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D I S S E R T A T I O N

ON THE

S C O T T I S H M U S I C.

NOSTRAS NEC ERUBUIT SILVAS HABITARE THALIA. *Virg.*

Nor blush'd the Doric muse to dwell on Scottish plains.

THE genius of the Scots has in nothing shone more conspicuous than in Poetry and Music. Of the first, the Poems of *Osian*, composed in an age of rude antiquity, are sufficient proof. The peevish doubt entertained by some of their authenticity, appears to be the utmost refinement of scepticism. As genuine remains of *Celtic* Poetry, the Poems of *Osian* will continue to be admired as long as there shall remain a taste for the *sublime and beautiful*.

The Scottish *Music* does no less honour to the genius of the country. The old Scottish songs have always been admired for the wild pathetic sweetness which distinguishes them from the music of every other country. I mean, in this essay, to try to fix the æra of our most ancient melodies, and to trace the history of our music down to modern times. In a path so untrodden, where scarce a track is to be seen to lead the way, the surest guide I have to follow is the music itself, and a few authorities which our old historians afford us. After all, the utmost I aim at is probability: and, perhaps, by some hints, I may lead others to a more direct road.

From their artless simplicity, it is evident, that the Scottish melodies are derived from very remote antiquity. The vulgar conjecture, that *David Rizzio* was either the composer or reformer of the Scottish songs has of late been so fully exposed, that I need say very little to confute it. That the science of music was well understood, and that we had great masters, both theorists and performers, above a century before *Rizzio* came to Scotland, I shall immediately show. He is by no contemporary writer said to have been a composer. He is not even extolled as a great performer; nor does tradition point him out as the author of any one particular song; and, although we should allow him to have had ability, the short time he was in Scotland, scarce three years,

was too busy with him to admit of such amusement.—Let us endeavour to trace back our music to its origin.

The simplicity and wildness of several of our old Scottish melodies, denote them to be the production of a pastoral age and country, and prior to the use of any musical instrument beyond that of a very limited scale of a few natural notes, and prior to the knowledge of any rules of artificial music. This conjecture, if solid, must carry them up to a high period of antiquity.

The most ancient of the Scottish songs, still preserved, are extremely simple, and void of all art. They consist of one measure only, and have no second part, as the later or more modern airs have. They must, therefore, have been composed for a very simple instrument, such as the shepherd's reed or pipe, of few notes, and of the plain *diatonic scale*, without using the semitones, or sharps and flats. The distinguishing strain of our old melodies is plaintive and melancholy; and what makes them soothing and affecting, to a great degree, is the constant use of the concordant tones, the third and fifth of the scale, often ending upon the fifth, and some of them on the sixth of the scale. By this article's standard some of our old Scottish melodies may be traced; such as *Gil Morice* — *There cam a ghoost to Marg'et's door* — *O laddie, I man loo' thee* — *Hap me wi' thy petticoat* — I mean the old sets of these airs, as the last air, which I take to be one of our oldest songs, is so modernized as scarce to have a trace of its ancient simplicity. The simple original air is still sung by nurses in the country, as a *lullaby*. It may be said, that the words of some of these songs denote them to be of no very ancient date: but it is well known, that many of our old songs have changed their original names, by being adapted to more modern words. Some old tunes have a second part; but it is only a repetition of the first part on the higher octave; and these additions are probably of more modern date than the tunes themselves.

That the science of Music, and the rules of composition, were known amongst us before the fifteenth century, is certain. *King James the First* of Scotland is celebrated by all the Scottish historians, not only as an excellent performer, but as a great theorist in Music, and a composer of airs to his own verses. “*Hic etenim in musica (says Fordun) in artis perfectione, in tympano et choro, in psalterio et organo, ad summæ perfectionis magisterium, natura creatrix, ultra humanam æstimationem, ipsum vivaciter decoravit.**” *Scoticron. vol. 2, lib. 16, cap. 28.*—Fordun has a whole chapter, the 29th of his history, on King James's learning and knowledge in the ancient Greek, as well as in the more modern scales of music, which, for its curiosity, is worthy to be read by the modern theorists in music.

