

ROBERT BROWN



THE

SONGS OF BURNS

With Symphonies and Accompaniments

BY

JOHN KENYON LEES

AND

Introduction & Historical Notes

BY

H. C. SHELLEY



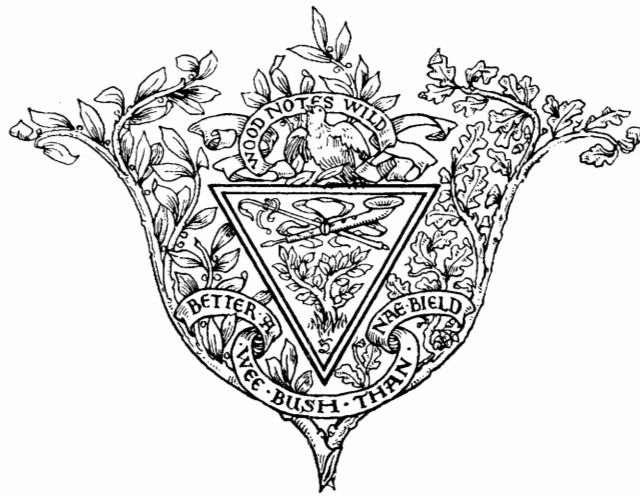
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PREFATORY NOTE.

NO effort has been spared to make this CENTENARY EDITION OF THE SONGS OF BURNS worthy of the event it commemorates. The poet's prophecy to his wife that the world would think more of him a hundred years after he was dead has been amply realised. Each decade has seen a growth in balanced appreciation of his life's work ; he is now securely enthroned in the front rank of those few who occupy the topmost height of Parnassus. But if one part of Burns's work is more assured of immortality than another it is his Songs ; "it is on his Songs," wrote Carlyle, "that Burns's chief influence as an author will ultimately be found to depend." The collection here offered to the public is the most complete that has ever appeared in a single volume, containing, as it does, the cream of all the poet's lyrics. Very few liberties have been taken with the text, and those only such as universal experience has stamped with approval.

The copious illustrations scattered through the volume have been drawn from various sources. New interpretations of many songs have been specially drawn by Mr. JOHN DUNCAN and Mr. MICHAEL BROWN, and such early illustrators of Burns as DAVID ALLEN, THOMAS BEWICK, and RICHARD WESTALL, are represented by characteristic designs. The publishers have also to express their great obligations to Mr. JOHN FAED, R.S.A., for kind permission to reproduce some of his illustrations, and also to the following gentlemen for the use of photographs : Mr. A. LINDSAY MILLER, Mr. WM. DUNLOP, Mr. GEO. WATSON, B.A., Dr. H. W. WILLIAMS, Mr. H. C. SHELLEY, Mr. SMITH, Mr. CAMERON TODD, Messrs. BLACKIE & SONS, The PROPRIETORS of the Glasgow *Evening Citizen*, Mr. ANDREW MILLER, Cumnock, Mr. COLIN RAE BROWN, Mr. D. W. STEVENSON, R.S.A., Mr. J. ROY FRASER, and REPRESENTATIVES of the SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF FINE ARTS IN SCOTLAND.



CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION, - - - - -	PAGE	iii
HISTORICAL NOTE ON SCOTTISH MUSIC, - - - - -		XXV
GLOSSARY, - - - - -		251

SONGS.

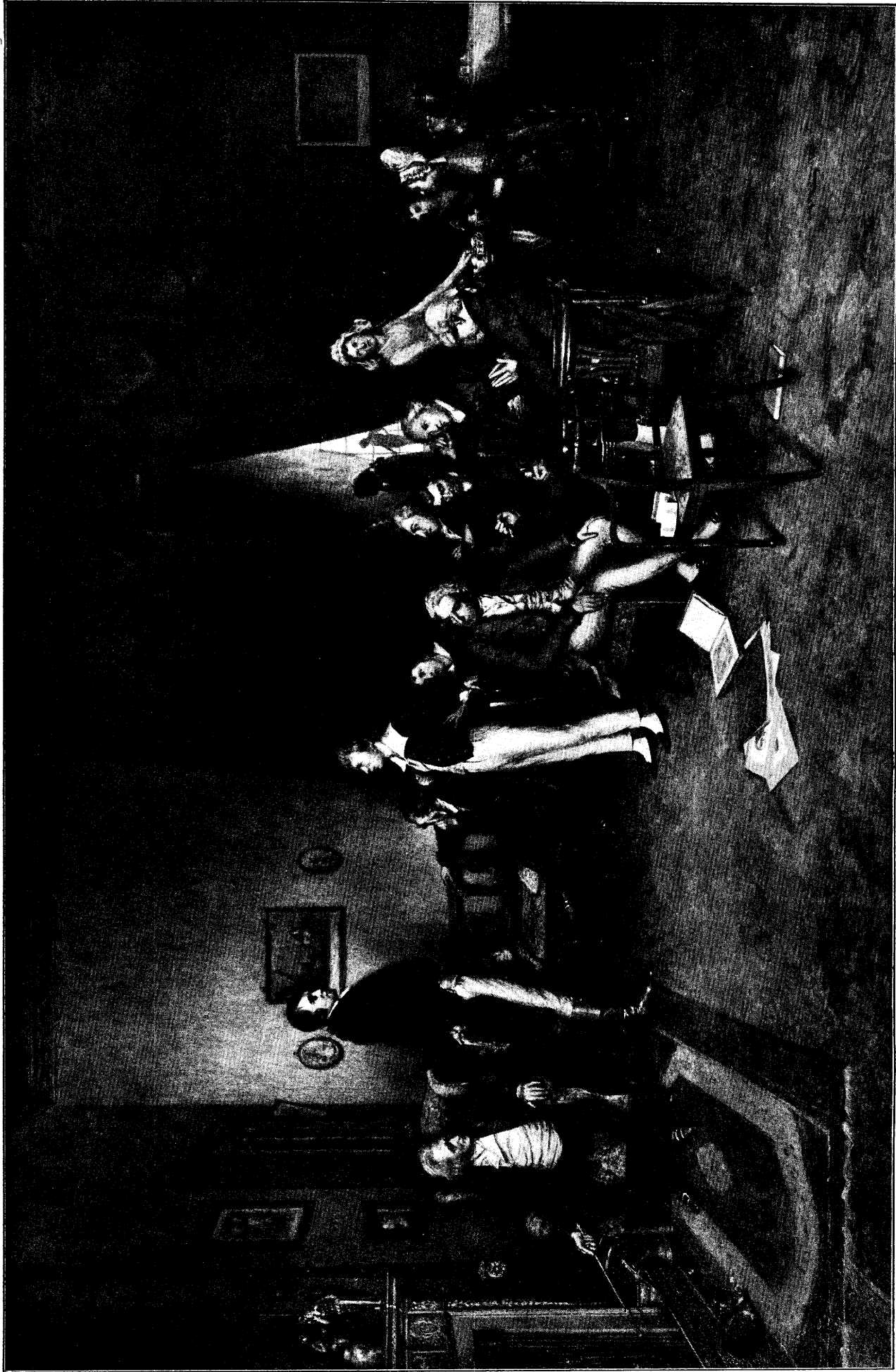
	MUSIC. PAGE	NOTES. PAGE		MUSIC. PAGE	NOTES. PAGE
Æ fond kiss, - - - - -	36	208	HERE awa', there awa', wandering		
Afton Water, - - - - -	18	206	Willie, - - - - -	70	220
A Highland lad my love was born, -	40	212	Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, -	52	215
A man's a man for a' that, - -	146	237	Hey, ca' thro', - - - - -	144	238
An' O, for ane-an'-twenty, Tam, -	126	232	Highland Mary, - - - - -	130	237
A rose-bud by my early walk, - -	88	224	How lang and dreary, - - - - -	188	247
Auld lang syne, - - - - -	200	248	How pleasant the banks of the clear		
Auld Rob Morris, - - - - -	72	221	winding Devon, - - - - -	166	240
Awa', Whigs, awa', - - - - -	142	237	Husband, husband, cease your strife,	193	247
Ay waukin', O! - - - - -	54	215			
BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,	138	235	I DREAM'D I lay, - - - - -	194	246
Behold the hour, the boat arrive, -	176	244	I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen, - -	12	205
Blythe, blythe and merry was she, -	124	231	I ha'e a wife o' my ain, - - - - -	48	214
Bonnie lassie, will ye go? - - -	74	221	I'm owre young to marry yet, - -	190	247
Bonnie wee thing, - - - - -	186	246	Is there for honest poverty? - -	146	237
Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes, -	80	222	It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face, - -	14	204
CA' the yowes to the knowes, - -	118	231	It was upon a Lammas night, - -	22	207
Comin' thro' the rye, - - - - -	68	220	JOCKEY'S taen the parting kiss, -	32	211
Contented wi' little, - - - - -	140	235	John Anderson, my jo, - - - - -	44	212
Corn rigs are bonnie, - - - - -	22	207	KENMURE'S on and awa', - - -	182	245
Craigieburn Wood, - - - - -	10	204	LASSIE wi' the lint-white locks, -	8	204
DAINTY Davie, - - - - -	84	223	Last May a braw wooer, - - - - -	106	229
Duncan Gray, - - - - -	34	211	Let me in this ae night, - - - - -	156	239
FAIR Eliza, - - - - -	185	244	Logan Braes, - - - - -	104	236
Farewell, thou fair day, - - - -	180	245	Lord Gregory, - - - - -	152	238
First when Maggie was my care, -	16	205	Lovely Polly Stewart, - - - - -	154	240
Flow gently, sweet Afton, - - - -	18	206	MARY Morison, - - - - -	82	223
From thee, Eliza, - - - - -	164	237	Musing on the roaring ocean, - -	134	232
GAE bring to me a pint o' wine, -	4	203	My ain kind dearie, - - - - -	50	214
Gala Water, - - - - -	80	222	My bonnie Mary, - - - - -	4	203
Gin a body meet a body, - - - -	68	220	My heart is a-breakin', dear tittie,	24	205
Green grow the rashes, O! - - - -	120	232	My heart is sair, - - - - -	56	215
			My heart's in the Highlands, - -	76	222

CONTENTS.

	MUSIC. PAGE	NOTES. PAGE		MUSIC. PAGE	NOTES. PAGE
My love she's but a lassie yet, - -	26	206	SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,	162	239
My Nannie, O, - - - -	138	235	She's fair and fause, - - -	196	246
My Nannie's awa', - - - -	30	208	Sleep'st thou or wak'st thou? - -	46	214
My Peggy's face, - - - -	109	226	Stay, my charmer, - - - -	172	243
My spouse, Nancy, - - - -	193	247	Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn, -	10	204
My tocher's the jewel, - - -	78	222			
My wife's a winsome wee thing, -	174	243			
			TAM Glen, - - - -	24	205
NAE gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,	100	228	The banks of the Devon, - - -	166	240
Now in her green mantle blythe Nature			The birks of Aberfeldy, - - -	74	221
arrays, - - - -	30	208	The blude red rose at Yule may blaw,	168	243
Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers, -	84	223	The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle, -	98	228
			The Deil cam' fiddling thro' the town,	136	235
O BONNIE was yon rosy brier, -	96	227	The Deil's awa' wi' the exciseman, -	136	235
Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, -	6	203	The gallant weaver, - - - -	42	212
O for ane-an'-twenty, Tam, - -	126	232	The gloomy night is gathering fast, -	148	238
Oh! open the door, - - - -	102	229	The Highland lassie, - - - -	100	228
Oh! whistle, and I'll come to you,			The lea rig, - - - -	50	214
my lad, - - - -	62	219	There'll never be peace till Jamie		
O Kenmure's on and awa', Willie, -	182	245	comes hame, - - - -	178	244
O lassie, art thou sleepin' yet? - -	156	239	There's auld Rob Morris that wons		
O lay thy loof in mine, lass, - -	110	230	in yon glen, - - - -	72	221
O let me in this ae night, - - -	156	239	There's nought but care on every han',	120	232
O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide, -	104	236	There was a lad was born in Kyle, -	2	203
O luve will venture in, - - - -	132	236	There was a lass and she was fair, -	116	231
O Mary, at thy window be, - - -	82	223	The sodger's return, - - - -	90	227
O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty,	78	222	The weary pund o' tow, - - - -	28	207
O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour, -	152	238	Thou hast left me ever, Jamie, - -	128	231
O my love is like a red, red rose, -	66	219	Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray,	58	216
On Cessnock banks, - - - -	122	230	To Mary in heaven, - - - -	58	216
O poortith cauld, - - - -	86	223	Turn again, thou fair Eliza, - - -	185	244
O saw ye bonnie Lesley? - - -	192	246	'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,	98	228
O this is no my ain lassie, - - -	94	228			
O wat ye wha's in yon town, - - -	198	210	UP in the morning early, - - -	170	236
O were I on Parnassus Hill, - - -	150	240	Up wi' the carles o' Dysart, - - -	144	238
O were my love yon lilac fair, - -	60	216			
O wert thou in the cauld blast, - -	92	224	WANDERING Willie, - - - -	70	220
O wha is she that lo'es me? - - -	184	245	When wild war's deadly blast was		
O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut, - -	20	206	blawn, - - - -	90	227
O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut (Trio),	158	206	Where are the joys? - - - -	112	230
			Where Cart rins rowin' to the sea, -	42	212
PHILLIS the fair, - - - -	64	219	While larks, with little wing, - -	64	219
Powers celestial, - - - -	108	229	Whistle o'er the lave o't, - - -	16	205
			Wilt thou be my dearie? - - - -	38	211
RANTIN', rovin', Robin, - - -	2	203			
			YE banks and braes and streams		
			around, - - - -	130	227
			Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,	114	230

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE		PAGE
AFTON Water, - - - - -	206	LAMMAS night, - - - - -	207
Ainslie, Robert, - - - - -	218	Lass o' Ballochmyle, The, - - - - -	225
Alloway Kirk, - - - - -	xvi	Last May a braw wooer, - - - - -	229
Auld Brig, Ayr, - - - - -	xix	Lea Rig, The, - - - - -	49
Auld Brig o' Doon, - - - - -	v	Lincluden College, - - - - -	231
"Auld lang syne," - - - - -	249	Lochlea, - - - - -	xv
Ayr, - - - - -	vi	" Farm (front view), - - - - -	216
Ayr, - - - - -	244	Logan Braes, - - - - -	236
BIRKS of Aberfeldy, - - - - -	213	Lord Gregory, - - - - -	145
Birthplace of Burns, - - - - -	iv	Lucy Johnston, - - - - -	210
" " as it now stands, 1896, - - - - -	i	"MEG was deaf as Ailsa Craig," - - - - -	xvii
" " Interior, - - - - -	iii	Monument at Ayr, - - - - -	viii
Braes of Ballochmyle, - - - - -	222	" Edinburgh, - - - - -	228
Burnet, Elizabeth, - - - - -	250	" Kilmarnock, - - - - -	219
Burns and Scott at Edinburgh, - - - - -	i	Moore, Dr. John, - - - - -	242
Burns, Mrs. (Jean Armour), and Grandchild, - - - - -	xi	Mossgiel, - - - - -	xx
Burns, Robert, Portrait by Skirving, - - - - -	Frontispiece	Mount Oliphant, - - - - -	xii
"But seas between us braid hae roar'd," - - - - -	248	"Musing on the roaring ocean," - - - - -	241
"But soon may peace bring happy days," - - - - -	98	"My heart's in the Highlands," - - - - -	209
"CA' the yowes to the knowes," - - - - -	233	NEW Brig, Ayr, - - - - -	xix
Coila finding Burns at the plough, - - - - -	xxiii	"Nursing her wrath to keep it warm," - - - - -	232
Coilsfield, The Castle of Montgomery, - - - - -	243	OLD Church at Kirkoswald, - - - - -	xxiii
Cottage at Bridge House, Ayr, - - - - -	xxi	Old Masonic Lodge, Tarbolton, - - - - -	xxiii
Cowgate, Mauchline, - - - - -	207	On the Banks of Ayr, - - - - -	214
Craigieburn Wood, - - - - -	204	On the Cluden, - - - - -	230
DALRYMPLE, - - - - -	v	On the Fail, - - - - -	243
Devon Banks, - - - - -	173	On the Lugar, - - - - -	129
Drumlanrig, - - - - -	235	On the Nith, - - - - -	240
Dumfries, - - - - -	245	On the Water of Ayr, - - - - -	xii
Dumfries Bridge, - - - - -	211	"O Willie brewed," - - - - -	206
Duncan Gray, - - - - -	211	"O Willie brewed," - - - - -	xxix
Dunlop, Mrs., of Dunlop, - - - - -	xxii	PIER of Leith, - - - - -	203
EARL of Glencairn, - - - - -	235	Poosie Nancy's Hostelry, - - - - -	vi
Ellisland, - - - - -	214	SCENE of the Holy Fair, Mauchline, - - - - -	xiv
Euphemia Murray, - - - - -	202	"Scots, wha hae," - - - - -	161
FAILFORD, - - - - -	xiii	Silhouette of Burns, - - - - -	ii
Family Burial Place of Davidson, - - - - -	xiv	Silhouette of Clarinda, - - - - -	xviii
"Flow gently, sweet Afton," - - - - -	ix	Skinner, Rev. John, - - - - -	xxvii
Fog House, Ballochmyle, - - - - -	vii	Sodger's Return, The, - - - - -	217
Friar's Carse, - - - - -	237	Statue of Burns at Ayr, - - - - -	212
GALA Water, - - - - -	66	" " Paisley, - - - - -	xxxii
Greenan Castle, - - - - -	238	" Highland Mary at Dunoon, - - - - -	x
Grose, Capt., - - - - -	-	TAM o' Shanter and Souter Johnny, - - - - -	208
HAY, Mrs. Lewis (Margaret Chalmers), - - - - -	226	Tarbolton, - - - - -	204
Home of Mary Morison, - - - - -	223	"The hour approaches," - - - - -	247
House in Mauchline where Burns resided, - - - - -	xv	Thompson, Mrs. (Jessie Lewars), - - - - -	215
"I PASSED the mill and trystin' thorn," - - - - -	227	"The Souter tauld his queerest stories," - - - - -	224
Irvine, - - - - -	220	Thomson, George, - - - - -	xxxii
"It was upon a Lammas night," - - - - -	17	"Thou ling'ring star," - - - - -	201
JOHN Anderson, my jo, - - - - -	212	Tomb of Margaret, Lincluden, - - - - -	237
Jolly Beggars, - - - - -	205	Tullochgorum, - - - - -	xxv
KILMARNOCK, The Cross, - - - - -	221	Turnberry, - - - - -	239
Kirkoswald, - - - - -	239	"WE twa hae paid't i' the burn," - - - - -	81
Kirton Jean's, - - - - -	xx	"Where Cart rins rowin' to the sea," - - - - -	33
		Willie's Mill, - - - - -	xix
		"YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," - - - - -	113



ADAM FERGUSON.

BURNS.

FERGUSON, JR.

JOSEPH BLACK, M.D.

JOHN HOME

Author of "DOUGLAS,"
DR. JAMES HUTTON,
Geologist.

SCOTT

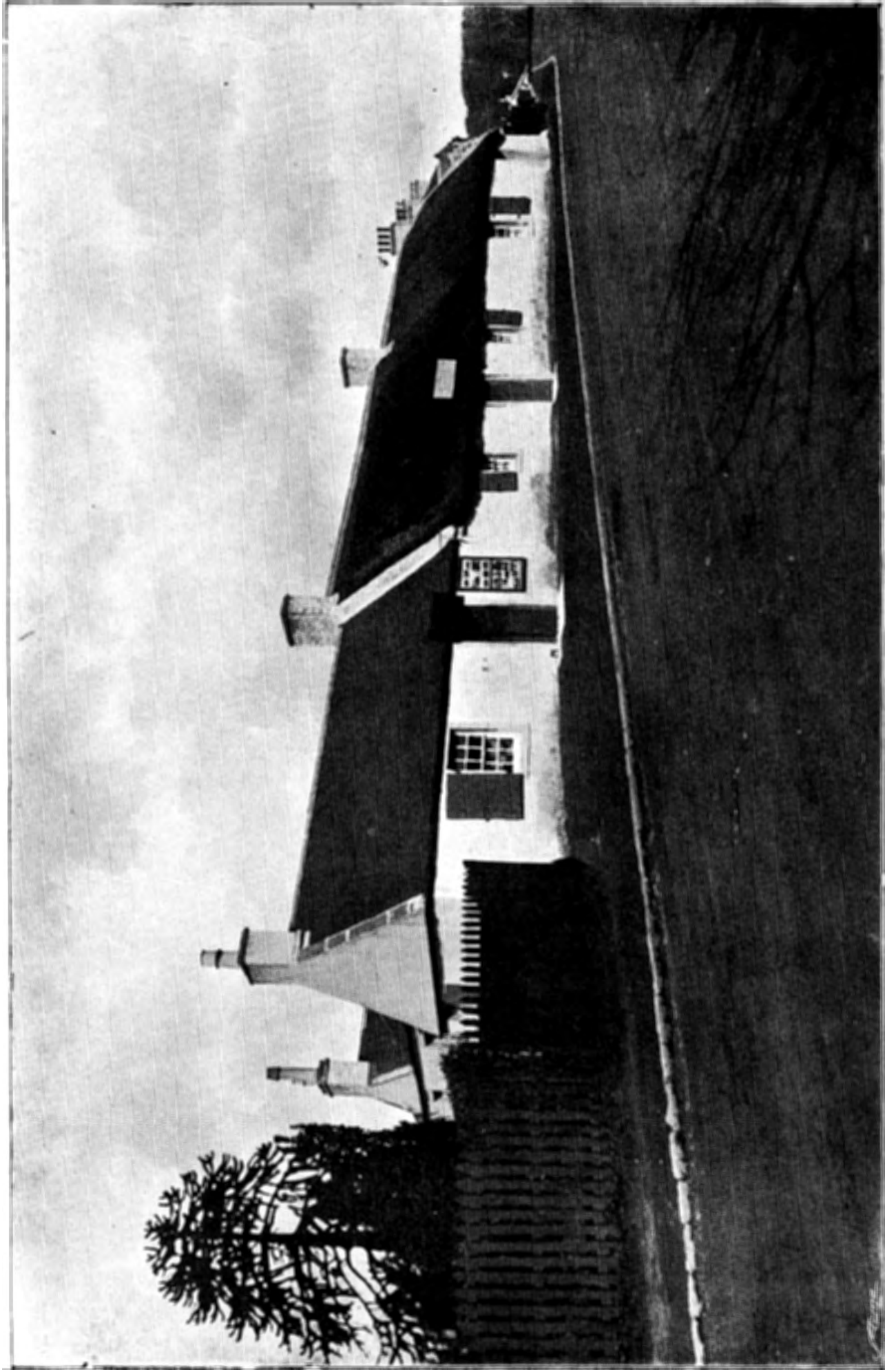
DUGALD STEWART.

ADAM SMITH.

THE MEETING OF BURNS AND SCOTT

In SCIENNES HOUSE, EDINBURGH, the residence of Professor ADAM FERGUSON.

From an Engraving published by AITKEN DOTT & SON, EDINBURGH, by Permission.



THE BIRTH PLACE OF BURNS—AS IT NOW STANDS, 1896.

Photographed March 26, 1896.



SILHOUETTE OF BURNS.



THE SONGS OF BURNS.

INTRODUCTION.



GOETHE, talking one day with Eckermann on the conditions amid which a talent may be most speedily and happily developed, instanced among those conditions the necessity of a great deal of intellect and sound culture being current in a nation. Proceeding to illustrate his position by the case of Burns, he asked concerning him: "How is he great, except through the circumstance that the whole songs of his predecessors lived in the mouth of the people—that they were, so to speak, sung at his cradle; that, as a boy, he grew up amongst them, and the high excellence of these models so pervaded him that he had therein a living basis on which he could proceed further? Again, why is he great, but from this, that his own songs at once found susceptible ears amongst his compatriots; that, sung by reapers and sheaf-binders, they at once greeted him in the field; and that his boon-companions sang them to welcome him at the ale-house?"

The history of literature furnishes many illustrations of the fostering influence of great periods of national life. When noble deeds hold the stage of history and lofty ideas have captured a nation's imagination, no department of life responds sooner to their influence than that of literature. "The great tragic art of Athens," says Professor Jebb, "was completely developed in less than fifty years." But that was the age of Pericles. In our own history this achievement may be paralleled from the "spacious times of great Elizabeth." As Professor Dowden remarks, life ran high in our islands then, and "when men cared thus about human life, their imagination craved living pictures and visions of it. They liked to represent to themselves



THE BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS—Interior.

men and women in all passionate and mirthful aspects and circumstances of life. Sculpture, which the Greeks so loved, would not have satisfied them, for it was too simple and too calm; music would not have been sufficient, for it is too purely an expression of feelings, and says too little about actions and events. The art which suited the temper of their imagination was the drama." It must not be supposed that this is an instantaneous process. The white light of genius is not stored in a handy reservoir, ready to be turned on in full blaze whenever a new demigod appears among men. The kindling influence must have time to act. Here a torch and there a torch touches itself at the source of light, and by and by comes the master-hand which gathers all these light-points within its grasp, quickens their effulgence with its own fiercer flame, and holds aloft the beacon of an age. It is only in one aspect that the dictum of Goethe can be applied to Burns. His was not an age of heroes. "One feels painfully in his poems," notes Charles Kingsley, "the want of great characters; and still more painfully that he has not drawn them, simply because they were not there to draw." But although deprived of that source of inspiration, Burns undoubtedly worked from that "living basis" to which Goethe refers.

Scotland has long held the reputation of being a nation of singers. It has been stated, according to Sir George Douglas, that the nation has given birth to no fewer than two hundred thousand poets! One feature of



THE BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS.

From the Original Sketch by T. Stothard, R.A., 1812.

were one by one removed, until the final perfected result justified the anonymity of the authorship, inasmuch as the nation and not one man was responsible for the product. This process was fatal to mediocrity. No songs but the fittest would survive under such conditions. This is one reason why the songs prior to Burns are of far greater merit than those written after him: the former had to stand the test of oral transmission, the latter were printed irrespective of merit. When Allan Ramsay set about compiling his *Tea-Table Miscellany* of "choice songs" (published in 1724), the work of selection was comparatively easy; time had pruned the legacy of Scottish song with a more ruthless hand than that of the most fastidious editor. To Ramsay succeeded David Herd in 1769 with his *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs*, and a study of these two collections is necessary if one would grasp the extent of Burns's indebtedness to the old singers. Principal Shairp is well within the facts of the case when he remarks: "Instead of saying that Burns created Scottish song, it would be more true to say that Scottish

Scottish poetry is probably unique in the history of literature, *i.e.*, the enormous bulk of anonymous verse. For many generations the songs of these nameless singers lived almost solely in the memory of the people; they had no fixed literary form such as a song printed direct from its author's manuscript possesses; and as they passed from mind to mind among a poetic people their flaws

song created Burns, and that in him it culminated." Carlyle appears to have been profoundly ignorant of the song-heritage into which Burns entered, or he would not



DALRYMPLE.
Where the Poet went to School.

have done those old and nameless singers of his country the injustice of shutting his eyes to the worth and importance of their work. Not all the praise belongs to the perfected rose-blossom; to soil, darkly-hidden root, spinal-cord stem, and many-mouthed leaves some share in its glory is due.

Burns himself, in various ways, makes ample confession of his indebtedness to his predecessors. In that memorable autobiographic letter to Dr. Moore, he instanced

some of the literary factors which had influenced him most, electing for special mention among the books of his little library a *Select Collection of Songs*. Of this book he wrote: "The collection of songs was my *vade mecum*. I pored over them, driving my cart, or walking to labour, song by song, verse by verse; carefully noting the true, tender, or sublime, from affectation and fustian. I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic-craft, such as it is." Such a study by such a mind as that of Burns could not fail of lasting effect. What he owed to it in his command of different forms of metre and knowledge of the craft of poesy it is difficult to over-estimate. With regard to the special subject of Scots song it may be doubted whether any other man of his generation had a wider knowledge of that branch of literature. Take a few of his *obiter dicta* in proof thereof:—

"There is a great irregularity in the old Scotch songs, a redundancy of syllables with respect to that exactness of accent and measure that the English poetry requires, but which glides in, most melodiously, with the respective tunes to which they are set. . . . There is a degree of wild irregularity in many of the compositions and fragments which are daily sung to them by my compeers, the common people—a certain happy arrangement of old Scotch syllables, and yet, very frequently, nothing, not even like rhyme, or sameness of jingle, at the ends of the lines. This has made me sometimes imagine that perhaps it might be possible for a Scotch poet, with a nice judicious ear, to set compositions to many of our most favourite airs, particularly that class of them above mentioned, independent of rhyme altogether."



AULD BRIG O' DOON.

“There is a noble sublimity, a heart-melting tenderness, in some of our ancient ballads, which show them to be the work of a masterly hand: and it has often given me many a heart-ache to reflect that such glorious



old bards—bards who very probably owed all their talents to native genius, yet have described the exploits of heroes, the pangs of disappointment, and the meltings of love, with such fine strokes of nature—that their very names (oh how mortifying to a bard’s vanity!) are now ‘buried among the wreck of things that were.’”

“In the sentiment and style of our Scottish airs there is a pastoral simplicity, a something that one may call the Doric style and dialect of vocal music, to which a dash of our native tongue and manners is particularly, nay peculiarly, apposite.”

These fragments of opinion show the author of them to have penetrated deeply below a mere surface-knowledge of the topic in hand. Burns had excellent reasons for claiming to be an “enthusiast in old Scotch Songs.” A writer of a good song needed no better or more effective introduction to him. One of his fondest wishes was to enter into a bond of friendship with every fellow song-writer. “I have often wished, and will certainly endeavour, to form a kind of common acquaintance among all the genuine sons of Caledonian song. The world, busy in low prosaic pursuits, may overlook most of us; but ‘reverence thyself.’ The world is not our *peers*, so we challenge the jury. We can lash the world, and find ourselves a very great source of amusement and happiness independent of that world.” Such were his feelings towards the singers of his own day, nor did he regard less affectionately those who had passed to the silence of the grave. “I am such an enthusiast, that in the course of my several peregrinations through Scotland, I made a pilgrimage to the individual spot from which every song took its rise, ‘Lochaber’ and the ‘Braes of Ballenden’ excepted. So far as the locality, either from the title of the air or the tenor of the song, could be ascertained, I have paid my devotions at the particular shrine of every Scots muse.” Apart, however, from these indications of a far-reaching knowledge of Scots song, and of enthusiastic adoration of Scots singers, Burns expressly owns his obligations to his forerunners.



AYR.

From a Drawing by D. O. Hill.

“When I meet with an old Scots air that has any facetious idea in its name, I have a peculiar pleasure in following out that idea for a verse or two.” But Burns needs no apologist for his obligations to the singers of the past. The use he made of the “facetious ideas” that caught his fancy, and of such exquisite fragments as that beginning “O gin my love were yon red rose,” was more than justified in the result. The Belvidere Torso was aptly named “Michael Angelo’s School.” That maimed statue, without head, arms, or legs, was of such perfect workmanship that the great sculptor declared he had learnt his whole art from it. But what a justifying use he made of his model! No one but a second genius could have found such a fragmentary object-lesson so prolific of instruction. It was so with Burns. The songs of his

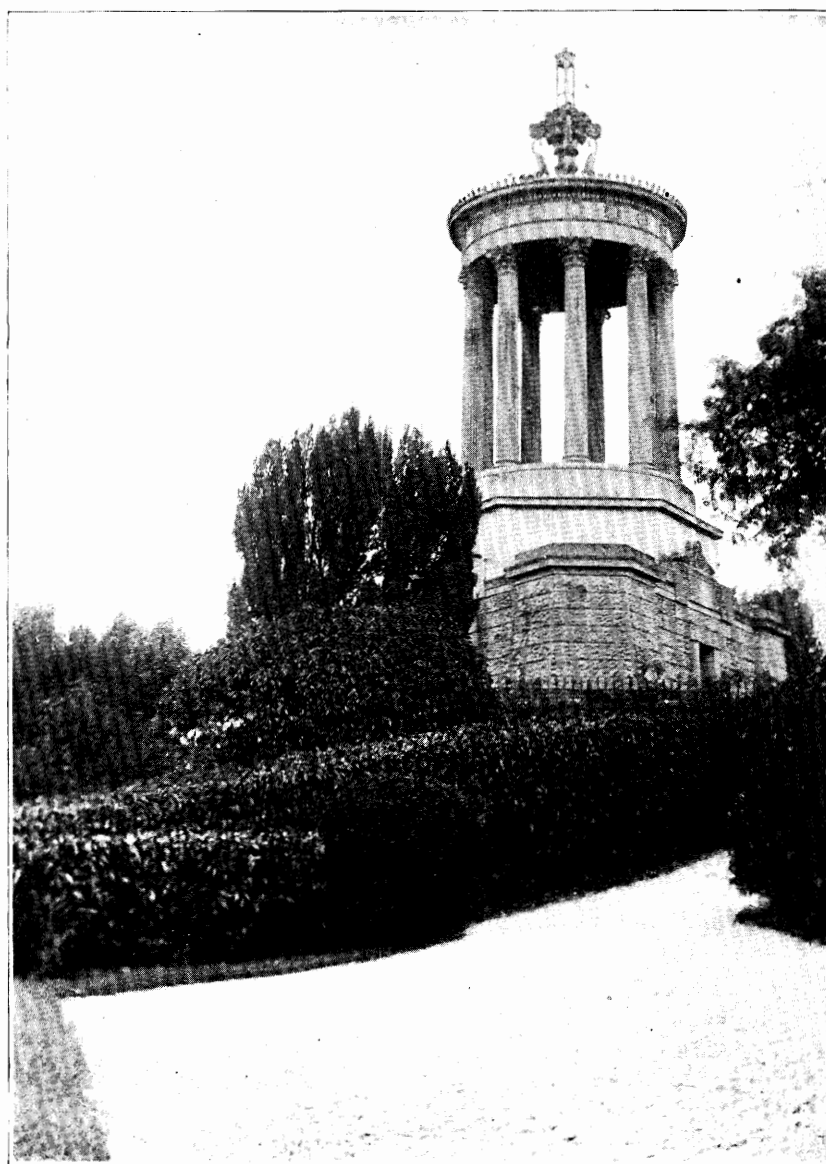


*THE FOG HOUSE, BALLOCHMYLE.
Where Burns first saw the Lass o' Ballochmyle.*

predecessors were his Belvidere Torso, but he carried forward to perfected beauty the half-veiled hints of loveliness scattered here and there through their work.

Burns was indebted not only to the songs but also to the music of his native land. Mr. W. H. Prescott truthfully remarks that “the existence of a national music is essential to the entire success of lyrical poetry. It may be said, indeed, to give wings to song, which, in spite of its imperfections, is thus borne along from one extremity of the nation to the other, with a rapidity denied to many a nobler composition.” The same critic states that “no one is more indebted to the national music than Burns: embalmed in the sacred melody, his songs are familiar to us from childhood, and, as we read them, the silver sounds with which they have been united seem to linger in our memory, heightening and prolonging the emotions which the sentiments have

excited." This point is emphasised by Mr. John Hullah, no mean authority on national music. He asserts that the conditions of a song's existence are only thoroughly fulfilled where "music and sweet poesy *agree*," and that in the songs of no people is this agreement more perfect than, or so frequent as, in the Scottish. Burns was keenly sensitive to the necessity of this agreement. "These old Scotch airs," he wrote, "are so nobly sentimental, that when one would compose to them, to 'south the tune,' as our Scotch phrase is, over and over, is the readiest way to catch the inspiration, and raise the bard



THE BURNS MONUMENT, AYR.

into that glorious enthusiasm so strongly characteristic of our old Scotch poetry." One of the sweetest of Burns's lyrics illustrates his obligations to the old airs of Scotland. Not long before his death, the poet called on Jessie Lewars and asked her if she had any favourite tune for which she wished new words. Seating herself at the piano, Jessie played over several times the air of an old song beginning with the words,

"The robin cam' to the wren's nest,
And keekit in, and keekit in."

As soon as he had, in his own phrase, "southed the tune," Burns fitted it with the



"Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes."



STATUE OF HIGHLAND MARY.

This Statue is being erected at Dunoon and will be unveiled on the Centenary of the Poet's Death, 21st July, 1896. It is inserted here by kind permission of the artist D. W. Stevenson, Esq., R.S.A., and Colin Rae Brown, Esq., London.

matchless words of *Oh, wert thou in the Cauld Blast*. He often did that. Once an air took possession of his singing soul, he had no rest until he had wedded it to words of his own. And in this connection it should be set down again to the honour of Burns that the new songs he composed for old tunes had the effect, in innumerable cases, of effacing from the national memory indelicate words which coarser times had written there.

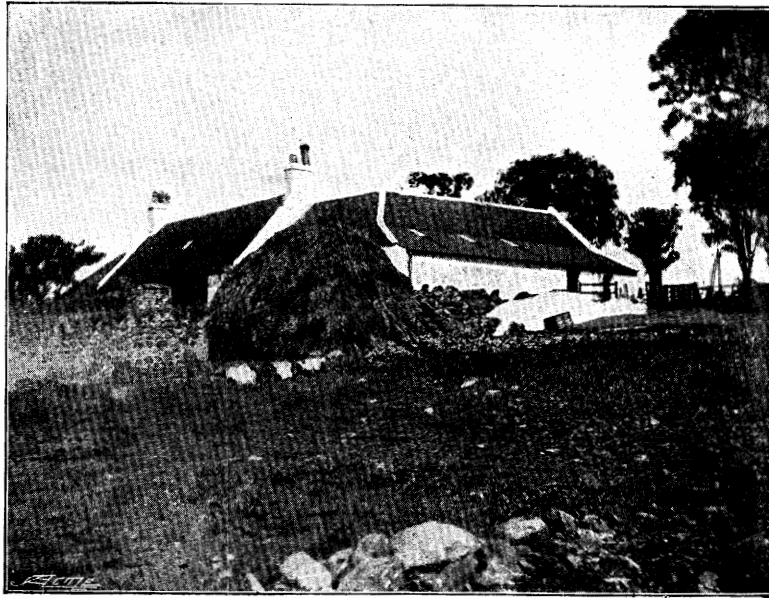
Passionate emotions, whether of grief or joy, have often been the inspiration of great verse. Poetry, Wordsworth said, is emotion remembered in tranquility. In the case of Burns the remembrance in tranquility was not an essential factor; "I can no more desist rhyming on the impulse than an Æolian harp can refuse its tones to the streaming air." He had, in fact, as a general rule, to enjoy his emotions fresh and



MRS. BURNS (JEAN ARMOUR) AND GRANDCHILD.

turn them into song while the first flush was still upon him. It was the greatest of all passions, enjoyed in all its virgin freshness, that first made Burns a singer—the dominant passion of LOVE. According to the poet's own confession, he reached his fifteenth autumn without having been guilty of rhyme or conscious of love. Notwithstanding its compensations—such as the possession of a wise father, the influence of a mother steeped in Scottish song and ballad, and the guidance of Murdoch—Burns's life had not been an enviable one. He had to labour in the fields to an extent far beyond his strength; to subsist on food of the poorest description; and companionships of the kind dear to the boyish heart were almost unknown. This kind of life, "the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing moil of a galley slave," continued to his fifteenth autumn; and then the dual change came. It was harvest-time. In his work amid

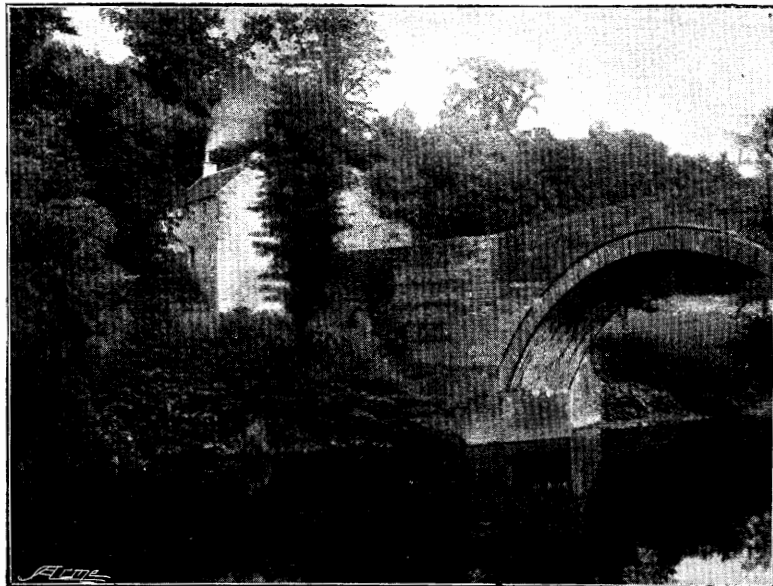
the golden grain it was the fortune of Burns to have for partner a "bewitching creature" a year younger than himself; a "bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass." The hour had



MOUNT OLIPHANT.

come which was to awaken the singing soul of Burns, and unseal that fount of lyric love in which all after-time was to rejoice. Burns must tell his own story as he told it first to Dr. Moore: "In short, she, altogether unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below! How she caught the contagion I cannot tell; you medical people talk much

of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, etc.; but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her when returning in the evening from our labours; why the tones of her voice made my heartstrings thrill like an Æolian harp; and particularly why my pulse beat such a furious ratan, when I looked and fingered over her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle stings and thistles. Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sang sweetly; and it was her favourite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like the printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sung a song which was said to be composed by a small country laird's son, on one of his father's maids with whom he was in love, and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for excepting that he could smear sheep and cast peats, his father living in the moorlands, he had no more scholar-craft than myself. *Thus with me began love and poetry.*"

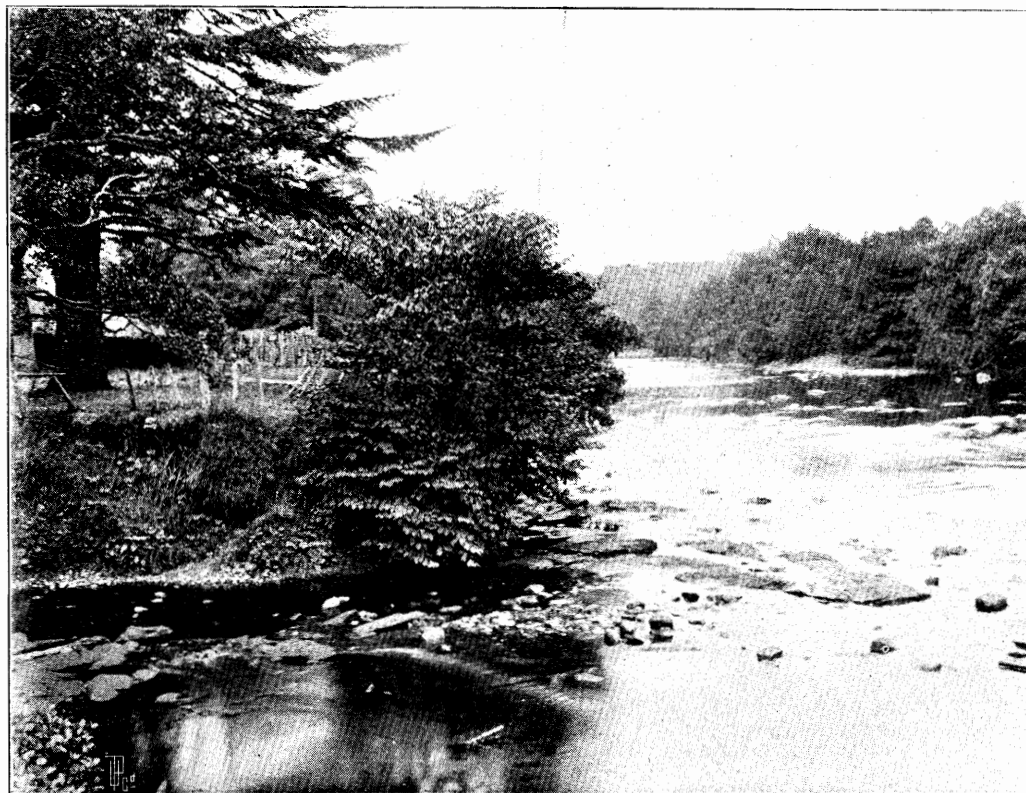


ON THE WATER OF AYR.

