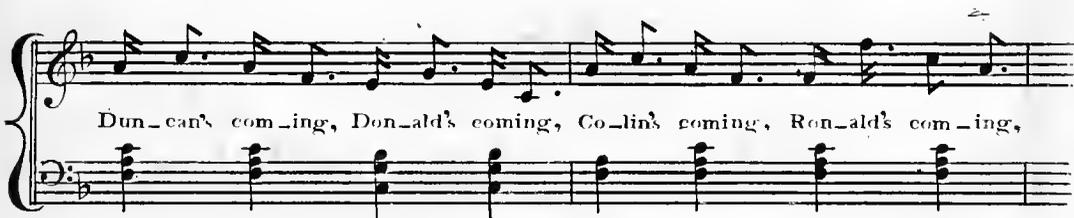
THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

Chorus.

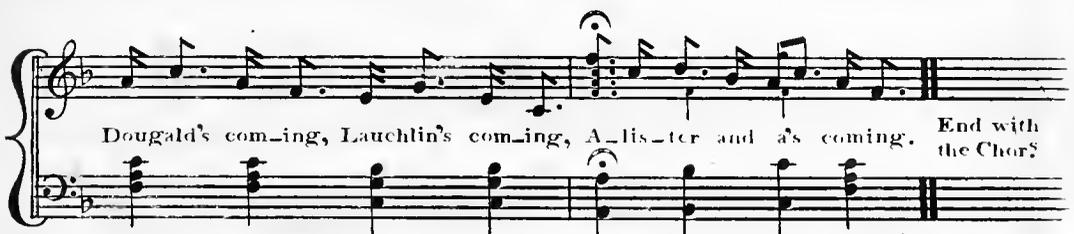
Lit-tle wat ye wha's com-ing, Lit-tle wat ye wha's com-ing.



Lit_tle wat ye wha's com_ing, Jock and Tam and a's com_ing,



Dun_can's com_ing, Don_ald's com_ing, Co_lin's com_ing, Ron_ald's com_ing,



Dougald's com_ing, Lauchlin's com_ing, A_lis_ter and a's com_ing. End with the Chor's

The Laird o' Mac-Intosh is comin,
 M^c Crabie and M^c Leod is comin,
 M^c Kenzie and M^c Pherson's comin,
 And a' the wild M^c Craws comin.
 Hark how the Clans are crying!
 See how the plaids are flying!
 There's Keppoch, and Clanronald,
 Wi' a' the Sandies, and the Donalds.

Atholes men they are comin,
 Perth's men they are comin,
 Glengary's men they're comin,
 And a' the noble Grants are comin.
 The strang, the great, are comin on,
 Lochiel, Lovat, Fergusson,
 Appin, Cluny, and Maclean,
 The big, the wee, the fat, the lean.

Nithsdale's comin, Kenmure's comin,
 Derwentwater and Foster's comin,
 Borland and Mac-Gregor's comin,
 Mac-Gillivray and a's comin.
 Mony a bonny Lord I see,
 Cromarty and Ogilvie,
 Lewie Gordon and Glenbucket,
 The Whigs were ne'er in sic a racket.

Wigton, Nairne, Withrington,
 Earl Mar, depend upon,
 There's Elcho, and Balmerino,
 Kilmarnock's band we a' know;
 Brave Kenmure he's comin,
 Carnwarth he is runnin,
 Primrose too o' Dunnypaice,
 And mony mair will rin the race.

Lords and Lairds, and a's comin,
 Borland and his men's comin;
 Blythe Cowhill he is comin,
 And ilka Dunnywastle's comin,
 Hark, now, the clans are near!
 Wi' Pipers playing loud and clear,
 The Whigs will find its nae fun,
 When they fa' in wi' Donald Gun.

O! bravely do the lads fight,
 Whan they ken they're in the right;
 And, oh! it is a bonny sight
 To see the hieland Clans comin!
 They glòom, they glòwr, they luik sae big,
 At every stroke they fell a whig—
 They maun rin, or they'll be dead,
 For a' the hieland Clans are comin.

WE'RE A' NODDIN' AT OUR HOUSE AT HAME.

O, we're a' noddin, nid nid noddin; O, we're a' nod-din at

our house at hame. How's a' wi' ye, kimmer? And how do ye thrive? And how

mo-ny bairns hae ye now?—Bairns I hae five. And are they a' at hame wi' ye?

Na; na, na; For twa o' them's a-herdin aye, Sin' Jam-ic gaed a-wa; And we're

a' noddin, nid nid noddin; O, we're a' noddin at our house at hame.

Granny nods i' the neuk, and fends as she may,
 And brags that we'll ne'er be what she's been in her day,
 Vow! but she was bonnie, and vow! but she was braw,
 And she had routh o' woovers ance, I's warrant, great an' sma:
 And we're a' noddin, &c.

Weary fa' Kate, that she winna nod too;
 She sits i' the corner suppin' a' the broo;
 And when the bit bairnies wad' e'en hae their share,
 She gies them the ladle, but ne'er a drap's there:
 For she's aye noddin, &c.

Now, fareweel, kimmer, and weel may ye thrive;
 They say th' French is rinnin' fort, and we'll hae peace belyve.*
 The bear's i' the brier, and the hay's i' the stack,
 And a' will be right wi's gin Jamie were cum back:
 For we're a' noddin, &c.