The next authority is *John Major*, who celebrates King James I. as a poet, a composer, and admirable performer of music. Major affirms, that, in his time, the verses and songs of that Prince were esteemed amongst the first of the Scottish melodies. I shall give the whole passage:

* In music, in the very perfection of the art, on the tabor, the psalter and organ, nature, the author of genius, adorned him with talents beyond human conception.

“ In vernacula lingua artificiosissimus compositor; cujus codices plurimi, *et cantilenae, memoriter adhuc apud Scotos inter primos habentur.*—Artificiosam cantilenam (composuit) *Tas sen, &c.*, et jucundum artificiosumque illum cantum, *at Beltayn*, quem alii *de Dalketh* et *Gargeil* mutare studuerunt, quia in arce, aut camera, clausus servabatur, in qua mulier cum matre habitabat *.”

It is to be regretted that neither the words nor the music of these celebrated ballads have come down to us. According to the historian, the last must have been full of humour, and extremely popular; his words may imply, that several parodies or imitations of the subject had been made, which time has likewise deprived us of.

Amongst the number of our old Scottish melodies, it is, I think, scarce to be doubted, that many of King James's compositions, which were esteemed amongst *the first of the age*, are still remaining, and make a part of our finest old melodies; but as no tradition down to our time has ascertained them, they, in all probability, pass undistinguished under other names, and are adapted to modern words. There can be little doubt, however, that most of James's compositions have shared the same fate with many other old airs. Taffoni, the Italian poet, as afterwards mentioned, says expressly, that “ King James composed many sacred pieces of vocal music,” which are now lost. All our old heroic ballads were undoubtedly sung to *chants* composed for them, which are now lost. Among those still preserved, are the episodes of *Offian*, which are at this day sung in the Highlands. *Gil Morice—The Flowers of the Forest—Hero and Leander, &c.*, are still sung to their original pathetic strains. These, however, are but a few of many old ballads whose airs are now unknown. In the MS. collection of Scottish Poems, made by Banatyne before 1568, the donation of the Earl of Hyndford to the Advocate's Library at Edinburgh, the favourite poem, *The Cherry and the Slae*, and likewise a poem of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, father to the famous Secretary Maitland, are entitled, “ To be sung to the tune of “ *the Banks of Helicon.*” This must have been a well-known tune two hundred years ago, as it was sung to such popular words; but it is now lost. It cannot exist under other words, as the metrical stanza of the *Cherry and the Slae* is so particular, that I know no air at this day that could be adapted to it. We find also, in old books, many names of songs; yet neither of the verses or tunes do we know any thing at this day. *Gavin Douglas*, in his prologue to the twelfth *Æneid*, recites the beginning words of three well-known songs in his time, 1480, thus :

“ The schip failis over the salt fame,

“ Will bring thir merchandis and my leman hame.”

——— “ I will be blyith and licht,

My hert is lent upon so gudly wicht.”

——— “ I come hidder to wow.”

* In the language of his country he was a most skilful composer; many of his writings and ballads are still remembered, and in the highest degree of estimation among the Scots. He was the author of the masterly ballad, entitled, *Tas Sen, &c.*, and of the pleasing and skilful song, *at Beltayn*, which some people wished to change to *de Dalketh* and *Gargeil*, because he was imprisoned in the castle, or chamber, where the woman with her mother lived.

And,

And, in the prologue to the thirteenth *Æneid*,

———— “ The jolly day now dawis.”

In the same way a great many of King James I.'s poetical pieces are now lost, or, perhaps, as his poem of *Christ's Kirk of the Green*, may erroneously be ascribed to others.