Near the place where Burns wrote "Man was Made to Mourn."

Cupid and the Muse should never be separated in our thoughts of Burns. He was not tempted from truth, in recounting the genesis of his poetic art, by the

thrilling recollections of Nelly Kilpatrick. Apart from his statement to Dr. Moore, he assures us that he never had the least thought or inclination of turning poet till he once got heartily in love, and then rhyme and song became the spontaneous language of his heart. Most of Burns's love-songs are the record of passionate personal emotion; they will yield up to the student of his history the "legend of his heart." So strongly had he, through personal experience, become impressed with the connection between love and song, that he will allow no man to be a proper critic of love-compositions unless he has been a warm votary of that passion; "the whining cant of love, except in real passion, and by a masterly hand, is to me as insufferable as the preaching cant



FALFORD.

The supposed scene of the parting of Burns and Highland Mary.

of old Father Smeaton, Whig-minister at Kilmaurs." To the end of his singing days, Burns found no passion so productive of lyric fruit as that which came to him in the harvest fields of his fifteenth autumn. This was the secret he confided to Thomson. "Whenever I want to be more than ordinary in song, to be in some degree equal to your diviner airs, do you imagine I fast and pray for the celestial emanation? *Tout au contraire!* I have a glorious recipe; the very one that for his own use was invented by the divinity of healing and poetry, when erst he piped to the flocks of Admetus. I put myself on a regimen of admiring a fine woman; and in proportion to the adorability of her charms, in proportion you are delighted with my verses. The lightning of her eye is the godhead of Parnassus, and the witchery of her smile the divinity of Helicon!"

It is clear, then, that Love was the prime factor in making Burns a poet. But that was not the only string of the harp of life from which he drew music. Had he

limited himself to the voicing of that emotion, though his kingdom would have been wide, he never would have won that universal homage which is now his heritage.



SCENE OF THE HOLY FAIR AND GAVIN HAMILTON'S HOUSE, MAUCHLINE.

Love is much, but love is not all. There are other emotions which claim embodiment in song, and the skill Burns won in the service of love was devoted to these in their turn. The themes of his songs may be set out, roughly, in table-fashion as follows:—

I. SONGS OF COURTSHIP.

1. *Sung by Men.*—Ae Fond Kiss
—Afton Water—Auld Rob Morris
—Behold the Hour, the Boat Arrives
—Blythe, Blythe and Merry was she—Bonnie Wee Thing—Ca' the
Yowes to the Knowes—Corn Rigs are Bonnie—Craigieburn Wood—From thee, Eliza
—Go fetch to me a Pint o' Wine—Green grow the Rashes—Here's a Health to
Ane I Lo'e Dear—Highland Mary—I gaed a Waefu' Gate—It is na, Jean, thy Bonnie
Face—Lassie wi' the Lintwhite Locks—Lovely Polly Stewart—Mary Morison—My
Love she's but a Lassie yet—My Nannie's Awa'—My Nannie, O—O Bonnie was yon
Rosy Brier—Of a' the Airts—Oh! Open the Door—O Lay thy Loof in mine—O Let
me in this Ae Night—O Luvie will Venture in—O my Love is like a Red, Red Rose—
On Cessnock Banks—O Poortith
Cauld—O this is no my Ain Lassie
—O were I on Parnassus' Hill—
O were my Love yon Lilac Fair—
O wert thou in the Cauld Blast—
O wha is she that Loe's me—
Phillis the Fair—Powers Celestial
—She's Fair and Fause—Sleep'st
Thou or Wak'st Thou—Stay, my
Charmer—The Banks of the Devon
—The Birks o' Aberfeldy—The
Highland Lassie—The Lass o'
Ballochmyle—The Lea Rig—The
Sodger's Return—Thine am I, my
Faithful Fair—To Mary in Heaven
—Turn again, thou Fair Eliza—Where are the Joys?—Wilt thou be my Dearie?



FAMILY BURIAL PLACE OF DAVIDSON IN KIRKOSWALD.
(The Original of SOUTAR JOHNNIE.)

2. *Sung by Women.*—A Highland Lad my Love was Born—Ay Waukin', O—Dainty

Davie—Gala Water—I'm owre young to Marry yet—In Simmer when the Hay was Mawn—Jockey's ta'en the Parting Kiss—Last May a Braw Wooer—Lord Gregory—Musing on the Roaring Ocean—My Heart is Sair for Somebody—My Tocher's the Jewel—O for Ane and Twenty, Tam—O Whistle, and I'll come to you—Tam Glen—The Blude-red Rose at Yule may Blaw—The Gallant Weaver—Thou hast left me ever, Jamie—Wandering Willie—Ye Banks and Braes.

3. *Impersonal.*—Comin' thro' the Rye—Duncan Gray—O, Saw ye Bonnie Lesley?—There was a Lass and she was Fair.



LOCHLEA.

II. SONGS OF WEDDED LIFE.

1. *Sung by Men.*—My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing—The Weary Pund o' Tow—Whistle o'er the Lave o't.

2. *Sung by Women.*—How Lang and Dreary is the Night—John Anderson, my Jo—Logan Braes.

3. *Sung by Both.*—My Spouse, Nancy.



THE HOUSE IN MAUCHLINE WHERE BURNS RESIDED AFTER HIS
PRIVATE MARRIAGE WITH JEAN ARMOUR.

III. PATRIOTIC SONGS.

Awa', Whigs, awa'—Kenmure's on and awa'—My Heart's in the Highlands—Scots Wha Ha'e—There'll never be Peace till Jamie comes Hame.

IV. AUTOBIOGRAPHIC SONGS.

The Gloomy Night is Gath'ring Fast—There was a Lad was Born in Kyle.

V. CONVIVIAL SONGS.

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

VI. OUTLOOK-ON-LIFE SONGS.

Auld Lang Syne—Contented wi' Little—Farewell, thou Fair Day—For a' that and a' that—Hey ca' thro'—I dream'd I lay—I ha'e a Wife o' my ain—The De'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman—Up in the Mornin' Early.

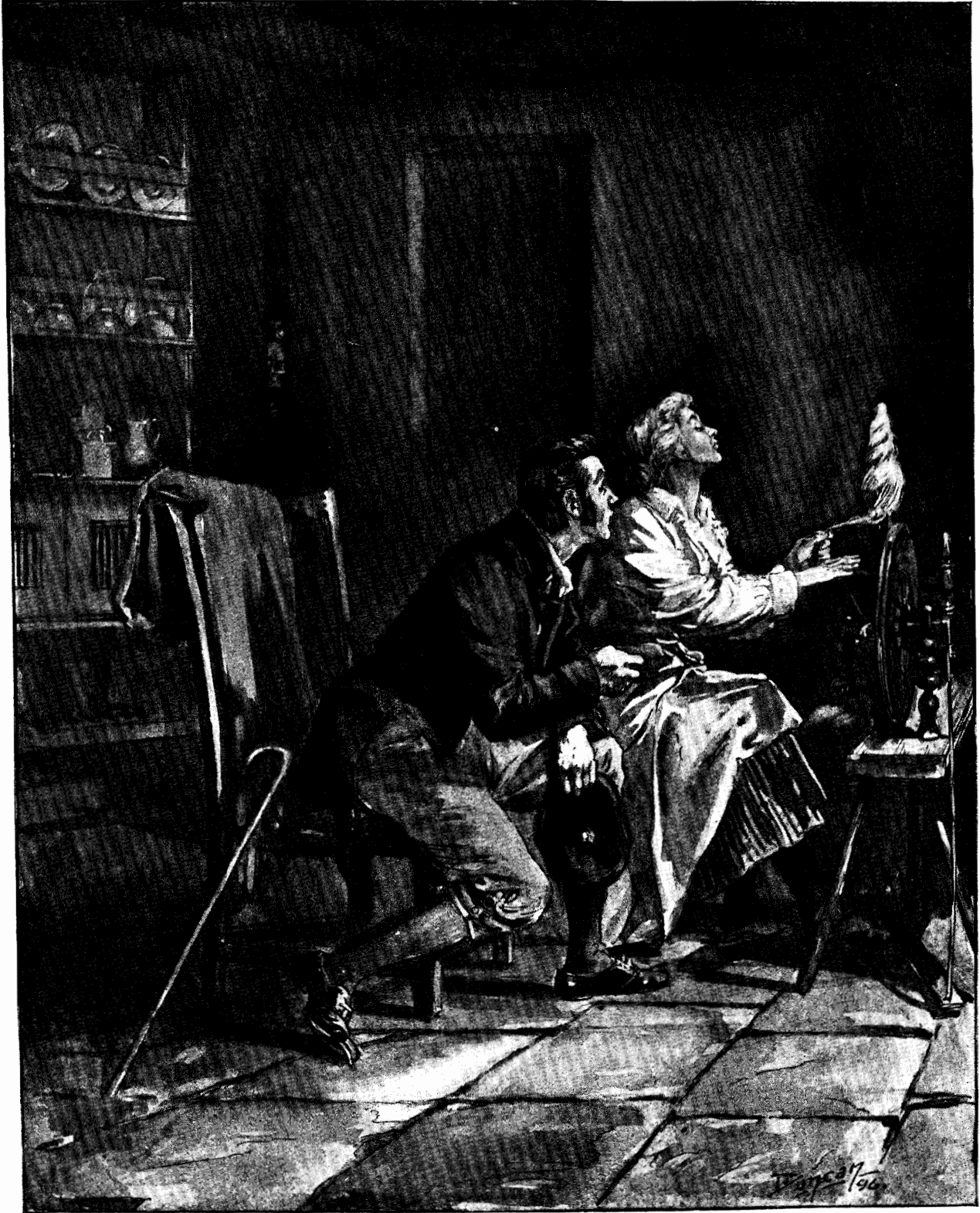
With this classification as a guide, it will be seen at once that the bulk of Burns's songs must be grouped under the first and second divisions, more especially under the first. But within the limits of the love-song, how wide a range he takes! Among the songs he puts into the mouth of singers of his own sex we have expressed, in *The Lass o' Ballochmyle*, the hopelessness of a lowly lover's adoration of a maiden whose rank in life is above his own, and a kindred spirit finds its embodiment in *Auld Rob Morris*, though the social status of the lovers does not yawn with so wide a gulf. There is no such disparity in *My Ain Kind Dearie, O*; lad and lass are both of "country degree," and while the one hails the return of the oxen "sae dowf and



ALLOWAY KIRK.

wearie" as the signal that the hour of courting draws nigh, the other is probably deriving similar comfort from some other sign that the day's labour on the farm is reaching its close. A sadder note sounds through *O Poortith Cauld* and *Open the Door to me, O!* The one is the anathema of a lover whose dearest desires are thwarted by poverty; the other is the tragedy of an unrequited passion. How different, again, is the pastoral spirit of *Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes*, with its rippling music of the rowing burn, its bloom of heather, its mellow evening mavis' song, its gliding waters that hold a mirror to the moon, all gently urged as the invitations of nature to spirits attuned to love. But in *My Nannie's awa'* all the shows and music of nature are frail and vain "to weep a loss that turns their light to shade." The warbling birds, the sweetly-blowing violet and snowdrop, the green mantle of the earth bring the solitary lover no comfort:

"To me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa'."

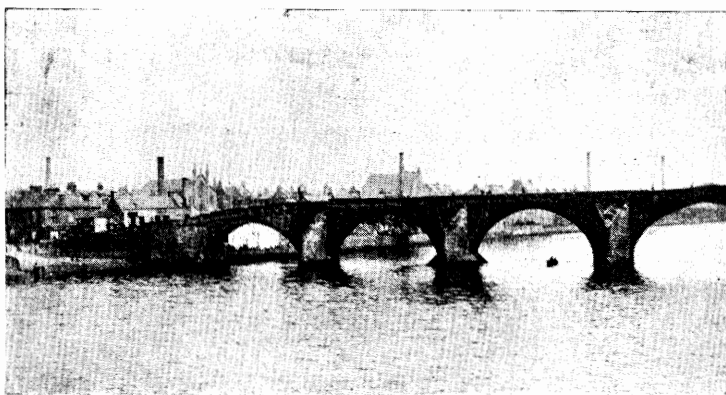


"Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig."



SILHOUETTE OF CLARINDA.

No "partial fancy" ever idealized an absent mistress so unreservedly as the singer of



THE AULD BRIG, AYR.

This is no my ain Lassie, Here's a Health to Ane I lo'e dear, and Of a' the Airts. Confronted with one worthy a place among the fairest, the love-blinded wooer asserts the far superior charms of his own idol; her "witching grace," the "kind love that's in her e'e." Even though the hope to possess her is denied,

"'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
Than aught in the world beside."

Tributes to the overmastering power of beauty are not far to seek among these songs, such as that to the "lovely een o' bonnie blue" of *I gaed a Waefu' Gate Yestreen*, which were more fatal than the "lips like roses wat wi' dew" or the "heaving bosom lily-white;" but the sentiment of *It is na, Jean, thy Bonnie Face* repeats the offering which Burns paid to "amiable goodness" in his final

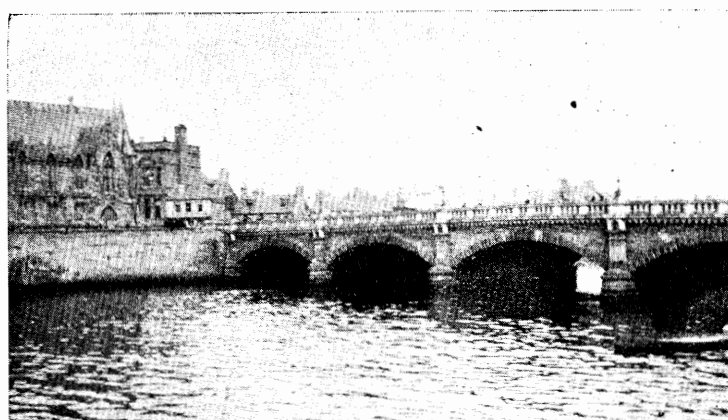


WILLIE'S MILL, NEAR TARBOLTON.

letter to Ellison Begbie. He was not wholly blind to the transitoriness of mere physical charms. Other moods of love common to man's heart find a vehicle in almost exhaustless variety. There is the plaintive adoration of *Afton*

Water; the assertive protestation of faithfulness of *O, my Love's like a Red, Red Rose*; the whole-hearted surrender of *O, wert Thou in the Cauld Blast*; the chivalrous eulogy of *Green Grow the Rashes, O*; the "still, rapt enthusiasm of sadness" of *To Mary in Heaven*; and the *Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate* of *Ae Fond Kiss*.

Fewer in number, and more refined and restrained in feeling, are the love-songs of women. In some, it is true, as *Gala Water* and *Tam Glen* will witness, there is a true womanly abandon of delight at the thought of having enslaved the best among men, and sometimes, as in *Last May a Braw Wooer*, that delight is tinged with the wholly feminine joy of conquest. Again, there is a certain spirit of arch



THE NEW BRIG, AYR.

forwardness manifested in such songs as *Whistle, and I'll come to you, my Lad*, and *O, For Ane and Twenty, Tam*, while *My Tocher's the Jewel* reveals an unusually penetrating consciousness of the attractions of a fortune :



KIRTON JEAN'S.

“My laddie's sae meikle in luv wi'
the siller,
He canna ha'e luv to spare for
me.”

But in the main these songs are suffused with a softer and sadder spirit, begotten of a heart betrayed or a love ill-requited. And how true they are to a woman's faithfulness! There is no vindictiveness in *Lord Gregory*; the “waefu' wanderer” bares her bosom to the lightning's

flash while she intercedes for the man who has caused her keener pain than the dart of heaven can give. The same forgiving tenderness mingles with the pathos of *Wandering Willie* and *Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon*. There is a haven for Willie, if he desires it; if not, she only wishes to die believing in his faithfulness. Nor is the disconsolate wanderer by the Doon any more severe; she reproaches the birds for singing and the flowers for blooming, but not the “fause lover” who has thrown her out of harmony with nature.

Among the impersonal songs of courtship, *Duncan Gray* is the most characteristic. It stands for that mirth-provoking interest in a love affair which is common to all men and women when they are not personally concerned in the transaction. Love-letters read in court as evidence for a breach of promise



MOSSGIEL.

action are legitimate causes for laughter in men and women who have been guilty of penning just as ardent epistles. The song spares neither sex. It is

Duncan's turn first, but Maggie finds, in the end, that she cannot do without him :

“Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings ;
And O, her een, they spak sic things !”

The songs of wedded life take a much narrower range than those consecrated to the joys of pre-marital days, and Burns explained, in a letter to Thomson, why this must be so. “Conjugal love is a passion which I deeply feel and highly venerate ; but, somehow, it does not make such a figure in poesy as that other species of the passion, ‘where Love is liberty, and Nature law.’ Musically speaking, the first is an instrument



COTTAGE AT BRIDGE HOUSE, AYR (now demolished).

This was the residence of Mrs. Begg, the Poet's youngest sister. The figure at the door is that of his niece, Isabella Begg.

of which the gamut is scanty and confined, but the tones inexpressibly sweet ; while the last has powers equal to all the intellectual modulations of the human soul.” Save for *My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing*, which is a somewhat thin expression of a man's contentment with his choice of a life-partner, Burns does not allow his own sex to figure to advantage in the songs of wedded life ; he finds a voice for the hen-pecked rather than the happy husband. The subtle humour of *Whistle o'er the lave o't* is its redeeming feature ; it saves the song from becoming a mere marriage-a-failure tragedy ; after all, a man who can keep up his spirits with such conceits is not to be over-pitied. And as for the victim of *The Weary Pund o' Tow*, Burns renders our sympathy superfluous by relieving the unhappy man of his drunken and lazy wife. Not humour, but the pathos of faithfulness, is the dominant note of those songs of wedded life which Burns

puts in the mouth of women. *Logan Braes* has the nature-background of *My Nannie's Awa'*, and it is introduced for the same purpose; a change has come over the fair face of the earth because "Willie's far frae Logan Braes." In *John Anderson, my Jo*, we reach the apotheosis of wedded love; "there is a tenderness of retrospect which is positively sacred, and probably unequalled in lyrical poetry."

Of the other songs of Burns the most distinctive are those of the last division. His outlook on life was entirely healthy and helpful. A fearless, often merry, independent spirit sings itself out in *Naebody*, *Contented wi' Little*, and *For a' that and a' that*. That



MRS. DUNLOP, OF DUNLOP.

[While suffering from the depression consequent upon a long and painful sickness, Mrs. Dunlop happened to meet with the "*Cottar's Saturday Night*," and was so stirred and delighted with it, that she at once despatched a messenger to Mossgiel, some fifteen miles off, with a letter expressing her admiration, and an order for half a dozen copies of the *Kilmarnock* edition of Burns's Poems.]

last song alone would have made the poet immortal. Scotsmen he loved, but he loved men more. And it was men *as men* he loved; no one saw with a clearer eye that the value of a man was to be estimated by what he was in himself, and not by the position in life which he happened to occupy:

"Then let us pray, that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that.



THE OLD LODGE AT TARBOLTON WHERE BURNS WAS
MADE A FREEMASON.

For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that."

It was given to Burns to realise his first-formed and dearest desire. Relating in verse, to Mrs. Scott, of Wauchope House, the thoughts of his earliest days, he said :

"Ev'n then a wish (I mind its power),
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast ;
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least."

He had his wish. No part of the legacy he left is more assured of immortality than his songs. And for these he received no recompense in gold. Thomson's project to publish a select collection of Scottish songs evoked his enthusiastic support ; and "as to any remuneration, you may think my songs either above or below price, for they shall absolutely be the one or the other. In the honest enthusiasm with which I embark in your undertaking, to talk of money, wages, fee, hire, etc., would be downright prostitution of soul!" If Burns could have foreseen the future he would have been confirmed in his resolution ; for no material recompense could compare with the heritage of unmeasured affection into which he has entered. That affection is the grateful offering of those who have been helped in their greatest need. More than half the joy of an emotion is in being able to find it a voice. What were the passion of love, the tenderness of wedded fealty, the sorrow of loss, the happiness of friendship—what were all these without a voice? For such emotions Burns found the fitting expression, and as, every new day, the strains of his songs rise and die away and rise again in ceaseless harmony we realise how surely he is enthroned for all time in the hearts of men.



OLD CHURCH AT KIRKOSWALD.

In the Vestry of which Burns attended School.

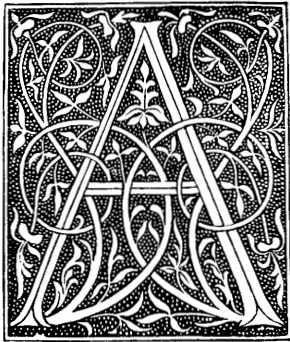


COILA FINDING BURNS AT THE PLOUGH.

*From the Mural Sculpture by Turnerelli in St. Michael's
Churchyard, Dumfries.*



SCOTTISH MUSIC.



AMONG the countries remarkable for the extent and beauty of their Folk-music, Scotland occupies a worthy place. Indeed it would be hard to name any which possesses a richer or more varied Anthology of Song, or one reflecting more faithfully the genius of the country in all its changes and vicissitudes, political and social. Every aspect of nature, every social custom, and every stirring deed of arms of which the history of the North Countrie is so full, have been embalmed in imperishable words and allied to music which, whatever its origin, we feel to be instinct with the living fire of inspiration.

Nor is this natural expression of feeling confined to any particular area distinguished it may be more than others by the greater ardour of its life. Each province is marked by its own peculiar note, and the sanguinary feuds of the Border are not more real to us through *The Dowie Dens of Yarrow* and *Hughie Graham*, than are the dark tragedies of the North in *The Bonnie House o' Airlie*, or the plaintive notes of *Wae's me for Prince Charlie*.

There is hardly a stream in broad Scotland which has not been made classic in our Song; not a great scene in our history from that day of Bannockburn which sealed a nation's liberty, till the last hopes of an expiring cause found a grave at Culloden, but have been fixed for ever in tones of exultant victory or notes of deepest despair.

Along with this fire of patriotism there has also burned the lamp of quiet joy. The rural pastimes, the pastoral avocations, and the humours of rustic life have each found native expression, and in all the elements of truth, naturalness and simplicity, it were hard to find a truer or fuller picture of a brave, strenuous and simple people than is mirrored in the Ballads and Songs of Scotland.



TULLOCHGORUM.

From an Original Etching by D. Allan, prefixed to Vol. VI.
of George Thomson's *Select Melodies*.

The beauty and charm of Scottish Folk-Music have excited universal admiration,

and have proved a fruitful field for the labours of earnest and enthusiastic investigators. Many theories have been advanced and many explanations offered of the secret of its charm, but it cannot be said that anything very conclusive has been advanced, or that it is less of a mystery now than ever. For a time it was held that to the Italians we were indebted for the sweetly flowing measures that have come down to us, and colour was given to this contention by the frequent mention of Rizzio's name in connection with various of our melodies. It has long been shewn that there is not a vestige of proof that Rizzio ever composed a note of any of our songs, nor do the Italian compositions of the period shew the slightest point of similarity, their laboured fugues and scholastic exercises being as different as possible from the "native woodnotes wild" of our untutored melodies.

Dr. Burney in his "History of Music" touched upon Scottish Song, and it is probable that his *dicta* have had as much influence upon the popular conception of Scottish Music as anything written on the subject. Briefly he classes the peculiarities of Scottish Music under three divisions:—

(1) Its Pentatonic character. (2) Its Use of the Flat 7th. (3) The "Scotch Snap."

Dr. Burney's acquaintance with Scottish Music may not have been very wide, but at all events he has named three peculiarities which it undoubtedly exhibits; at the same time these do not cover the ground, and leave much unexplained.

In regard to the first, most of the early writers on Scottish music have adopted the view that the more ancient melodies were formed upon the Pentatonic Scale—a scale in which the fourth and seventh of the key were absent; and a careful examination of the earlier forms of these melodies proves the correctness of this view. This scale was, however, common to other nations besides our own, and, indeed, formed the basis of nearly all national melodies before the period at which music began to be cultivated as an art.

The use of this scale gave a certain colour to our national melodies, which was further heightened by the variety of the *modes* in which it was employed. In modern music the major and minor are the only two *modes* in common use; but, in a quite unconscious way, our early minstrels made use of *modes* formed upon all the notes of their scale. It is this peculiarity which in our modern notation of these ancient melodies accounts for the frequent use of the flat seventh. In illustration of this we cannot do better than refer to Mr. Colin Brown's example of *Tullochgorum*, which, in modern arrangements, fairly bristles with this interval, but which if noted in its proper *mode*—that of the fifth—dispenses altogether with the use of accidentals.

It is true that in a very large number of *imitation* Scottish tunes the "snap" will be found to figure largely. This, indeed, was held to be the distinguishing mark and guarantee of the Scottish tune, without which none was genuine, and accordingly we find it largely employed in the multitude of airs which were composed by English and foreign composers in imitation of the "Scottish manner." The "snap" is of course a strongly marked feature of Strathspey music, and in tunes derived from the popular national dance its use imparts a characteristic flavour: it is, however, hardly necessary to point out that the "snap" is entirely absent in many of our most characteristic melodies.

Prior to Burns's time the only considerable Collections of Scottish Tunes which had appeared were Allan Ramsay's "Tea-Table Miscellany," and, almost contemporaneously, William Thomson's "Orpheus Caledonius," a work published in London in 1725, and dedicated to the Princess of Wales. A great part of the latter work was a mere appropriation from the "Tea-Table Miscellany," a fact which did not escape the notice of Ramsay who, in the preface to the 12th edition of his work, adverts in characteristic fashion to it. Although enjoying a very wide popularity both in Scotland and England in fashionable circles, it cannot be supposed that many of the common people possessed either of these works. We may conclude, therefore, that when Burns appeared upon the scene the great treasury and storehouse of Scottish melody was in the memory and traditions of the people.

We are apt in the glory of Burns's achievements as a lyrical poet to forget the great service he rendered his country in rescuing from oblivion many tunes which from unworthy association might have altogether disappeared. These airs, no less on account of their intrinsic merit than of the noble verse he has wedded to



REV. JOHN SKINNER, author of *Tullochgorum*.

them, have been assured of immortality; and it is a tribute at once to the taste and patriotism of Burns that he set himself with so much ardour to the task of re-juvenating these genuine inspirations of the past.

That this task, though truly a labour of love, was arduous we learn from many of the poet's letters. Thus, in writing to Mr. George Thom-

son, 8th November, 1792, he says: "There is a peculiar rhythmus in many of our airs, and a necessity of adapting syllables to the emphasis, or what I would call the feature notes, of the tune that cramp the poet, and lay him under almost insuperable difficulties." Again, in a later letter, he gives us a close view of his own methods: "Until I am complete master of a tune in my own singing (such as it is), I never can compose for it. My way is: I consider the poetic sentiment correspondent to my idea of the musical expression; then choose my theme; begin one stanza; when that is composed, which is generally the most difficult part of the business, I walk out, sit down now and then, look out for objects in nature around me that are in unison or harmony with the cogitations of my fancy and workings of my bosom, humming every now and then the air with the verses I have framed. When I feel my muse beginning to jade, I retire to the solitary fireside of my study, and there commit my effusions to paper, swinging at intervals on the hind legs of my elbow-chair by way of calling forth my own critical strictures as my pen goes on. Seriously, this at home is almost invariably my way."

At all times Burns modestly disclaimed any pretension to musical knowledge, yet when we consider the marvellous truth and facility with which he clothed with words, not merely the rhythms—peculiar as these sometimes were—but the very spirit and soul of the melody, we feel that, however deficient he may have been in academic knowledge, he possessed all the sensibility and appreciation of a skilled musician. In not a few of his letters to Thomson he acquaints us with his preferences, and although oftentimes expressed with a charming diffidence, on other occasions he adheres to his opinion with a frankness and energy all his own. His insight into the *possibilities* of certain melodies is also noteworthy. Take for example *Saw ye Johnnie comin'?* an air generally regarded in Burns's time as one of great liveliness and humour. The verses he composed for it show, however, that he had penetrated into its real character; and in *Thou hast left me ever, Jamie*, he has fixed it for ever as one of our tenderest and most pathetic airs. What happier union could be adduced than *Duncan Gray*, in which words and music are so mated that the one seems hardly separable from the other. Other instances will readily occur, but we cannot refrain from naming two which have always seemed to us to achieve absolute perfection of fusion. We refer to *Whistle o'er the Lave o't*, in which the suggestion of the music is so admirably embodied that music and poetry seem the expression of the same idea in the language of two arts; and *My Spouse Nancy*, where the indignation of the wife and the calm assurance of the husband are both exhibited in a spirit of banter most admirably reflecting the archness and piquancy of the music.

Burns first met Johnson in November, 1786, during his memorable visit to Edinburgh, just before the publication of the first volume of the "The Scots Musical Museum," a work which was destined to exert a strong influence on the development of the poet as a song writer. For this first volume Burns contributed two songs: *Green grow the rushes*, and *Young Peggy blooms*, both to the same air, *Loch Eroch Side*. Burns's share in the building up of the "Museum" is best described in his own words. In a letter to the Rev. John Skinner, author of *Tullochgorum*, referring to the "Museum," he says: "I have been absolutely crazed about it, collecting old stanzas, and any information remaining respecting their origin, authors, etc." In another letter he writes: "An engraver, James Johnson, in Edinburgh, has, not from mercenary views, but from an honest Scotch enthusiasm, set about collecting all our native songs, and setting them to music, particularly those that have never been set before. Clarke, the well-known musician, presides over the musical arrangement, and Drs. Beattie and Blacklock, Mr. Tytler, of Woodhouselea, and your humble servant to the utmost of his small power, assist in collecting the old poetry, or sometimes for a fine air make a stanza when it has no words." The "Museum" comprises six volumes, each containing about one hundred songs, and the period over which its publication extended was from 1787 to 1803. It would be difficult to over-estimate its value and importance as a compendium of all that is noblest in Scottish Song and Poetry. That Burns was the inspiring hand that moulded it and shaped it to its finer issues is abundantly evident. He was much more than a contributor of his



*"O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rab and Allan cam' to pree,
Three blyther hearts that lee-lang night,
Ye wadna find in Christendie."*

own immortal productions ; he became, in fact, the practical editor of the work, searching with infinite care and in all directions for old songs and airs and all such matter as his genius could supplement and modify to fit it for the work. In no respect did Johnson exhibit greater judgment than in submitting himself so entirely to the poet's direction, and the result has amply justified the prediction contained in a most pathetic letter written to the honest old engraver by Burns a few weeks before his death. In that letter he writes : "Your book is a great one ; and now that it is near finished I see if we were to begin again two or three things that might be mended ; yet I will venture to prophesy that to future ages your publication will be the text-book and standard of Scottish music."

Burns set his hall-mark upon another great work in the same domain : George Thomson's "Select Melodies of Scotland," and all Students of the National Muse know what precious results flowed from this collaboration. In the correspondence between poet and editor, we are afforded a close insight into the poet's method. The nature of the task set him by Thomson, that of supplying verses to old tunes, was of the very essence of difficulty, only to be surmounted by one who like Burns was completely surcharged and imbued with the spirit of the National Melody, and while his contributions to the work number among them some of his happiest efforts, we cannot but marvel at the rich fancy and complete craftsmanship that enabled him to triumph over conditions so difficult. It could not indeed have been done at all had Burns not felt himself called by a holy fervour to the office of High Priest of Scottish Song. Alike in poetry and music he gathered up in himself the love and reverence and tradition of a whole people, and setting upon them the seal of his own genius winged them for ever with the fire of imperishable vitality. Happy had it been for the music of other nations, of Ireland and of Wales, if their sweet melodies had been mated with poetry as living and as sincere ; and deep beyond words is the debt we owe to our Master-singer, whose burning lyrics oft sprang from a breaking heart, and whose life-tragedy darkly unrolled itself before an unheeding generation.

It was of course at all times a matter of great delicacy to determine what was the proper form of any given melody. In the written and printed works of the recognised masters of music no such difficulty could occur, as the matter is fixed for all time in the composer's score. It is otherwise in dealing with traditional airs, whose forms fluctuate from age to age, and are affected by successive changes in taste and fashion. In Urbani's Collections, for instance, they mostly appear with all the elaborate *fiorituri* and ornate embellishment common to the end of the last and the beginning of the present centuries. The multiplicity of these Collections, and the extent of their circulation in England as well as Scotland, attest the strong hold these ancient melodies had upon the affections of the people, and the prevailing appetite for music in the Scots manner is nowhere better indicated than in the Pianoforte Sonatas of Cramer, Dussek, Steibelt, and other composers, which often included a movement based upon a Scottish air, or the imitation of one. It would be too much to assume that all this sprang from genuine love, but there

can be no doubt that what in time became merely a fashion originally sprang from a sincere admiration for the beauties freshly discovered for us by Ramsay and Burns, and the numerous Collectors who followed them.

In the later history of Scottish Song there are a few names that stand out prominently, and just as the great stream of Scottish poetry has since Burns's time been enriched by many a noble tributary, so the stem of Scottish music has budded freshly in the productions of men not very remote from our own day. The names of R. A. Smith (a true though undeveloped genius), Peter M'Leod, Alex. Hume, and many others, naturally occur to us in this connection, and attest the continued vitality of the Scottish lyre, and

in the great musical awakening that has in recent years come over Scotland, we may expect, in the fulness of time, our folk-music to become the basis and sub-structure of a true National School, which shall be individual and characteristic, because it is founded upon the idiosyncracies of our people, and is the outcome of our national experi-



GEORGE THOMSON, Esq.

mentous voices of shore and sea, or mountain, lake and forest.

ence. That there is inspiration enough in our history, our scenery, and in our character few will deny; and we but await the master-spirit, who, drinking deep at this fount of inspiration, shall, in symphony or tone-poem reanimate the glorious page of history; wake in more subtle tones the weird and mystic Ossianic legend, and realise for us the mur-

In concluding this brief notice we may advert for a moment to the style of accompaniment used in the present volume. It has always been accepted—in theory at least—that accompaniments to Scottish songs should be simple. And this theory is founded on good common sense, because in most cases these simple melodies are the artless outpourings of untutored minds. Anything, therefore, in the nature of elaboration is felt to be an impertinence, and as injuring rather than enhancing the expressive power of the melody. In too many instances, however, this simplicity has been sought for in wrong directions, and has resulted in baldness, monotony, and lack of interest. A frequent error has been made in duplicating the voice part, and treating it simply as a harmonized melody. The effect of this is to greatly interfere with the freedom of the

singer, and to mar the beauty of many passages where the voice is much better to be left alone. There is so much character and individuality inherent in most of our melodies that the skilful and sympathetic arranger need never be in any difficulty as to the form of accompaniment most appropriate, and that will generally be best which, while it leaves the movement of the melody entirely free, provides a background of harmony in itself interesting, and in its movement and character emphasising the prevailing spirit of the melody. An endeavour has been made in the present volume to embody these principles, and the only caution that need be urged is that singer and player should be thoroughly in accord in their phrasing. This, however, is a primary requirement in all artistic collaboration; and, as many of these songs rank as highly in beauty and expressive power as any Schubert *lied*, it is not too much to expect that as much care will be used in their preparation and presentation as is usually bestowed upon the latter.

B.



STATUE OF BURNS AT PAISLEY.
By W. F. Pomeroy, Esq.

THE SONGS
OF BURNS 

THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN IN KYLE.

Tune. "O gin ye were deid, guidman."

Moderately quick, with animation.

Piano.

Key C.

{ :d | d :d | s :d .r | m :r | r :m .r | d :d | s :d .r }

1. There was a lad was born in Kyle, But what - na day o'
 2. Our mon - arch's hind - most year but ane Was five - and - twen - ty

{ m :d' | s :- s | l .t :d' .s | m .f :s .m | l .s :f .m | r :m .r }

what - na style, I doubt it's hard - ly worth the while To
 days be - gun, 'Twas then a blast o' Jan - war win' Blew

{ d :d' | s .l :s .f | m :- r | d || s .l | d' :d' | d' .r' :m' .d' }

be sae nice wi' Ro - bin. For Ro - bin was a
 han - sel in on Ro - bin.

rov - in' boy, A rant - in', rov - in', rant - in', rov - in';

Ro - bin was a rov - in' boy, O rant - in', rov - in'

Ro - - bin.

3.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
 Quo, scho, wha lives will see the proof,
 This waly boy will be nae coof,
 I think we'll ca' him Robin.
 For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

4.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
 But aye a heart aboon them a';
 He'll be a credit till us a'—
 We'll a' be proud o' Robin.
 For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

5.

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

*GAE BRING TO ME A PINT O' WINE.

With spirit.

Piano.

Doh is C.

mf

1. Gae bring to me a pint o' wine, And fill it in a sil - ver
2. The trum-pets sound, the ban - ners fly, The glitt' - ring spears — are rank - ed

f

tas - sie, That I may drink, be - fore I go, A ser - vice
read - y; The shouts o' war are heard a - far, The bat - tle

mf

to my bon - nie las - sie. The boat rocks at the pier o'
clo - ses thick and blood - y; But it's no the roar o' sea or

rall. *mf a tempo*

* In the original this line appears "Go fetch to me" etc, but the above reading has been generally adopted for singing purposes. Similar alterations will be found in several other Songs.

$\{ r : - . m : d , m \mid s : - . d' : r' , s \mid m' . r' : - . d' : m' , r' \mid d' , r' : d' . l : s . m \}$
cres. *f*

Leith, Fu' loud the wind blows frae the fer-ry; The ship rides by the Ber-wick
 shore Wad mak' me lang-er wish to tar-ry; Nor shout o' war that's heard a -

$\{ s : - . r' : m' . d \mid f' . m' : r' . d' : l , s \mid l . d' : - . d : d , m \mid s : - . l : s , l \}$
p *rall.* *f*

Law; And I maun leave my bon-nie Ma-ry. } Gae bring to me a pint o'
 far, It's leav-ing thee, my bon-nie Ma-ry. }

$\{ d' : - . r' : m' , f' \mid m' . r' : d' . l : s , d \mid m . r : - . d : d , m \mid s : - . l : s , l \}$

wine, And fill it in a sil-ver tas-sie, That I may drink, be-fore I

$\{ d' : - . r' : m' . d' \mid f' . m' : r' . d' : l , s \mid l . d' : - . : \}$
rall.

go, A ser-vice to my bon-nie las-sie.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

Moderately slow, with expression.

Tune "Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey."

Doh is G.

{ .s₁ | d .,d :d .,d | d .s₁ :d .l }

Voice.

1. Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, I

2. O blaw, ye west-lin winds, blaw soft, A -

Piano.

s .,m m:r .d | t₁ l₁ :-s₁ l₁ | d .,d :d .,d | d .s₁ :d .l | s .,l :d' .m | s :-l₁ }

dear - ly lo'e the West, For there the bon - nie las - sie lives, The lass that I lo'e best: Tho'
mang the leaf - y trees; Wi' gen - tle gale, frae muir and dale, Bring hame the la - den bees; And

s .,l :d' .m | s .m :r .d | r.....r .,m :f .m .r .d | t₁ l₁ :-s₁ l₁ }

wild woods grow, and riv - ers row, Wi' mo - nie a hill be - tween, Baith
bring the las - sie back to me, That's aye sae neat and clean: Ae

d .,d :d .,d | d .s₁ :d .l | s .,m .-r .,m | d :-s₁ f₁ | m₁ .s₁ :d .s₁ | l₁ .s₁ :d .r }

day and night my fan-cy's flight; Is ev - er wi my Jean, I see her in the dew - y flow'r, Sae
blink o' her wad ban-ish care, Sae charming is my Jean, What sighs and vows, among the knowes, Hae

love - ly sweet and fair; I hear her voice in il - ka bird, Wi'
 pass'd a - tween us twa. How fain to meet, how wae to part, That

p

mu - sic charm the air; There's not a bon - nie flow'r that springs, By
 day she gaed a - wa', The pow'rs a - boon can on - ly ken, To

f

foun - tain, shaw, or green, Nor yet a bon - nie bird that sings, But
 whom the heart is seen, That nane can be sae dear to me, As

minds me o' my Jean.
 my sweet, love - ly Jean.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

Tune: "Rothiemurchus Rant."

In moderate time.

Doh is Bb.

Voice.

p Lass - ie wi' the lint-white locks,

p

Bon - nie lass - ie, art - less lass - ie, Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?

Wilt thou be my dear - ie, O?

1. Now na - ture cleeds the flow' - ry lea, And
2. And when the wel - come sim - mer show'r Has

mf

a' is young and sweet like thee; O wilt thou share its joys wi' me? And
cheer'd ilk droop - ing lit - tle flow'r, We'll to the breath - ing wood - bine bow'r At

p

say thou't be my dear - ie, O?
sul - try noon, my dear - ie, O? Lass - ie wi' the lint - white locks,

Bon - nie lass - ie, art - less lass-ie; Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?

Wilt thou be my dear - ie, O?

3.

When Cynthia lights wi' silver ray
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, &c.

4.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclasped to my faithful breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, &c.

CRAIGIE - BURN WOOD.

Tune: Craigieburn wood.

Slow and expressive.

Voice.

Piano.

p *cres.*

Doh is C.

p *f*

1. Sweet fa's the eve on Craig - ie - burn, And
 2. Fain, fain would I my griefs im - part, Yet

mf *p* *f*

blythe a - wakes the mor - row, But a' the pride o'
 dare - na for your an - ger; But se - cret love will

1 : - . t : d' | s : m : - : d | d' : - . t : l | s : m : d | r : - : - | s : - : s }

spring's re - turn, Can yield me nocht but sor - row. I
break my heart, If I con - ceal it lan - ger. If

1 : d' : t | d' : - . r' : m' | r' : - . d' : t | t : l : s | 1 : d' : t | d' : - . r' : m' }

see the flow'rs and spread - ing trees, I hear the wild birds
thou re - fuse to pi - ty me, If thou shalt love an -

^m1 r' : - : - | d' : - . t : d' | r' : d' : t | d' : - . t : l | s : m : s | d' : - . d' : t }

sing - ing, But what a wea - ry wight can please, And
i - ther, When yon green leaves fa' frae the tree, A -

1 : - . t : d' | s : m : d | r : - : - | s : - : - :

care his bo - som wring - ing?
round my grave they'll with - er.

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

Slow and tenderly.

Tune: My only jo, and dearie O.

Voice.

Piano.

Lah is B.

1. I gaed a wae - fu' gate yes - treeen, A
2. She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyld, She

gate, I fear, I'll dear - ly rue; I gat my death frae
 charm'd my soul, I wist na how; And aye the stound, the

colla voce

l :m |m :r .d | r :s |m .r :d .t | m :— .l | l | . m }

two sweet een, Two love - ly een o' bon - nie blue. 'Twas
dead - ly wound, Cam' frae her een sae bon - nie blue. But

mf

l :— .t |d' :l | t :— .s |s :— .m | l :— .t |d' :m' }

not her gold - en ring - lets bright, Her lips like ros - es
"spare to speak and spare to speed;" She'll aib - lins list - en

mf *cres.*

r' .d' :t .l | l :— .t | d' :— .l |d' .t :l .se | l .t :d' .r' |m' :— .d *slower* }

wat wi' dew, Her heav - ing bo - som li - ly - white, It
to my vow: Should she re - fuse, I'll lay my dead To

r :s |m .r :d .t | m :— .l | l | :

was her een sae bon - nie blue.
her twa een sae bon - nie blue.

colla voce *p*

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

Tune - "Pinkie House."

Slow. Doh is D. $\{ \quad : \quad | \quad :d \text{ } \text{ } r \quad | \quad m \text{ } \text{ } r : m \text{ } \text{ } s \text{ } \text{ } | f \text{ } \text{ } m : r \text{ } \text{ } d \quad \}$

Voice.

1. It is na, Jean, thy
2. Nae mair un - gen' - rous

Piano.

$\{ s \text{ } \text{ } m : s \text{ } \text{ } l \text{ } \text{ } | s \text{ } \text{ } : d' \text{ } \text{ } t \text{ } \text{ } | l \text{ } \text{ } \text{ } s : l \text{ } \text{ } d' \text{ } \text{ } | s \text{ } \text{ } m : r \text{ } \text{ } d \text{ } \text{ } | m \text{ } \text{ } : r \text{ } \text{ } | :d \text{ } \text{ } \text{ } r \quad \}$

bon - nie face, Nor shape that I ad - mire, Al -
wish I ha'e, Nor strong - er in my breast, Than,

$\{ m \text{ } \text{ } r : m \text{ } \text{ } s \text{ } \text{ } | f \text{ } \text{ } m : r \text{ } \text{ } d \text{ } \text{ } | s \text{ } \text{ } \text{ } m : s \text{ } \text{ } l \text{ } \text{ } | s \text{ } \text{ } : d' \text{ } \text{ } t \text{ } \text{ } | l \text{ } \text{ } \text{ } s : l \text{ } \text{ } d' \text{ } \text{ } | m' \text{ } \text{ } : r' \text{ } \text{ } d' \text{ } \text{ } \}$

though thy beau - ty and thy grace, Might weel a - wake de -
if I can - na mak' thee sae, At least to see thee

sire. Some - thing in il - ka part o' thee, To
blest. Con - tent am I, if heav'n shall give But

praise, to love, I find; But dear as is thy
hap - pi - ness to thee; And as wi' thee I'd

form to me, Still dear - er is thy mind.
wish to live, For thee I'd bear to dee.

last time

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

With humour.

Doh is F. { d ,s, :l, ,d.-|m ,r :m }

Voice.



1. First when Mag-gie was my care,
2. How we live, my Meg and me,

Piano.



{ s ,l :m .d' |r ,d :l, .l, | d ,s, :l, ,d.-|m ,r :m .d' | d ,d.-:m ,d |r :d }

Heav'n I thought was in her air, Now we're married! spier nae mair, But whis-tle o'er the lave o't.
How we love and how we 'gree, I care-na by how few may see, But whis-tle o'er the lave o't.



{ s ,l :d' ,t |l ,s :m | s ,l :m .d' |r ,d :l, | d' ,t :l ,d' |s ,l :m .d' }

Meg was meek and Meg was mild Sweet and harm-less as a child Wi-ser men than me's be-guild, Sae
Wha I wish were Mag-got's meat, Dish'd up in her wind-ing sheet, I could write but Meg maun see't, Sae

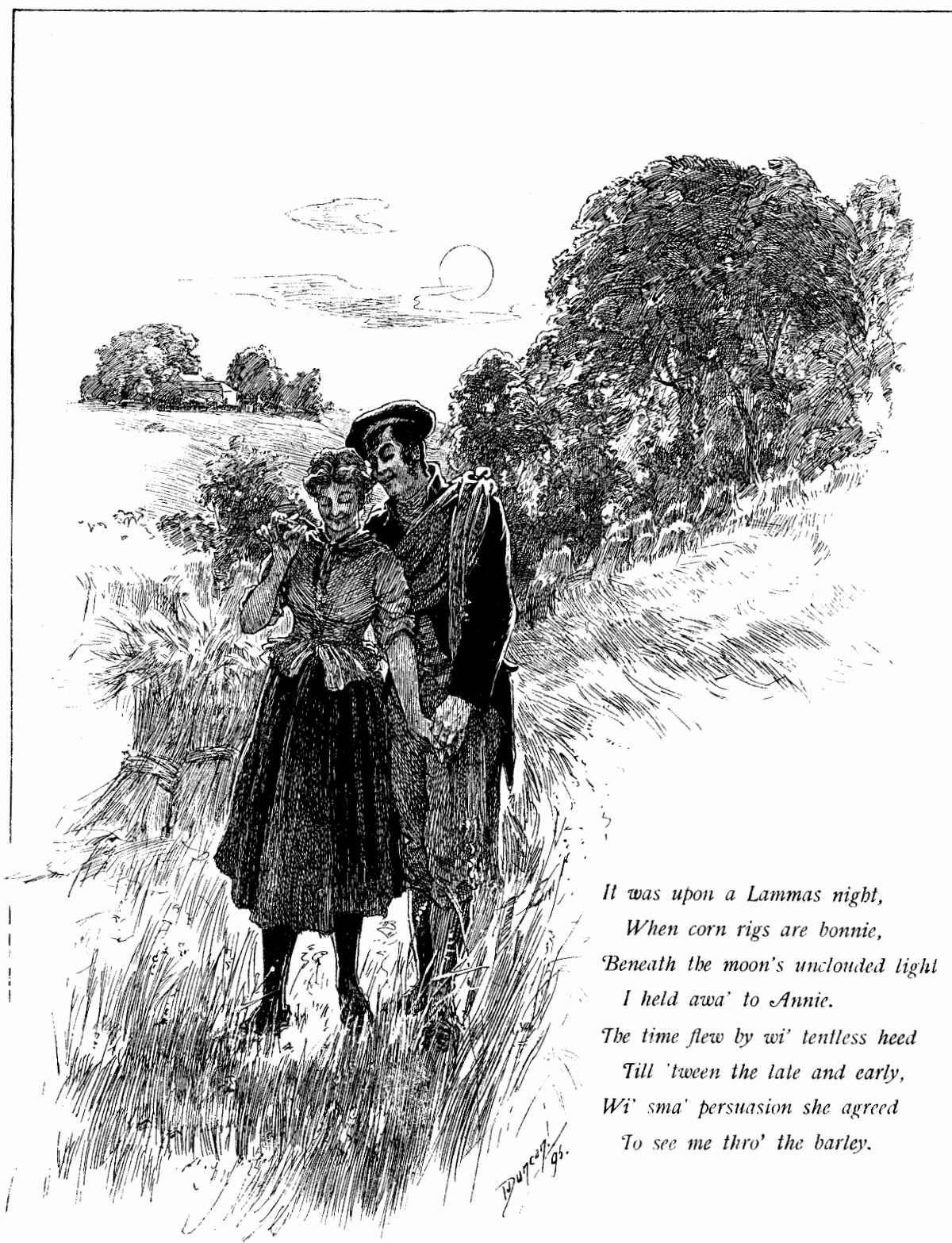


tempo

{ d ,d.-:m ,d |r :d }

whis-tle o'er the lave o't.
whis-tle o'er the lave o't.





*It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
'Beneath the moon's unclouded light
I held awa' to Annie.
The time flew by wi' tentless heed
Till 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
To see me thro' the barley.*

AFTON WATER.

Melody by A. HUME.

Slow and tenderly.

Voice. Doh is Ab. || : : | : :s₁.d | m :—r :d | d :—t₁ :l₁ }

Piano. *p* *rall.* *p a tempo*

1. Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, a -
 2. How loft - y, sweet Af - ton, thy
 3. Thy cry - stal stream, Af - ton, how

|| s₁ :—l₁ :s₁.f₁ | f₁ :m₁ :m₁.f₁ | s₁ :—l₁ :s₁ | d :—t₁ :d | m :—r :d | l₁ r :—m₁.f₁ }

mong thy green braes, Flow gent - ly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My
 neigh - bour - ing hills, Far mark'd with the cours - es of clear, wind - ing rills; There
 love - ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my Ma - ry re - sides; How

|| s :—f :m | m :—r :d | l₁.f :—l₁ | l₁:s₁:s₁.f₁ | m₁ :—f₁ :s₁ | l₁.d :—d₁.r }

pp *colla voce* *dim.*

Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, dis -
 dai - ly I wan - der as noon ris - es high, My flocks and my Ma - ry's sweet
 wan - ton thy wa - ters her snow - y feet lave, As gath' - ring sweet flow'rets she

E♭.

|| m :-r :d r | d :-r :s | s :m :s | l .d :- :l | s :-l :s .f | f :m :s }

turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove whose e-cho re-sounds thro' the glen, Ye
cot in my eye. How plea-sant thy banks and green val-leys be-low, Where
stems thy clear wave. Flow gent-ly, sweet Af-ton, a-mong thy green braes, Flow

A♭.

|| s :m :s | l :-t :d | m :s .f :r | d :- :d .s | l s f e s l t d r m f f e s f e f | m :-r :d | d :-t | d }

Cadenza ad lib.

wild whistling black-birds in yon thorny den, Thou green-crest-ed lap-wing, thy
wild in the wood-lands the prim-ros-es blow; There oft as mild ev'ning weeps
gent-ly, sweet riv-er, the theme of my lays; My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy

|| l .f :-l | l :s :s .f | m :-f :s | l .d :-d r | m :m .r :d r | d :- :||

screaming for-bear, I charge you dist-urb not my slum-ber-ing fair.
o-ver the lea, The sweet scented birk shades my Ma-ry and me.
mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gent-ly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

colla voce *pp* *rall.* *Last time*

O WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

Not too fast.

Piano.

The piano introduction is in C major, 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody starts with a half note C4, followed by a quarter note E4, a quarter note G4, and a half note F4. The bass line consists of a half note C3, followed by a quarter note E3, a quarter note G3, and a half note F3. The piece is marked *mf* and ends with a *f rall.* (forte, rallentando) marking.

Doh is C.

The first two lines of the song are set in C major, 2/4 time. The vocal line is written on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: 1. O Wil - lie brew'd a peck o' maut, And Rob and Al - lan; 2. Here are we met, three mer - ry boys, Three mer - ry boys, I. The piano part features a simple harmonic accompaniment with a half note bass line and a quarter note treble line. The piece is marked *p* (piano).

The next two lines of the song continue in C major, 2/4 time. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The lyrics are: cam' to pree; Three blyth - er lads, that lee - lang night, Ye; trow, are we; And mony a night we've mer - ry been, And. The piano part features a simple harmonic accompaniment with a half note bass line and a quarter note treble line. The piece is marked *p* (piano).

The final lines of the song are set in C major, 2/4 time. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The lyrics are: wad - na find in Christ - en - die. } We are na fou, we're; mon - y mae we hope to be. } The piano part features a simple harmonic accompaniment with a half note bass line and a quarter note treble line. The piece is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte).

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

cock may craw, the day may daw, But aye we'll taste the

bar - ley bree.

3.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!
 We are na fou, &c.

4.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
 A cuckold, coward loon is he!
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the King among us three!
 We are na fou, &c.

CORN RIGS ARE BONNIE.

Tune: Corn Rigs.

Piano. Lively. *mf* *rall.*

The piano introduction is in G major (one sharp) and common time. It begins with a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody in the treble clef starts with a quarter note G, followed by a dotted quarter note A, then a quarter note B, and a quarter note C. The bass clef accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern. The tempo is marked 'Lively' and the dynamic is 'mf'. The piece concludes with a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking.

Doh is A.

p

1. It was up-on a Lam-masnight, When corn rigs are bon-nie, Be-
 2. The sky was blue, the wind was still, The moon was shin-ing clear-ly; I

The vocal melody is in G major and common time. It begins with a quarter note G, followed by a dotted quarter note A, then a quarter note B, and a quarter note C. The piano accompaniment is in G major and common time, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern in the bass clef and a melody in the treble clef. The dynamic is marked 'p' (piano).

p

neath the moon's un-cloud-ed light, I held a-wa' to An-nie. The
 set her down wi' right good-will A-mang the rigs o' bar-ley; I

The vocal melody continues in G major and common time. It begins with a quarter note G, followed by a dotted quarter note A, then a quarter note B, and a quarter note C. The piano accompaniment is in G major and common time, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern in the bass clef and a melody in the treble clef. The dynamic is marked 'p' (piano).

p lightly

time flew by wi' tent-less heed, Till 'tween the late and ear-ly, Wi'
 kent her heart was a' my ain, I lov'd her maist sin-cere-ly; I

The vocal melody concludes in G major and common time. It begins with a quarter note G, followed by a dotted quarter note A, then a quarter note B, and a quarter note C. The piano accompaniment is in G major and common time, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern in the bass clef and a melody in the treble clef. The dynamic is marked 'p lightly' (piano, lightly).

d :s | l .s :f .m | f .m :r .d | t₁ .d :r .s₁ | l₁ .t₁ :d .l₁ | r .d :t₁ .l₁ | s₁ :d .r | d : }

sma' per - sua - sion she a - greed, To see me through the bar - ley.
kiss'd her owre and owre a - gain, A - mang the rigs o' bar - ley.

d :s | m .f :s .d | t₁ .l₁ :t₁ .d | r : | d :s | m .f :r .m | d :s .l₁ :s₁ | d :s | l .s :f .m }

Corn rigs and bar - ley rigs, Corn rigs are bon - nie, I'll ne'er for - get that

f .m :r .d | t₁ .d :r .s₁ | l₁ .t₁ :d .l₁ | r .d :t₁ .l₁ | s₁ :d .r | d : ||

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

3.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely;
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley.
But by the moon and stars sae bright,
That shone that hour sae clearly,
She aye shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, &c.

4.

I ha'e been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I ha'e been merry drinkin';
I ha'e been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;
I ha'e been happy thinkin'.
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Though three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, &c.

TAM GLEN.

Not too slow.

Tune: "The muckin' o' Geordie's Byre."

Piano.



Lah is E.



1. My heart is a - break - in', dear tit-tie! Some coun - sel un - to me come
 2. There's Low - rie the laird o' Drum - el - ler, "Guid day to you, brute!" he comes



- len; To an - ger them a' is a pi - ty; But what will I
 ben: He brags and he blaws o' his sil - ler, But when will he



- do wi' Tam Glen? I'm think - in', wi' sic a braw fel - low, In
 dance like Tam Glen? My min - nie does con - stant - ly deave me, And



r :m :s | m :-r :d | s :-m r | d :l :l | l :-d :l :se | l :l :-s }

poor-tith I might mak' a fen'; What care I in rich - es to wal-low, If
bids me be - ware o' young men; They flat-ter, she says, to de - ceive me; But

m :-r :d | r .m :- :d | l :- || §

I maun-na mar-ry Tam Glen?
wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

3.

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gi'e me guid hunder marks ten:
But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?
Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten:
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written, "Tam Glen."

4.

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam' up the house staukin—
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!
Come counsel, dear Tittie! don't tarry;
I'll gi'e you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

Air—"Put up your dagger, Jamie?"

Lively and humorous.

Voice.

Piano.

Doh is Bb.

{ :d .t | d :d | m :s | d :d | d :d .t | d :d | m :s | }

1. My love she's but a las - sie yet, My love she's but a
2. Come, draw a drap o'the best o't yet, Come, draw a drap o'the

{ r :r | r :l .t | d :d | m :s | l :f | m :r }

las - sie yet; We'll let her stand a year or twa, She'll
best o't yet, Gae seek for plea - sure where ye will, But

d . t . l . s | l : t | d : d | d : m . f | s : m | f : - r | m : d | d : m . f } *cres.*
 no be half sae sau - cy yet. I rue the day I sought her, O, I
 here I nev - er miss'd it yet. We're a' dry wi' drink - in' o't, We're

s : m | f : - m | r : r | r : m . f | s : m | f : r | m : d | r : - t } *rall.*
 rue the day I sought her, O; Wha gets her need - na say she's woo'd, But
 a' dry wi' drink - in' o't; The minis - ter kiss'd the fid - dler's wife, An'

d . t . l . s | l : - t | d : d | d : tempo
 he may say he's bought her, O!
 could-na preach for think - in' o't.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

Slow.

Piano.

Doh is F.

p { .s, | d „d :d : .d | d „r „m :r :— .d | t, „d :f :— .m | r :— : .m } *mf*

The wea - ry pund, the wea - ry pund, The wea - ry pund o' tow, I

{ d „d :d :— .d | d „r „m :r :— .d | l, „d :m :— .r | d :— : } ||

think my wife will end her life, Be - fore she spin her tow.

{ .s | m „f :s : .d | f „s :l : .d | t, „d :f :— .m | m r :— :s .l ,t } *cres.*

mf

1. I bought my wife a stane o' lint, As gude as e'er did grow; And
2. There sat a bot - tle in a bole, Be - yond the in - gle lowe, And

a' that she has made o' that Is ae poor pund o' tow.
 aye she took the ti - ther souk To drouk the stow - rie tow.

The wea - ry pund, the wea - ry pund, The wea - ry pund o' tow, I

think my wife will end her life, Be - fore she spin her tow.

3.

Quoth I, For shame, ye dirty dame,
 Gae spin your tap o' tow!
 She took the rock, and wi' a knock
 She brak it o'er my pow.
 The weary pund, &c.

4.

At last her feet - I sang to see't -
 Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
 And or I wad anither jad,
 I'll wallop in a tow.
 The weary pund, &c.

MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

Plaintively.

Piano.

Piano introduction in D major, 6/8 time. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The piece begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

S Doh is A.

{ :s_ .f_ | m_ :— .f_ :s_ | s_ :l_ :d | m_ :— .r_ :d | d_ :— :d }

1. Now in her green man - tle blythe na - ture ar - rays, And
 2. The snaw - drap and prim - rose our wood - lands a - dorn, And

The first system of the song. The vocal melody is in D major, 6/8 time, with lyrics under the notes. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "1. Now in her green man - tle blythe na - ture ar - rays, And 2. The snaw - drap and prim - rose our wood - lands a - dorn, And".

The second system of the song. The vocal melody continues with lyrics: "lis - tens the lamb - kins that bleat o'er the braes, While vi - o - lets bathe in the weet o' the morn: They". The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

The third system of the song. The vocal melody continues with lyrics: "birds war - ble wel - comes in il - ka green shaw; But to pain my sad bo - som, sae sweet - ly they blaw, They". The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a "lightly" marking.

$\{ f_1 : -s_1 : l_1 | s_1 . d : - : d | r : - . d : r | m : - : m_1 . . m_1 | f_1 . m_1 : f_1 . s_1 : l_1 | s_1 . d : - : d \}$

me it's de-light-less, my Nan-nie's a - wa', But to me it's de-light-less, my
mind me o' Nan-nie, my Nan-nie's a - wa', They mind me o' Nan - nie, my

$\{ r . \hat{s} : - . m : d . m . r | d : - : \parallel$

Nan - nie's a - wa'.
Nan - nie's a - wa'.

p *p* *rall.*

3.

Thou laverock that springs frae the dews o' the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou, mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa',
Gie over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

4.

Come, autumn sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay;
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa'.

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

Tune: Bonnie lassie tak' a man.

Slow and expressive.

Piano.



Doh is C.

d :-r | m :m | f.m:r.d | r :- | d :-r | m :r.d | m :s | d' :- | m' :-r' | r' d' :t.l | s.l:d.m | m r :- }



1. Jockey's ta'en the part-ing kiss, Owre the moun - tains he is gane; And with him is a' my bliss,
2. When the shades of ev' - ning creep O'er the day's fair, glad-some e'e, Sound and safe - ly may he sleep,



d' :t.l | s.l :d.f | m :r | d :- | d :-r' | m' :m' | f'.m':r'.d | r' :- | d' :-m' | r' :m'.d' | t :l | s :- }



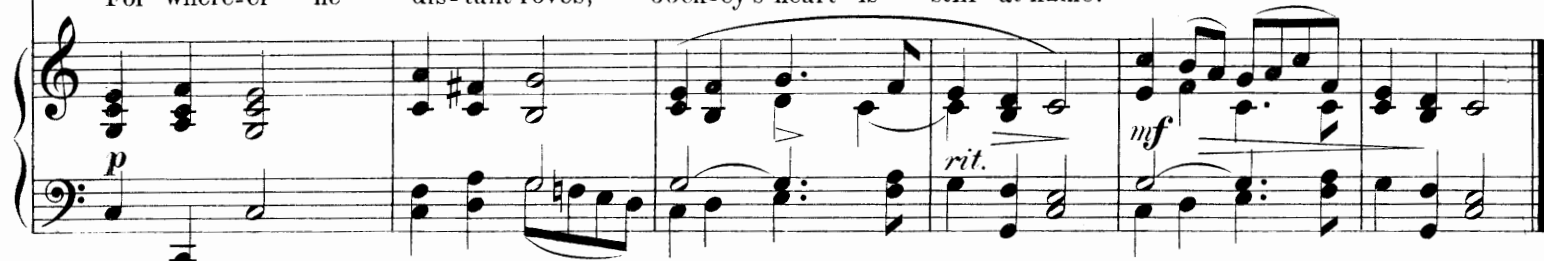
Nought but griefs wi' me re-main. Spare my love, ye winds that blaw, Plash-y sleet and beat-ing rain,
Sweet-ly blythe his wauk'ning be! He will think on her he loves, Fond-ly he'll re - peat her name;

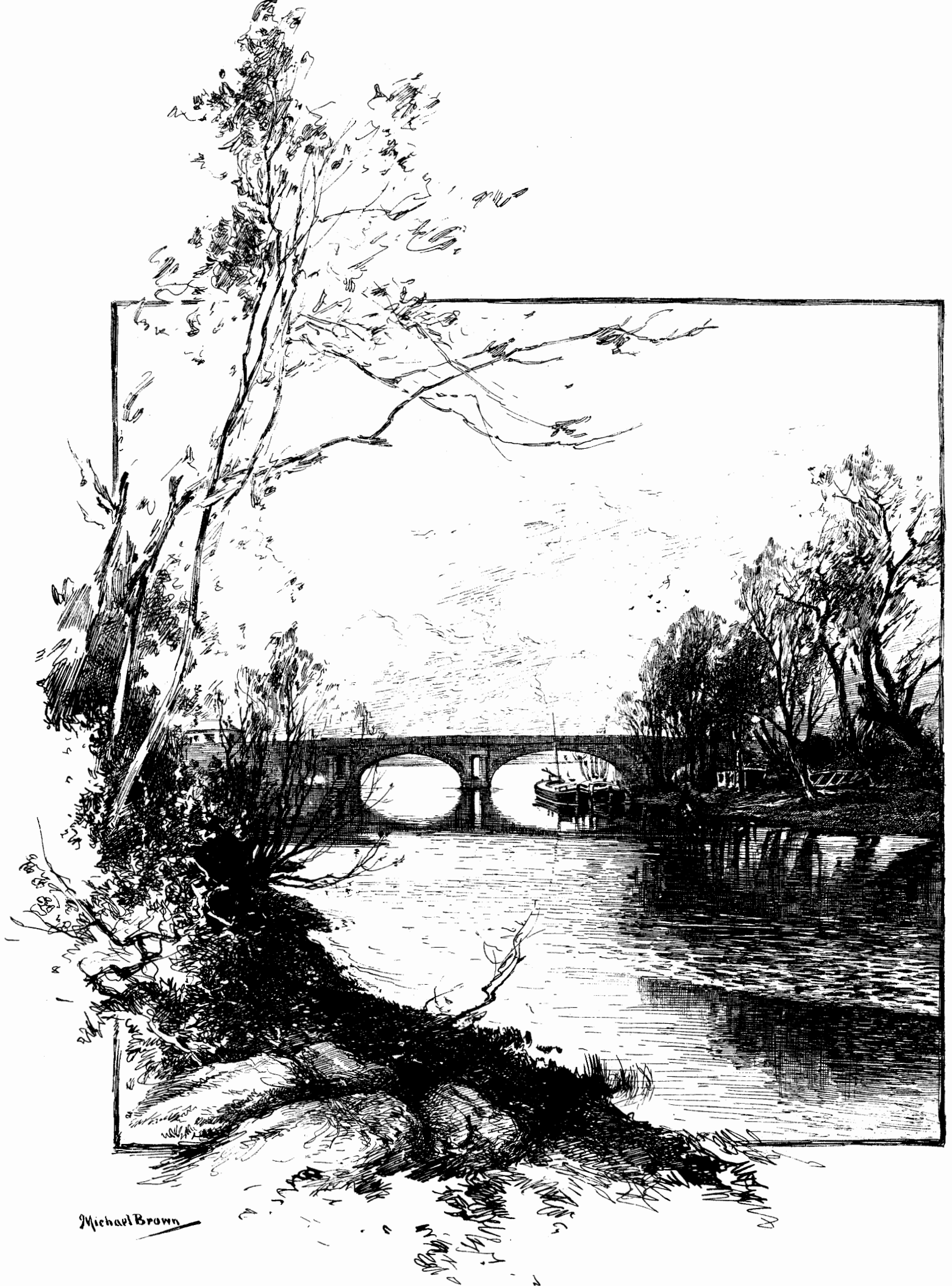


m'.r':d'.l | s.l :d'.m | f.m:r.d | r :- | d' :-l | s.t,l:s.f | m :r | d :- ||



Spare my love, thou feath'ry s a Drift-ing owre the fro-zen plain.
For where'er he dis-tant roves, Jock-ey's heart is still at hame.





*"Where Carl rins rowin' to the sea,
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree."*

DUNCAN GRAY.

Lively and humorous.

Tune: Duncan Gray.

Piano.

p *f. accel.*

Doh is G.

p *f*

1. Dun-can Gray cam' here to woo, Ha, ha, the woo-ing o't; On
 2. Dun-can fleech'd, an' Dun-can pray'd, Ha, ha, the woo-ing o't;

p *f*

blythe Yule night, when we were fu' Ha, ha, the woo-ing o't.
 Meg was deaf as Ail-sa Craig, Ha, ha, the woo-ing o't.

mf

Mag-gie coost her head fu' heigh, Look'd a-sklent and
 Dun-can sigh'd baith out an' in, Grat his een baith

un - co skeigh, Gart poor Dun - can stand a - beigh;
bleer't an' blin', Spak' o' lowp - in' o'er a linn;

f
Ped.

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

f accel.

3.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Shall I, like a fool, quo' he,
For a haughty hizzie dee?
She may gae to—France—for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

4.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Meg grew sick as he grew hale,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And, O! her een they spak' sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

5.

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

AE FOND KISS.

Slow and expressive.

Doh is Eb.

{ s .m :m .m :m r m }

Voice.

1. Ae fond kiss, and then we

Piano.

mf

p

{ l :s : s .m :m .m :m r m s .m :r : }

sev - er! Ae fare - well, a - las, for ev - er!

f *dim.*

{ s .m :m .m :m r m l :— :s p d' .l :s .m :m .d }

Deep in heartwung tears I'll pledge thee, War - ring sighs and groans I'll

p

{ m .r :d : s .l :d' .l :l .s l .s :m : }

wage — thee.

Who shall say that for - tune grieves him

mf

2do.

cres. s .l :d' .t :r' .d' | t :— :l | s .l :d' .s :l .,ta }

While the star of hope she leaves him? Me, nae cheer - fu' twin - kle

ta :— :l | d' .l :s .m :m .d | m .,r :d : }

lights me, Dark des-pair a - round be - nights me.

f *p* *rall.* *pp* *p* *rall.*

s .m :r .,d | d :— : ||

Ae fond kiss!

pp *mp* *rall.*

2.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy;
 But to see her, was to love her;
 Love but her, and love for ever.
 Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
 Never met — or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken hearted.
 Ae fond kiss!

3.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure.
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
 Ae fond kiss!

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

Voice. Tenderly. Tune: The Sutor's Tochter.

Piano. *p* *rall.*

Key G.

d .s₁ :l₁ .s₁ | d :s₁ .s₁ | d .r :f .m .r .d | m .r :r .f .m .r }

1. Wilt thou be my dear - ie? When sor - row wrings thy gen - tle heart, O
2. Las - sie, say thou lo'es me; Or if thou wilt na be my ain,

d .s₁ :l₁ .s₁ | d :s₁ .s₁ | d .r :m .s | f .m :m }

wilt thou let me cheer thee? By the trea - sure of my soul,
Say na thou'lt re - fuse me: If it win - na, can - na be,

r .,d :r .m ,s |l :ld | s .,l :l ,s .f ,m |l .r :r ,f .m ,r }

That's the love I bear thee! I swear and vow that on - ly thou Shalt
Thou for thine may choose me, Let me, las - sie, quick - ly dee

mf

d .,s |l :l ,s |d :s | . | l .,s :s .m ,d |m .,r :r ,f .m ,r }

ev - er be my dear - ie_ On - ly thou, I swear and vow, Shalt
Trust - ing that thou lo'es me_ Las - sie, let me quick - ly dee

d .,s |l :l ,s |d :s | . ||

ev - er be my dear - ie.
Trust - ing that thou lo'es me.

p rall.

A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN.

Tune—"The white Cockade."

With spirit.

Piano.

The piano introduction is in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of two staves. The right hand begins with a melody in the treble clef, marked *mf*. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a final chord marked *f*.

Doh is D. {

:d . . . r | m :m | m :r . d }

1. A High - land lad my
 2. Wi' his phil - a - beg an'

love was born, The Law-land laws he held in scorn; But he still was faith - fu'
 tar - tan plaid, An' gude clay-more down by his side, The la - dies' hearts he

to his clan, My gal - lant, braw John High - land - man! Sing
 did tre - pan, My gal - lant, braw John High - land - man!

s :m |d' :m | s :s |s :-l | s :m |d' :t .d' }
 hey, my braw John High - land - man! Sing ho, my braw John

r' :r |r :d .r | m :m |f .m :r .d | m :s |d' :d' .r' }
 High - land - man! There's no a lad in a' the lan' Was

m' .r' :d' .t |r' .d' :t .l | s :m |m : ||
 match for my John High - land - man!

3.

They banish'd him beyond the sea;
 But, ere the bud was on the tree,
 Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
 Embracing my John Highlandman.
 Sing hey, &c.

4.

But oh! they catch'd him at the last,
 An' bound him in a dungeon fast;
 My curse upon them every one:
 They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.
 Sing hey, &c.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

Tune—"The Weaver's March."

March time.

Voice.

Piano.

mf

f rall.

Ad. *

Doh is Bb.

p

1. Where Cart rins row - in' to the sea, By
2. My dad - die sign'd my toch - er - band, To

mf

mo - ny a flow'r and spread - ing tree, There lives a lad, the
gie the lad that has the land; But to my heart I'll

lad for me, He is a gal-lant weav-er. O,
add my hand, And gie it to the weav-er. While

I had woo-ers aught or nine, They gied me rings and
birds re-joice in leaf-y bow'rs, While bees re-joice in

rib-bons fine, And I was fear'd my heart would tine, And I
op-ning flow'rs; While corn grows green in sim-mer show'rs, I'll

gied it to the weav-er.
love my gal-lant weav-er.

last time

mf *mf* *rall.* *f* *rall.*

Fed. *

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

Slow, with expression.

Tune: John Anderson my jo.

Voice.

Piano.

Key B \flat .

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

quent, Your locks were like the ra - ven, Your
 gither, And mony a can - ty day, John, We've

m :— .r | d :r | m :— | — :s | m :— .r | d :m }

Slower

bon - nie brow was brent; But now your brow is
 had wi' ane a - nither: Now we maun tot - ter

p Slower

s :— | f :m | r :— .d | t₁ :d | r :— | — :d .r }

beld, John, Your locks are like the snaw, But
 down, John, But hand in hand we'll go, And

m :d | r :t₁ | d :l₁ | m :l₁ | m₁ :l₁ | l₁ :se₁ }

rall.

bless - ings on your fros - ty pow, John An - der - son, my
 sleep the - gi - ther at the foot, John An - der - son, my

pp rall.

1₁ :— | — :

jo.
 jo.

last time

pp rall.

SLEEP'ST THOU OR WAK'ST THOU.

Tune—"Deil tak the wars."

Not too slow, with expression.

Doh is Bb.

Voice.

1. Sleep'st thou or wak'st thou,
2. Phoe - bus gild-ing the

Piano.

fair - est — crea - ture? Ro - sy morn now lifts his eye,
 brow o' — morn - ing Ban - ish - es ilk dark - some shade,

Num - ber - ing il - ka bud which Na - ture Wa - ters wi' the tears o' —
 Na - ture glad - ning and a - dorn - ing; Such to me my love - ly —

mf quicker *lightly*

joy. Now thro' the leaf - y woods, And by the reek - ing floods, Wild Na - ture's
maid. When absent frae my fair The murk - y shades o' care, With star - less

mf accel. *accel.*

p a tempo

te - nants free - ly, gladly stray; The lint - white in his bow'r Chants o'er the breathing
gloom o'er - cast my sul - len sky; But when, in beauty's light, She meets my ravish'd

p dolce

Red. *

rall.

flow'r; The lav' - rock to the sky As - cends, wi' sangs o' joy, While the sun and thou a -
sight, When thro' my ve - ry heart Her beaming glo - ries dart; 'Tis then I wake to

mf f rall. fz p a tempo

p rall. *1st verse last*

rise to bless the day.
life, to light, and joy.

I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

Very lively. Lah is D. { l...t l d :d :r | m :-- }

Voice. *mf* 1. I hae a wife o' my ain,
2. I am nae-bo-dy's lord,

Piano. *mf* *f* *p*

{ l :--l d :--r | m :d :l | l :l l d :d :r | m :-- | s :--s | s...fe :m | r :t :s }

I'll par-take wi' nae-bo-dy, I'll tak cuckold frae nane, I'll gie cuckold to nae-bo-dy,
I'll be slave to nae-bo-dy, I hae a guid braid sword, I'll tak dunts frae nae-bo-dy,

{ d :r :d | t :d :t | l :-- | l :--l d :--r | m :d :l l | d :d :d | t :d :t | l :-- }

I hae a pen-ny to spend, There, thanks to nae-bo-dy, I hae naething to lend,
I'll be mer-ry and free, I'll be sad for nae-bo-dy, If nae-bo-dy care for me,

{ s :-- | s...fe :m | r :t :s }

I'll bor-row frae nae-bo-dy.
I'll care for nae-bo-dy.

f *f* *f*



*Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.*

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

THE LEA RIG.

Tune—"The Lea Rig."

Moderate time, with expression.

Voice.

Piano.

p *rall.*

Doh is F.

1. When o'er the hill the east - - ern star, Tells
 2. In mirk - est glen, at mid - night hour, I'd
 3. The hunt - er lo'es the morn - ing sun, To

1 . . . s : l , t . d' , s | m . d : d . s | 1 , s . l , t : d' . m | f , m . f , s : l . d }

turn sae dowf and wear - ie, O; Down by the burn, where scent-ed birks Wi'
 ain — kind — dear - ie, O. Al - tho' the night were ne'er sae wild, And
 long the burn to steer, my jo; Gie me the hour o' gloaming grey, It

r , d . r , m : f , m . r , d | d r m . l , : l , . m , r | d r m . s , : s , . l , | d . , r : d . d' , t }

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

1 . . . s : l , t . d' , s | m . d : d

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

rall.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E DEAR.

Moderate time.

Tune: Here's a health to ane that's awa'.

Piano.

Doh is C.

{ :m' .r' | d' :— :s | l :— .s :m | s :— :— | — :— :m' .r' }

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, ————— Here's a

{ d' :— :s | l :f' :m' | m' r' :— :— | — :— :m' .r' | d' :— :s .s | l :t :d' }

health to ane I lo'e dear; ————— Thou art sweet as the smile when

{ t :l :s | d' :— :s .f | m :— .d :m | r :t :r | d :— :m .s :— }

fond lov - ers meet, And soft as their part - ing tear, Jes - sie!

{ :d | s :—s :s | l :s :m | s :— :— | :— :d | s :— :s .s | l :f' :m' }

p

1. Al - though thou maun nev - er be mine, ——— Al - though e - ven hope is de -
 2. I mourn thro' the gay, gau - dy day, ——— As, hope - less, I muse on thy
 3. I guess by the dear an - gel smile, ——— I guess by the love - rol - ling

m' r' :— :— :— :s | s :—s :s | l :t :d' | t :—l :s | d' :—s :f

nied; ——— 'Tis sweet - er for thee des - pair - - ing, Than
 charms: But wel - come the dream o' sweet slum - - ber, For
 e'e; ——— But why urge the ten - der con - fes - - sion 'Gainst

m :—d :m | r :t :r | d :— :— | m .s :— :

aught in the world be - side, Jes - sie!
 then I am lockt in thy arms, Jes - sie!
 for - tune's fell cru - el de - cree, Jes - sie!

p

p

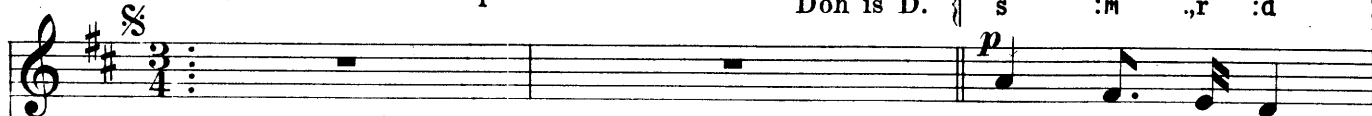
Ad.

AY WAKIN' O!

Slow, with much expression.

Doh is D. { s :m .r :d }

Voice.



Ay wak - in', O!

Piano.



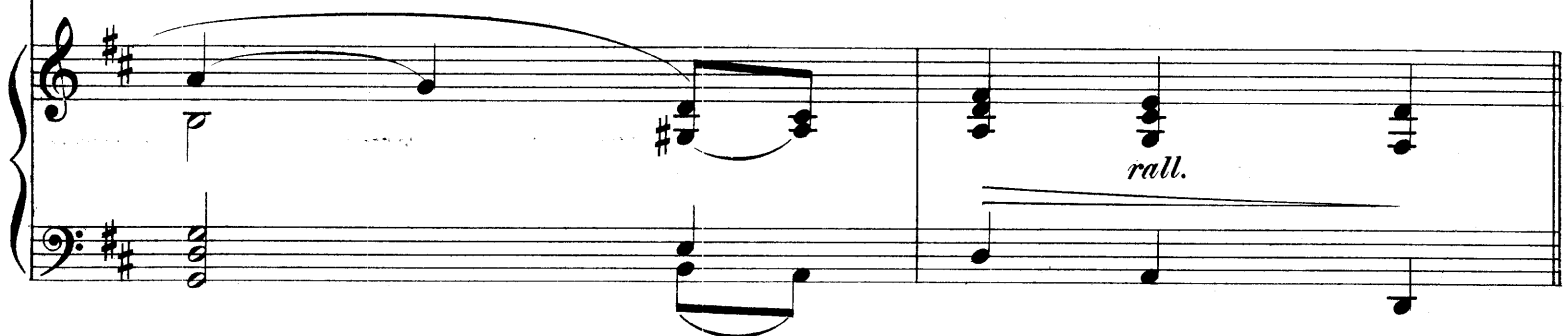
{ m .d :s .f :m .d | s .f :m .r :d .s }

Wak - in' ay, an eer - ie; Sleep I can - na get, For



{ l .s :d .t :l .s | s :m .r :d }

think - in' on my dear - ie; Ay wak - in', O!



Quicker
mf

1. Spring's a plea - sant time, Flow'rs of ev' - ry co - lour; The
 2. When I sleep I dream, When I wauk I'm eer - ie;
 3. Lane - ly night comes on, A' the lave are sleep - in'; I

mf

rall.

wa - ter rins o'er the heugh, And I long for my lov - er.
 Sleep I can get nane For think - ing on my dear - ie.
 think on my bon - nie lad, And I bleer my een wi' greet - in'.

p *slow*

Ay wak - in', O! Wak - in' ay, an' eer - ie; Sleep I can - na get, For

p

pp *very slow*

think - in' on my dear - ie; Ay wak - in', O!

pp

last verse
dim.

MY HEART IS SAIR.

Not too slow.

Voice.

Piano.

Key G.

1. My heart is sair, I daur - na tell, My
2. Ye pow'rs that smile on vir - tuous love, O

heart is sair for some - bo - dy; I could wake a win - ter night,
sweet - ly smile on some - bo - dy! Frae il - ka dan - ger keep him free, And

d ., l : l , s : m , d . — | l : f ., l s : m , d . — }
 For the sake o' some - bo - dy. Oh . - hon, for some - bo - dy!
 send me safe my some - bo - dy. Oh - hon, for some - bo - dy!

mf

f : m , d | r : t , s . — | d , m : r , f | m . l , s : s }
 Oh - hey, for some - bo - dy! I could range the world a - round,
 Oh - hey, for some - bo - dy! I wad do - what wad I not?

accel. *f*

d ., l : l , s : m , d . — ||
rall.
 For the sake o' some - bo - dy.
 For the sake o' some - bo - dy.

p rall. *p rall.*

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Tune—"Mary's dream"—(old set.)

Slow and mournful.

Piano.

p

Lah is F.

1. Thou ling' - ring star with less' - ning ray, That
 2. That sa - cred hour can I for - get? Can

lov'st to greet the ear - ly morn; A - gain thou ush - er'st
 I for - get the hal - low'd grove, Where by the wind - ing

in the day, My Ma - ry from my soul was torn. O
 Ayr we met, To live one day of part - ing love? E -

p

l :— .s | f .m :r .d | r :m | s :m .s | l :— .s | f .m :r .d }

Ma - ry! dear de - part - ed shade, Where is thy place of
ter - ni - ty will not ef - face Those re - cords dear of

r .d :t .l | s | :d .t | l | :— .s | s | :m .s | d :r .m , f | m :r .d }

bliss - ful rest? See'st thou thy lov - er low - ly laid? Hear'st
trans - ports past; Thy im - age at our last em - brace; Ah!

r .m :s .l | m :— .r | d :t .l | l |

rall.

thou the groans that rend his breast?
lit - tle thought we 'twas our last!

Last time.

rall. *pp* *very slow*

3.

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

4.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR—

Tune—"Hughie Graham."

Slow, with feeling.

Piano.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of F# major (three sharps). It begins with a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody starts on a half note F#4, followed by a quarter note G#4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The bass line starts on a half note F#3, followed by a quarter note G#3, a quarter note A3, and a half note B3. The tempo is marked 'Slow, with feeling.' and the dynamics are 'p' (piano) and 'rall.' (rallentando).

Lah is F.

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in F# major, 3/4 time. The lyrics are: 1. O were my love yon li-lac fair, Wi' 2. O gin my love were yon red rose That. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, with a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The dynamics are 'p' (piano).

The second line of the song features a vocal melody in F# major, 3/4 time. The lyrics are: pur-ple blos-soms to the Spring, And grows up on the cas-tle wa', And. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, with a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The dynamics are 'p' (piano).

The third line of the song features a vocal melody in F# major, 3/4 time. The lyrics are: I a bird to shel-ter there, When wear-ied I my-sel' a drap o' dew, In-to her. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, with a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The dynamics are 'p' (piano).

1 :— :s | m :— .r :m l | 1 :— :l .,t | d :— :t .,l | l :m | :l .,t | }
 on my lit - tle wing! How I wad mourn when
 bon - nie breast to fa'! Oh, there be - yond ex -

d :— :t .,l | l :— :s .,l | t :— :l .,s | s :r .m | :s .l | t :— .d :t .l | }
 it was torn By Au - tumn wild, — and Win - ter
 pres - sion blest, I'd feast on beau - ty a' — the

s :— :l .t | d :— :t .,l | l :m | :l .t | d :— .r :t .,l | l :— :t | }
 rude! But I wad sing on wan - ton wing, When
 night; Seal'd on her silk - saft faulds to rest, Till

d :— .r :m .s | l :— :s | m :— .r :t .l | l :— :s | }
 youth - ful May its bloom re - new'd.
 fley'd a - wa' by Phoe - bus' light.

Last time

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

With much spirit.

Tune: "Whistle, and I'll come to you."

Piano.

Piano introduction in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The music is marked *p* (piano) and includes a *rall.* (rallentando) section. The melody is played in the right hand, and the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Doh is B \flat .

{ :d .r | m .d :—:l | s₁ :f₁ :m₁ | r₁ :r :r | r :—:d .r | m .d :—:l | s₁ :m₁ :s₁ }

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the first line. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Oh! whis-tle, and I'll come to you, my lad; Oh! whis-tle, and I'll come". The piano part includes a *p* (piano) marking.

{ l₁ :d :d | d :—:d .r | m .d :—:l | s₁ :f₁ :m₁ | r₁ :f :m | r₁ :s₁ :—:f }

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the second line. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "to you, my lad: Tho' fa-ther and mi-ther and a' should gae mad, Oh!". The piano part includes a *p* (piano) marking and a *Ad.* (Ad libitum) marking.

{ m .d :—:l | s₁ :m₁ :s₁ | l₁ :d :d | d :—:m .r | d :m :s | d :m :s }

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the third line. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "whis-tle, and I'll come to you, my lad. 1. But wa-ri-ly tent when ye 2. At kirk, or at mar-ket, when - 3. Ay vow and pro-test that ye". The piano part includes a *p* (piano) marking.

d :m :s | s :— :m .r | d :m :s | d :m :s }
 come to court me, And come na un - less the back -
 e'er ye meet me, Gang by me as tho' that ye
 care na for me, And whiles ye may light - ly my

l :r :r | r :— :m .r | d :m :s | d :m :s }
 yett be a - jee; Syne up the back - stile, and let
 car'd na a flie: But steal me a blink o' your
 beau - ty a wee; But court na a - ni - ther, tho'

d :d :l | s :— :s .f | m :d :l | s :f :m | r .r :— :r | r :— :s .f }
rall. *p*
 nae - bo - dy see, And come as ye were - na com-in' to me, And
 bon - nie black e'e, Yet look as ye were - na look-in' at me, Yet
 jok - in' ye be, For fear that she wyle your fan - cy frae me, For

m :d :l | s :m :s | l .d :— :d | d :— :
 come as ye were - na com-in' to me.
 look as ye were - na look-in' at me.
 fear that she wyle your fan - cy frae me.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

Not too slow.

Tune: "Robin Adair."

Piano.

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of D major. It begins with a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody in the treble clef starts with a half note D4, followed by a quarter note E4, then a half note F#4. The bass line starts with a half note D3, followed by a quarter note E3, then a half note F#3. The piece is marked 'p' (piano) and has a dynamic marking 'p' at the beginning.

Doh is A.

s₁ :l₁ :t₁ | d :r :m | s₁ d₁ :l₁ d₁ :t₁ r - | d :r :m | s₁ :l₁ :t₁ | d :r :m }

1. While larks, with lit - tle wing, fann'd the pure air, Tast - ing the breath - ing spring,
2. In each bird's care-less song glad did I share; While yon wild flow'rs a - mong,
3. Down in a shad-y walk doves coo - ing were, I mark'd the cru - el hawk

The piano accompaniment for the first verse is in 3/4 time, key of D major. It features a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody in the treble clef starts with a half note D4, followed by a quarter note E4, then a half note F#4. The bass line starts with a half note D3, followed by a quarter note E3, then a half note F#3. The piece is marked 'p' (piano) and has a dynamic marking 'p' at the beginning. There are also markings for 'lightly' and 'p' in the bass line.

s₁ d₁ :l₁ d₁ :t₁ r - | d :r :m | m :m :m | s :s₁ :s₁ | m :m s :f r t₁ | d :l₁ :s₁ }

forth I did fare: Gay the sun's gold - en eye Peep'd o'er the moun - tains high;
 chance led me there: Sweet to the op - 'ning day, Rose-buds bent the dewyspray;
 caught in a snare: So kind may for - tune be, Such make his des - tin - y,

The piano accompaniment for the second verse is in 3/4 time, key of D major. It features a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody in the treble clef starts with a half note D4, followed by a quarter note E4, then a half note F#4. The bass line starts with a half note D3, followed by a quarter note E3, then a half note F#3. The piece is marked 'mf' (mezzo-forte) and has a dynamic marking 'p poco cres.' in the bass line.

s :f m :r d | d :r :m | s₁ d₁ :l₁ d₁ :t₁ r - | d :r :m ||

Such the morn! did I cry, Phil - lis the fair.
 Such thy bloom! did I say, Phil - lis the fair.
 He who would in - jure thee, Phil - lis the fair.

The piano accompaniment for the third verse is in 3/4 time, key of D major. It features a treble clef and a bass clef. The melody in the treble clef starts with a half note D4, followed by a quarter note E4, then a half note F#4. The bass line starts with a half note D3, followed by a quarter note E3, then a half note F#3. The piece is marked 'f' (forte) and has a dynamic marking 'mf' (mezzo-forte) in the bass line.



*"Yet, rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Gala Water."*

O MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

Slow and tenderly. Tune: Low down in the broom.

Voice.

Piano.

Key C.

1. O my love is like a red, red rose, That's new - ly sprung in June! O my
 2. Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the rocks melt wi' the sun, And

love is like a me - lo - dy, That's sweet - ly play'd in tune. As
 I will love thee still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run. And

Red. *

Red. *

fair art thou, my bon - nie lass, So deep in love am I; And
 fare thee well, my on - ly love, And fare thee well, a - while! And

p

I will love thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry, Till
 I will come a - gain, my love, Tho' 'twere ten thou - sand mile! Tho'

p *rall.* *cres.* *a tempo*

a' the seas gang dry, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry. And
 'twere ten thou - sand mile, my love, Tho' 'twere ten thou - sand mile! And

f

I will love thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry.
 I will come a - gain, my love, Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile!

p *rall.* *f* *rall.* *Last time*

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Arranged by J. K. LEES.

Not too slow, with humour.

Voice.

Piano.

Doh is G.

1. Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy Com-in' thro' the rye;
 2. Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy Com-in' frae the town;

Gin a bo - dy kiss a bo - dy Need a bo - dy cry?
 Gin a bo - dy greet a bo - dy, Need a bo - dy frown?

Il - ka las - sie has her lad - die, Nane, they say, ha'e I! Yet
 Il - ka las - sie has her lad - die, Nane, they say, ha'e I! But

a' the lads they smile at me, When com-in' thro' the rye.
 a' the lads they lo'e me weel, An' what the waur am I?

3.

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin' frae the well;
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body tell?
 Ilka lassie has her laddie,
 Ne'er a ane ha'e I;
 But a' the lads they smile on me
 When comin' through the rye.

4.

[Amang the train there is a swain
 I dearly lo'e mysel';
 But what his name, or where his hame,
 I dinna care to tell.
 Ilka lassie has her laddie,
 Nane, they say, ha'e I,
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me
 When comin' through the rye.]

WANDERING WILLIE.

Tune: Here awa' there awa'.

Slow.

Voice.

Piano.

Key F.

1. Here a - wa', there a - wa', wan - der - ing

Wil - lie, Here a - wa', there a - wa', haud a - wa'

hame; Come to my bo - som, my

ain on - ly dear - ie, O tell me thou bringst me my

Wil - lie the same.

rall.

rall.

p

2.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting;
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e;
 Welcome now, Simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 The Simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

3.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers;
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!
 Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

4.

But, oh! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
 Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main!
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

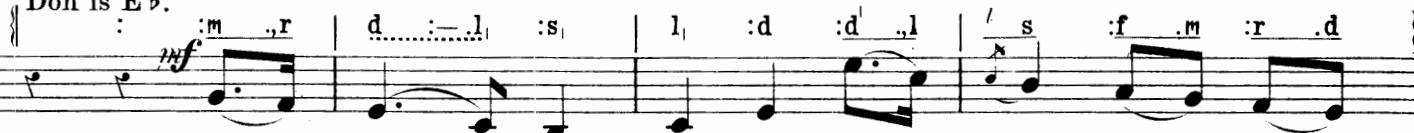
AULD ROB MORRIS.

Moderately slow.

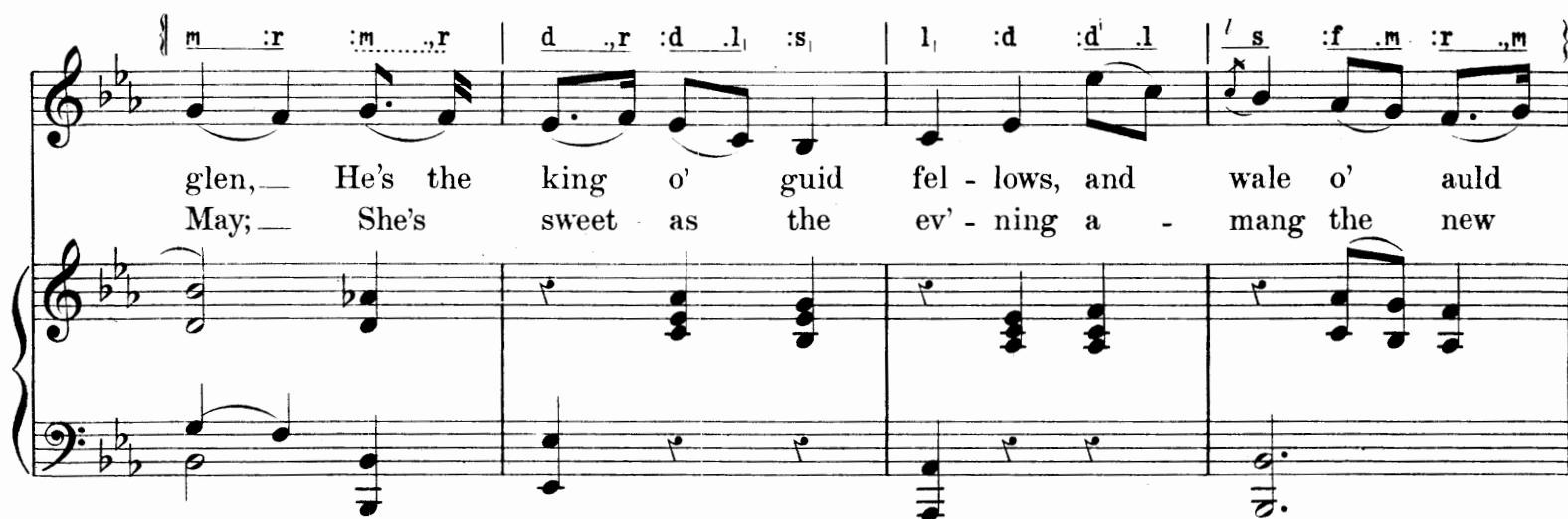
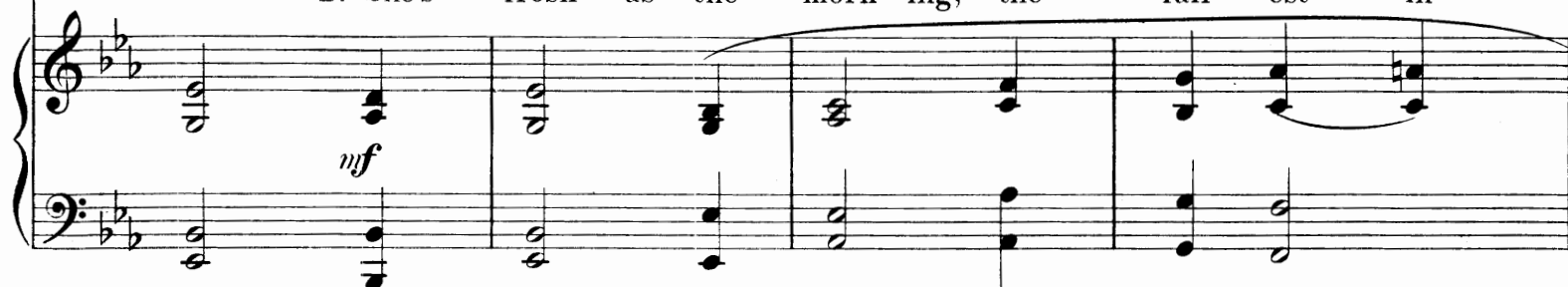
Piano.



Doh is E♭.



1. There's auld Rob Mor - ris, that wons in yon
 2. She's fresh as the morn - ing, the fair - est in



glen,— He's the king o' guid fel - lows, and wale o' auld
 May;— She's sweet as the ev' - ning a - mang the new



men; He has gowd in his cof - fers, he has ow - sen and
 hay, As blythe an' as art - less as the lamb on the



kine, And ae bon - nie las - sie, his
lea, And dear to my heart as the

dar - ling and mine.
light to my e'e.

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Lively.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of three measures. The first measure is marked *p* (piano). The second measure is marked *cres.* (crescendo). The third measure is marked *f* (forte). The music is in C major, 2/4 time, and features a lively, rhythmic melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

Doh is C. || d .,r :m .s | d' .,r' :d' .l | d' .,r' :d' .l | t .d' .r' :d' .r' .m' }

Bon-nie las-sie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The vocal line starts with a rest, followed by a melody that includes a crescendo. The piano accompaniment provides a steady, rhythmic foundation.

|| d .,r :m .s | d' .,r' :m' .m' .r' | d' .,l :s .m | r :l . ||

Bon - nie las - sie, will ye go, to the Birks of A - ber - fel - dy?

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line in the second measure.

§ { .l | d .,r :m .d | s .d :m .d' | s .d :m .s | l ,s .f ,m :r .,m }

1. Now sim - merblinks on flow'-ry braes, And o'er the cry-stal streamlet plays; Come
 2. While o'er their heads the haz-els hing, The lit - tle bird - ies blythe-ly sing, Or

The final line of the song features a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The music is marked *p* (piano) and includes a section marked with a double bar line and a repeat sign (§).

f *rall.*

let us spend the light - some days, In the Birks of A - ber - fel - dy.
light - ly flit on wan - ton wing, In the Birks of A - ber - fel - dy.

p a tempo

Bon - nie las - sie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,

p a tempo *cres.*

f

Bon-nie las-sie, will ye go, to the Birks of A-ber-fel - dy?

f *mf*

3.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

4.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

5.

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

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Tune: "Crochallan."

Slow and with expression.

Voice.



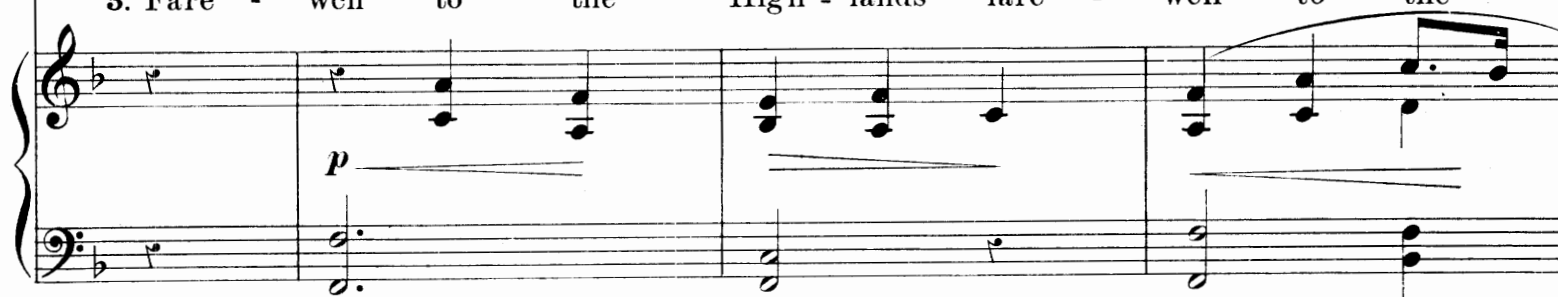
Piano.



Doh is F.

p

1. My heart's in the High - lands, My heart is not
 2. Fare - well to the moun - tains high cov - er'd with
 3. Fare - well to the High - lands fare - well to the



t *l* *s* *l* *s* *s* *f* *m* *r* *d* *d* *m* *s* *s* *f* *m* *d* *r*

here, My heart's in the High-lands, a - chas - ing the
 snow; Fare - well to the straths and green val - leys be -
 North The birth - place of va - lour the coun - try of



d :— :d | r :m :d' | d :t :d }
mf
 deer. A - - chas - ing the wild deer, and
 low; Fare - - well to the for - ests and
 worth, Wher - ev - er I wan - der wher

f

r .r :m :d' | s :m :d | r :m :s }
 fol - low - ing the roe, My heart's in the
 wild hang - ing woods; Fare - well to the
 ev - er I rove The hills of the

d :t :l | s :m :r | d :— : ||
 High - lands where - ev - er I go.
 tor - rents and loud pour - ing floods.
 High - lands for ev - er I love. *Repeat 1st Verse for 4th Verse.*

rall. *p* *rall.*

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

Tune - "The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre."

Voice. Lively.

Piano. *mf*

1. O mei-kle thinks my love o' my beau - ty, And mei-kle thinks my love
 2. Your prof-fer o' love's an ar - le - pen - ny, My tocher's the bar - gain

o' my kin; But lit - tle thinks my love I ken braw - lie My
 ye wad buy; But an' ye be craf - ty, I am cun - nin', Sae

cres.

tocher's the jew-el has charms for him. It's a' for the ap-ple he'll
ye wi' a - ni-ther your for-tune maun try. Ye're like to the tim-mer o'

f *accel.* *p*

nourish the tree, It's a' for the hin-ey he'll che-rish the bee; My
yon rot - ten wood, Ye're like to the bark o' yon rot - ten tree, Ye'll

cres.

lad-die's sae meikle in love wi' the sil-ler, He can-na hae love to
slip frae me like a knot - less thread, An' ye'll crack your credit wi'

mf

spare for me.
mae nor me.

mf

GALA WATER.

Doh is D.

Slow, with expression.

p m :r...d | d :-m | s :-l | s .m :r .d }

Voice.

1. Braw, braw lads on Yar - row braes, Ye
2. But there is ane, a se - cret ane, A -

Piano.

p *pp rall.* *p*

wan - der through the blooming hea - ther, But Yar - row braes, nor Et - trickshaws, Can
bune them a' I lo'e him bet - ter, An' I'll be his an' he'll be mine, The

mf

match the lads o' Ga - la wa - ter, Braw, braw lads.
bon - nie lad o' Ga - la wa - ter, Braw, braw lads.

p *Slower* *pp*

3.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
An' tho' I ha'e nae meikle tocher;
Yet, rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Gala water.

4.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure:
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O, that's the chiefest warld's treasure.



*"We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn,
From mornin' sun till dine,"*

MARY MORISON.

Slow with expression.

Tune: "The Miller!"

Voice.

Piano.

p

rall.

ped. *ped.* *ped.*

Key F.

1. O Ma - ry, at thy win - dow be, It is the wish'd, the tryst - ed hour, Those
 2. Yes - teen, when to the trem - bling string The dance gaed thro' the lich - tit ha' To
 3. O Ma - ry, canst thou wreck his peace Wha for thy sake wad glad - ly die? Or

smiles and glances let me see, That make the mi - ser's trea - sure poor.
 thee my fan - cy took its wing, I sat, but nei - ther heard nor saw.
 canst thou break that heart of his, Whase on - ly fault is lov - ing thee?

Quicker
mf

How blythe - ly wad I bide the stoure, A wea - ry slave frae
 Though this was fair, and that was braw, And yon the toast o'
 If love for love thou wilt na gie, At least be pi - ty

mf quicker

slow and tenderly

sun to sun, Could I the rich re - ward se - cure, The
 a' the town, I sigh'd, and said a - mang them a', "Ye
 to me shown! A thought un - gen - tle can - na be The

rall. dolce. p

p rall.

love - ly Ma - ry Mo - ri - son.
 are na Ma - ry Mo - ri - son."
 thought o' Ma - ry Mo - ri - son.

Ed.

DAINTY DAVIE.

Lively.

Tune: "Dainty Davie."

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in D major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is marked *mf* and features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking.

Doh is D.

{ :d' | s :— .f | m :— .r | d :l | d :— .d | d :s | m .f :s .m }

1. Now ro - sy May comes in wi' flow'rs, To deck her gay, green
2. When pur - ple morn - ing starts the hare, To steal up - on her

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody is marked *mf* and includes a triplet of eighth notes. The bass line consists of a simple harmonic accompaniment.

{ d :s .f | m :d' | s :— .f | m :— .r | d :l | d :— .r | m :d' | r' .d' :t .d' }

spread-ing bow'rs, And now come in my hap - py hours, To wan - der wi' my
ear - ly fare, Then thro' the dew's I will re - pair, To meet my faith - fu'

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line continues the harmonic support with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. It includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand.

{ l :— .t | d' :s | d' :m' | d' .r' :m' | d' .r' :m' .f' | m' :r' .d' }

Da - vie. The cry - stal wa - ters gent - ly fa', The
Da - vie. When day, ex - pir - ing in the west, The

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody is marked *rit.* and *p lightly* (piano, lightly). It includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand.

mer - ry birds are lov - ers a', The scent - ed breez - es
cur - tain draws o' Na - ture's rest, I flee to his arms

round us blaw, A - wand'ring wi' my Da - vie.
I lo'e best, And that's my ain dear Da - vie.} Meet me on the

war - lock knowe, Dain - ty Da - vie, dain - ty Da - vie, There I'll spend the

day wi' you, My ain dear dain - ty Da - vie.

O POORTITH CAULD.

Tune: "I had a horse."

Piano. *Slow.*

Lah is C.

1. O poor - tith cauld, an' rest - less love, Ye wreck my peace be -
 2. This world's wealth when I think on, Its pride, and a' the

tween ye; Yet poor - tith a' I could for - gie, An'
 lave o't; Fie, fie on sil - ly cow - ard man, That

'twere - na for my Jean - ie. } O why should fate sic
 he should be the slave o't. }

plea - sure have, Life's dear - est bands un - twin - ing? Or

why sae sweet a flow'r as love De - pend on For - tune's

shin - ing?

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

Tune: "The Shepherd's wife."

Moderate time.

Piano.

The piano introduction is in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of two staves. The right hand begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The left hand begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a *rall.* (rallentando) marking towards the end of the first system.

Doh is D.

The first line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "1. A rose - bud by my ear - ly walk, A - down a corn en -". The music is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "clos - ed bawk, Sae gent - ly bent its thorn - y stalk, All". The music is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "on a dew - y morn - ing. Ere twice the shades o'". The music is marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic.

dawn are fled, In a its crim - son

glo - ry spread, And droop - ing rich the dew - y head, It

scents the ear - ly morn - - ing.

2.

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

3.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeanie fair,
 On trembling string or vocal air,
 Shalt sweetly pay the tender care
 That tents thy early morning.
 So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
 And bless the parent's evening ray
 That watch'd thy early morning.

THE SODGER'S RETURN.

Tune: "The Mill, Mill O"

Moderate time.

Piano.

The piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. The bass line starts on a half note G2, followed by a quarter note A2, and then a half note B2. The tempo is marked 'Moderate time.' and the dynamics are 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The introduction concludes with a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking over the final few notes.

Doh is G.

The first system of the vocal melody is in G major, 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. The piano accompaniment is in G major, 2/4 time, with a treble and bass clef. It begins with a half note G2, followed by a quarter note A2, and then a half note B2. The dynamics are 'p' (piano). The lyrics are: 1. When wild war's dead - ly blast was blawn, And 2. At length I reach'd the bon - nie glen, Where

The second system of the vocal melody is in G major, 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. The piano accompaniment is in G major, 2/4 time, with a treble and bass clef. It begins with a half note G2, followed by a quarter note A2, and then a half note B2. The dynamics are 'p' (piano). The lyrics are: gen - tle peace re - turn - ing, Wi' mony a sweet babe ear - ly life I sport - ed; I pass'd the mill, and

The third system of the vocal melody is in G major, 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. The piano accompaniment is in G major, 2/4 time, with a treble and bass clef. It begins with a half note G2, followed by a quarter note A2, and then a half note B2. The dynamics are 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are: fa - ther - less, And mony a wi - dow mourn - ing, I tryst - in' thorn, Where Nan - cy aft I court - ed. Wha

left the lines and tent-ed field, Where lang I'd been a
spied I but my ain dear maid, Down by her mo-ther's

mf

lod-ger; My hum-ble knap-sack a' my wealth, A
dwell-ing! And turn'd me round to hide the flood That

rall. *tempo*

poor and hon-est sod-ger.
in my een was swell-ing.

p tempo *rall.*

3.

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

4.

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

O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

MENDELSSOHN.

Andante.

SOPRANO I.

SOPRANO II.

Piano.

Doh is Bb.

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

yon - der lea, My plaid - ie to the an - gry airt, I'd
 black and bare, The de - sert were a pa - ra - dise If

r ,d :d :— .s₁ | f₁ ,m₁ :m₁ :— | .m₁ :l₁ .d :m .d }
cres.
 shel - ter thee, I'd shel - ter thee. Or did mis - for - tune's
 thou wert there, If thou wert there. Or were I mon - arch
cres.
 f₁ ,m₁ :m₁ :— .m₁ | r₁ ,d₁ :d₁ :— | .d₁ :m₁ .l₁ :d .l₁ }
cres.

t₁ ,r :d :— .m | m ,r :d :— .t₁ | r₁ d ,t₁ :d :— }
 bit - ter storms A - round thee blaw, A - round thee blaw,
 of the globe, With thee to reign, With thee to reign,
 se₁ ,t₁ :l₁ :— .d | d ,t₁ :l₁ :— .se₁ | t₁ l₁ ,se₁ :l₁ :— }
sf.

.d :d .d :t₁ .l₁ | s₁ .l₁ :t₁ :— .m | r ,d :d :— .s₁ | f₁ ,m₁ :m₁ :— }
 Thy bield should be my bo - som To share it a', To share it a'.
 The bright-est jew-el in my crown, Wad be my Queen, Wad be my Queen.
 .l₁ :l₁ .l₁ :t₁ .l₁ | s₁ .s₁ :s₁ :— .s₁ | f₁ ,m₁ :m₁ :— .m₁ | r₁ ,d₁ :d₁ :— }
p

O THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

Not too fast.

Tune: "This is no my ain lassie?"

Voice.

Piano.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo instruction is "Not too fast." and the tune is identified as "This is no my ain lassie?".

Voice Part: The melody is simple and folk-like, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "O this is no my ain lassie, Fair though the lassie be; O weel ken I my ain lassie, Kind love is in her e'e. I see a form, I".

Piano Part: The piano accompaniment is in the right hand, with the left hand providing harmonic support. The piece begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano part features a mix of chords and moving lines, with some passages marked *mf* (mezzo-forte).

Lyrics:

O this is no my ain lassie, Fair though the
 lassie be; O weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her e'e. I see a form, I

see a face, Ye weel may wi' the fair - est place; It

wants to me the witch - ing grace, The kind love that's

in her e'e.

2. O this is no, &c.

She's bonnie, bloomin', straight, and tall,
An' lang has had my heart in thrall;
An' aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

3. O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' e'en,
When kind love is in the e'e.

4. O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weel the watchin' lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.

O BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

Melody adapted by J. K. L.

Tune—"Laggan Burn."

Moderately slow.

Doh is F. ||

Voice.

Piano.

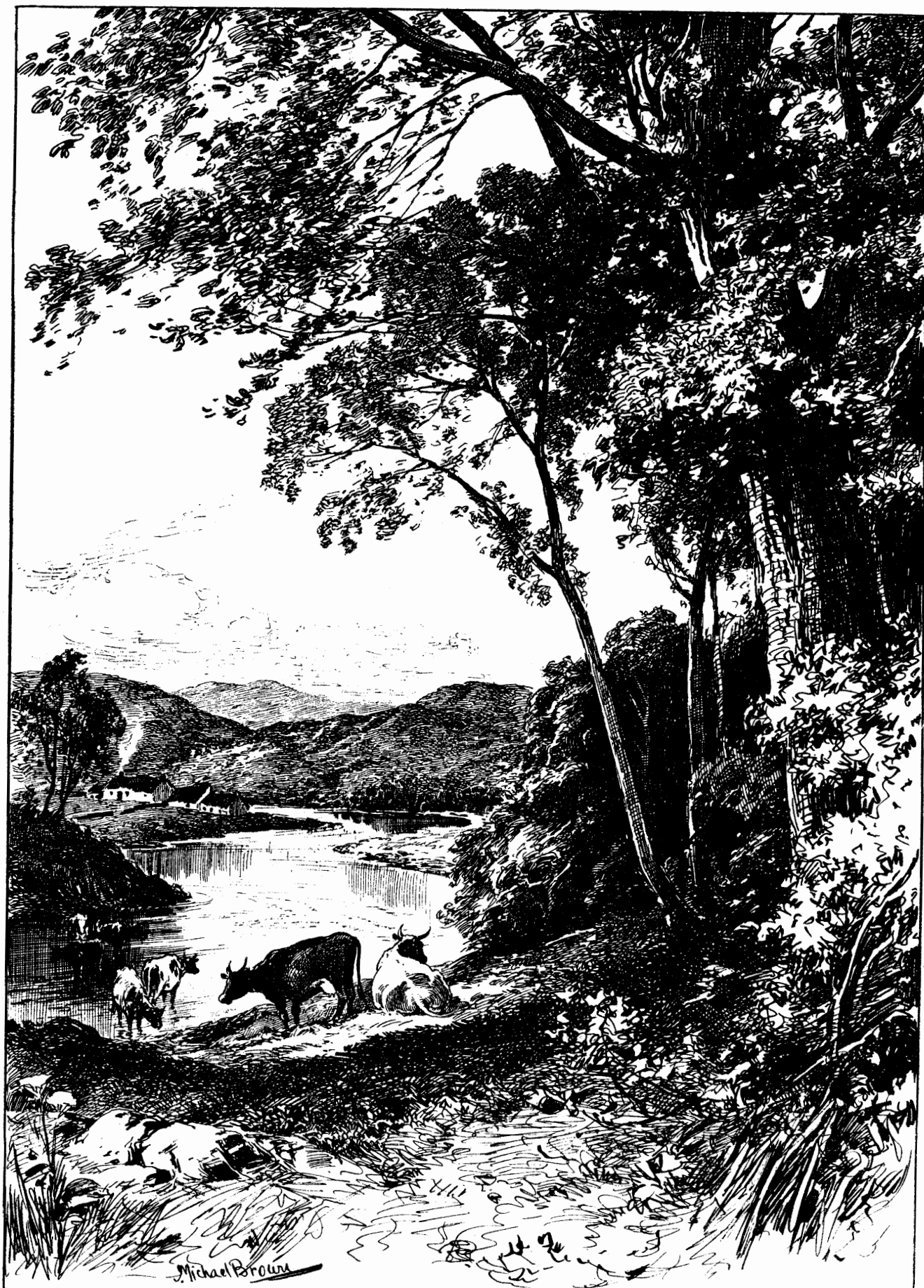
1. O
2. All

bon-nie was yon ro - sybrier, That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man; And bon-nie she, and ah, howdear! It
in its rude and prick-lybow'r, That crim-son rose, how sweet and fair! But love is far a sweet-er flow'r A -

shaded frae the ev'ning sun. Yon rose-buds in the morning dew, How pure a-mang the leaves sae green, But
mid life's thorny path o' care. The path-less wild, and wimpling burn, Wi' Chlo-ris in my arms, be mine; And

pur - er was the lov - er's vow, They wit-ness'd in their shade yes-treen.
I, the world, nor wish, nor scorn, Its joys and griefs a - like re - sign.

p *rall.*



*"But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan Braes!"*

THE BONNIE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

Melody by W^m JACKSON.

In moderate time.

Doh is F. $\frac{3}{4}$: | s .f | m .r : m .f | s : l }

Voice.

1. 'Twas even the dew-y fields were
2. With careless step I onward

Piano.

green, On ev' - ry blade the pearls hang; The ze - phyr's wan-ton'd round the
 stray'd, My heart rejoic'd in na-ture's joy, When mus - ing in a lone - ly

bean, And bore its fragrant sweets a - lang: In ev' - ry glen the
 glade, A maid-en fair I chanc'd to spy; Her look was like the

ma - vis sang, All na-ture list'ning seem'd the while: Ex - cept where greenwood e - choes
 morning's eye, Her hair like nature's ver - nal smile, Per - fec - tion whis-per'd, pass-ing

rang, A - mang the braes o' Bal-loch-myle, A - mang the braes o' Bal-loch-
 by, Be - hold the lass o' Bal-loch-myle, Be - hold the lass o' Bal-loch-

myle, A - mang the braes o' Bal-loch - myle. The bon-nie lass! the
 myle, Be - hold the lass o' Bal-loch - myle.

bon-nie, bon-nie lass! The bon-nielass o' Bal-loch-myle!

3.

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
 And sweet is night in Autumn mild,
 When roving thro' the garden gay,
 Or wandering in a lonely wild:
 But Woman, Nature's darling child!
 There all her charms she does compile;
 Ev'n there her other works are foil'd
 By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.
 The bonnie lass! &c.

4.

O, had she been a country maid,
 And I the happy country swain,
 Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
 That ever rose on Scotland's plain!
 Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
 And nightly to my bosom strain
 The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.
 The bonnie lass! &c.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

Moderate time.

Tune—"The deuks dang o'er my daddie."

Piano.

Doh is C.

1. Nae gen - tle dames, tho' e'er sae fair, Shall
 2. Oh, were yon hills and val - leys mine, Yon

ev - er be my Mu - se's care; Their ti - tles a' are
 pa - lace and yon gar - dens fine! The world then the

emp - ty show; Gi'e me my High - land las - sie, O.
 love should know I bear my High - land las - sie, O.

With - in the glen sae bush - y, O, A - boon the plain sae

rush - y, O, I set me down wi' right good will, To

sing my High - land las - sie, O.

3.

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

4.

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

5.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band!
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.

Fareweel the glen sae bushy, O!
Fareweel the plain sae rushy, O!
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my Highland lassie, O!

OH! OPEN THE DOOR.

Tune: "The Braes o' Boyndlie"

Slow and pathetic.

Doh is Eb. || : | :d .,m | s :l .,s |m :d .,m |

Voice.

1. Oh! o - pen the door, some
2. The wan moon is set - ting be -

Piano.

mf *rall. e dim.* *p*

|| s :l .,s |m :m .,s | l :l .,t |d' :r' .,d' | d' :- |t :m .,s |

cres. e accel. *f*

pi - ty to shew, Oh! o - pen the door to me, Oh! Tho'
hind the white wave, And time is set - ting with me, Oh! False

cres. e accel. *f*

Ad. *

|| l :l .,t |d' :r' .,d' | d' :s .,l |d' :- .s | l :s .m |s :d .,m |

mf *p*

thou hast been false, I'll ev - er prove true, Oh! o - pen the door to
friends, false love, fare - well! for mair I'll ne'er trou-ble them, nor

f *p*

me, Oh! Oh! could is the blast up - on my pale cheek, But
 thee, Oh! She has o - pen'd the door, she has o - pen'd it wide; She

rall. *f* *a tempo* *mp*

rall. *fz* *a tempo* *fz* *p*

could - er far thy love for me, Oh! The frost that freez - es the
 sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh! My true love, she cried, and sank

mf *p* *mf*

Ad. *

life at my heart, Is nought to my pains frae thee, Oh!
 down by his side, — Nev - er to rise a - gain, Oh!

p *rall. e dim.* *Fine.*

LOGAN BRAES.

Tune: "Logan Water."

Lah is Bb.

Slow, with much expression.

Voice.

Piano.

1. O Lo - gan, sweet - ly
2. A - gain the mer - ry

didst thou glide, That day I was my Wil - lie's bride, And
month of May Has made our hills and val - leys gay; The

years sin - syne ha'e o'er us run, Like Lo - gan to the
birds re - joice in leaf - y bow'rs, The bees hum round the

sim - mer sun: But now thy flow - 'ry banks ap - pear, Like
breath - ing flow'rs; Blithe morn - ing lifts his ro - sy eye, And

p *rall.* *p* *f* *p* *mf*

drum-lie win-ter, dark and drear, While my dear lad maun face his faes, Far,
 ev-'ning's tears are tears of joy; My soul, de-light-less, a' sur-veys, While

far frae me and Lo-gan Braes.
 Wil-lie's far frae Lo-gan Braes.

3.

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

4.

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

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.

Tune: "The Lothian lassie"

Lively.

Piano.

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, marked 'Lively.' It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, and G5. The bass staff begins with a half note F3, followed by eighth notes E3, D3, C3, B2, A2, G2, and F2. Dynamics include piano (p) and forte (f).

Doh is F.

{ :s₁ | d :— .r :d | m :— .f :m | r :— .d :r | d :— :d }

1. Last May a braw woo - er cam' down the lang glen, And
 2. He spak' o' the darts o' my bon - nie black een, And

The piano accompaniment for the first two lines of the song is in 6/8 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, and G5. The bass staff begins with a half note F3, followed by eighth notes E3, D3, C3, B2, A2, G2, and F2. Dynamics include piano (p).

{ m :— .r :m | d :m :s | l :— :— | s :— :l .t | d^l :— .t :l | s .d^l :— :m }

sair wi' his love he did deave me: I said there was naething I
 vow'd for my love he was dee - in'; I said he micht dee when he

The piano accompaniment for the next two lines of the song is in 6/8 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, and G5. The bass staff begins with a half note F3, followed by eighth notes E3, D3, C3, B2, A2, G2, and F2. Dynamics include piano (p).

{ r :d :r | m .d :— :l₁ | s₁ :— :l₁ :s₁ | s₁ :l₁ :t₁ | d :— .r :m | r :— .d :r }

hat - ed like men, The deuce gae wi' him to be - lieve me, be - lieve me, The
 lik - ed, for Jean; The Guid for - gie me for lee - in', for lee - in', The

The piano accompaniment for the final lines of the song is in 6/8 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F5, and G5. The bass staff begins with a half note F3, followed by eighth notes E3, D3, C3, B2, A2, G2, and F2. Dynamics include piano (p).

m :s :s | s :— d :m | r :— d :— : ||

deuce gae wi' him to be - lieve me.
Guid for - gie me for lee - in'.

3.

A weel-stockit mailin', himsel' for the laird,
 And marriage aff-hand, was his proffer.
 I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or cared;
 But thocht I micht ha'e a waur offer, waur offer,
 But thocht I micht ha'e a waur offer.

4.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnicht or less—
 The deil tak' his taste to gang near her!—
 He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess—
 Guess ye how, the jaud! I could bear her, could bear her,
 Guess ye how, the jaud! I could bear her!

5.

But a' the next week, as I fretted wi' care,
 I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock;
 And wha but my fine fickle lover was there?
 I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
 I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock.

6.

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

7.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthie and sweet,
 Gin she had recovered her hearin'?
 And how her new shoon fit her auld shauchl'd feet?
 But heavens! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
 But heavens! how he fell a swearin'.

8.

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

POWERS CELESTIAL! *

Melody adapted by J. K. L.

Tune—"Macgilechrist's Lament."

Slow, with sympathy.

Piano.

The piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time. It begins with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff starts with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a half note B4. The bass staff starts with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note F#3, then a half note E3. The melody continues with a half note D5, then a quarter note C#5, then a half note B4. The bass continues with a half note D3, then a quarter note C#3, then a half note B2. The piece concludes with a half note G4 in the treble and a half note G3 in the bass, both marked with a fermata. Dynamics include *p* and *rall.*

Doh is D.

m .m :r .d | m .s :l .l | s .d :s .m | l .s .m :r }

1. Powers ce - les - tial! whose pro - tec - tion Ev - er guards the vir - tuous fair,
2. Make the gales you waft a - round her Soft and peace - ful as her breast;

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line is in G major, 2/4 time. It begins with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff starts with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a half note B4. The bass staff starts with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note F#3, then a half note E3. The melody continues with a half note D5, then a quarter note C#5, then a half note B4. The bass continues with a half note D3, then a quarter note C#3, then a half note B2. The piece concludes with a half note G4 in the treble and a half note G3 in the bass, both marked with a fermata. Dynamics include *p*.

Key G.

m .m :r .d | m .s :t .l | s .d :s .m | m r .d :d ta f .f :m .r | m .s :m .m }

While in distant climes I wan-der, Let my Ma-ry be your care: Let her form sae fair and fault-less,
Breathing in the breeze that fans her, Soothe her bo-som in - to rest: Guardian an-gels, O pro-tect her,

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line is in G major, 2/4 time. It begins with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff starts with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, then a half note B4. The bass staff starts with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note F#3, then a half note E3. The melody continues with a half note D5, then a quarter note C#5, then a half note B4. The bass continues with a half note D3, then a quarter note C#3, then a half note B2. The piece concludes with a half note G4 in the treble and a half note G3 in the bass, both marked with a fermata. Dynamics include *mf*.

Key D.

r s .d :s .m | l .s .m :r .r | ta .ta :l .s | l .d :t .l | s .d :s .m | m r .d :d

Fair and faultless as your own; Let my Ma - ry's kindred spi-rit Draw your choicest influence down.
When in dis-tant lands I roam; To realms unknown while fate exiles me, Make her bo-som still my home.

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line is in D major, 2/4 time. It begins with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff starts with a half note D5, followed by a quarter note C#5, then a half note B4. The bass staff starts with a half note D3, followed by a quarter note C#3, then a half note B2. The melody continues with a half note D5, then a quarter note C#5, then a half note B4. The bass continues with a half note D3, then a quarter note C#3, then a half note B2. The piece concludes with a half note D5 in the treble and a half note D3 in the bass, both marked with a fermata. Dynamics include *p dolce*, *mf*, *rall.*, and *pp*.

MY PEGGY'S FACE:

109

Slow and expressive.

Lah is C. { : | :d.t. | l. :-t. | d :-r }

Voice.

1. My Peg-gy's face, my
2. The li - ly's hue, the

Piano.

{ m :-r | m :-fe | s :-l | s.m:r.d | t. :s. | s.....:d.t. | l. :-t. | d :-r | m.r:m.fe | s.....:m }

Peg-gy's form, The frost of her - mit age might warm; My Peg-gy's worth, my Peg-gy's mind, Might
rose's dye, The kind-ling lus - tre of an eye; Who but owns their ma-gie sway,

{ r :r | m.r:t.r | d :l. | l. :l. | m :l | d't:l.se | l :-t | l :t.d' | r' :-m' | r' :d' }

charm the first of hu-man kind. I love my Peg-gy's an - gel air, Her face so tru - ly,
Who but knows they all de - cay! The ten-der thrill, the pity - ing tear, The gen'-rous pur-pose,

{ t :s | s :l | m :l | d't:l.se | l :-t | d' :-m' | r' :t | m.r'd.t | d' :l | l }

heav'n-ly fair, Her na-tive grace so void of art; But I a-dore my Peggy's heart.
no-bly dear, The gen-tle look that rage dis-arms, These are all im-mortal charms.

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

Tune—"The Cordwainer's March."

Moderate time.

Voice.

Piano.

p

rall.

Lah is G.

p

O lay thy loof in mine, lass, In mine, lass, in mine, lass, And

p

swear on thy white hand, lass, That thou wilt be my ain.

{ .d ,r | m ,m :m .m | f ,m .r ,d :t , ,d }

1. A slave to Love's un - bound - ed sway, He
2. There's mony a lass has broke my rest, That

{ r ,r :r .r | m ,r .d ,t :l ,t .d ,r | m ,se :l ,t | se ,fe :m , .d ,r }

aft has wrought me mei - kle wae; But now he is my dead - lie fae, Un -
for a blink I ha'e lo'ed best; But thou art queen with - in my breast, For

{ m ,r :d ,t | l ,t : - }

rall.

less thou't be my ain.
ev - er to re - main.

Last time

p rall. *mf* *rall.* *p*

WHERE ARE THE JOYS?

Tune: "Saw ye my father?"

Very slow.

Doh is D. { ḍ r :ṃ ,f̣ ḷ ṣ :ṣ ,ṣ | ḷ :ṛ 'ḍ ḷ ḍ ṭ :ḷ .ṣ }

Voice.

Piano.

1. Where are the joys I have met in the morning, That

2. No more a-wind-ing the course of yon riv - er, And

danc'd to the lark's ear - ly sang?
mark - ing sweet flow'-rets so fair:

Where is the peace that a -
No more I trace the light

wait - ed my wan - d'ring, At ev' - ning the wild woods a - mang?
foot - steps of plea - sure, But sor - row and sad sigh - ing care.

3.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim, surly winter is near?
No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

4.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known:
All that has caus'd this wreck 'in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

5.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come, then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.



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

YE BANKS AND BRAES.

Slow, with expression.

Tune: "The Caledonian Hunt's delight."

Voice.

Piano.

p *rall.*

Doh is G.

p

1. Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae
 2. Aft hae I rov'd by bon - nie Doon, To see the rose and

fresh and fair! How can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, And
 wood - bine twine; And il - ka bird sang o' its love, And

m : - *r* : *d* | *d* : *l* : *s* | *s* : *l* : *d* | *d* : - : *m* | *s* : - : *l* | *s* : *m* : *d* }

I sae wea - ry fu' o' care! Thou'lt break my heart, thou
fond - ly sae did I o' mine. Wi' light - some heart I

p *lightly*

s : - : *l* | *s* : *m* : *d* | *s* : *m* : *d* | *s* : *m* : *d* | *l* : - *s* : *f* . *m* | *m* : *r* : *m* . *r* }

warb - ling bird That wan - tons through the flow' - ring thorn, Thou
pu'd a rose, Fu' sweet up - on its thorn - y tree; And

colla voce *p*

d : - : *d* | *r* : - *d* : *r* | *m* : *s* : *m* | *r* : - *d* : *r* | *m* : - *r* : *d* | *d* : *l* : *s* | }

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

s : *l* : *d* | *d* : - : ||

to re - turn.
thorn wi' me.

rall.

THERE WAS A LASS AND SHE WAS FAIR.

Tune—"Willie was a wanton wag."

Voice. Lively.

Piano. *mf*

Doh is A.

p

1. There was a lass and she was fair, At kirk and mar-ket to be seen, When
2. But hawks will rob the ten-der joys That bless the lit-tle lint-white's nest, And

f

a' the fair-est maids were met, The fair-est maid was bon-nie Jean. And
frost will blight the fair-est flow'rs, And love will break the sound-est rest. Young

p *m .s :r .m | d .,r :m .d | m .s :r .m | r .,d :l .f }*

aye she wrought her mam-mie's wark, 'And aye she sang sae mer-ri-lie; The
Ro-bie was the braw-est lad, The flow'r and pride of a' the glen; And

p dolce *mf*

mf *m .s :r .m | d .,r :m .f | s .s :s .m | r .,m :d .*

blythest bird up-on the bush, Had ne'er a light-er heart than she.
he had ow-sen, sheep and kye, And wanton naigies nine or ten.

mf

3.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.
As in the bosom o' the stream
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling, pure, was tender love,
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

4.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wistna what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak' her weel again.
But didna Jeanie's heart loup light,
And didna joy blink in her ee,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

5.

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:
"O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me?
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?"

6.

"At barn or byre thou shaltna drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray amang the heather bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me!"
Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

Not too slow.

Piano.

Piano introduction in D major, 2/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, starting with a half note D4, followed by a quarter note E4, a quarter note F#4, and a half note G4. The bass line is in the left hand, starting with a half note D3, followed by a quarter note E3, a quarter note F#3, and a half note G3. The tempo is marked 'Not too slow.' and the dynamics are 'p' (piano) and 'rall.' (rallentando).

Lah is B.

Led.

First system of the song. The melody is in the right hand, starting with a half note D4, followed by a quarter note E4, a quarter note F#4, and a half note G4. The bass line is in the left hand, starting with a half note D3, followed by a quarter note E3, a quarter note F#3, and a half note G3. The tempo is marked 'Not too slow.' and the dynamics are 'p' (piano) and 'rall.' (rallentando).

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

Second system of the song. The melody is in the right hand, starting with a half note D4, followed by a quarter note E4, a quarter note F#4, and a half note G4. The bass line is in the left hand, starting with a half note D3, followed by a quarter note E3, a quarter note F#3, and a half note G3. The tempo is marked 'Not too slow.' and the dynamics are 'p' (piano) and 'rall.' (rallentando).

Ca' them where the burn - ie rows, My bon - nie dear - ie.

Third system of the song. The melody is in the right hand, starting with a half note D4, followed by a quarter note E4, a quarter note F#4, and a half note G4. The bass line is in the left hand, starting with a half note D3, followed by a quarter note E3, a quarter note F#3, and a half note G3. The tempo is marked 'Not too slow.' and the dynamics are 'p' (piano) and 'rall.' (rallentando).

1. Hark the ma - vis' ev - 'ning sang, Sound - ing Clu - den's woods a - mang,
2. We'll gae down by Clu - den side, Thro' the haz - els spread - ing wide,

p colla voce
marcato

Then a fauld - in' let us gang, My bon - nie dear - ie.
O'er the waves that sweet - ly glide To the moon sae clear - ly.

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

Ca' them where the burn - ie rows, My bon - nie dear - ie.

3

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy-bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.
Ca' the, &c.

4

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

5

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die - but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

6

While waters wimple to the sea;
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my ee,
Ye shall be my dearie.
Ca' the, &c.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O!

Cheerily.

Tune: "We're a' dry wi' drinkin' o't."

Voice.

Piano.

Doh is E \flat

1. There's nought but care on ev' - ry han', In
2. The world - ly race may rich - es chase, And

ev' - ry hour that pas-ses, O; What sig - ni-fies the life o' man, An'
rich - es still may fly them, O; An' though at last they catch them fast, Their

|| r .f :m .,r |d ,l, .- :l, | s :d' .,t |d' ,s .- :s | }

'twere - na for the las - ses, O. Green grow the rash-es, O!
 hearts can ne'er en-joy them, O!

|| l :r' .,de' |r' ,l .- :l .t | d' rall. .,r' :d' .l |s .m :d .,m | }

Green grow the rash-es, O! The sweet - est hours that e'er I spend, Are

|| r a tempo .f :m accel. .,r |d ,l, .- :l, | ||

spent a - mang the las - ses, O!

3.

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

4.

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

5.

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

ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

In moderate time.

Tune: "The cardin' o't."

Doh is E.

Voice.

Piano.

1. On Cess - nock banks a
 2. She's spot - less like the

lass - ie dwells; Could I des - cribe her shape and mien; Our
 flow' - ring thorn With flow'rs so white and leaves so green, When

lass - es a' she far ex - cels, An' she has twa spark - ling
 pur - est in the dew - y morn, An' she has twa spark - ling

ro - guish een. She's state - ly like yon youth - ful ash, That
ro - guish een. Her looks are like the ver - nal May, When

grows the cow-slip braes be-tween, And drinks the stream with vi - gour fresh; An'
ev' - ning Phœ-bus shines se - rene, While birds re - joice on ev' - ry spray; An'

she's twa spark - ling ro - guish een.
she's twa spark - ling ro - guish een.

Last time

3. Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
When gleaming sunbeams intervene,
And gild the distant mountain's brow;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.
Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
The pride of all the flowery scene,
Just opening on its thorny stem;
An' she's twa sparkling roguish een.
4. Her teeth are like the nightly snow
When pale the morning rises keen,
While hid the murmuring streamlets flow;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.
Her lips are like yon cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen:
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
An' she's twa sparkling roguish een.

5. Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep:
An' she has twa glancin' sparkling een.
Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas;
An' she's twa sparkling roguish een.
6. Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish een.
But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen,
'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
An' chiefly in her roguish een.

BLYTHE, BLYTHE, AND MERRY WAS SHE.

Tune: "Andro and his cutty gun."

Piano.



Lah is E.

mf m :l, .,t, | r ,r .- :t, ,s, .- | m :l, .,t, | r ,.t, :l, }

Blythe, blythe, and mer - ry was she, Blythe was she but and ben,

mf

m :l, .,t, | r ,.r :t, ,s, | m :l, .,t, | r ,t, .- :l, .||

Blythe by the banks of Earn, And blythe in Glen - tur - rit glen.

rall.

§
{ .t, | s, .s :s ,l | s ,.m :r .s | m ,l .- :l ,.t }

1. By Och - ter - tyre there grows the aik, On Yar - row banks, the
 2. Her looks were like a flow'r in May, Her smile was like a
 3. Her bon - nie face it was as meek As o - nie lamb's up -
 4. The High - land hills I've wan - der'd wide And o'er the low - lands

p

1 „s :m „s | r „m :s „l | s „m :r .s | m „s :r ,t, .— }

mf *cres.*

birk - enshaw, But Phe - mie was a bon - nier lass, Than braes o' Yar-row
 sim - mer morn; She tripp - ed by the banks of Earn As light's a bird up -
 on a lea; The ev' - ning sun was ne'er sae sweet As was the blink o'
 I ha'e been, But Phem - ie was the blyth - est lass That ev - er trod the

r ,t, .— :l, | m :l, „t, | r ,r .— :t, ,s, .— | m :l, „t, }

mf

ev - er saw. Blythe, blythe, and mer - ry was she, Blythe was she
 on a thorn. Blythe, blythe, and mer - ry was she, Blythe was she
 Phemie's e'e. Blythe, blythe, and mer - ry was she, Blythe was she
 dew - y green. Blythe, blythe, and mer - ry was she, Blythe was she

r „t, :l, | m :l, „t, | r „r :t, „s, | m :l, „t, | r ,t, .— :l, }

but and ben, Blythe by the banks of Earn, And blythe in Glen - tur - rit glen.
 but and ben, Blythe by the banks of Earn, And blythe in Glen - tur - rit glen.
 but and ben, Blythe by the banks of Earn, And blythe in Glen - tur - rit glen.
 but and ben, Blythe by the banks of Earn And blythe in Glen - tur - rit glen.

rall.

fz

fz

AN' O, FOR ANE-AN'-TWENTY, TAM.

Lively.

Tune: "The Moudiewort."

Voice.

Piano.

Doh is C.

An' O, for ane - an' - twen - ty, Tam! An' hey, sweet ane - an' -

twen - ty, Tam! I'll learn my kin a ratt - lin' sang, Gin

I saw ane - an' - twen - ty, Tam.

1. They snool me sair an' haud me down, An' gar me look like blunt - ie, Tam; But
2. A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear, Were left me by my aunt - ie, Tam; At
3. They'll ha'e me wed a weal - thy coof, Though I my - sel' ha'e plen - ty, Tam; But

three short years will	sune wheel round, An'	then comes ane - an' - twen - ty, Tam.
kith or kin I	need - na speir, An'	I saw ane - an' - twen - ty, Tam.
hear'st thou, lad - die?	there's my loof, I'm	thine at ane - an' - twen - ty, Tam.

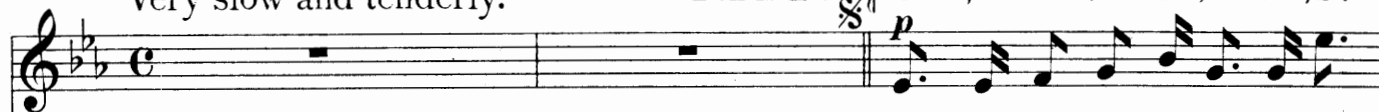
THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.

Tune: "Fee him, Father."

Very slow and tenderly.

Doh is Eb. \S || d .,d :r .m |s ,m .-:m ,d' .-

Voice.



1. Thou hast left me ev-er, Jamie!

2. Thou hast me for-sak-en, Jamie!

Piano.



Led.

Thou hast left me ev-er;
Thou hast me for-sak-en;Thou hast left me ev-er, Jam-ie! Thou hast left me ev-er!
Thou hast me for-sak-en, Jam-ie! Thou hast me for-sak-en!Af - ten hast thou vow'd that death On - ly should us sev - er; Now thou'st left thy lass for aye -
Thou canst love an - o - ther jo, While my heart is break-ing; Soon my wear-y een I'll close -I maun see thee nev-er, Jam-ie,
Nev - er mair to wak-en, Jam-ie,I maun see thee nev-er.
Nev - er mair to wak-en.

Last time





Michael Brown

*"Behind yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors and mosses mony, O."*

HIGHLAND MARY.

Slow and pathetic.

Tune: "Katherine Ogie"

Piano.

Piano introduction in F major, 4/4 time. The melody begins with a half note F4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note C5. The bass line consists of a half note F3, followed by a quarter note A3, and then a half note C4. The piece is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a 'Slow and pathetic' tempo.

Lah is F.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the first two lines of the song. The vocal line is in F major, 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in F major, 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 1. Ye banks and braes, and streams a - round The cas - tle o' Mont - 2. How sweet - ly bloom'd the gay green birk, How rich the haw-thorn's

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the next two lines of the song. The vocal line is in F major, 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in F major, 4/4 time. The lyrics are: go - me - ry, Green be your woods and fair your flow'rs, Your blos - som, As un - der - neath their frag - rant shade I

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the final two lines of the song. The vocal line is in F major, 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in F major, 4/4 time. The lyrics are: wa - ters nev - er drum - lie! There sim - mer first un - clasp'd her to my bos - om! The gold - en hours, on

s . m : r . m | s : r . d t : s . m | r . t : l . t | s : - . l | t : l . s }

faulds her robes, And there the lang - est tar - ry; For
 an - gel wings, Flew o'er me and my dear - ie; For

d : t . l | l : - . m | l . t : d . r | m : r . d | r . m : s . l | s . m : r . t |

there I took the last fare - well, O' my sweet High - land
 dear to me as light and life Was my sweet High - land

1 : - | m D. C.

Ma - ry.
 Ma - ry.

D. C. § *last time*
p very slow *rall.* *p*

3.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore ourselves asunder;
 But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early!
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

4.

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
 I aft ha'e kissed sae fondly!
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly!
 And mouldering now in silent dust
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary!

O LUVE WILL VENTURE IN.

Tune: "The Posie."

Voice.

Piano.

Lah is C.

1. O luve will ven - ture in where it daur - na weel be seen, O
 2. The prim - rose I will pu', the first - ling. o' the year, And

luve will ven - ture in where wis - dom ance has been; But
 I will pu' the pink, the em - blem o' my dear, For

I will down yon riv - er rove, a - mang the wood sae green, And
she's the pink o' wo - man-kind, and blooms with - out a peer: And

a' to pu' a Po - sie to my ain dear May.
a' to be a Po - sie to my ain dear May.

rall. *Last verse very slow*

3.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phoebus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou;
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

4.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

5.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day,
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak' away;
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

6.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ning star is near,
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear:
The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's to wear,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

7.

I'll tie the Posie round wi' the silken band o' love,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remuve,
And this will be a Posie to my ain dear May.

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

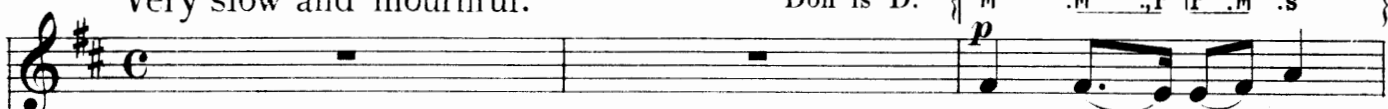
Gaelic tune — "Druimionn Dhu."

Very slow and mournful.

Doh is D.

$\parallel \text{m} : \text{m} \text{---} \text{r} | \text{r} \text{---} \text{m} : \text{s} \}$

Voice.



1. Mus - ing on the
2. Ye whom sor - row

Piano.



$\parallel \text{s} \text{---} \text{l} : \text{s} \text{---} \text{m} | \text{r} \text{---} \text{m} : \text{r} \quad | \quad \text{m} \text{---} \text{r} : \text{m} \text{---} \text{r}, \text{d} | \text{d} \text{---} \text{r} : \text{m} \text{---} \text{s} \quad | \quad \text{s} : \text{m} \text{---} \text{r} | \text{d} : \text{---} \}$

roar - ing o - cean,
nev - er wound - ed,

Which di - vides my love and me;
Ye who nev - er shed a tear,



$\parallel \text{s} : \text{s} \text{---} \text{l} | \text{s} \text{---} \text{l} : \text{d} \quad | \quad \text{d}^{\text{r}} \text{---} \text{m}^{\text{r}} : \text{r}^{\text{r}} \text{---} \text{d}^{\text{r}} | \text{t} \text{---} \text{l} : \text{s} \text{---} \text{l} \quad | \quad \text{d}^{\text{r}} \text{---} \text{l} : \text{s} \text{---} \text{m} \text{---} \text{d} | \text{r} \text{---} \text{m} : \text{---} \text{s} \}$

Wea - rying heav'n in
Care un - trou - bled,

warm de - vo - tion,
joy sur - round - ed,

For his weal, wher -
Gaud - y day to



1 :s .m | r :— | m :m .r | r .m :s | s 1 :s .m | r .m :r }

e'er he be. Hope and fear's al - ter - nate bil - low
 you is dear. Gen - tle night, do thou be - friend me;

rall. e dim. *pp*

m .r :m .r, d | d .r :m .s | s :m .r | d :— | s :s .l | s .l :d' }

Yield - ing late to na - ture's law; Whis - p'ring spi - rits
 Down - y sleep, the cur - tain draw; Spi - rits kind, a -

pp

d' r' m' :r' .d' | t .l :s .l | d' .l :s .m .d | r .m :— s | 1 :s .m | r :— || %

round my pil - low Talk of him that's far a - wa!
 gain at - tend me, Talk of him that's far a - wa!

rall. e dim. *rall.* *last.* *pp*

THE DEIL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

Tune: "The Hemp-dresser."

Lively, with humour.

Voice.

Piano.

p *cres.*

Doh is F.

p

1. The deil cam' fid-dling thro' the town, And danc'd a - wa' wi' th' Ex-cise - man, And
 2. We'll mak' our maut and brew our drink, We'll dance and sing and re - joice, man, And
 3. There's three-some reels, and four-some reels, There's hornpipes and strath - speys, man, But the

p sempre stacc. *mf*

f

il - ka wife cried, Auld Ma - houn, I wish you luck o' your prize, man.
 mony brow thanks to the muc-kle black deil That danc'd a - wa' wi' th' Ex-cise - man.
 ae best dance e'er cam' to our lan', Was the deil's a - wa' wi' th' Ex-cise - man.

{ :s | m :r :m | d :— :d | r :d :r | s₁ :— :s₁ }

p
 The deil's a - wa', the deil's a - wa', The

|| d :— :d | d :— :r .r | m :— :— | s :— :s }

cres.

deil's a - wa' wi' th' Ex - cise - - man: He's

cres.

Ad.

|| m :r :m | d :— :d | r :d :r | s₁ :— :t | d' :— :d | d :— :r .r }

danc'd a - wa', he's danc'd a - wa', He's danc'd a - wa' wi' th' Ex -

f

|| m :— :— | s :— :— :

cise - man.

f

Slow and expressive.

Slow and expressive.

p *mf*

The musical score is for the introduction and first vocal entry of 'The Swan' from Camille Saint-Saëns' opera. It is in 2/4 time, B-flat major, and marked 'Slow and expressive.' The introduction begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic, featuring a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody is characterized by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a graceful, flowing line. The bass line consists of a simple, steady accompaniment. The introduction concludes with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic, where the melody continues with a more pronounced, sustained note. The vocal entry follows, with the melody in the right hand and the bass line in the left hand, maintaining the same tempo and dynamics.

1. Be - hind yon hills where Lu - gar flows, 'Mang
 2. My Nan - nie's charm - ing, sweet and young; Nae

moors and mos - ses ma - ny, O, The win - try sun the
 art - fu' wiles to win ye, O: May ill be - fa' the

Ed.

day has closed, And I'll a - wa' to Nan - nie, O. The
flatt - 'ring tongue That wad be - guile my Nan - nie, O. Her

s :— l l .s :f .m | d' :s ., l s :d' .t | l :— t l d' .t :d' .r' }

west - lin wind blows loud and shrill, The nicht's baith mirk and
face is fair, her heart is true, As spot - less as she's

m' :l ., t l :s .f | m :d' | s .m :r .d | r :m | d' :— t }

rain - y, O; But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal, And
bon - nie, O; The op - 'ning gow - an, wat wi' dew, Nae

{ l ., t :l .s }
{ l :— .s } | m ., r :m .se | l :l ., t | l :— : ||

owre the hill to Nan - nie, O.
pur - er is than Nan - nie, O.

3.

A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be?
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.
My riches a' 's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

4.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.
Come weal, come wae, I care na by,
I'll tak' what Heaven will sen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life ha'e I
But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

Tune—"The wee, wee man."

Melody adapted by J. K. L.

Lively. C. (Dorian Mode.)

Voice.

1. Con - tent - ed wi' lit-tle, and
2. A tow-mond o' trouble, should

Piano. *mf* *p*

can - tie wi' mair, When - e'er I for - ga-ther wi' sor-row and care, I
that be my fa', A night o' gude fel-low - ship sowthers it a'; When

gie them a skelp as they're creep-in' a - lang, Wi' a cog o' gude swats and an
at the blythe end of our jour-ney at last, Wha the deil ev - er thinks o' the

f *f*

Ad. *

s :m .r :— | r :— : | : : : : | : : : | : : : | : : : |

auld Scot-tish sang.
road he has past?

f *rall.* *Fine.*

{ :m .f | s :— :m .m | s :s :m | d' :— .t :d' | d :— :m .f }

p I whyles claw the el-bow o' trou-ble-some thought; But
Blind chance, let her snap-per and stoyte on her way, Be't

p

{ s :s :m | s :s :d' | l :f :r | r :— :m .f | s :s :m | s :s :m }

f man is a sod-ger, and life is a faught: My mirth and gude hu-mour are
to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jad gae: Come ease, or come tra-vail, come

f

{ d' :t :d' | r' :— :m' .m' | d' :— .t :l | l :t :d' | s .m :— :r | r :— }

coin in my pouch, And my free-dom's my laird-ship nae mon-arch dare touch.
plea-sure or pain, My warst word is "Wel-come, and wel-come a-gain!"

f

AWA', WHIGS, AWA'!

With spirit.

Voice.

Piano.

f

fz

Doh is B \flat .

{ .d | d | :s | .m | d | : | .s | l | ,r | . — :r | .d | t | ,r | . — : | .m }

A - wa', Whigs, a - wa'! A - wa', Whigs, a - wa'! Ye're

f

|| s | .m | :m | .d | d | .l | :l | .f | s | .f | :m | .r | d | : — . }

but a pack o' trai - tor loons, Ye'll dae nae gude a - va'.

f

f

Fine.

Ad.

1. Our this - tles flour - ish'd fresh and fair, And
2. Our an - cient crown's fa'n in the dust_ Deil

bon - nie bloom'd our ros - es; But Whigs cam' like a
blin' them wi' the stoure o't; And write their names in

frost in June, And wi - ther'd a' our po - sies.
his black beuk, Wha gae the Whigs the pow'r o't.

3.

Our sad decay in Church and State
Surpasses my describing;
The Whigs came o'er us for a curse,
And we ha'e done with thriving.
Awa', Whigs, awa'! &c.

4.

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
But we may see him wauken;
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin.
Awa', Whigs, awa'! &c.

HEY, CA' THRO'.

(Boat Song.)

Lively.

Doh is Eb. \S *mf* \S

Voice.

1. Up wi' the carles o' Dy - sart,
2. We hæe tales to tell, And
3. We'll live a' ourdays, And

Piano.

*f**rall.**p a tempo
lightly*

And the lads o' Buckha - ven,
we hæe sangs to sing; And
them that come be - hin',

And the kimmers o' Lar - go,
we hæe pennies to spend, And
Let them do the like, And

And the lass - es o' Le - ven.
we hæe pints to bring.
spend the gear they win.

Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro', — For we hæe mei-kle a - do; — Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro', — For

we hæe mei-kle a - do. —

 \S *last time.**rall. dim.**pp*



From a Drawing by Richard Westall, R.A.

*O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A wæfu' wanderer seeks thy tower,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.*

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Boldly.

Piano.

The piano introduction is in B-flat major, 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a bass clef. The treble staff starts with a half note B-flat, followed by a quarter note D, and then a half note F. The bass staff starts with a half note B-flat, followed by a quarter note D, and then a half note F. The tempo is marked 'f' (forte) and 'rall.' (rallentando). The piece ends with a double bar line.

Doh is Bb.

The first two lines of the song are in B-flat major, 2/4 time. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The tempo is marked 'f' (forte). The lyrics are: 1. Is there, for hon-est po-ver-ty, That hangs his head, and a' that? The 2. What tho' on hame-ly fare we dine, Wear hod-den-grey, and a' that; Gie

The next two lines of the song are in B-flat major, 2/4 time. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The tempo is marked 'f' (forte). The lyrics are: cow-ard-slave, we pass him by, We dare be poor for a' that! For fools their silks, and knaves their wine, A man's a man for a' that! For

The final two lines of the song are in B-flat major, 2/4 time. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The tempo is marked 'f' (forte). The lyrics are: a' that, and a' that, Our toils ob-scure, and a' that, The a' that, and a' that. Their tin-sel show, and a' that, The

m .f :s .m | l .r :r .f | m .r :d .l | s :s . ||

rank is but the gui-nea stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.
 hon - est man, tho' e'er sae poor, Is King o' men for a' that.

3.

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

4.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher rank than a' that.

5.

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

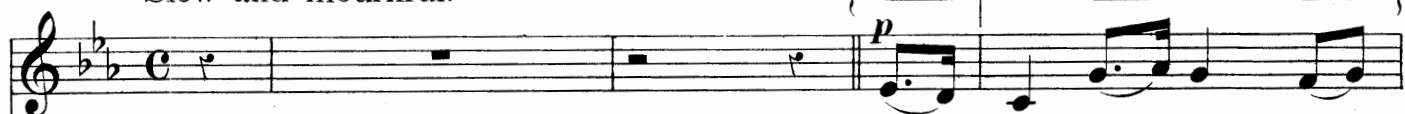
THE GLOOMY NIGHT.

Air—"Roslin Castle."

Slow and mournful.

Lah is C. { :d .,t, | l, :m .,f |m :r .m }

Voice.



1. The gloo - my night is
2. The Au - tumn mourns her

Piano.



{ f .m :r .d |t, :d .,t, | l, :l .,t |d' :t .l | se .,l :t .se |m :r .m }

gath' - ring fast, Loud roars the wild in - con - stant blast, Yon
rip' - ning corn, By ear - ly win - ter's ra - vage torn; A -



{ f .m :r .d |t, :d .r | m .d :t, .l, | se :l .t | d' .l :t .se |l .m :r .m }

mur - ky cloud is foul with rain, I see it driv - ing
cross her pla - cid, az - ure sky, She sees the scow - ling



mf

o'er the plain: The hun - ter now has left the moor, The scat - ter'd co - veys
tem-pest fly: Chill runs my blood to hear it rave, I think up - on the

p slower

meet se - cure, While here I wan - der, press'd wi' care, A -
storm-y wave, Where many a dan - ger I must dare, Far

colla voce

p

long the lone - ly banks of Ayr.
from the bon - nie banks of Ayr.

last time

very slow *fz* *pp*

3.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound:
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

4.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! Farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr!

O WERE I ON PARNASSUS HILL.

Slow, with expression.

Tune: "My love is lost to me."

Voice.

Piano.

Lah is E.

1. O were I on Par - nas - sus, hill! Or
 2. Then come, sweet Muse, in - spire my lay! For
 3. By night, by day, a - field, at hame, The

had o' He - li - con my fill, That I might catch po -
 a' the lee - lang sim - mer's day, I could na sing, I
 thoughts o' thee my breast in - flame; And aye I muse and

m .r .m .se l :— .s ,f | m :r .d | f .m :r .d | d :t, | l, :l .t }

et - ic skill, To sing how dear I love thee: But
could na say, How much, how dear, I love thee. I
sing thy name_ I on - ly live to love thee. Tho'

f p rall. dim.

f p rall.

d' :d' .t | l :— .se | l .se :l .t | m :— .fe | s .l :t .l | s .m .— :s .m .— }

Nith maun be my Mu - se's well, My Muse maun be thy
see thee danc - ing o'er the green, Thy waist sae jimp, thy
I were doom'd to wan - der on, Be - yond the sea, be -

mf

r .d :t, .l | s, :l, .t, | d :t, .l | r :d .t, | m .r :m .se l :— .s ,f }

bon - nie sel; On Cor - sin - con I'll glow'r and spell, And
limbs sae clean, Thy temp - ting looks, thy ro - guish een_ By
yond the sun, Till my last wea - ry sand was run; Till

m :r .d | f .m :r .d | d :t, | l, : ||

write how dear I love thee.
heav'n and eärth I love thee!
then_ and then I'd love thee.

p rall. p rall.

LORD GREGORY.

Very slow, with great expression.

Lah is G.

Voice.

Piano.

1. O mirk, mirk is the
2. Lord Gre - go-ry, mind'st thou
3. Hard is thy heart, Lord

mid - night hour, And loud the tem - pest's roar; A wae - fu'
not the grove, By bon - nie Ir - wine side, Where first I
Gre - go - ry, And flin - ty is thy breast: Thou dart of

wan - d'rer seeks thy tow'r, Lord Gre - go - ry, ope thy door.
own'd that vir - gin love, I lang, lang had de - nied?
heav'n that flash - est by, O wilt thou give me rest!

mf *fz* *rall.* *fz* *p* *cres.* *mp* *dim. e rall.*

An ex - ile frae her fa - ther's ha', And a' for
 How af - ten didst thou pledge and vow, Thou wad for
 Ye must - 'ring thun - ders from a - bove, Your wil - ling

p dolce

lov - ing thee, At least some pi - ty on me
 aye be mine! And my fond heart, it - sel' sae
 vic - tim see! But spare, and par - don my fause

rall. *mp* *colla voce*

shaw, If love it may na be.
 true, It ne'er mis - trust - ed thine.
 love, His wrangs to heav'n and me!

rall. *p rall.* *Last time very slow*

LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

Lively.

Piano.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, key of A major (two sharps). It begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The right hand features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a simple bass line of eighth notes.

Doh is A.

The first vocal line starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "O love - ly Pol - ly Stew - art, O charm - ing Pol - ly". The piano accompaniment is in 2/4 time, with a piano (*p*) dynamic. It features a simple bass line of eighth notes.

The second vocal line continues the melody. The lyrics are: "Stew - art, There's ne'er a flow'r that blooms in May, That's half so fair as". The piano accompaniment includes a *rall.* (rallentando) section followed by a return to *a tempo* (original tempo).

The third vocal line concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "thou art!". The piano accompaniment includes a mezzo-piano (*mp*) section followed by a piano (*p*) section. The piece ends with a double bar line.

1. The flow'r that blows, it
2. May he, whase arms shall

f .r :t, .r | m .d :s .m | r :r .t, | d .,l :s, .m | }

rall. *a tempo* *rall.* *mf a tempo*

fades, it fa's, And art can ne'er re - new it, But worth and truth e -
fauld thy charms Pos - sess a leal and true heart; To him be giv'n to

f, .s, :l, .f | s .,f :m .r | d :d .m | d .,s, :m, .s, | }

mf

ter - nal youth Will gie to Pol - ly Stew - art. } O love - ly Pol - ly
ken the heav'n He grasps in Pol - ly Stew - art. }

d .s, :m, .m | d .,s, :l, s, .f, m, | r :r .m | d .,s, :m, .s, | }

cres.

Stew-art, O charm - ing Pol - ly Stew - art, There's ne'er a flow'r that

d .,l :s, .m, | f, .,l :s, .t, | d :d . ||

rall. *a tempo*

blooms in May, That's half so fair as thou art.

O LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

Slow and expressive.

Voice.

Piano.

p

rall.

Lah is D.

{ :m | d :-.t | l. :m | l :-.t | d' :.l | s :m | r :d | r :-.f | m :-.r }

p

1. O las - sie, art thou sleep - in' yet, Or art thou wak - in', I would wit? For
 2. Thou hear'st the win - ter wind and weet, Nae star blinks thro' the driv - ing sleet; Tak'
 3. The bit - ter blast that round me blaws, Un - heed - ed howls, un - heed - ed fa's; The

{ d :-.t | l. :m | l :-.t | d' :.l | s :m | r :d | r :-.f | m :-.r }

love has bound me hand and foot, And I would fain be in, jo.
 pi - ty on my wea - ry feet, And shield me frae the rain, jo.
 cauld - ness o' thy heart's the cause Of a' my grief and pain, jo.

O let me in this ae night, This ae night, this ae night, For
pi - ty's sake this ae night, O rise and let me in, jo.

Last time

HER ANSWER.

1.

O tell na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!
Gae back the gait ye cam' again,
I winna let you in, jo.

Chorus.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

2.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nocht to what poor she endures,
That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

3.

The sweetest flower that deckd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed;
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

4.

The bird that charm'd his summer day
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting woman say
How aft her fate's the same, jo.

Chorus.

I tell you now this ae night
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

O! WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

SHORE.

Piano.



Doh is D.

{ :s | d' :-r' | d' :s | l :d' | s :-s | d' :-r' | f' m' r' d' | m' :r' | r' :-s | d' :-d' | d' :s }
 { :s- | m :-f | m :m | f :l | m :-m | m :-f | l s f m | d' :t | t l s f | m :-f | s :m }

O Wil - lie brew'd a peck o' maut, And Rab and Al - lan came to pree; Three blith - er hearts that

{ :d | d :-d | d :d | d :d | d :-d | d :-d | d :d | s :s | s f m r | d :-r | m :d }

The piano accompaniment continues with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff has a simple harmonic accompaniment with eighth notes.

CHORUS.

{ l :d' | s :-s | m s d' r' | m' :r' | r' :d' | d' :m | l :-t | d' :t | d' :-r' | m' :r' | d' :-r' | d' :m' r' }
 { f :l | s :-s | m :s | d' :s f | f :m | m :m | : | : | : | : | : | : | m | l :-se | l t d r }

lee lang night Ye wad-na find in Christen-die. We are na fou', we're na that fou', But just a drap - pie

{ f :f | m :-d | d :m | s :s | d :d | d :d | : | : | : | : | : | : | m | l :-se | l t d r }

The chorus begins with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff has a simple harmonic accompaniment with eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff has a simple harmonic accompaniment with eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'p' (piano) and 'mf' (mezzo-forte).

{ d' :t | t : | l :-se | se :-se | l :-f | s :-m | f m f r | m :-m | f :-l | s f m r | r' :d' | d' :s }
 { m :m | m :-m | f :-r | m :-d | r d r s | d :-d | f :-f | s :s | d :d | d :-d }

in our e'e; The cock may crawl, the day may daw, But aye we'll taste the bar - ley bree, We

{ m :m | m :-m | f :-r | m :-d | r d r s | d :-d | f :-f | s :s | d :d | d :-d }

The piano accompaniment continues with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff has a simple harmonic accompaniment with eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'cres.' (crescendo) and 'f' (forte).

{ d' : - .r' | d' : s | l : - .t | r' .d' : t .l | s : d' .r' | m' : d' | m' : r' | r' : s }
 { m : - .f | m : m | f : - .s | t .l : s .f | m : m .f | s : m | d' : t | t .l : s .f }

are na fou', we're na that fou', But just a drap - pie in our e'e; The

{ d' : - .d' | d' : s | l : - .t | r' .d' : t .l | s : d' .r' | m' : r' .m' | r' : d' | d' : }
 { m : - .f | s : m | f : - .s | t .l : s .f | m : s | d' : f .s | f : m | m : }

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

Verse 2. Baritone Solo.

{ s | d' : - .r' | d' : s : m | f : l | s : m .r | d .t .d : m .r e .m | s : d' | d' : t | t : s .f }

Here are we met, three mer - ry boys, Three mer - ry boys, I trow, are we, And

colla voce p

{ m .r : m .f | s : d' | t : - .l | s : - .f | m : - .f | s : m | m .r : d .t | d }

mo - ny a night we've mer - ry been, And mo ny mair we hope to be.

rall.

rall.

D. S. for Chorus.

Verse 3.

It is the moon, I ken her horn, That's blink - in' in the lift sae hie; She

p

p

D.S. for Chorus.

shines so bright to wyle us hame, But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee.

dolce *f*

dolce *f*

dolce *f*

Verse 4. Bass Solo.

Wha' first shall rise to gang a-wa', A sil - ly cow-ard loon is he; Wha' last be-side his chair shall fa', He

p *f*

p *ff*

D.S. for Chorus.

CODA after last verse only.

is the king a-mang us three.

mf



*"Now's the day an' now's the hour;
See the front of battle lour—
See approach proud Edward's power,
Chains and slavery!"*

SCOTS, WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED.

Boldly, in march time.

Tune: "Hey tutti tattie!"

Voice.

Piano.

ff

Doh is Bb.

s₁ :- s₁ | s₁ :- m₁ | s₁ :- l₁ | d :- | l₁ :- l₁ | l₁ :- s₁ | l₁ :- t₁ | d : r

1. Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wal - lace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has aft - en led;
 2. Wha will be a trait - or knave? Wha can fill a cow - ard's grave?
 3. (p) By op-pres - sion's woes and pains, By your sons in ser - vile chains,

mark well

m :- m | r :- m | d :- r | m :- | d :- l₁ | l₁ :- s₁ | s₁ :- :- }

Wel - come to your go - ry bed, Or to vie - to - ry!
 Wha sae base as be a slave? Let him turn and flee!
 We will drain our dear - est veins, (f) But they shall be free.

m :— .m | m :— .r | m :— .f | s :— | r :— .r r :— .d }

ff Now's the day, and now's the hour: See the front of
 Wha, for Scot - land's king and law, Free - dom's sword will
 (**ff**) Lay the proud u - sur - pers low! Ty - rants fall in

ff

r :— .m | f :— | s :— .m | r :— .d | d :— .r | m :— }

bat - tle lours; See ap - proach proud Ed - ward's pow'r,
 strong - ly draw, Free - man stand, or free - man fa',
 ev' - ry foe! Lib - er - ty's in ev' - ry blow!

fz

d :— .l | l :— .s | s :— | :— :— ||

Chains and sla - ve - ry.
 Let them fol - low me!
 Let us do or die!

ff

FROM THEE, ELIZA.

Very slow and tenderly.

Tune: "Donald."

Piano.

Piano introduction in B-flat major, 2/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, starting with a half note B-flat, followed by a quarter note A, a quarter note G, and a half note F. The bass line consists of a series of chords: B-flat major, A minor, G major, and F major.

Doh is Bb.

Vocal melody in B-flat major, 2/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, starting with a half note B-flat, followed by a quarter note A, a quarter note G, and a half note F. The bass line consists of a series of chords: B-flat major, A minor, G major, and F major.

1. From thee, — E - li - za,
2. Fare - well, — fare-well, E -

Piano accompaniment for the first vocal line. The right hand plays a series of chords: B-flat major, A minor, G major, and F major. The bass line consists of a series of chords: B-flat major, A minor, G major, and F major.

t. l. :s. f. | f. m. : s. | m. s. : - d. r | m. : r. d. | d. : - r. m. | r. : d. r }

Vocal melody in B-flat major, 2/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, starting with a half note B-flat, followed by a quarter note A, a quarter note G, and a half note F. The bass line consists of a series of chords: B-flat major, A minor, G major, and F major.

I must go, And from my na - tive shore; The
li - za dear, The maid that I a - dore! A

Piano accompaniment for the second vocal line. The right hand plays a series of chords: B-flat major, A minor, G major, and F major. The bass line consists of a series of chords: B-flat major, A minor, G major, and F major.

m. : - r. d. t. | d. : - s. | t. l. :s. f. | f. m. : s. | m. s. : - d. m. | s. : m. r. m }

Vocal melody in B-flat major, 2/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, starting with a half note B-flat, followed by a quarter note A, a quarter note G, and a half note F. The bass line consists of a series of chords: B-flat major, A minor, G major, and F major.

cru - el fates be - tween us throw A bound - less o - cean's
bod - ing voice is in mine ear, We part to meet no

Piano accompaniment for the third vocal line. The right hand plays a series of chords: B-flat major, A minor, G major, and F major. The bass line consists of a series of chords: B-flat major, A minor, G major, and F major.

rall. *mf*

roar, E - li - za. But bound - less o - ceans
more, E - li - za. But the last throb that

rall. *p*

mf *p*

roar - ing wide, Be - tween my love and me, They
leaves my heart, While death stands vic - tor by, That

p *p*

nev - er, nev - er can di - vide My heart and soul frae
throb, E - li - za, is thy part, And thine that lat - est

rall. *p* *rall.*

thee, E - li - za.
sigh, E - li - za.

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

Tune: "The maids of Arrochar."
Melody adapted by J. K. L.

Not too slow.

Voice.

Piano.

p

cres.

rall.

Doh is C.

p

1. How plea - sant the banks of the clear wind - ing De - von, With
2. O, spare the dear blos - som, ye o - ri - ent breez - es, With

p smoothly

p

green-spreading bush - es and flow'rs blooming fair! But the bon - ni - est flow'r on the
chill hoar-y wing as ye ush - er the dawn! And far be thou dis - tant, thou

p

banks of the De - von Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr. Mild
rep - tile that seiz - es The ver - dure and pride of the gar - den and lawn! Let

rall. *p*

be the sun on this sweet blushing flow'r, In the gay ros - y morn, as it
Bour-bon ex - ult in his gay gild - ed lil - ies, And Eng - land tri - umphant dis -

a tempo *mf*

p a tempo *mf*

bathes in the dew, And gen - tle the fall of the soft ver - nal show - er, That
play her proud rose; A fair - er than ei - ther a - dorns the green val - leys Where

p *pp*

steals on the ev - ning each leaf to re - new.
De - von, sweet De - von, me - an - der - ing flows.

p *p* *rall.*

THE BLUDE RED ROSE AT YULE MAY BLAW.

Tune: "To daunton me."

Moderate time.

Ray is D.

Voice.

Piano.

1. The blude red rose at
2. For a' his meal and

Yule may blaw, The sim - mer li - lies bloom in snaw, The
a' his maut, For a' his fresh beef and his saut, For

frost may freeze the deep - est sea; But an auld man shall nev - er daun - ton me.
a' his gold and white mon - ie, An auld man shall nev - er daun - ton me. } To

mf *p* *rall.* *p* *mf* *f* *mf* *fz* *mf*

daun - ton me, and me sae young, Wi' his fause heart and

rall. *f a tempo*

rall. *f a tempo*

flatt'-ring tongue, That is the thing you ne'er shall see, For an auld man shall nev - er

colla voce *f* *f* *f*

daun - ton me. daun - ton me.

rall. 1st *rall. last*

rall. fz *rall. fz* *a tempo* *f accel.* *fz* *fz*

3.

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

4.

He hirples twa fauld as he dow,
Wi' his toothless gab and his auld beld pow,
And the rain rains down frae his red bleer'd ee.
That auld man shall never daunt on me.
To daunt on me, &c.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Tune: "Cold and Raw."

Voice. Lively.

Piano. *f*

Lah is E.

f

1. Cauld blaws the wind frae East to West, The
 2. The birds sit chitt' - ring in the thorn, A'

mf

f

drift is driv - ing sair - ly; Sae loud and shrill's I
 day they fare but spare - ly; And lang's the night frae

f

$m : - f : s$ | $s_1 : - : s_1$ | $l_1 : - . t_1 : d . r$ | $m : - . r : d . t_1$ | $l_1 : - : - | m : - : -$ }

hear the blast, I'm sure it's win - ter fair - - ly.
 e'en to morn, I'm sure it's win - ter fair - - ly.

$d : - . r : d$ | $d : - : d$ | $r : - . m : r$ | $r : - : -$ | $m : - . f : s$ | $l_1 : - . s : f$ }

p Up in the morn - ing's no for me, Up in the morn - ing

$m : - : - | s : - : s_1$ | $d : - . r : d$ | $d : - : d$ | $r : m : s$ | $l_1 : - : s . f$ }

ear - - ly, When a' the hills are cov - er'd wi' snaw, I'm

$m : - . r : d$ | $t_1 : - . l_1 : s e_1$ | $l_1 : - : - | m : - : -$ || $l_1 : - : - | m : - : -$ ||

1st sure it is win - ter fair - ly. *last* fair - - ly.

STAY, MY CHARMER.

Gaelic Tune: "The Black-haired lad."

*Tenderly.*Doh is B \flat .|| d :t \flat .l \flat |s \flat :f \flat .m \flat | }

Voice. *Andante con moto.*

1. Stay, my charm - er,
2. By my love so

Piano. *p* *rall.* *p*

|| f \flat :s \flat .l \flat .t \flat |l \flat :s \flat | d :r \flat .m \flat |f \flat :m \flat .r | m :r \flat .d |t \flat .l \flat :s \flat | }

can you leave me? Cru - el, cru - el to de - ceive me!
ill re - quit - ed; By the faith you fond - ly plight - ed;

|| f :m \flat .f |r :m \flat .d |t \flat :d \flat .r \flat .m \flat |f :m \flat .r | d :t \flat .l \flat |s \flat :d \flat .f | }

Well you know how much you grieve me, Cru - el charm - er,
By the pangs of lov - ers slight - ed; Do not, do not

mf *p*

|| m \flat :r \flat |s \flat :— | f :m \flat .f |r :m \flat .d |s \flat :r \flat .d \flat |d :— | }

can you go? Cru - el charm - er, can you go?
leave me so! Do not, do not leave me so!

rall. *rall.*



*How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
With green-spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair!*

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

Voice. Lively.

Piano. *mf*

Doh is C. F.

mf

1. My wife's a win - some wee thing, She is — a hand - some
 2. She is a win - some wee thing, She is — a hand - some

C.

f

wee thing, She is a bon - nie wee thing, This
 wee thing, She is a bon - nie wee thing, This

m : d : m | r : t : r | d : - : - | - : - : m f | s : - l : s | m : d : m | s : - : - | m : - : m }

sweet wee wife o' mine. — I nev - er saw a fair - er, I
 sweet wee wife o' mine. — The world's wrack we share o't, The

f : - s : f | r : ta : r | f : - : - | r : - : m f | s : - l : s | m : d : m | s : - : - | s : - : f' }

nev - er lo'ed a dear - er, And neist my heart I'll wear her, For
 wars - tle and the care o't, Wi' her I'll blythe - ly bear it, And

m' : d' : m' | r' : t : r' | d' : - : - | - : - :

fear my jew - el tine. —
 think my lot di - vine. —

BEHOLD THE HOUR, THE BOAT ARRIVE!

Tune: "Oran Gaoil"

Voice. Tenderly. Lah is C. $\{ : : | : m | d : l : m | l : - : t \}$

1. Be - hold the hour, the
2. A - long the so - li -

Piano. *p*

$\{ d' : - r' : d' | t : - : l | s : m : d' | t : - : l | s : m : l | l : - : t \}$

boat ar - rive! Thou go - est, thou dar - ling of my heart!
ta - ry shore, While flit - - ting sea - fowls round me cry, A -

dolce

$\{ d : - r : m : f | s : m : d | r : m : s | l : - : d' | s : m : d | m : - : r \}$

mf Sev - er'd from thee can I sur - vive? But fate has will'd - and
cross the rol - ling, dash - ing roar, I'll west - ward turn my

d : - r : t, l, : - m | l : - t, l | se : - m | d' : - d' | t : - l

rall. mf a tempo

we must part! I'll of - ten greet this surg - ing swell, Yon
wist - ful eye: "Hap - py, thou In - dian grove," I'll say, "Where

rall. mf a tempo accel.

s : m : d' | t : - l | s : m : l | l, : - t, | d : - r : m : f | s : m : d | r : m : s | l : - d'

p cres.

dis - tant isle will of - ten hail: "E'en here I took the last fare-well, There
now my Nan - cy's path may be! While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray, O

a tempo p cres.

s : m : d | m : - r | d : - r : t, l, : - *§*

la - test mark'd her van - ish'd sail."
tell me, does she muse on me?"

rall. p last time > rall.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

Tune: "There are few good fellows when Jamie's awa'."

Very slow and pathetic.

Voice.

Piano.

Lah is G.

1. By yon cas - tle wa', at the close of the
2. The church is in ru - ins, the state is in

day, I heard a man sing, tho' his
jars, De - lu - sions, op - pres - sions, and

head it was grey; And as he was sing - ing, the
mur - de - rous wars; We dare na weel say't, but we

p dolce
Ped. *

tears fast down came, There'll nev - er be
ken wha's to blame - There'll nev - er be

p

peace till Jam - ie comes hame.
peace till Jam - ie comes hame.

pp very slow
pp rall. *last* *pp*

3.

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

4.

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

FAREWELL, THOU FAIR DAY; or, The Song of Death.

Tune: "Oran an aoig."

Very slow and solemn.

Doh is G. $\{ \text{ : : | : :s, | l, :- .s, :l, .d | r :r :s } \}$

Voice.

1. Fare - well, thou fair day, thou green
2. Thou strik'st the dull pea-sant, he

Piano.

 $\{ m :- r :d | l, :- :f | m :s :m .r | d' :- :m, .f, | s, :- : - | - : - :l, .d } \}$

earth, and ye skies, Now gay with the broad set-ting sun. Fare -
sinks in the dark, Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name: Thou

 $\{ l, :- .s, :l, .d | r :- .m :f | m :- r :d | l, :- :f | m .f :s :f :m .r | d :d :m, .f, } \}$

well, loves and friendships, ye dear ten-der ties, Our race of ex-is-tence is
strik'st the young he-ro, a glo-ri-ous mark! He falls in the blaze of his

Quicker

run! ——— Thou grim king of ter-rors, thou life's gloom-y foe, Go,
fame! ——— In the field of proud hon-our, our swords in our hands, Our

mf

mf accel.

fright - en the cow-ard and slave! ——— Go, teach them to trem-ble, fell
king and our coun-try to save, ——— While vic - to - ry shines on life's

f

ty - rant, but know, No ter-rors hast thou for the brave! ———
last eb-bing sands, O! who would not die with the brave! ———

rall.

O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA', WILLIE.

With spirit.

Piano.

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, B-flat major. It begins with a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic and features a melody in the right hand with eighth-note patterns and a bass line with chords and eighth notes. A crescendo leads to a *f* (forte) section, marked with a double bar line and a flower symbol.

Doh is E♭.

The first vocal entry is marked *mf* and includes a key signature change to B-flat major. The melody is written in a simplified notation system above the staff. The piano accompaniment is in 6/8 time, starting with a *p* (piano) dynamic. The lyrics are: "1. O Ken - mure's on and a - wa', Wil-lie, O Ken - mure's on and a -".

The second vocal entry continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features a crescendo leading to a *f* (forte) section, marked with a double bar line and a flower symbol. The lyrics are: "wa', And Ken-mure's lords the brav - est lord, That ev - er Gal - lo-way".

The third vocal entry begins with a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic. The piano accompaniment includes a *mf* section followed by a crescendo. The lyrics are: "saw. Suc - cess to Ken-mure's band, Wil-lie, Suc - cess to Ken-mure's".

band! There's no a heart that fears a Whig, That rides by Ken-mure's

hand! —

2.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.
 O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!
 O Kenmure's lads are men;
 Their hearts and swords are metal true —
 And that their faes shall ken.

3.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie!
 They'll live or die wi' fame;
 But soon, wi' sounding victorie
 May Kenmure's lord come hame.
 Here's him that's far awa', Willie!
 Here's him that's far awa';
 And here's the flower that I love best —
 The rose that's like the snaw!

O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME?

Tune: "Morag."

Slow and expressive.

Lah is B.

Voice. *p* 1. O wha is she that lo'es me, And
2. If thou shalt meet a las - sie, In

Piano. *p* *rall.* *p*

has my heart a - keep - ing? O sweet is she that lo'es me, As dew's o' sim-mer weep-ing, In
grace and beau - ty charm-ing, That e'en thy cho - sen las - sie, Ere-while thy breast sae warming, Had

colla voce *p*

tears the rose-buds steep-ing, O that's the las - sie o' my heart, My las - sie ev - er dear - er, O
ne'er sic pow'rs a - larm-ing;

rall. *mf* *a tempo* *rall.* *fz* *a tempo*

that's the queen o' wo-mankind, And ne'er a ane to peer her.

fz *colla voce* *rall.* *mf*

3.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
And thy attentions plighted,
That ilka body talking,
But her by thee is slighted,
And thou art all delighted;
O that's, &c.

4.

If thou hast met this fair one;
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one,
But her, thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted;
O that's, &c.

TURN AGAIN, THOU FAIR ELIZA.

Slow and plaintive.

Lah is E. $\{ : : l_1 . t_1 | d : d . r . m . s \}$

Voice.

1. Turn a - gain, thou fair E -
2. Thee, dear maid, ha'e I of -
3. Not the bee up - on the

Piano.

li - za, Ae kind blink be - fore we part, Rue on thy des - pair - ing lov - er, Canst thou
fend - ed? The of - fence is lov - ing thee; Canst thou wreck his peace for ev - er, Wha for
blos - som, In the pride o' sun - ny noon; Not the lit - tle sport - ing fair - y, All be -

break his faith - ful heart? Turn a - gain, thou fair E - li - za, If to love thy heart de -
thine wad glad - ly die? While the life beats in my bo - som, Thou shalt mix in il - ka
neath the sim - mer moon; Not the po - et in the mo - ment Fan - cy light - ens in his

nies, Oh in pi - ty hide the sen - tence, Un - der friend - ship's kind dis - guise!
throe: Turn a - gain, thou love - ly maid - en, Ae sweet smile on me be - stow.
ee, Kens the plea - sure, feels the rap - ture, That thy pre - sence gies to me.

BONNIE WEE THING.

Tune: "The bonnie wee thing"

Doh is G.

Slow and tenderly.

Voice.

Piano.

Bon - nie wee thing,

can - nie wee thing, Love - ly wee thing, wert thou mine,

I would wear thee in — my bo - som, Lest my jew - el

s *l* *t* *d* *l* *s* *m* *r* *d* *s* *m* *r* *d* *f* *s* *l* *s*

I should tine. 1. Wist - ful - ly I look and lan - guish
2. Wit and grace and love and beau - ty

d *t* *d* *r* *m* *f* *mf* *s* *f* *m* *m* *r* *d* *l* *s* *m* *l*

In that bon - nie face o' thine; And my heart it
In ae con - stel - la - tion shine; To a - dore thee

p
accel.

s *m* *l* *s* *m* *m* *r* *d* *f* *m* *r* *d* *l* *t* *d* *s* *l* *t* *d*

stounds wi' an - guish, Lest my wee thing be na mine.
is my du - ty, God - dess o' this soul o' mine!

f *p* *rall.* *rall.*

HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

Slow and pathetic.

Tune: "Cauld Kail in Aberdeen."

Voice.

Piano.

Doh is C.

1. How lang and drear - y is the night, When
 2. When I think on the light - some days I
 3. How slow ye move, ye heav - y hours; The

I am frae my dear - ie; I rest - less lie frae
 spent wi' thee, my dear - ie, And now that seas be - -
 joy - less day how drear - y! It was - na sae ye

s :m | m r :— d | m :s | l .t :d' .l | s :— d :s }

e'en to morn. Tho' I were ne'er sae wea - ry.
 tween us roar, How can I be but ee - rie! For
 glint - ed by, When I was wi' my dear - ie.

d' :— r' | m' :d' | f' :m' | m' r' :s | d' :— r' | m' :d' }

oh, her lane - ly nights are lang; And oh, her dreams are

p

r' :— | s :s | d' :— r' | m' :d' | f' :m' | m' r' :d' *Slower* }

ee - rie; And oh, her wi - dow'd heart is sair, That's

s :m | l .t :d' .l | s :— d : ||

ab - sent frae her dear - ie.

p rall.

p

I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

With spirit.

Voice.

Piano.

f

rall.

§ Doh is D.

mf .l s ,d . — :d ,r | m ,r :m ,f }
I'm owre young, I'm owre young, I'm

§

s ,d . — :d ,r | m ,r . — :r .l | s ,d . — :d ,r | m ,r :m .s }
owre young to mar-ry yet; I'm owre young, 'twad be a sin, To

1 .t :d' .l |s ,m .— :m

tak' me frae my mam-mie yet.

rall. *tempo* *Fine.*

{ .s | 1 .t :d' .l .— |s .m :m' .r' | d' .t :d' .l |s ,m .— :m .s }

p

1. I am my mammie's ae bairn, Nor o' my hame am wea-ry yet, And
2. For I have had my ain way, Nane daur to con-tra-dict me yet, Sae
3. Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind Blaws thro' the leaf-less tim-mer, Sir; But

p

1 .t :d' .l |s .m :m' .r' | d' .t :d' .l |s ,m :r' .

slower

I wad ha'e ye learn, lads, That ye for me maun tar-ry yet.
soon to say I wad o-bey, In truth, I daur-na ven-ture yet.
if ye come this gate a-gain I'll auld-er be gin sim-mer, Sir.

p *slower*

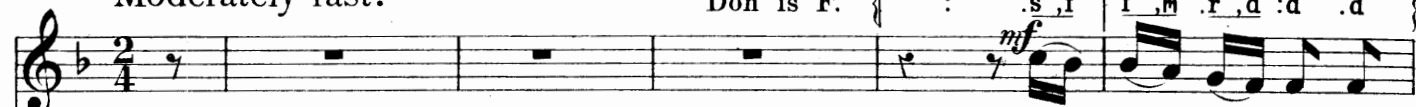
O SAW YE BONNIE LESLEY?

Moderately fast.

Doh is F.

: .s, f | f, m, r, d : d .d }

Voice.



1. O saw ye bon-nie
2. Thou art a queen, fair
3. The Pow'rs a - boon will

Piano.



d :s, .l, ta'd .,r :d .d | m .s : l s, f | f, m, r, d :d .d | d :s, .d }

Les - ley, As she gaed o'er the bor - der? She's gane like A - lex - an - der, To
Les - ley, Thy sub - jects we, be - fore thee: Thou art di - vine, fair Les - ley, The
tent thee; Mis - for - tune sha' na steer thee; Thou'rt like themselves sae love - ly, That



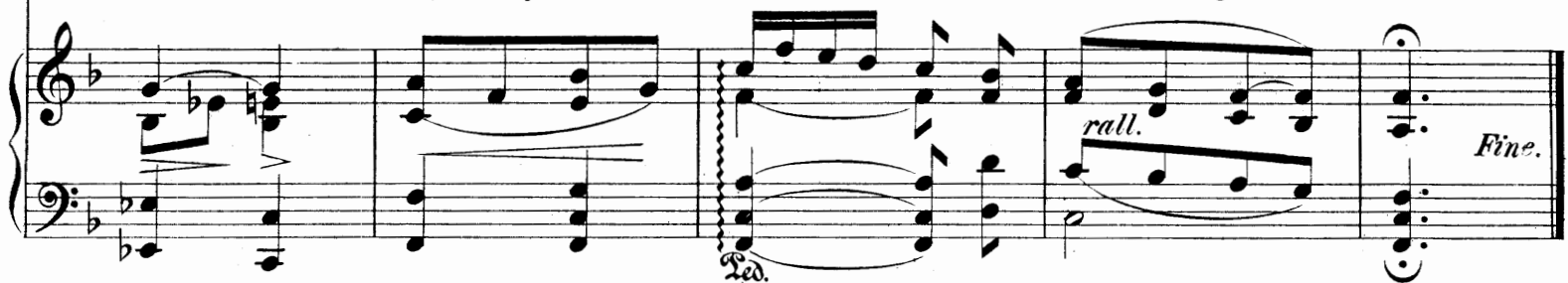
m .r, m :f, m, r, d | m .s : .l, t d' .s :l .m | f ta'd' .,s | f, m, r, d :d .,r }

spread her con - quests far - ther. To see her is to love her, And love but her for
hearts o' men a - dore thee. The deil he could na scaith thee, Or aught that wad be -
ill they'll ne'er let near thee. Re - turn a - gain, fair Les - ley, Re - turn to Ca - le -



m .s : l s, f, m, r, d :r .s, | m .,f :s .d' | d, t .l, s :d' .d | m .s : -

ev - er, For na - ture made her what she is, And ne'er made sic an - i - ther.
lang thee; He'd look in - to thy bon - nie face, And say, "I can - na wrang thee."
don - ie! That we may brag, we ha'e a lass There's nane a - gain sae bon - nie.



MY SPOUSE, NANCY.

Lively and humorous.

Tune: "My jo, Janet."

Piano.

Doh is C.

1. "Husband, husband cease your strife, Nor longer id - ly rave, sir; Tho' I am your wed-ded wife, Yet
2. "If 'tis still the lord - ly word, Service and o - be - dience; I'll desert my sov'reign lord, And

I am not your slave, sir." "One of two must still o-bey, Nan - cy, Nan - cy,
so good-bye al - le - giance!" "Sad will I be, so bereft, Nan - cy, Nan - cy,

Is it man or wo - man, say, My spouse, Nan - cy?"
Yet I'll try to make a shift, My spouse, Nan - cy."

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

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

I DREAM'D I LAY.

Slow and dreamily.

Voice.

Piano.

p

dim.

Lah is C.

p

1. I dream'd I lay where flow'rs were spring - ing, Gai - ly
 2. Such was my life's de - ceit - ful morn - ing, Such the

p colla voce

in the sun - ny beam, List' - ning to the wild birds
 plea - sures I en - joy'd, But lang or noon, loud tem - pests

p

sing - ing, By a fall - ing cry - stal stream. Straight the
 storm - ing A' my flow' - ry bliss de - stroy'd. Tho' fic - kle

sky grew black and dar - ing; Thro' the woods the whirl - winds
 for - tune has de - ceiv'd me, She pro - mis'd fair and per - form'd but

rave; Trees with ag - ed arms were war - ring O'er the
 ill; Of many a joy and hope be - reav'd me, I bear a

swel - ling drum - lie wave.
 heart shall sup - port me still.

*Ad. * rall.*

Last time

rall. pp rall.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

Tune: "The lads o' Leith."

Slow and pathetic.

Voice.

Piano.

Lah is E.

1. She's fair and fause that cau - ses my smart, I lo'ed her mei-kle and
2. Wha - e'er ye be that wo - man love, To this be nev - er

lang, — She's bro - ken her vow, she's bro - ken my heart, And
blind, — Nae fer - lie 'tis tho' fic - kle she prove, A'

I may e'en gae hang. A coof cam' in wi'
wo - man has't by kind. O wo - man, love - ly

mf a tempo

routh o' gear, And I ha'e tint my dear - est dear, But
wo - man fair! An an - gel form's fa'n to thy share, 'Twad

p

wo - man is but world's gear, Sae let the bon - nie lass
been owre meikle to gien thee mair, I mean an an - gel

mf

gang.
mind.

p *rall.* *pp*

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?

Tune: "I'll gae nae mair to yon toun!"

Cheerfully.

Piano.

The piano introduction is in D major (two sharps) and common time. It begins with a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff starts with a quarter note D4, followed by a half note E4, and then a quarter note F#4. The bass staff starts with a whole note chord of D2, F#2, and A2. The piece is marked with a forte *f* dynamic. The introduction concludes with a *rall.* (rallentando) marking and a decrescendo hairpin.

Doh is D.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the treble staff and piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The key signature is D major. The vocal line begins with a mezzo-forte *mf* dynamic and includes solfège syllables: .m, d, .,d', :d', .,s, |m, :d, .,s. The lyrics are "O wat ye wha's in yon town, Ye". The piano accompaniment starts with a piano *p* dynamic and features a long, sweeping melodic line across the bass staff.

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes solfège syllables: |m, .,s :d, .,s |m, .,r :r, .,t |d', .,t :d', .,s |m, :d, .,s. The lyrics are "see the e'e - nin' sun up - on, The fair - est dame's in yon town, That". The piano accompaniment continues with a long, sweeping melodic line across the bass staff, marked with a forte *f* dynamic.

The third system concludes the song. The vocal line includes solfège syllables: |m, .s :r, .,f |m, .d :d. The lyrics are "e'e - nin' sun is shin - in' on." The piano accompaniment features a long, sweeping melodic line across the bass staff, marked with a forte *f* dynamic. The system ends with a *8va ad lib.* (octave up ad libitum) marking and a final flourish in the treble staff.

{ s | m . d : s , m l . f : s , f | m . d : s , d | m . r : r , f }

1. Now hap - ly down yon gay green shaw, She wan-ders by yon spread-ing tree: How
 2. How blest, ye birds that round her sing, And wel-come in the bloom-ing year, And

p

|| m . d : s , m l . f : s , f | m . s : r , f | m . d : d .

mf *rall.* *a tempo*

blest, ye flow'rs that round her blaw, Ye catch the glanc - es o' her e'e.
 doub - ly wel - come be the spring, The sea - son to my Lu - cy dear.

mf *rall.* *a tempo*

3.

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
 And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.
 O wat ye wha's, &c.

4.

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

5.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
 Tho' raging winter rent the air;
 And she a lovely little flower,
 That I wad tent and shelter there.
 O wat ye wha's, &c.

6.

O sweet is she in yon town,
 Yon sinkin' sun's gane down upon;
 A fairer than's in yon town,
 His setting beam ne'er shone upon.
 O wat ye wha's, &c.

7.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
 And suffering I am doom'd to bear;
 I careless quit all else below,
 But spare me, spare me Lucy dear.
 O wat ye wha's, &c.

8.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
 Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
 And she—as fairest is her form,
 She has the truest, kindest heart.
 O wat ye wha's, &c.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Tune: "I fee'd a lad at Michaelmas?"

Not too slow.

Doh is G. { : s₁ | d ., d : d . . . m | r ., d : r . m }

Voice. *mf*

1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And
 2. We twa ha'e run a - bout thebraes, And
 3. We twa ha'e paidl't i' theburn, From
 4. And here's a hand, my trust - y fiere, And
 5. And sure - ly ye'll be your pint-stowp, And

Piano. *mf* *Fine.* *mf*

{ d ., d : m . s | l : - l . . l | s ., m : m . d | r ., d : r . m, r | d ., l : l . s | d : - . }

nev - erbrought to mind? Should auld acquaint-ance be for-got, And days o' lang syne?
 pu'd the gow - ans fine; But we've wan-der'd mony a wea - ry foot Sin auld lang syne.
 morn - in sun till dine; But seas be-tween us braid ha'e roard Sin auld lang syne.
 gie's a hand o' thine; And we'll tak' a right guid wil - lie-waught For auld lang syne.
 sure - ly I'll be mine; And we'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.

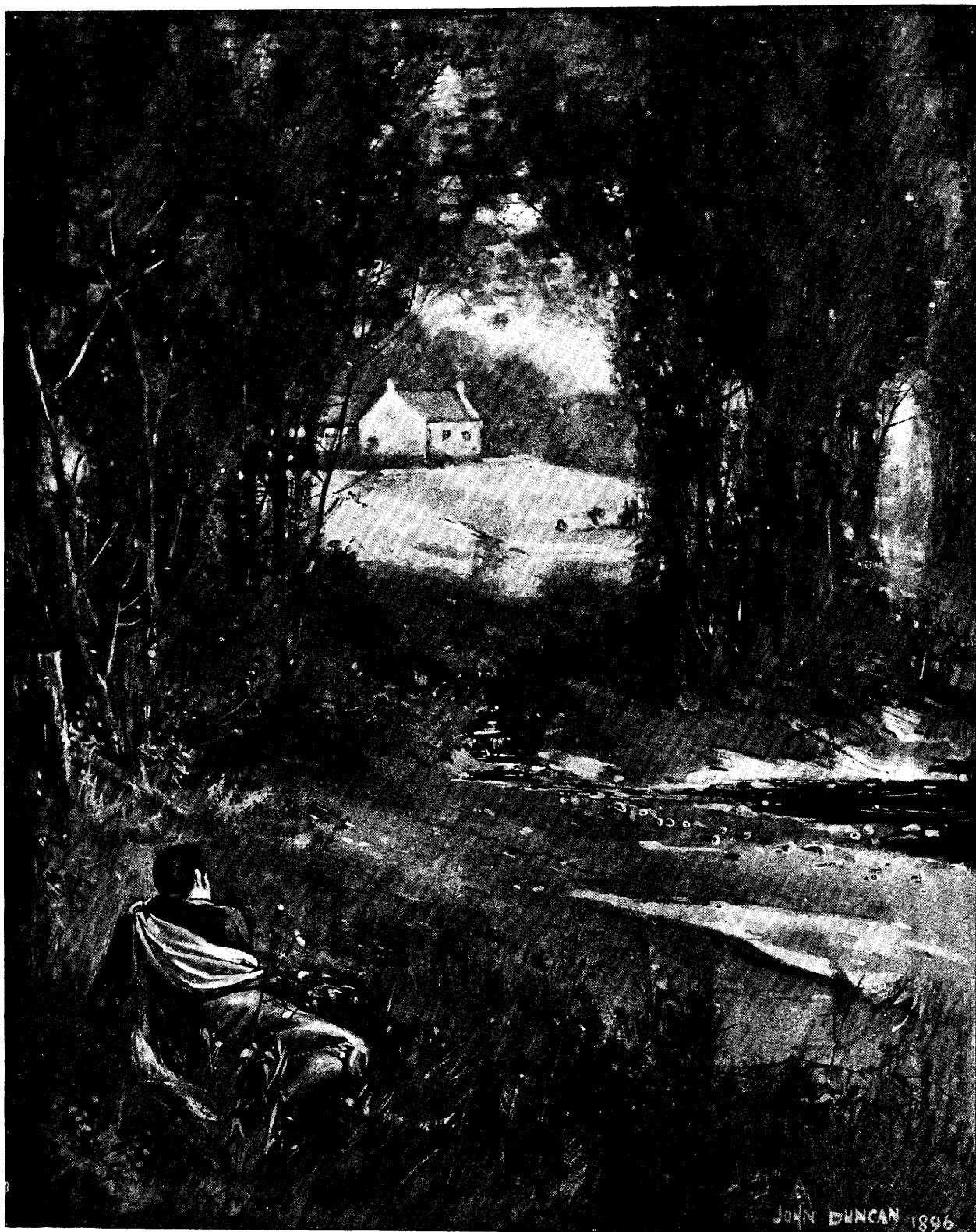
{ .l | s ., m : m . d | r ., d : r . m | s ., m : m . s | l : - l | s ., m : m . d | r ., d : r . m | d ., l : l . s | d : - . }

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

{ .f | m ., d : d . m | s ., s : s . f | m ., s : s | d : - r | m ., s : s . fe | f ., f : f . s | s . f : m . r | d : - . }

mf { .f₁ | d : d₁ | s₁ ., s₁ : s₁ . s₁ | d₁ : d | f₁ : - f₁ | d ., d : d . r | s₁ ., s₁ : s₁ . m₁ | f₁ : s₁ | d₁ : - . }

mf *f*



*"Thou ling'ring star with lessening ray
That lov'st to greet the early morn."*



EUPHEMIA MURRAY.

*"By Auchtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw."*

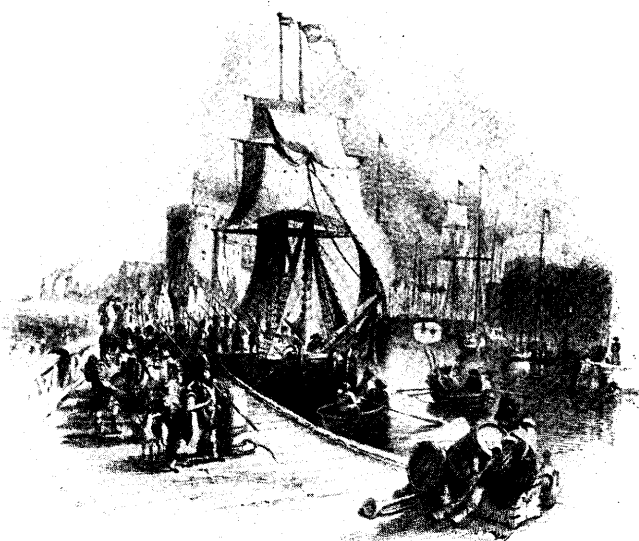


NOTES TO THE SONGS.

There was a Lad was Born in Kyle.—This song may be named the national anthem of Burns's many millions of devoted admirers. It is the one which springs most naturally to their lips when they meet to celebrate his birth. With reference to the third verse, Chambers notes: "It has been said, but upon no good authority that I am aware of, that there was some foundation in fact for this tale of a gossip—a wayfaring woman, who chanced to be present at the poet's birth, having actually announced some such prophecies respecting the infant placed in her arms."

Go Fetch to me a Pint o' Wine (My Bonnie Mary).—Writing to Mrs. Dunlop in December, 1788, Burns transcribed this along with another lyric (*Auld Lang Syne*), and in each case he gave his correspondent to understand that they were old songs. Of *My Bonnie Mary* he said: "Now I am on my hobby-horse, I cannot help inserting two other old stanzas, which please me mightily." Nevertheless the song is undoubtedly by Burns, for Mr. W. Scott Douglas remarks that the reader must be cautious in believing that Peter Buchan's verses, given by Motherwell as the original ballad of *The Siller Tassie*, are anything more than an invention.

Of a' the Airts.—It was while Burns was busy at Ellisland preparing the house there for the reception of Jean Armour—now his lawful wife—that *Of a' the Airts* was composed. While those preparations were going on, Mrs. Burns resided with the poet's mother at Mossgiel, and hence the expression "I dearly like the west"—that being the direction of Mossgiel from Ellisland. The third and fourth stanzas of the song were written by Mr. John Hamilton, an Edinburgh music-seller.



THE PIER OF LEITH.
From a Drawing by D. O. Hill, R.S.A.

Lassie wi' the Lint-White Locks.—"This piece," wrote Burns in sending the song to Thomson, "has at least the merit of being a regular pastoral: the vernal morn, the summer noon, the autumnal evening, and the winter



TARBOLTON.

night, are regularly rounded." The "Lassie" in question was the Chloris of other songs, and the Jean Lorimer of real life. Dr. Adams states that "Lassie wi' the lint-white locks" was the sobriquet most dear to Chloris.

It is na, Jean, thy Bonnie Face.—Placed by Chambers among the "old songs improved by Burns," the poet himself remarks of the stanzas: "These were originally English verses: I gave them their Scots dress." The song first appeared in Johnson's *Museum*, where Burns is given as the author.

Craigieburn Wood.—Burns explains that this song "was composed on a passion which a Mr. Gillespie, a particular friend of mine, had for a Miss Lorimer, afterwards a Mrs.

Whelpdale. The young lady was born at Craigieburn Wood. The chorus is part of an old foolish ballad." In another letter, Burns declares the song to be a great favourite of his own, and adds, "The lady on whom it was made is one of the finest women in Scotland; and, in fact (*entre nous*), is in a manner to me what Sterne's Eliza was to him—a mistress, or friend, or what you will, in the guileless simplicity of Platonic love. * * I assure you, that to my lovely friend you are indebted for many of your best songs of mine."



CRAIGIEBURN WOOD.

From a Drawing by D. O. Hill, R.S.A.

I Gaed a Waefu' Gate Yestreen.—During his journeys as an exciseman, Burns was on several occasions the guest of the Rev. Andrew Jeffrey, of Lochmaben.

He refers to that minister as a “worthy old veteran in religion and good fellowship,” and speaks of his “amiable family.” One member of that family was a blue-eyed, seventeen-year old daughter, Jean, who seems to have presided at the tea-table during Burns’s first visit to the manse. At breakfast time the following morning the poet presented her with this song.

Whistle o'er the Lave o't.—In David Herd’s collection there is a brief song with the refrain of *Whistle o'er the lave o't*, but it is too coarse for



THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

From a Drawing by J. M. Wright.

quotation. Mr. W. Scott Douglas truly remarks of Burns’s version: “This is one of the poet’s cleverest songs—hit off to supply the place of some indelicate verses to which the air had been hitherto sung. In *The Jolly Beggars* there is also a good song by Burns to the same tune.”

Tam Glen.—Mrs. Begg asserted that *Tam Glen* was an old song which her brother touched up, but none of Burns’s editors dispute his claim to the production. Mr. W. Scott Douglas remarks: “This is an immortal production, and would be recognised as Burns’s work although no name nor external mark were attached to it.”



AFTON WATER.
From a Drawing by Richard Westall, R.A.

Afton Water.—Gilbert Burns and Dr. Currie disagreed as to the heroine of *Afton Water*; the former declaring in favour of Highland Mary, the latter espousing the claims of Mrs. Stewart, of Stair. The evidence in support of Highland Mary, as set forth by Mr. W. Scott Douglas, is so strong as to be virtually conclusive. Although Dr. Currie says the song was presented to Mrs. Stewart by the poet in return for her notice, the grandson of that lady states that *Afton Water* is apparently not among the poems sent to her by Burns.

Mr. Douglas concludes: "There cannot now be a reasonable doubt that Mary was the subject of *Afton Water*, and that it was composed while she was yet alive."

My Love she's but a Lassie yet.—The mixed ideas of this song are akin to the jumble of notions characteristic of the old ditty from which Burns appropriated the following verse:

*We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
The parson kist the fiddler's wife,
And he cou'dna preach for thinking o't.*

According to Stenhouse, the title of the song is also old.

O! Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut.—

Burns has left an explicit account of the origin of *Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut* in the following words: "The air is Masterton's, the song mine. The occasion of it was this: Mr. William Nicol, of the High School, Edinburgh, during the autumn vacation [of 1789] being at Moffat, honest Allan—who was at that time on a visit to Dalswinton—and I went to pay Nicol a visit. We had such a joyous meeting, that Mr. Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business." Principal Shairp's note is to the point: "While no one can withhold admiration from the genius and inimitable humour of the song, still we read it with very mingled feelings, when we think that perhaps it may have helped some toppers since Burns's day a little faster on the road to ruin."



O! WILLIE BREW'D.
From a Drawing by J. Burnett.

Corn Rigs are Bonnie.—Of the last verse of this song Burns declared: “The best stanza that ever I wrote, at least the one that pleases me best, and comes nearest my *beau ideal* of poetical perfection, is this—



LAMMAS NIGHT.
From an Engraving by Thos. Bewick.

“I hae been blythe wi’ comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinking;
I hae been joyfu’ gath’rin’ gear;
I hae been happy thinking:
But a’ the pleasures e’er I saw,
Tho’ three times doubl’d fairly,
That happy night was worth them a’,
Among the rigs o’ barley.”

Chambers states that Mrs. Anne Mirry regarded herself as the “Annie” of the song, and that she, on meeting the poet after the publication of the song, told him she little expected to be celebrated in print. To which Burns replied, “O ay, I was just wanting to give you a cast among the lave.”

The Weary Pund o’ Tow.—Placed by Chambers among the “old songs improved by Burns,” it must be admitted that in composing *The Weary Pund o’ Tow* the poet had plenty of models to work from. Two are to be found in Herd’s collection, from which a typical verse or two may be quoted. The opening verse of one is as follows:

*There was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow,
And she wad gae try the spinning o’t,
But louten her down, her rock took a low,
And that was an ill beginning o’t;
She lap an’ she grat, she flet and she flang,
She trow and she drew, she ringled, she rang,
She choaked, she bocked, and cried, Let me hang,
That ever I tried the spinning o’t.*

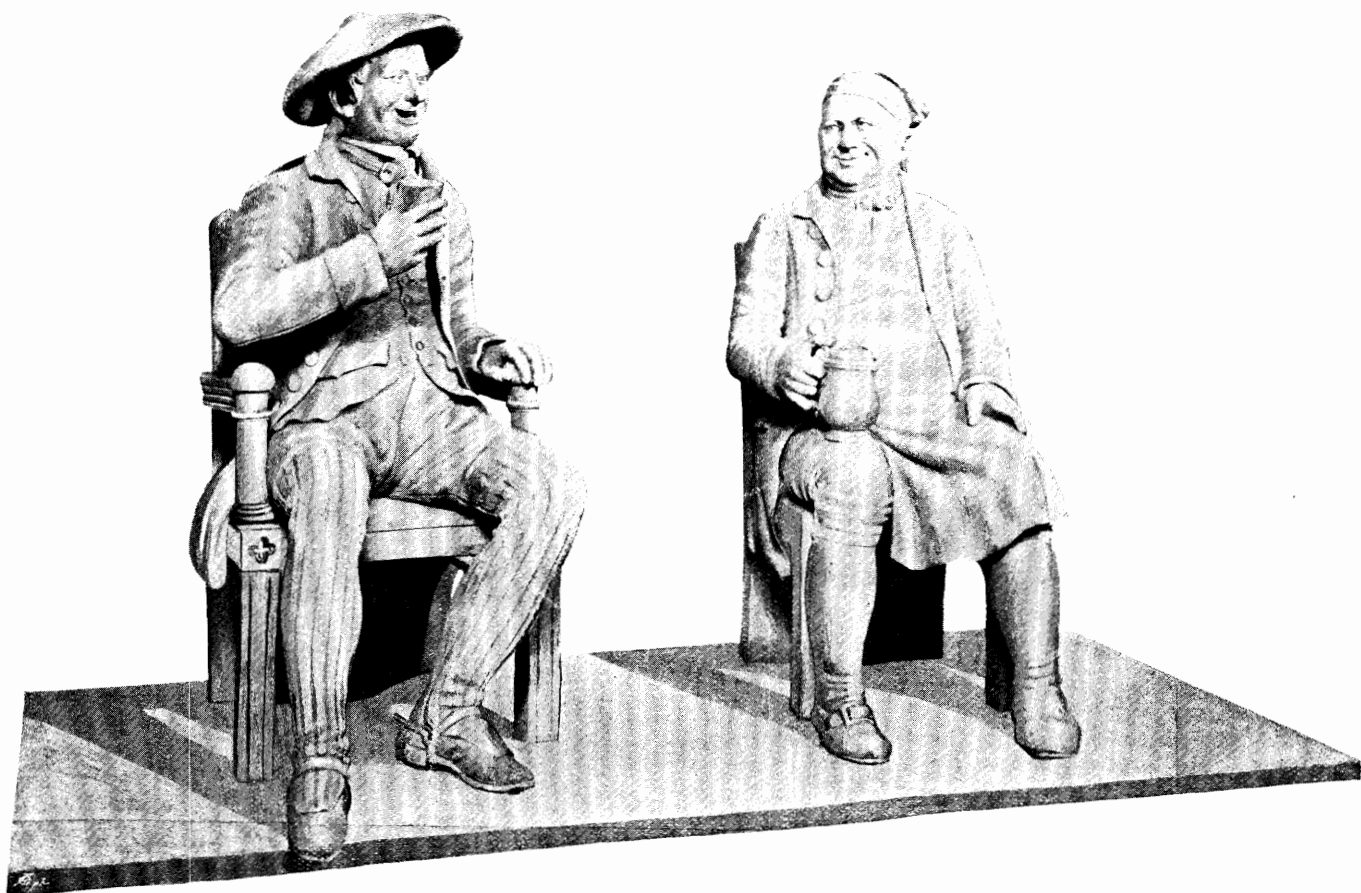
Of the other song these are the third and last verses:

*But if your wife and my wife were in a boat thegither,
And yon honest man’s wife were in to steer the rither;
And if the boat were bottomless, and seven mile to row,
I think my wife wou’d ne’er come back to spin her pund of tow.
But if e’er I be a widower, as I hope soon to be,
I shall never hae anither wife till I ken what she can doe.
O she maun card, and she maun spin, and milk baith cow and ewe,
And skutch and clove and beckle lint, and spin a pund of tow.*



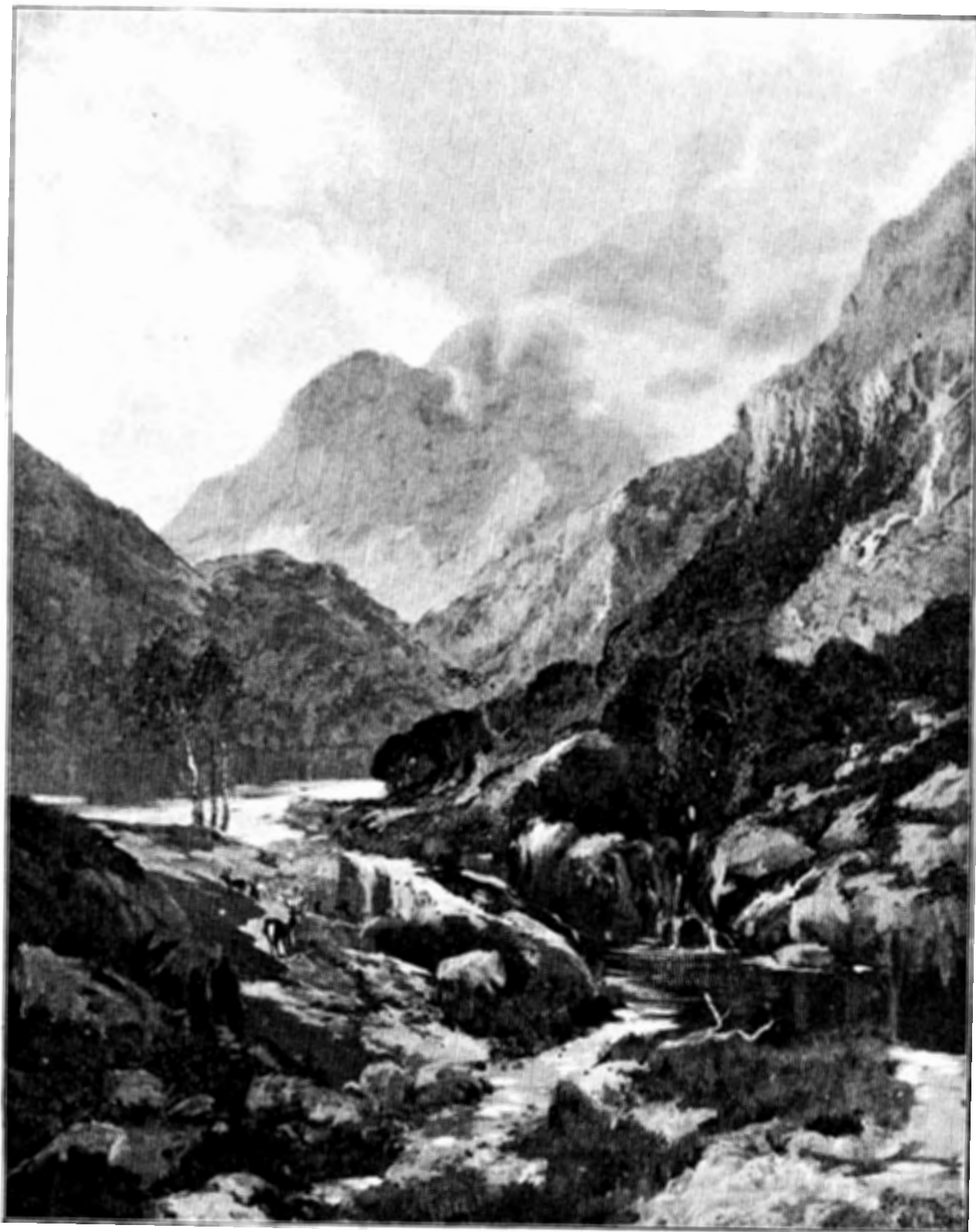
COWGATE, MAUCHLINE.

My Nannie's Awa'.—There can be no doubt that Clarinda (Mrs. M'Lehose) was the subject of *My Nannie's Awa'*. She had left Edinburgh for the West Indies, there to make a last and unsuccessful experiment of living with her besotted and licentious husband. Moreover, she had adjured the poet to let the scenes of nature remind him of Clarinda, and he had replied, "There is one passage in your charming letter—Thomson nor Shenstone never exceeded it, nor often came up to it—'tis where you bid the scenes of nature remind me of Clarinda. I shall certainly steal it, and set it in some future poetic production, and get immortal fame by it!" He carried out his flattering threat in *My Nannie's Awa'*.



TAM O' SHANTER AND SOUTER JOHNNY.

Ae Fond Kiss.—*Ae Fond Kiss* commemorates for all time the final meeting of Burns and Clarinda—a mad flicker of that flame of artificial love which had illuminated his last visit to Edinburgh with such a ghoulish light. Clarinda was about to sail for the West Indies, and Burns must needs hurry post haste to Edinburgh to see her ere she left. No record of the interview remains save this exquisite lyric, and the note written by Clarinda in her journal on December 6th, 1831: "This day I never can forget. Parted with Burns in the year 1791, never more to meet in this world. Oh, may we meet in Heaven!" The song was sent to the lady by Burns on December 27th, on his return to Dumfries. Of the fourth stanza Sir Walter Scott said it was "worth a thousand romances," while Mrs. Jamieson declared that those lines are "the *alpha* and *omega* of feeling, and contain the essence of an existence of pain and pleasure distilled into one burning drop."



*"My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer."*



LUCY JOHNSTON
(Mrs. Oswald of Auchincruive).

This lady was the daughter of Wynne Johnston, Esq., of Hilton, and was married 23rd April, 1793, to Mr. Richard Alexander Oswald of Auchincruive, in Ayrshire. United to great charms of person she possessed many accomplishments and graces of mind, but she was destined to an early grave. Burns made her the subject of his charming song "O wad ye wad's in yon town," and, writing to his friend Syme, dwelt in glowing terms upon the felicity of Oswald in the possession of such a treasure. But, alas! for human hopes, Mrs. Oswald shortly afterwards fell into a decline and died at Lisbon in January, 1798.

Duncan Gray.—There was a song entitled *Duncan Gray* in existence long before Burns's time, but so gross in sentiment that its supplanting by this version



Drawn by T. Stothard, R.A.

"Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to — France for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't."

is a matter for congratulation. Burns owes little more than the title of his song to its predecessor. The poet aptly remarked to Thomson that "*Duncan Gray* is that kind of horse-gallop of an air which precludes sentiment. The ludicrous is its ruling feature." When the song was first made public, the Hon. Andrew Erskine wrote its author: "*Duncan Gray* possesses native, genuine humour — 'Spak' o' lowpin' ower a linn,' is a line of itself that should make you immortal."

Fockey's Ta'en the Parting Kiss.—Mr. W. Scott Douglas points out that, though this song was written for Johnson's *Museum*, it was not published in that work till after its appearance in Dr. Currie's edition of Burns. He adds: "The poet scarcely ever surpassed the excellence which this lyric displays."

Wilt Thou be my Dearie?—In a letter to Mr. Alexander Cunningham, the chief, perhaps, of all his Edinburgh friends, Burns gave the following history of this song :

"Do you know the much admired old Highland air called *The Sutor's Tochter*? It is a first-rate favourite of mine, and I have written what I reckon one of my best songs to it. I will send it to you as it was sung, with great applause in some fashionable circles by Major Robertson, of Lude, who was here with his corps."

Allan Cunningham states, but

not to the satisfaction of Mr. W. Scott Douglas, that the song was composed in honour of Miss Janet Miller, of Dalswinton.



DUMFRIES.

A Highland Lad my Love was Born.—Although *The Jolly Beggars*—in which this song appears—is perhaps of all Burns's works the one most



STATUE OF BURNS AT AYR.

clearly stamped with the hall-mark of genius, it was not given to the world until several years after his death. It would seem that his brother persuaded him not to publish it—another proof of Gilbert's lack of critical insight. The cantata appears to have been composed at Mossgiel in 1785, and to have been based—so far as it had any foundation in fact—upon scenes witnessed by the poet in the humble inn of "Poosie Nancy" at Mauchline.

The Gallant Weaver.—According to one of his most zealous editors, "Burns appears to have a peculiar object in writing this song: it is quite clear he framed it, and had it set to music, specially for the pleasure of hearing 'bonnie Jean' sing it to him. It will be recollected that in the early spring of 1786, when Jean's parents broke off the private marriage between the poet and her, she was packed off to Paisley: and, in the course of a month or two, news reached Mauchline that she had been dancing the 'Weaver's March' with a certain *Robie Wilson*, a 'wabster gude,' to whom she was soon to be married. This rumour nearly drove the poet distracted; and now, when all had been mollified in the lapse of years, he had his quiet revenge in putting this song into Jean's mouth."

John Anderson, my Jo.—There are several old songs bearing the title of *John Anderson, my Jo*, but even when they are not licentious they cannot compare with the work of Burns. For the purpose of contrast it may be well to give the opening verse of one which finds a place in David Herd's collection:

'Tis not your beauty nor your wit,
That can my heart obtain;
For they could never conquer yet
Either my breast or brain;
For if you'll not prove kind to me,
And true as heretofore,
Henceforth your slave I'll scorn to be,
Nor doat upon you more.



"JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO."
From a Drawing by David Allan.



*"The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
While o'er the linn the burnie pours."*

(THE BIRKS O' ABERFELDY.)

I Hae a Wife o' my Ain.—The history of *I hae a Wife o' my ain* is the song's best interpretation. Burns had passed through some of the most painful



THE BANKS OF AYR.

experiences of his life; he had challenged the verdict of the world on his poetic powers with almost unexpected success; he had reaped a substantial golden harvest from his Edinburgh edition; he had married his "Bonnie Jean," and taken her home to the picturesque farm at Ellisland; and now his outlook on life is so radiant with hope that he must needs sing his gladness out in these blithe strains.

Sleep'st Thou or Wak'st Thou?—In sending this song to Thomson, Burns explained, "I have been out in the country taking dinner with a friend, where I met with the lady whom I mentioned in the second page in this odds and ends of a letter. As usual, I got into song; and returning home, I composed the following." The lady referred to was Chloris, and it is probable that the dinner was taken in the house of her father, a well-to-do farmer on the banks of the Nith.

The Lea Rig (My Ain Kind Dearie).—Thomson had sent Burns eleven old songs for which he wished to substitute others of his writing in the collection he had projected, at the same time remarking on the coarseness and vulgarity which the writers of those songs had confounded with simplicity. Burns replied: "Let me tell you that you are too fastidious in your ideas of songs and ballads. I own that your criticisms are just: the songs you specify in your list have, all but one, the faults you remark in them; but who shall mend the matter? Who shall rise up and say, 'Go to! I will make a better?' For instance, on reading over *The Lea-Rig*, I immediately set about trying my hand on it, and, after all, I could make nothing more of it than the following, which, Heaven knows, is poor enough." Thomson was well pleased with *My Ain Kind Dearie*; he only found fault with it for being short; a defect Burns remedied by adding another verse.



ELLISLAND.

Here's a Health to ane I Lo'e Dear.—In the last sad days of his life, when the hand of death was upon him, Burns had no more gentle attendant than Jessie Lewars, the sister of a brother exciseman. She was the Jessie of *Here's a Health to ane I Lo'e Dear*. Burns sent the song to Thomson in May 1796, with this note: "I once mentioned to you an air which I have long admired—*Here's a health to them that's awa, hiney*, but I forget if you took any notice of it. I have just been trying to suit it with verses, and I beg leave to recommend the air to your attention once more."



MRS. THOMSON (Jessie Lewars).

Ay Waukin', O.—It is generally agreed among the editors of Burns that this is an old song upon which he made only a few alterations. In the fifth volume of Johnson's *Museum* only two verses and the chorus of the song were given. Stenhouse says the first verse was composed by Burns.

My Heart is Sair.—The opening stanza of Allan Ramsay's song of the same title will show the extent of Burns's indebtedness to his brother poet, and also the different turn he gave to the chief idea of the song:

*For the sake of somebody,
For the sake of somebody;
I cou'd wake a winter-night
For the sake of somebody.*

*I am gaun to seek a wife,
I am gaun to buy a plaidy;
I ha've three stane of woo;
Carling, is thy daughter ready?*

To Mary in Heaven.—As the harvest time of 1789 was drawing to a close, and the leaves began to grow sere and yellow, the memory of Highland Mary's death came back to Burns with incredible vividness. He had spent the day in harvest work, and apparently in excellent spirits. "But as the twilight deepened, he appeared to grow 'very sad about something,' and at length wandered out into the barnyard, to which his wife, in her anxiety for his health, followed him, entreating him in vain to observe that the frost had set in, and to return to the fireside. On being again and again requested to do so, he always promised compliance—but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with eyes fixed on a beautiful planet 'that shone like another moon,' and prevailed on him to come in. He, immediately on entering the house, called for his desk, and wrote, exactly as they now stand, with all the ease of one copying from memory, the sublime and pathetic verses of *To Mary in Heaven.*"



LOCHLEA FARM (Front View).

O Were my Love yon Lilac Fair.—Burns gave Thomson an explicit account of the origin of these verses. "Do you know," he wrote, "the following beautiful little fragment in Wotherspoon's [*i.e.*, Herd's] collection of Scots songs?"

*O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap o' dew
Into her bonnie breast to fa'!*

*Oh, there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk soft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa' by Phæbus' light.*

This thought is inexpressibly beautiful; and quite, so far as I know, original. It is too short for a song, else I would forswear you altogether, unless you gave it a place. I have often tried to eke a stanza to it, but in vain. After balancing myself for a musing five minutes, on the hind legs of my elbow-chair, I produced the following. The verses are far inferior to the foregoing, I frankly confess; but if worthy of insertion at all, they might be first in place; as every poet, who knows anything of his trade, will husband his best thoughts for a concluding stroke."



*"She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale like onie lily;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie?"*



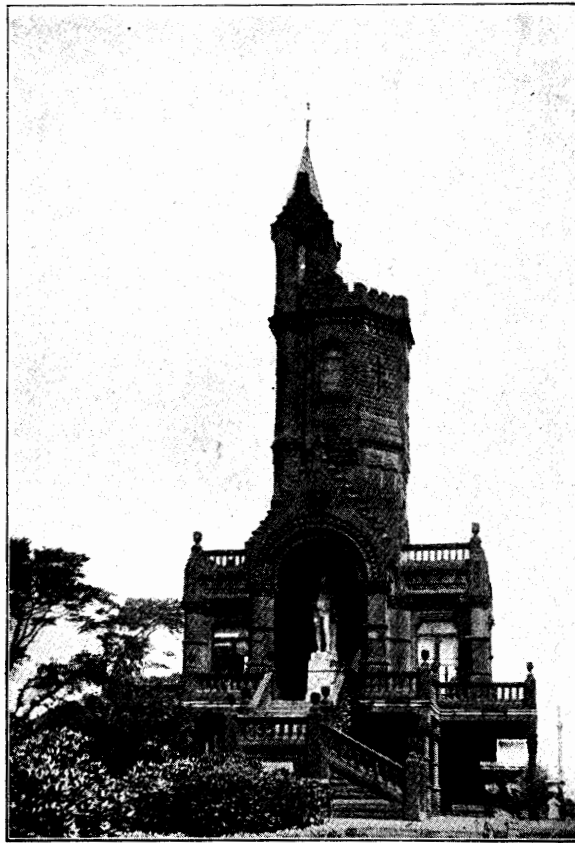
ROBERT AINSLIE, Esq.

Mr. Ainslie was a young lawyer in Edinburgh whose acquaintance Burns made in 1787, when the poet visited the capital. A warm friendship sprang up between them, which culminated in Ainslie becoming Burns's companion in his excursion to Berwickshire and Teviotdale. The account of this tour and the correspondence between Burns and his friend are well known to all students of the poet's life.

Mr. Ainslie died in 1838, in the seventy-second year of his age, after having spent a worthy and honoured life, marked by benevolence and humanity.

Phillis the Fair.—Thomson seems to have asked the poet for new words to the tune of *Robin Adair*, and he rejoined by sending him *Phillis the Fair*, remarking in so doing: "I have tried my hand on *Robin Adair*, and you will probably think, with little success; but it is such a cursed, cramp, out-of-the-way measure that I despair of doing anything better of it." The heroine of the song was Miss Phillis Macmurdo, beloved of Mr. Clarke, the musician who was associated with Burns in much of his work. She became Mrs. Norman Lockhart, of Carnwath.

Oh! Whistle, and I'll come to you, my Lad.—It was only on a second attempt that Burns was able to produce a song on this theme with which he was satisfied. And even then, at a later date, he wished Thomson to alter the last line of the chorus. He declared that the iteration of that line was tiresome to his ear, and in suggesting as an improvement, "Thy Jeannie will venture wi' ye, my lad," he wrote: "In fact, a fair dame, at whose shrine I, the Priest of the Nine,



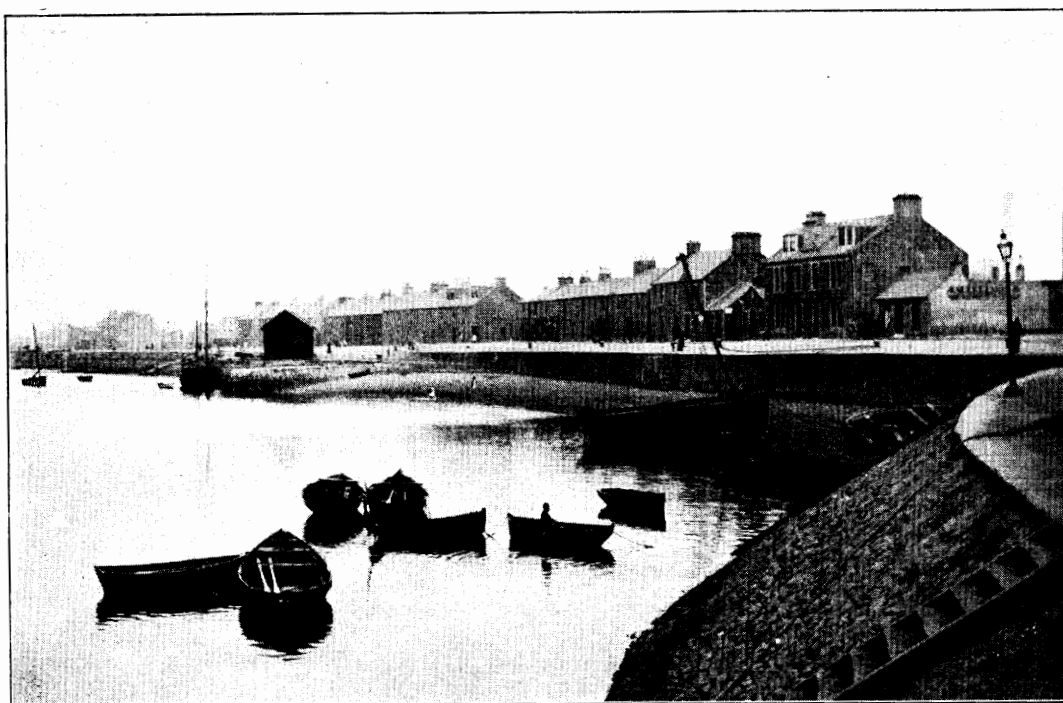
BURNS'S MONUMENT AT KILMARNOCK.

offer up the incense of Parnassus—a dame whom the Graces have attired in witchcraft, and whom the Loves have armed with lightning—a fair one, herself the heroine of the song, insists on the amendment, and dispute her commands if you dare!" The lady referred to by the poet was Jean Lorimer, and Dr. Currie records having heard her sing the song "in the very spirit of arch simplicity which it requires."

O my Love is like a Red, Red Rose.—It has been asserted that Burns wrote this song as an improved version of one composed by a Lieutenant Hinchey, as a farewell to his sweetheart, on which Mr. W. Scott Douglas offers this indignant note: "This sweet song, truly in the ancient style, and as truly Burns's own, every line, has produced a rush of 'traditioners' who pretend to treat us with what they call 'the old words'; but really, 'Rhymin' Watty,' with his coat of many colours, who will be remembered by some of our older Edinburgh readers, could have improvised for a whole hour by St. Giles' clock, better verses to the same text than these lovers of tradition have been at the pains to invent or transcribe, and editors to print."

Comin' Thro' the Rye.—Chambers also includes *Comin' Thro' the Rye* in the category quoted above, and in so doing is well within the facts of the case. It does not appear to what extent the song is indebted to Burns, for even his re-touching has had to be retouched to bring the verses to the standard required of songs that are to be rendered in our concert-rooms. Mr. W. Scott Douglas remarks that the following additional verse is said to have been written by Burns on a window in the Globe Tavern, Dumfries:

*Gin a body kiss a body
Comin' through the grain,
Need a body grudge a body
What's a body's ain?*



IRVING.

Wandering Willie.—Burns was again working upon an old model when he composed *Wandering Willie*, and happily it is possible this time to quote the ancient version from David Herd's collection:

<i>Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie,</i>	<i>Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,</i>
<i>Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame;</i>	<i>Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd him hame,</i>
<i>Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee,</i>	<i>Whatever betide us, nocht shall divide us;</i>
<i>Now I have gotten my Willie again.</i>	<i>Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.</i>

*Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie,
Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame,
Come, Love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,
Ilka thing pleases while Willie's at hame.*

As to the heroine of the song, it is childish to suppose, as Allan Cunningham does, that it was Mrs. Maria Riddel. There is, however, something to be said for the suggestion that Clarinda was in the poet's thoughts when he penned the verses.

The Birks of Aberfeldy.—During his Highland tour in the autumn of 1787, Burns visited the picturesque falls of Moness, near Aberfeldy, Perthshire, which he notes in his journal as having “described in rhyme.” The chorus of *The Birks of Aberfeldy* is an exact copy, save for several letters, of the opening lines of an old song :

*Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
To the birks o’ Abergeldie?*



THE CROSS, KILMARNOCK.

Auld Rob Morris.—For the first two lines of this song, Burns was indebted to an old ditty of the same name, as the following quotation will show :

*Auld Rob Morris that wins in yon glen,
He’s the king of good fellows, and wale of auld men,
Has fourscore of black sheep, and fourscore too;
Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun lue.*

The old song is a dialogue between a mother and a daughter, the former taking upon herself to plead the matrimonial claims of Auld Rob on the score of his possessions. The daughter, however, is obstinate; “Auld Rob Morris I never will hae.” Thus it will be seen that Burns, while adopting the first two lines, afterwards pursues an idea of his own. Chambers asserts that the second stanza was intended as a description of Charlotte Hamilton.

My Tocher's the Jewel.—Mrs. Begg was wont to affirm that *My Tocher's the Jewel* was in reality only an improvement by her brother upon an old song, but Mr. W. Scott Douglas says: "The poet's name is attached to this favourite production. He seemed to have a forecast of its popularity, for he instructed Johnson not to state the name of its tune (*Lord Elcho's Favourite*), but to give the music as if the song really belonged to it."

Gala Water.—In re-modelling the old song of *Gala Water*, Burns followed his usual practice of transposing the leading idea of the verses. The old song may be quoted from Herd's collection:

Braw, braw lads of
Galla-water,
O braw lads of
Galla-water,
I'll kilt my coats above
my knee,
And follow my love
through the water,
Sae fair her bair, sae
brent her brow,
Sae bonny blue her
een, my dearie,
Sae white her teeth, sae
sweet her mou',
I aften kiss her till
I'm wearie.



THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

O'er yon bank, and o'er
yon brae,
O'er yon moss amang
the hether,
I'll kilt my coats aboon
my knee,
And follow my love
through the water.
Down amang the broom,
the broom,
Down amang the
broom, my dearie;
The lassie lost her silken
snood,
That gard her greet
till she was wearie.

Haydn declared that *Gala Water* was his "favourite song."

My Heart's in the Highlands.—The following note is from Chambers: In this song Burns caught up the single streak of poetry which existed in a well-known old stall song, entitled *The Strong Walls of Derry*, and which commences thus:

*The first day I landed 'twas on Irish ground,
The tidings came to me from fair Derry town,
That my love was married, and to my sad wo,
And I lost my first love by courting too slow.*

After many stanzas of similar doggerel, the author breaks out, as under an inspiration, with the one fine verse, which Burns afterwards seized as a basis for his own beautiful ditty:

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

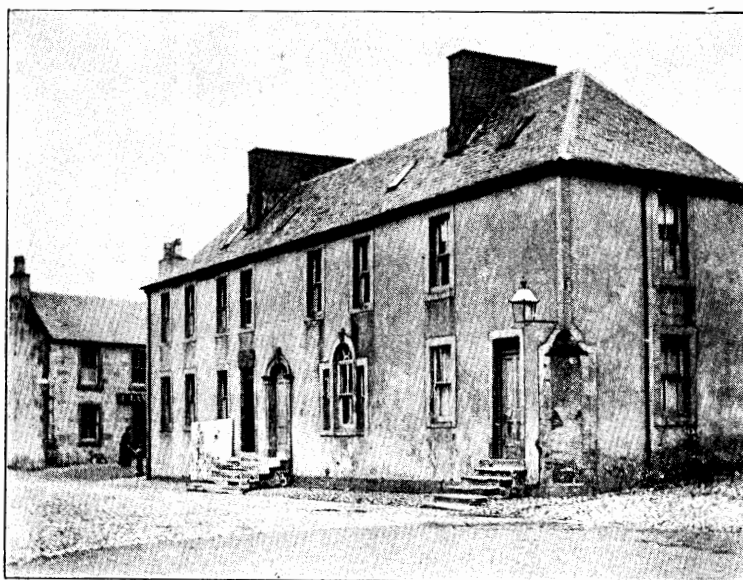
Dainty Davie.—There is an echo of an old song in the chorus of this lyric. The version given in Herd's collection—which is only a fragment—runs thus:

*O leeze me on your curly pow,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;*

*Leeze me on your curly pow,
My ain dainty Davie.*

For once Burns agrees with the old singer in putting his song into the mouth of a lassie. Burns really wrote two versions of this song, but that given in the text has survived in popular regard by reason of the undoubted improvements it contains.

Mary Morison.—Burns is not always a safe guide in judging the merits of his own songs. Of *Mary Morison*—a song which perfectly satisfied so rigorous



THE HOME OF MARY MORISON.

a critic as Hazlitt—he wrote that it was one of his “juvenile works,” and that he did not think it “very remarkable, either for its merits or demerits.” The various editors of the poet have puzzled their brains to fit a heroine to the song, and Mr. W. Scott Douglas decides that “Mary Morison” is none other than the Ellison Begbie to whom Burns addressed his earliest love letters. To this it may be replied that there is a grave in Mauchline churchyard which claims to be the resting-place of the poet’s bonnie “Mary Morison,” and that the home of her family is still to be seen in that famous Ayrshire town.

O Poortith Cauld.—On the manuscript of *O Poortith Cauld* Thomson wrote: “These verses, I humbly think, have too much of uneasy and cold reflection for the air, which is pleasing and rather gay than otherwise.” To which Burns rejoined: “The objections are just, but I cannot make it better. The *stuff* won’t bear mending; yet for private reasons I should like to see it in print.” The “private reasons” consisted, undoubtedly, in his infatuation for Jean Lorimer, in whose honour the song was composed. Mr. W. Scott Douglas suggests, however, that the song was a piece of vicarious wooing on the part of Burns in the interests of his friend Gillespie, a fellow-officer in the excise.

Oh, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast.—That Jessie Lewars who was in the poet's thoughts when he wrote *Here's a Health to ane I Lo'e Dear* was also the occasion of this exquisite song. Being in her company when his last illness was upon him, Burns told her that if she would play him any of her favourite tunes for which she desired new verses, he would try to write them. Jessie sat down at the piano, and played over several times the air of an old song beginning,

*The robin cam' to the wren's nest,
And keekit in, and keekit in.*

Burns was not long in grasping the melody, and in a few moments he had composed his swan-song of love. The old air has long given place to Mendelssohn's unrivalled melody.



"THE SOUTER TAULD HIS QUEEREST STORIES."

From the Original by John Faed, Esq., R.S.A. (By kind permission.)

A Rose-Bud by My Early Walk.—Burns owed many of his pleasantest hours in Edinburgh in 1787 to Janet Cruikshank, the youthful but accomplished daughter of Mr. William Cruikshank, with whom the poet lodged for a time. Dr. Walker draws this attractive picture of the poet and his young friend: "About the end of October, I called for him at the house of a friend [Mr. Cruikshank], whose daughter, though not more than twelve, was a considerable proficient in music. I found him seated by the harpsichord of this young lady, listening with the keenest interest to his own verses, which she sung and accompanied, and adjusting them to the music by repeated trials of the effect. In this occupation he was so totally absorbed that it was difficult to draw his attention from it for a moment." The youthful Miss Cruikshank was the subject of *A Rose-Bud by My Early Walk*, as well as of some other verses inscribed by the poet on the blank leaf of a book with which he presented her.



*"Perfection whispered, passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!"*



Mrs. LEWIS HAY
(Margaret Chalmers).

*"My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The frost of hermit age might warm;
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of human kind."*

O Bonnie was yon Rosy Brier.—Of this song the author writes that it was “written on the blank leaf of a copy of the last edition of my poems, presented to the lady whom, in so many fictitious reveries of passion, but with the most ardent sentiments of real friendship, I have so often sung under the name of Chloris.” Composed, apparently, in August, 1795, it is one of the best of the lyrics inspired by the charms of Jean Lorimer. Burns himself was greatly pleased with it, and suggested that it might be set to the air of *I wish my Love was in a mire*.

The Sodger's Return.—Burns had a kindly regard for the life of a soldier; “early in life, and all my life, I reckoned a recruiting drum as my forlorn hope.” Many of the localities of *The Sodger's Return* have been identified in the Ayrshire countryside, and a real incident akin to that on which the ballad is based is associated with the district near the “Mill o' Ness.” A correspondent wrote Thomson: “Burns, I have been informed, was one summer evening



at the inn at Brownhill with a couple of friends, when a poor wayworn soldier passed the window: of a sudden, it struck the poet to call him in, and get the story of his adventures; after listening to which, he all at once fell into one of those fits of abstraction not unusual with him.” And the result was, the correspondent states, the now popular song of *The Sodger's Return*.

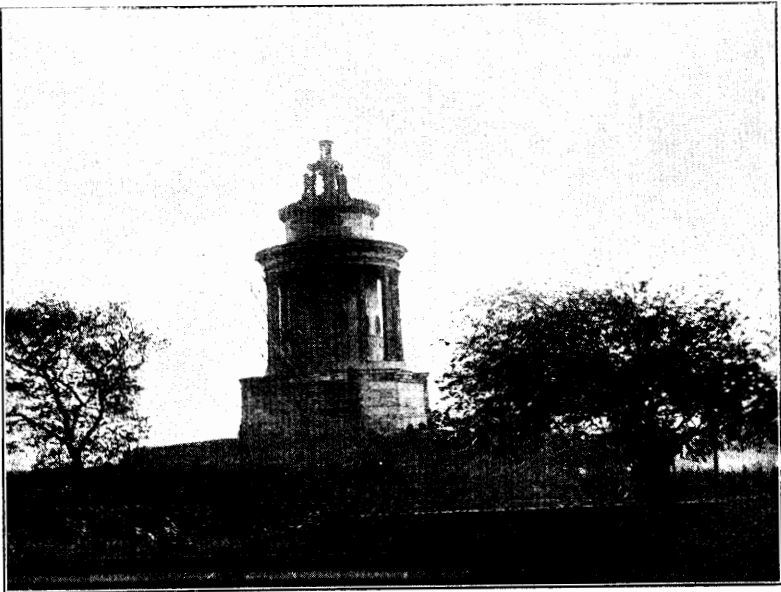
“I pass'd the mill, and trystin' thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted.”

From the original by John Faed, Esq., R.S.A. (By kind permission.)

Highland Mary.—Burns sent the song of *Highland Mary* to Thomson in November, 1792, with this note: “The foregoing song pleases myself; I think it is in my happiest manner: you will see at first glance that it suits the air [i.e., *Katherine Ogie*]. The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days, and I own that I should be much flattered to see the verses set to an air which would ensure celebrity. Perhaps, after all, 'tis the still glowing prejudice of my heart that throws a borrowed lustre over the merits of the composition.” This song is thought to have been composed on the sixth anniversary of Mary Campbell's death, thus forming a companion to the immortal lyric (*To Mary in Heaven*) with which her lover celebrated the third anniversary of that sorrowful event.

O This is no My Ain Lassie.—There can be no question that Jean Lorimer, the “Chloris” of the poet, was the “Jean” of this song. In his interesting little volume on “Burns’s ‘Chloris,’” Dr. Adams points out that *O, This is no My Ain Lassie* was sent to Thomson in August, 1795, and that for six months thereafter, with the exception of a note to the father of Chloris, there does not seem to exist a scrap in prose or verse of the poet’s writing.

The Lass o’ Ballochmyle.—Burns himself has left us a full record of the circumstances clustering round the composition of this song. “I had roved out as chance directed, in the favourite haunts of my muse, on the banks of the Ayr, to view nature in all the gaiety of the vernal year. The evening sun was flaming over the distant western hills; not a breath stirred the crimson opening blossoms or the verdant spreading leaf. It was a golden moment for a poetic heart. Such was the scene, and such the hour, when, in a corner of my prospect, I spied



one of the fairest pieces of nature’s workmanship that ever crowned a poetic landscape, or met a poet’s eye; those visionary bards excepted who hold commune with aërial beings!” The lady who thus arrested the poet’s thoughts was Miss Wilhelmina Alexander, the sister of the laird of Ballochmyle. On his homeward walk the verses to her honour were composed, and Miss Alexander’s descendants were so sensible of the immortality thereby conferred by Burns upon their kinswoman that they erected a rustic bower at the spot where the meeting took place.

The Highland Lassie.—Although published in Johnson’s *Museum* without any name, Burns, in the notes on that work which he wrote for Captain Riddel, distinctly claims *The Highland Lassie* as one of his own songs, remarking, “It was a composition of mine in very early life, before I was at all known in the world. My Highland Lassie was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love.” The internal evidence of the song connects it, without doubt, with Highland Mary, and that at the time when Burns was preparing to leave his native land.

Oh, Open the Door.—This is another of the songs which Burns touched up at the request of Thomson, though he remarked of his labours, “I do not know whether this song be really mended.” The original is described as a “well-known Irish ballad.”

Last May a Braw Wooer.—Mr. W. Scott Douglas pens an interesting note on *The Braw Wooer*: “This song, written for Thomson, in July, 1795, must, for genuine Scottish humour, without a trace of vulgarity, rank with *Tam Glen*, *Duncan Gray*, *O For Ane and Twenty*, *Tam*, and some others of that class. Immediately on being published, *The Braw Wooer* became very popular, insomuch that Johnson, the publisher of the *Museum*, could not resist the temptation to commit a pious



“But o’er my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Lest neebors might say I was saucy.”

From the original by Erskine Nicol, Esq., A.R.A. (By kind permission.)

fraud, in order to grace his own publication with such a gem. In his sixth volume, which appeared in June, 1803, he introduced the same song with a few verbal alterations of slight import, and pretended that Burns had supplied him with it several years before it was sent to Thomson.”

Powers Celestial.—Under the title of *A Prayer for Mary*, this song was found among the manuscripts of Burns after his death. It was supposed to have been addressed by the poet to Highland Mary at the time of his courtship; but in 1871 it was discovered that Burns had copied the verses from the *Edinburgh Magazine* of 1784, where they were stated to be a translation from the Greek of Euripides. In any case, they present a most appropriate embodiment of the feelings which were uppermost in Burns’s heart when under the spell of Mary’s charms.

Where are the Joys?—Burns declared that the air for which he wrote this song—*Saw ye my Father?*—was one of his greatest favourites, and in forwarding the new verses to Thomson, he wrote; “I have finished my song to *Saw ye my Father?* and in English, as you will see. That there is a syllable too much for the expression of the air is true; but, allow me to say, that the mere dividing of a dotted crotchet into a crotchet and a quaver, is not a great matter: however, in that I have no pretensions to cope in judgment with you. Of the poetry I speak with confidence; but the music is a business where I hint my ideas with the utmost diffidence. The old verses have merit, though unequal, and are popular. My advice is to set the air to the old words, and let mine follow as English verses.”

Ye Banks and Braes o’ Bonnie Doon.—There are two versions of this matchless song, the second having been written by Burns for the haunting air which was composed by Mr. James Miller, of Edinburgh. Its heroine was a niece of Mrs. Gavin Hamilton, who had loved “not wisely, but too well.” Burns wished to include the song in his Edinburgh edition, but the following note excluded them under pain of forfeiture of character. I cannot help shedding a tear to the memory of two songs that had cost me some pains, and that I valued a good deal; but I must submit. D—— the pedant, frigid soul of criticism for ever and ever.”



ON THE CLUDEN.

Lay thy Loof in Mine, Lass.—Contributed to the sixth volume of Johnson’s *Museum*, which was not, however, published until 1803—seven years after the poet’s death—this song illustrates the successful manner in which Burns availed himself of the old airs that were common in his day. It was composed for the tune of *The Shoemaker’s March*, which used to be much in request at the hilarious festivities of St. Crispin’s Day.

On Cessnock Banks.—The heroine of this “song of similes” was Ellison Begbie, whom Burns vainly endeavoured to win for his wife. The song, Mr. Chambers notes, appeared for the first time in Cromek’s “Reliques,” the editor stating that he had recovered it “from the oral communication of a lady residing in Glasgow, whom the bard in early life affectionately admired.” Mr. Chambers says it seems not unlikely that Ellison herself had grown into this lady.

There was a Lass and she was Fair.—In transmitting *Bonnie Jean* to Thomson, Burns said: “I have just finished the following ballad, and, as I do think it in my best style, I send it you. Mr. Clarke, who wrote down the air from Mrs. Burns’s wood-note wild, is very fond of it, and has given it a celebrity by teaching it to some young ladies of the first fashion here. * * * The heroine of the foregoing is Miss Macmurdo, daughter to Mr. Macmurdo of Drumlanrig, one of your subscribers. I have not painted her in the rank which she holds in life, but in the dress and character of a cottager.”

Ca’ the Yowes to the Knowes.—In forwarding this song to Thomson in September, 1794, Burns said: “I am flattered at your adopting *Ca’ the Yowes to the Knowes*, as it was owing to me that it ever saw the light. About seven years ago

I was acquainted with a worthy little fellow of a clergyman, a Mr. Clunie, who sang it charmingly, and, at my request, Mr. Clarke took it down from his singing. When I gave it to Johnson, I added some stanzas to the song and mended others,



LINCLUDEN COLLEGE.

but still it will not do for you. In a solitary stroll which I took to-day, I tried my hand on a few pastoral lines, following up the idea of the chorus, which I would preserve. Here it is, with all its crudities and imperfections on its head.”

Blythe, Blythe and Merry Was She.—During his Highland tour of 1787, Burns was entertained at Ochertyre House at Strathearn, where he met Miss Euphemia Murray, of Lintrose, a young cousin of his host, a lovely girl of some eighteen summers, who was already known as the “Flower of Strathmore.” Miss Murray was the heroine of *Blythe was She*. The chorus of the song enshrines two lines from the old ditty of *Andro and His Cutty Gun*.

Thou Hast Left me ever, Jamie.—Written for the tune of *Fee him, Father*, Burns says of the song: “I do not give these verses for any merit they have. I composed them at the time in which ‘Patie Allan’s mither died—that was, about the back o’ midnight,’ and by the lee-side of a bowl of punch, which had overset every mortal in company except the hautbois and the Muse.” Thomson foolishly adopted another tune and ruined the song’s chances of popularity for many years.

Green Grow the Rashies.—As with *Duncan Gray*, *Green Grow the Rashies* owes its title and refrain to an old fragment, which is, however, so indelicate that it is not desirable to quote even one of its three verses. Burns first committed his version to the pages of his Common-place Book in August, 1784, *a propos* of some reflections entered there on the two grand classes—the grave and the merry—into which he thought all young men might be divided. “In the meantime,” he added, “I shall set down the following fragment, which, as it is the genuine language of my heart, will enable anybody to determine which of the classes I belong to.”

For Ane-and-Twenty, Tam.—The following particulars were supplied by Stenhouse: “The subject of this song had a real origin: a young girl having

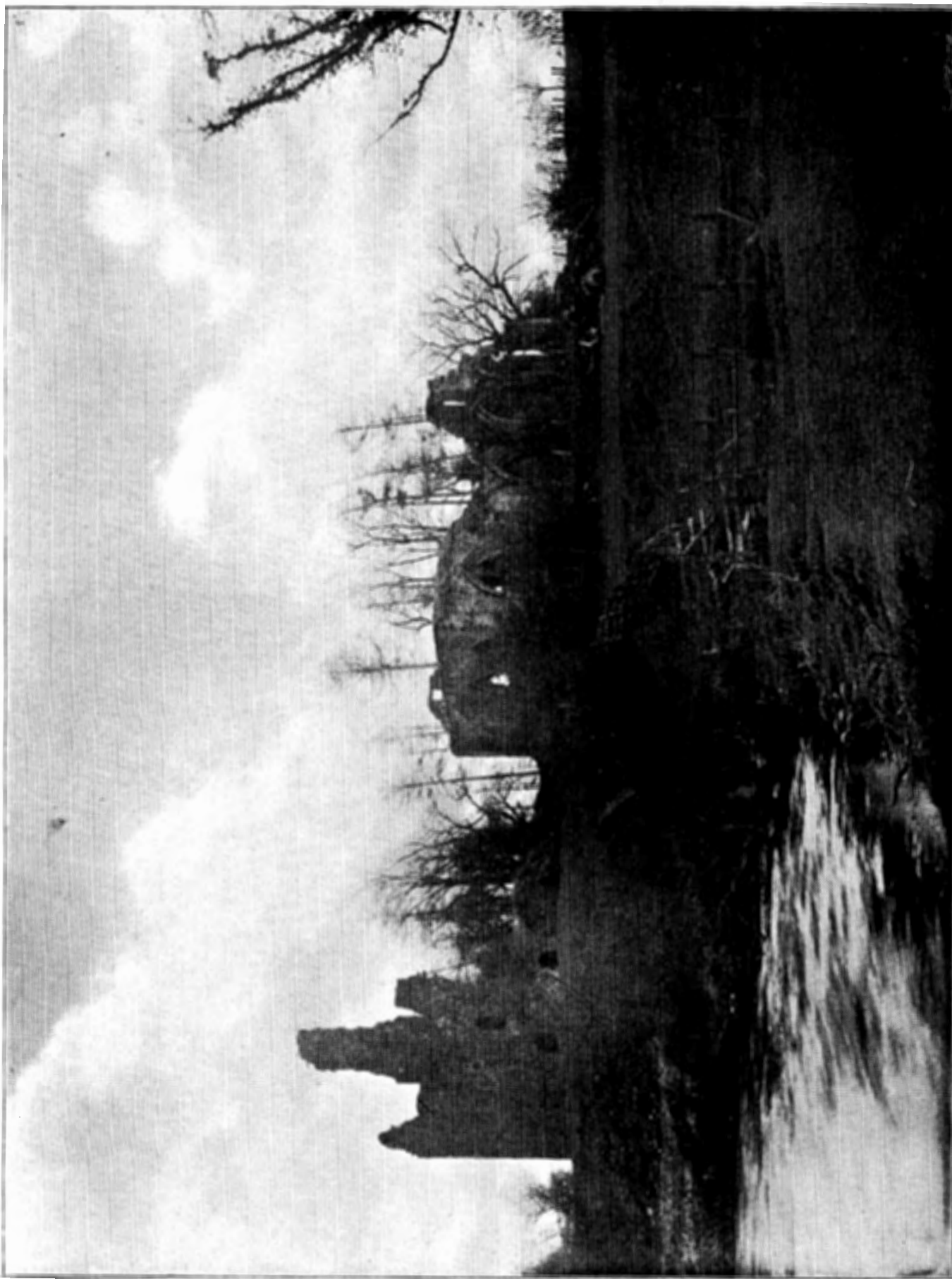


“NURSING HER WRATH TO KEEP IT WARM.”

From the Original by John Faed, Esq., R.S.A. (By kind permission.)

been left some property by a near relation, and at her own disposal on her attaining majority, was pressed by her relations to marry an old rich booby. Her affections, however, had previously been engaged by a young man, to whom she had pledged her troth when she should become of age, and she of course obstinately rejected the solicitations of her friends to any other match. Burns represents the lady addressing her youthful lover in the language of constancy and affection.”

Musing on the Roaring Ocean.—During his tour in the North Highlands, Burns became acquainted with several airs which inspired him to the creation of new songs. *Musing on the Roaring Ocean* was one of the songs owing their origin to that circumstance, the tune being *Druimion Dubh*. As to the heroine of the song, the author notes, “I composed these verses out of compliment to a Mrs. Maclachlan, whose husband is an officer in the East Indies.”



*"Yonder Cluden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy-bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.*

Ca' the yowes to the knowes," etc.



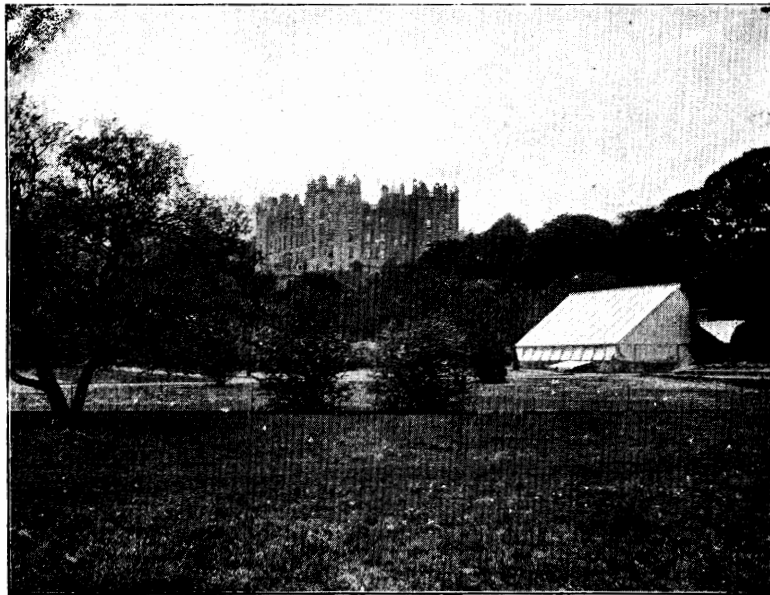
JAMES CUNNINGHAM, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

*"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been ;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee ;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me !"*

[Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn.]

My Nannie, O.—In the Scrap Book which Burns communicated to Mr. Robert Riddel—a book in which it was his intention to write himself out—the poet has a reference to *My Nannie, O*, which was one of his earliest efforts. After referring to his own skill in distinguishing between foppery and conceit and real passion and nature in love songs, he adds: “Whether the following song will stand the test, I will not pretend to say, because it is my own; only I can say it was, at the time, genuine from the heart.” It seems probable that the subject of the song was a farmer’s daughter named Agnes Fleming, who is said to have stated that Burns once told her he had written a song about her.

The Deil’s awa’ wi’ the Exciseman.—There are two versions of the origin of this song, but they are not inconsistent with each other. The most commonly accepted is that based upon the narrative in Lockhart’s Life of the poet. In 1792 Burns was one of a party of excisemen who addressed themselves to the capture of a smuggler’s vessel in Solway Firth. While messengers were sent to Dumfries and Ecclefechan for reinforcements, Burns was left in charge of the party, with orders to watch the brig and prevent landing or escape. The messengers



DRUMLANRIG.

were a long time absent; it was a cheerless February day; the place of waiting was a wet salt-marsh; and the poet began to vent his wrath on the dilatoriness of the men who had gone for the reinforcements. He was not alone in so doing. One of his companions ejaculated that he wished the devil had one of the messengers for his pains, and suggested that Burns should pillory him in a song. Burns did not reply, but after striding the shore by himself for a time, returned to his companions and recited the now famous song. The other version describes the poet as first producing the verses in reply to a request for a toast at an Exciseman’s dinner. To those who were at that dinner the song may have been new, but that fact does not militate against its composition on the shores of Solway Firth.

Contented wi’ Little.—Burns wrote *Contented wi’ Little* to suit an old air (*Lumps o’ Pudding*), which had taken his fancy. The song evidently satisfied himself, for writing to Thomson with reference to a miniature he had had taken, he says: “I have some thoughts of suggesting to you to prefix a vignette taken from it to my song, *Contented wi’ Little*, and *Canty wi’ Mair*, in order the portrait of my face and the picture of my mind may go down the stream of time together.”

Up in the Morning Early.—Burns says of this song that the chorus is old, but that the two stanzas are his own work. The air, Mr. Scott Douglas states, is one of Scotland's oldest and best, and was utilised by Purcell in a tune he composed for a Royal birth-day song in 1692.

Logan Braes.—"Have you ever," wrote the poet to Thomson, "felt your bosom ready to burst with indignation, on reading of those mighty villains who divide kingdom against kingdom, desolate provinces, and lay nations waste, out of the wantonness of ambition, or often from still more ignoble passions? In a mood of this kind to-day I recollected the air of *Logan Water*, and it occurred to me that its querulous melody probably had its origin from the plaintive indignation of some swelling, suffering



LOGAN BRAES.

From a Painting by John Faed, Esq., R.S.A. (By kind permission.)

heart, fired at the tyrannic strides of some public destroyer, and overwhelmed with private distress, the consequence of a country's ruin. If I have done anything at all like justice to my feelings, the following song, composed in three-quarters of an hour's meditation in my elbow-chair, ought to have some merit."

O Luve Will Venture In.—This lyric, according to Mr. W. Scott Douglas, was suggested by a doggerel ballad which the poet's wife used to sing to him, beginning—*There was a pretty May, and a-milkin' she went.* Burns was particularly struck with the beauty of the tune, which he got taken down from Jean's singing, and forwarded to Johnson for his *Museum* with these verses. Professor Wilson has pointed out that in these verses Burns has taken a very ample poetic license by making the primrose, the pink, the rose, etc., contemporaries of each other!

Awa', Whigs, awa'.—Only two of the verses of this song, the second and the fourth, are by Burns; the other two are from an old Jacobite song which may be found in Dr. Charles Mackay's collection. He remarks concerning it that



TOMB OF MARGARET, DAUGHTER OF ROBERT III.,
LINCLUDEN COLLEGE.

“none of the Jacobite songs have been more popular than this, chiefly on account of the beauty of its air. The piper to Clavers' own troop of horse is reported to have played it with so much vigour and fury while standing on a bank of the Clyde, at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, that he attracted particular notice, and a Whig bullet accordingly sent him reeling into the flood below, where he was drowned.”

From thee, Eliza.—It seems very probable that this lyric was written during those gloomy days when the poet anticipated a life-long exile from Scotland.

Many heroines have been named in connection with the song, including one of the six belles of Mauchline, Eliza Barbour, and Elizabeth Black. The song appeared in the first edition of Burns's poems, and was afterwards commended by the author to Thomson as very suitable for the air, *Gilderoy*, but in this work it will be found set to the tune *Donald*, which is more appropriate.

A Man's a Man for a' that.—Although this was destined to become nearly the most world-wide-adopted song of Burns—the empire of its popularity being disputed, perhaps, by *Auld Lang Syne*—it was in a somewhat despondent mood that, in the opening month of 1795, the poet forwarded it to Thomson. “I

fear for my songs,” he wrote; “however, a few may please, yet originality is a coy feature in composition, and in a multiplicity of efforts in the same style, disappears altogether. A great critic (Aikin) on songs says, that love and wine are the exclusive themes for song-writing. The following is on neither subject, and consequently is no song, but will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts inverted into rhyme.” Chambers points out

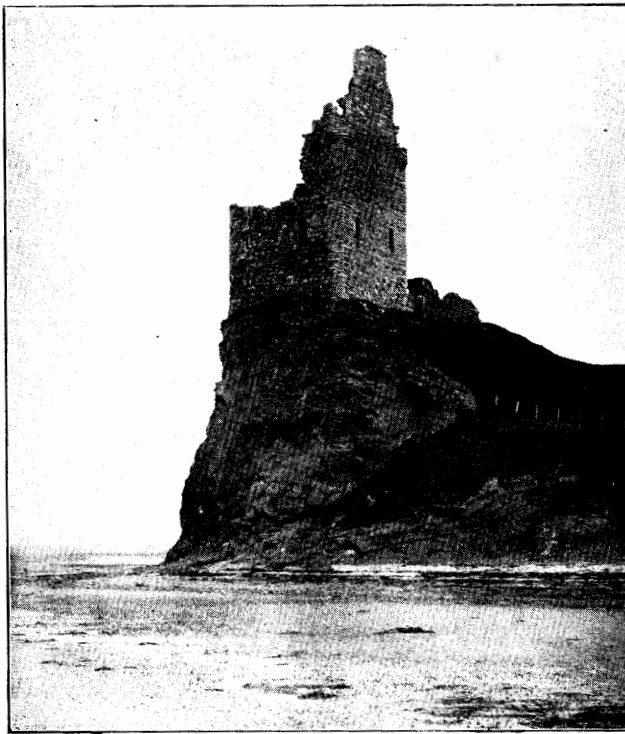


FRIAR'S CARSE.

that Wycherley, in his *Plain Dealer*, has a thought akin to that of the first verse: “I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier.”

Hey, Ca' Thro'.—Chambers says *Hey, Ca' Thro'* was written upon the basis of an old song, and Mr. Scott Douglas declares that it was “picked up or invented by Burns: if the former, it must have been during some Saturday afternoon excursion from Edinburgh, along the Fife coast, in 1787; if the latter, then simply from the text suggested to him in some old collection of music where he would read the name of the tune, *Carls o' Dysart*.”

The Gloomy Night is Gath'ring Fast.—Professor Walker has left a valuable report of Burns's own narration of the feelings which prompted him to compose what he fully anticipated was his farewell to his native land. Meeting the poet soon after his arrival in Edinburgh in 1786, Professor Walker “requested him to communicate some of his unpublished poems, and he recited his farewell song to the Banks of Ayr, introducing it with a description of the circumstances in which it had been composed, more striking than the poem itself. He had left Dr. Lawrie's family, after a visit which he expected to be the last, and on his way home had to cross a wide stretch of solitary moor. His mind was strongly affected by parting for ever with a scene where he had tasted so much elegant and social pleasure; and, depressed by the contrasted gloom of his prospects, the aspect of nature harmonized with his feelings. It was a lowering and heavy evening in the end of autumn: the wind was up, and whistled through the rushes and long spear-grass, which bent before it: the clouds were driving across the sky; and cold, pelted showers at intervals added discomfort of body to cheerlessness of mind. Under these circumstances, and in this frame of mind, Burns composed his poem.”



GREENAN CASTLE, NEAR AYR.

Lord Gregory.—Apparently at the request of the publisher, “Peter Pindar” (Dr. Wolcot) contributed a song entitled, *Lord Gregory*, to Thomson's Collection.

This—which in its turn was founded on an old ballad—was sent to Burns, who addressed himself to a Scottish version, afterwards forwarded to Thomson with this note: “I have tried to give you a set of stanzas in Scots, on the same subject, which are at your service. Not that I intend to enter the lists with Peter; that would be presumption indeed. My song, though much inferior in poetic merit, has, I think, more of the ballad simplicity in it.” Notwithstanding this modest verdict, it is interesting to learn that on several occasions when Burns was asked to recite one of his own poems he complied by giving *Lord Gregory*.

Let me in this Ae Night and Her Answer.—It was an old model Burns had before him in composing this double song, but so indelicate that it was useless for Thomson's purpose. With reference to his re-dressing of the old



KIRKOSWALD.

stanzas, Burns wrote: "Do you think that we ought to retain the old chorus? I think we must retain both the old chorus and the first stanza of the old song. I do not altogether like the third line of the first stanza, but cannot alter it to please myself. Would you have the *dénouement* to be successful or otherwise?—should she 'let him in' or not?" Burns did keep to the old chorus and the first stanza, and

apparently failed to hit upon a satisfactory new third line for the latter. In acknowledging the song, Thomson wrote: "You have displayed great address in the above song. Her answer is excellent, and at the same time takes away the indelicacy that otherwise would have attached to his entreaties. I like the song, as it now stands, very much."

Scots Wha Ha'e.—Burns wrote this song to an old air which had captured his fancy. The tradition that it was to the tune of *Hey, tuttie, taitie* Bruce marched to Bannockburn warmed him, he writes, "to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scottish Ode, fitted to the air that one might suppose to be the gallant royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning." Burns

and Mr. Thomson disagreed over the merits of the song; the author was well pleased with it, but the publisher offered alterations. That difference of opinion was to be perpetuated by Carlyle and Principal Shairp. The former wrote: "So long as there is warm blood in the heart of Scotchman or man, it will move in fierce thrills under this war ode; the best, we believe, that was ever written by



TURNBERRY.

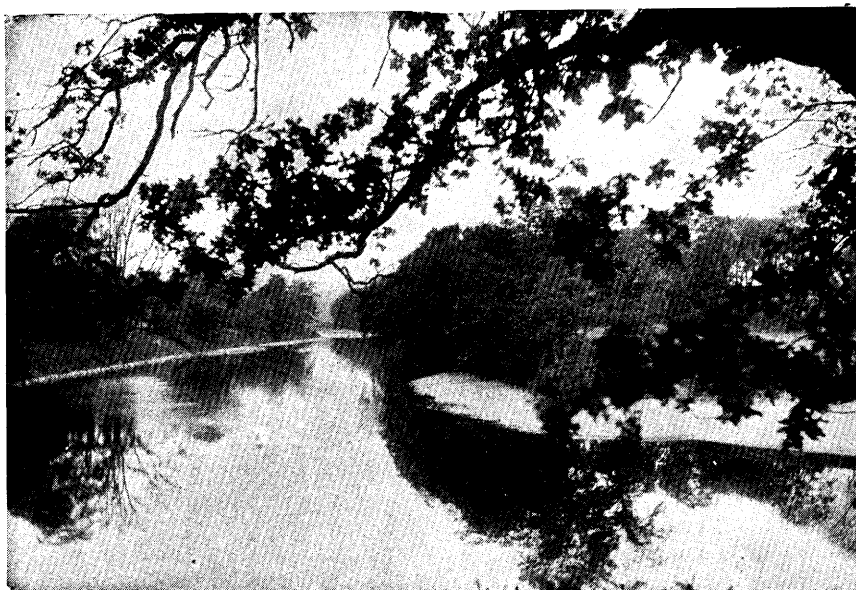
any pen." The latter refers, and with evident approval, to a conversation between Wordsworth and Mrs. Hemans, in which they both agreed that the famous ode was not much more than a commonplace piece of school-boy rhodomontade about liberty.

Lovely Polly Stewart.—The heroine of this brief song was the daughter of a neighbour of the poet at Ellisland, who was also celebrated in verse by Burns.

She was twice married, but eventually became the mistress of a French prisoner of war with whom she went to the Continent, and is said to have died at Florence in 1847. The verses in honour of her father were scratched by Burns on a crystal tumbler, which was afterwards owned by Sir Walter Scott, and is still to be seen at Abbotsford.

The Banks of the Devon.—The heroine of *The Banks of the Devon* was Miss Charlotte Hamilton, whom Burns met in August, 1787, at Harvieston on the Devon, in Clackmannan, at the outset of his Highland tour. Writing to her brother the day after the meeting, Burns said: "Of Charlotte I cannot speak in common terms of admiration; she is not only beautiful, but lovely." In another letter addressed to

Miss Chambers, the poet wrote: "Talking of Charlotte, I must tell her that I have, to the best of my power, paid her a poetic compliment now completed. The air is admirable — true



ON THE NITH.

old Highland. It was the tune of a Gaelic song which an Inverness lady sang me when I was there; I was so charmed with it, that I begged her to write me a set of it from her singing, for it had never been

set before. I am fixed that it shall go in Johnson's next number; so Charlotte and you need not spend your precious time in contradicting me." It is thought that Burns hoped to make Charlotte his wife, but as she is said to have burnt the letters he sent her, there is little probability of any valuable evidence on that point being forthcoming. It seems certain, however, that the affection was not returned on her side.

O, Were I on Parnassus' Hill.—While Burns was at Ellisland superintending the erection of a house there in which to set up a home of his own, his thoughts, naturally, often reverted to his "Bonnie Jean." Two memorials of those days survive in *Of a' the airts* and *O, were I on Parnassus' Hill*. "We have to suppose the poet," says Mr. Chambers, "in his solitary life at Ellisland, gazing towards the hill of Corsincon at the head of Nithsdale, beyond which, though at many miles' distance, was the valley in which his heart's idol lived. He ideally beholds his 'blithe-some, dancing, sweet young queen, of guileless heart,' in her most characteristic situation, and he bursts out with these glowing verses."



*"Musing on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me;
Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,
For his weal, where'er he be."*



JOHN MOORE, M.D.

The student of Burns's life is familiar with the autobiographical sketch which appears in Dr. Currie's memoir. This sketch was written by Burns in 1787, and was addressed to Dr. Moore, who had expressed the highest admiration for the poet's genius. Dr. Moore, from his connection with the family of the Duke of Hamilton, enjoyed exceptional opportunities of studying men and manners in all parts of the world, and he enriched literature by many works of learning and observation, notable among which is his novel "Zeluco." Dr. Moore is further endeared to his countrymen as the father of Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna.

The Blude-Red Rose.—Although this song exists in the hand-writing of Burns there are no data available from which to deduce the circumstances, etc., of its composition. In the classification of the poet's work, the song may be regarded as a companion to *What can a Young Lassie do wi' an auld Man?* That song is the unavailing lament of a girl who has wedded a man many years her senior, prompted thereto by her mother, with whom "world's gear" has been the persuading motive. The same temptation has befallen the fair singer of the song under consideration, but she declares:



*The blude-red rose at Yule may blaw,
The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,
The frost may freeze the deepest sea;
But an auld man shall never daunt on me.*

Stay, my Charmer, Can you Leave Me?—These verses, says Mr. W. Scott Douglas, were written as a vehicle for preserving a plaintive Gaelic air, which attracted Burns in the course of his northern tour, in the autumn of 1787. It is called *An Gilleaah aubb*; or, *The Black-haired Lad*.

My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing.—One of the old songs for which Thomson desired a new version was that beginning:

*My wife's a wanton wee thing,
My wife's a wanton wee thing,
My wife's a wanton wee thing;
She'll never be guided by me.*

With reference to Thomson's idea in general, and this song in particular, Burns wrote: "If you mean, my dear sir, that all the songs in your collection shall be poetry of the first merit, I am afraid you will find more difficulty in the undertaking than you are aware of. There is a peculiar rhythmus in many of our airs, and a necessity of adapting syllables to the emphasis, or what I would call the feature-notes of the tune, that cramp the poet, and lay him under almost insuperable difficulties. For instance, in the air, *My Wife's a Wanton Wee Thing*, if a few lines smooth and pretty can be adapted to it, it is all you can expect. The following were made extempore to it; and though, on further study, I might give you something more profound, yet it might not suit the light-horse gallop of the air so well as this random clink."



COILSFIELD, THE CASTLE OF MONTGOMERY.
Drawn by D. O. Hill, Esq., R.S.A.

Fair Eliza.—The first line of this song was originally written, “Turn again, thou fair Robina,” and Burns wrote of it then: “So much for your Robina—how do you like the verses? I assure you I have tasked my muse to the top of her performing. However, the song will not sing to your tune; but there is a Perthshire tune in Macdonald’s collection which is much admired in this country: I intended the verses to be sung to that air.” The song is thought to enshrine the love-passion of a friend of the poet.

There’ll never be Peace till Jamie comes Hame.—The poet’s note on this song, in a letter to Alex. Cunningham, runs thus: “I shall fill up my page by giving you a song of my late composition, which will appear perhaps in Johnson’s work. You must know a beautiful Jacobite air—*There’ll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.* When political combustion ceases to be the object of princes and patriots, it then,



AYR.

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Behold the Hour.—Although *Behold the Hour* was not sent to Thomson until September, 1793, there is good reason for believing that the song had reference to Clarinda’s departure for the West Indies early in the preceding year, as the grandson of that lady affirms that the poet sent his relative a draft of the verses. Burns’s note on the song was as follows: “The following song I have composed for *Oran Gaoil*, the Highland air that you tell me in your last you have resolved to give a place to in your book. I have this moment finished the song, so you have it glowing from the mint.” The last expression may seem inconsistent with the above-mentioned details, but the poet doubtless meant he had only just put the final touches to the song.

Farewell, thou Fair Day.—Writing from Ellisland in December, 1791, to Mrs. Dunlop, Burns said: “I have just finished the following song, which, to a lady, the descendant of Wallace, and many heroes of his illustrious line—and herself the mother of several soldiers—needs neither preface nor apology.” Having explained that the scene is supposed to be that of a battlefield at night, and that the wounded and dying of the victorious army are imagined to be joining in singing the verses, Burns adds: “The circumstance that gave rise to the foregoing verses was, looking over with a musical friend M'Donald's collection of Highland airs, I was struck with one, an Isle of Skye tune, entitled *Oran an Aoig*; or, *The Song of Death*, to the measure of which I have adapted my stanzas.”



DUMFRIES.

O wha is She that Loe's me?—The old Highland air of *Morag* was a great favourite with Burns, and it was for that tune he composed *O wha is She that Loe's me?* It was evidently sent to Thomson for his collection, as it was first printed by that publisher, but there is no evidence to show when it was written.

O Kenmure's on and Awa', Willie.—This song is placed by Chambers among those improved by Burns. Its hero, William Gordon, sixth Viscount of Kenmure, took a leading part in the Jacobite rising of 1715, and held the chief command of the rebels in the south of Scotland. He was captured at Preston, and after his execution a letter was found in his pocket addressed to the Pretender under the title of King James, declaring that he died for his faithful services to his Majesty, and hoping that the cause would flourish after his death. Burns was once entertained by a descendant of this Jacobite leader at his romantic seat of Kenmure Castle.

Bonnie Wee Thing.—In the house of Captain Riddel, Burns was introduced to a lovely young Englishwoman, Deborah Davies by name, who was the inspiration of this and another of his songs. He notes it himself as “composed on my little idol, ‘the charming, lovely Davies.’” Allan Cunningham writes: “One day, while Burns was at Moffat, the charming, lovely Davies rode past, accompanied by a lady tall and portly: on a friend asking the poet, why God made one lady so large, and Miss Davies so little, he replied in the words of the epigram:

“‘Ask why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite?
Because God meant mankind should set
The higher value on it.’”

O saw ye Bonnie Lesley?—Burns in a letter to Thomson, 8th November, 1792, writes: “I have just been looking over the *Collier’s Bonnie Tochter*, and if the following rhapsody, which I composed the other day on a charming Ayrshire girl, Miss Lesley Baillie, as she passed through this place to England, will suit your taste better than the *Collier’s Lassie*, fall on and welcome.” The father of the young lady, Mr. Baillie of Mayfield, was passing through Dumfries on his way to England with his two daughters, and called on the poet. The charms of the fair Lesley exercised so potent a spell on Burns that, on his return, after accompanying the travellers on their journey for fifteen miles, he composed the song, and sent it with a characteristic epistle to Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop.

She’s Fair and Fause.—Although permeated with a spirit of humour, these stanzas are based upon a painful episode in the life of Mr. Alexander Cunningham, the intimate Edinburgh friend of Burns. Mr. Cunningham was engaged to a young lady of rare personal attractions, who, on another lover of greater wealth presenting himself, proved as “fause” as she was “fair.” Though he eventually married another, the poet’s friend never could erase the memory of his first love from his heart, and he often indulged himself in the painful consolation of passing her house in the hope of a fleeting glance of her “angel form.” Burns composed two other songs on his friend’s misfortunes.

I Dreamed I Lay.—Burns states that he composed this lyric in his seventeenth year, a year which, as Mr. Scott Douglas notes, takes us back to the time when his father was struggling to get rid of the unprofitable farm of Mount Oliphant. The same editor offers a list of parallel passages from Mrs. Cockburn’s *Flowers of the Forest* for the purpose of showing that that was undoubtedly the model Burns had before him when he penned the song.

I'm O'er Young to Marry Yet.—Although Chambers puts this ditty among “old songs improved by Burns,” the poet himself said of it: “The chorus of this song is old; the rest of it, such as it is, is mine.” The version now sung—which is that given in the text—has been modified to suit the manners of our modern drawing-rooms.

How Lang and Dreary is the Night.—Burns wrote two versions of *How Lang and Dreary is the Night*, the first in 1787 to sing to a Gaelic melody he had heard in his Highland tour. Seven years later he changed the song slightly, added a chorus, and sent it to Thomson with this note: “*How Lang and*



“THE HOUR APPROACHES TAM MAUN RIDE.”

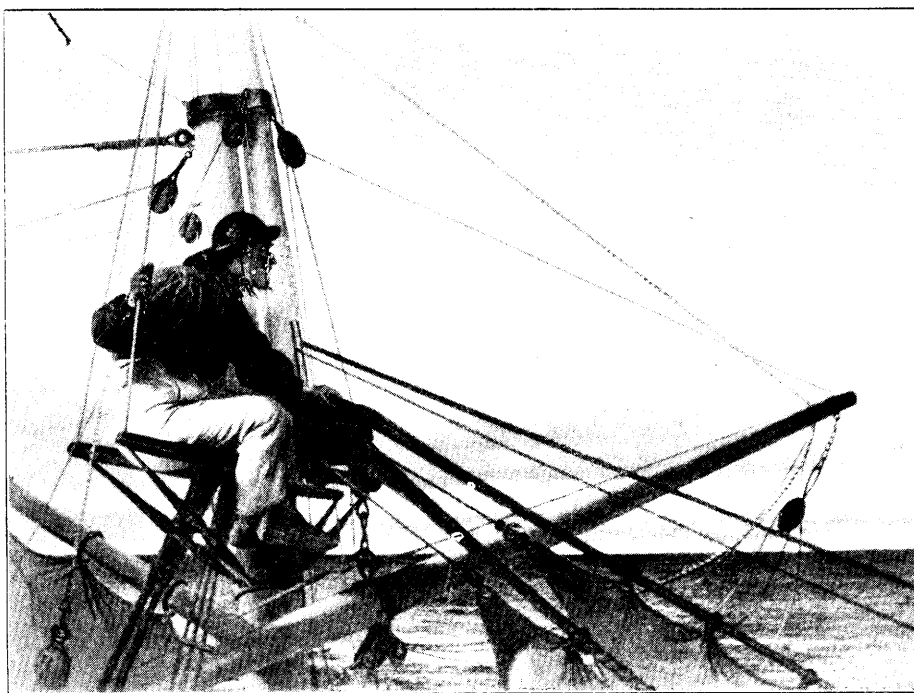
Dreary is the Night!—I met with some such words in a collection of songs somewhere, which I altered and enlarged; and to please you, and to suit your favourite air [*i.e.*, *Cauld Kail in Aberdeen*], I have taken a stride or two across my room, and have arranged it anew, as you will find on the other page.”

My Spouse Nancy.—In forwarding these humorous stanzas to Thomson, Burns asked, “How do you like the following verses to the tune of *My Jo Janet?*” The song soon became popular, and Mr. W. Scott Douglas notes that the biographer of William Hutton, of Birmingham, relates that in 1811, at a watering-place in the North Riding of Yorkshire, that good-natured philosopher amused and delighted a large and fashionable company, when he was 88 years old, by singing the husband’s part of this song, while his daughter rendered the wife’s part.

Auld Lang Syne.—Did Burns write *Auld Lang Syne*? It is true he owned to Johnson that the third and fourth verses—the most exquisite of them all—were from his pen, but in sending the entire song to Mrs. Dunlop, he wrote: “Light be the turf on the breast of the Heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment! There is more of the fire of native genius in it than in half-a-dozen of modern English Bacchanalians!” Again, in a subsequent letter to Thomson he said of the same song: “The air is but mediocre; but the following song, the old song of the olden times, and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man’s singing, is enough to recommend any air.” Chambers has an amusing note on the song, to the effect that at a Burns festival in the United States an Irish gentleman said he felt much inclined to claim the poet as an Irishman; but the attempt would be vain: one of the best known of the poet’s lyrics would detect him at once—

“And surely you’ll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I’ll be mine.”

There was Burns in the characteristic spirit of national thrift, settling the reckoning, and upon condition, too, that you were to pay for the first pint-stoup. An Irishman would never have thought of that.



“BUT SEAS BETWEEN US BRAID HAE ROAR’D.”



*"And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine."*



ELIZABETH BURNET.

*"Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,
Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine;
I see the Sire of Love on high
And own his work indeed divine!"*

GLOSSARY.

- A', *all*.
 Abeigh, *at a shy distance*.
 Aboon, *above*.
 Acquont, *acquainted*.
 Ae, *one*.
 Aft, *oft*.
 Aften, *often*.
 Aff-hand, *off-hand*.
 Aiblins, *possibly, perhaps*.
 Aik, *oak*.
 Ain, *own*.
 Airle-penny, *earnest money*.
 Airts, *points of the compass*.
 Ajee, *to one side*.
 Alang, *along*.
 Amang, *among*.
 Ance, *once*.
 Ane, *one*.
 Anither, *another*.
 Asklent, *aslant*.
 Auld, *old*.
 Aught, *eight*.
 Aulder, *older*.
 Awa', *away*.
- Baummy, *balmy*.
 Baith, *both*.
 Beld, *bald*.
 Ben, *within, the inner part of a house*.
 Be't, *be it*.
 Bield, *shelter*.
 Birk, *birch*.
 Birkie, *a conceited fellow*.
 Blaw, *blow*.
 Bleer't, *bleared*.
 Blin', *blind*.
 Blinkin', *shining, sparkling*.
 Bluidy, *bloody*.
 Bluntie, *a stupid person*.
 Bogles, *ghosts*.
 Bonnie, *beautiful*.
 Brae, *the side of a hill*.
 Braid, *broad*.
 Brak, *break*.
 Braw, *handsome, brave*.
 Brawly, *well*.
 Bree, *something brewed*.
 Brent, *smooth, unwrinkled*.
 Bughtin-time, *time for enclosing ewes in pens to be milked*.
 Burn, *brook, rivulet*.
 But, *without, the kitchen or inferior part of the house*.
 Byre, *cowhouse*.
- Ca', *call, drive*.
 Canna, *cannot*.
 Cannie, *gentle, cautious*.
 Cantie, *cheerful, inclined to sing*.
 Cam, *came*.
 Cauld, *cold*.
 Christendie, *Christendom*.
 Claut, *a quantity or anything scraped together by niggardliness*.
 Cleed, *clothe*.
 Cog, *small wooden vessel*.
 Coof, *a simpleton, fool*.
 Coost, *cast*.
 Coft, *bought*.
 Couthy, *kindly*.
 Crow, *crow*.
 Crouse, *joyful, triumphant*.
- Daw, *dawn*.
 Daur, *dare*.
 Deave, *deafen*.
 Deil, *devil*.
 Didna, *did not*.
 Dine, *dinner-time*.
 Douce, *grave, sober*.
 Dowf, *spiritless, silly*.
 Draiglet, *draggled*.
 Drap, *drop*.
 Drappie, *dim. of drap*.
 Drouk, *to moisten*.
 Droukit, *wet, drenched*.
 Drumlie, *muddy, troubled*.
 Dunts, *blows*.
- Ee, *eye*.
 Een, *eyes*.
 Eerie, *scared, in fear of spirits*.
- Fa', *fall*.
 Faes, *foes*.
 Faught, *fight*.
 Faulding, *folding*.
 Fause, *false*.
 Fauld, *fold*.
 Faun, *fallen*.
 Fauts, *faults*.
 Fen, *to make a shift*.
 Ferlie, *wonder*.
 Fiere, *comrade*.
 Fleech'd, *supplicated*.
- Fley'd, *scared*.
 Forgie, *forgive*.
 Fou, *tipsy*.
 Frae, *from*.
- Gae, *go*.
 Gaed, *went*.
 Gane, *gone*.
 Gait, *path, way*.
 Gang, *go*.
 Gar, *compel*.
 Gart, *made*.
 Gat, *got*.
 Gear, *wealth, goods*.
 Ghaist, *ghost*.
 Gie, *give*.
 Gied, *gave*.
 Gien, *given*.
 Gleg, *swift*.
 Gif, *if*.
 Gin, *if*.
 Gleib, *a glebe*.
 Glinted, *glanced*.
 Glowered, *stared*.
 Gowan, *daisy*.
 Gowd, *gold*.
 Grat, *wept*.
 Gree, *victory*.
 Gude, *good*.
 Guid, *good*.
- Ha', *hall*.
 Ha'e, *have*.
 Hamely, *homely*.
 Hame, *home*.
 Hansel, *a gift for a particular season*.
 Haud, *hold*.
 Hie, *high*.
 Hiney, *honey*.
 Hodden-grey, *coarse, woollen cloth of a grey colour*.
 Hunder, *hundred*.
- Ilka, *every*.
 Ingle, *fire*.
 Ither, *other*.
- Jad, *jade*.
 Janwar, *January*.
 Jo, *sweetheart*.
- Keekit, *peeped*.
 Ken, *to know*.
 Kend, *knew*.

Knowe, *knoll, hillock.*
 Kyle, *a district in Ayrshire.*

Laird, *landlord.*
 Lan', *land.*
 Lane, *alone.*
 Lanely, *lonely.*
 Lang, *long.*
 Lave, *the rest.*
 Laverock, *lark.*
 Lawlan', *lowland.*
 Leal, *honest, true.*
 Lea-rig, *a grassy ridge.*
 Leelang, *live-long.*
 Leeze, *a term of congratulation.*
 Lift, *sky, firmament.*
 Linn, *a waterfall.*
 Lint, *flax.*
 Lintwhite, *linnet.*
 Loan, *lane.*
 Lo'ed, *loved.*
 Lo'es, *loves.*
 Loof, *palm of the hand.*
 Loot, *did let.*
 Loup, *leap.*
 Loupin', *leaping.*
 Luve, *love.*

Mae, *more.*
 Mahoun (*Mahomet*), *the devil.*
 Mair, *more.*
 Mailen, *farm.*
 Mak, *make.*
 Maun, *must.*
 Maunna, *must not.*
 Maut, *malt.*
 Mavis, *thrush.*
 May, *maid.*
 Meikle, *much, large.*
 Mirk, *dark.*
 Monie, *many.*
 Mony, *many.*
 Mou, *mouth.*
 Muckle, *great, big.*

Na, *no, not.*
 Nae, *no.*
 Naebody, *nobody.*
 Naething, *nothing.*
 Nagie, *pony.*
 Nane, *none.*
 Neebors, *neighbours.*
 Neist, *next.*
 Nocht, *nothing.*

O'erword, *any term often used.*
 O't, *of it.*
 Owre, *over.*

Owsen, *oxen.*
 Onie, *any.*
 Paidl't, *paddled.*
 Pawkie, *sly, shrewd.*
 Philibeg, *Highland kilt.*
 Plaidie, *dim. of plaid.*
 Pleugh, *plough.*
 Poortith, *poverty.*
 Pow, *poll, pate.*
 Pu', *pull.*
 Pund, *pound.*

Rock, *a distaff.*
 Roun', *round.*
 Row, *roll.*
 Rowth, *abundance.*

Sae, *so.*
 Sair, *sore.*
 Sangs, *songs.*
 Sark, *shirt, chemise.*
 Saul, *soul.*
 Saut, *salt.*
 Scho, *she.*
 Shachl't, *deformed.*
 Shaltna, *shall not.*
 Shaw, *a wooded dell.*
 Shoon, *shoes.*
 Shouter, *shoulder.*
 Sic, *such.*
 Siller, *silver, money.*
 Simmer, *summer.*
 Sinsyne, *since.*
 Skeigh, *disdainful.*
 Skelp, *slap.*
 Sma', *small.*
 Smoor'd, *smothered.*
 Snapper, *stumble.*
 Snawdrap, *snowdrop.*
 Snool, *snub.*
 Sowthers, *makes up.*
 Souk, *a suck.*
 Spak, *spake.*
 Spier, *to ask, inquire.*
 Stane, *stone.*
 Staukin', *stalking.*
 Steer, *move, touch, injure.*
 Sten, *start, leap.*
 Stoup, *measure for liquids.*
 Stound, *throb, sudden pang.*
 Stoure, *untoward circumstances.*
 Stown, *stolen.*
 Stowrie, *dusty.*
 Stoyte, *stumble.*
 Strathspey, *a dance named after the district in which it originated.*
 Swats, *ale.*
 Syne, *then, since, ago.*

Tak, *take.*
 Tap, *top.*
 Tapsalteerie, *topsy-turvey.*
 Tassie, *cup.*
 Tauld, *told.*
 Tend, *attend, tend, heed.*
 Thegither, *together.*
 Timmer, *timber.*
 Tine, *to lose.*
 Tint, *lost.*
 Tither, *the other.*
 Tittie, *sister.*
 Tocher, *marriage-portion, fortune.*
 Towmond, *a twelvemonth.*
 Twa, *two.*

Unfauld, *unfold.*
 Unco, *very, strange.*

Wad, *wed.*
 Wad, *would.*
 Wae, *woe.*
 Waefu', *woeful.*
 Wale, *choice.*
 Waly, *ample.*
 Wallop in a tow, *hang one's self.*
 Ward, *world.*
 Warlock, *a wizard.*
 Warl', *world.*
 Warst, *worst.*
 Warstle, *wrestle, struggle.*
 Wark, *work.*
 Wasna, *was not.*
 Wat, *wet.*
 Waur, *worse.*
 Wauken, *waken.*
 Waukin', *watching.*
 Waukening, *wakening.*
 Wee, *small, little.*
 Weel, *well.*
 Weet, *wet.*
 Wha, *who.*
 Wham, *whom.*
 Whiles, *at times, occasionally.*
 Willie-waught, *a hearty draught.*
 Wimple, *meander, flow.*
 Winna, *will not.*
 Wistna, *knew not.*
 Wons, *dwells.*
 Wrang, *wrong.*
 Wyle, *to beguile, decoy.*
 Yestreen, *yesternight.*
 Yett, *gate.*
 Yowes, *ewes.*
 Yule, *Christmas.*