It may be suspected, from the above high-strained authorities, that his countrymen have rather allowed themselves to be carried too far in displaying the qualifications of their King. I shall, however, produce the testimony of a foreigner, a celebrated author, who does James still more honour than the writers of his own country; and, singular as the proposition may appear, I shall endeavour to prove, that the Scottish melodies, so far from being either invented or improved by an *Italian* master, were made the models of imitation in the finest vocal compositions of one of the greatest masters of composition in Italy.

The celebrated *Carlo Gesualdo*, Prince of Venosa, formerly Venustum, famous as the place of birth of Horace, flourished about the middle, or towards the end, of the sixteenth century, and died in 1614. *Blancanus*, in his *Chronologia-Mathematicorum*, thus distinguishes him: “ The most
“ noble Carolus Gesualdus, Prince of Venustum, was the prince of musicians of our age; he
“ having recalled the *Rythme* into music, introduced such a stile of modulation, that other musi-
“ cians yielded the preference to him; and all fingers and players on stringed instruments, laying
“ aside that of others, every where eagerly embraced his music.”—He is also celebrated by Merfennus, Kircher, and almost all the writers of that age, as one of the most learned and greatest composers of vocal music in his time.

To apply this account of the Prince of Venosa to the present subject. — *Alessandro Tassoni*, in his *Penfieri Diverfi*, lib. 10, thus expresses himself: “ We may reckon among us moderns *James King of Scotland*, who not only composed many *sacred pieces* of vocal music, but also, of him-
“ self, *invented a new kind of music, plaintive and melancholy, different from all other*, in which he
“ has been imitated by *Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa*, who, in our age, has improved music
“ with new and admirable inventions *.”

* “ Noi ancora possiamo connumerar, tra nostri, Jacopo Re di Scozia, che non pur *cose sacre compose in canto*, ma
“ trova da se stesso, una nuova musica, *lamentevole e mesta, differente da tutte l'altre*. Nel che poi e stato imitato da
“ *Carlo Gesualdo, Principe de Venosa*, che in questa nostra eta, ha illustrata anch' egli la musica con nuove mirabili in-
“ ventioni.” DIECI LIBRI di *Penfieri Diverfi*, in CARPI Appresso Gerolamo Vascieri, 1620 *.—Let me here do justice to the restorer of this record, who, next to Tassoni, deserves the thanks of every Scotsman; I mean the late *Patrick Lord Elibank*: for although Tassoni is well known as a poet, particularly by his celebrated *La sechia rapita*, the first of the modern mock heroic poems, yet his book *De Diverfi Penfieri*, though printed near two centuries ago, and containing a great deal of learned and curious observations, is but little known on this side of the Alps: and the above curious passage, which had so long escaped the notice of every Scotsman, might quietly have slept in the dark repose of great libraries, had not the penetrating research of this learned nobleman, about twenty years ago, produced it to light.

* It is proper to apprize the reader, that in some editions of the *Penfieri Diverfi* the tenth book is wanting.

How perfectly characteristic, this, of the pathetic strains of the old Scottish songs ! What an illustrious testimony to their excellency !

Some of the Dilettanti, in the Italian music of the present times, may, perhaps, sneer at being told, that the *Italians*, the restorers of music, owe the improvement of their music to the early introduction of Scottish melody into it : yet nothing is more certain, not only from the candid acknowledgment of Taffoni, but from the testimony of the Italian music itself before the Prince of Venosa's time, as I shall attempt to illustrate.

It is at this day no longer a question, that the art of composition in parts, or what is called *harmony*, is the invention of the moderns ; but by whom invented, or at what particular æra, is not so clear. As the cultivation of modern music was chiefly among the ecclesiastics, on account of the church services daily in use to be sung by them, the rules of harmony undoubtedly took their rise, and were improved among them. *Guido d'Arezzo*, a Benedictine monk, about the beginning of the eleventh century, is, by many authors, said to have reformed the scale, by introducing the lines and the notation on them by points, instead of the letters of the alphabet, formerly in use ; from which the name of *counterpoint*, for the art of composition in parts, is derived. From that period, it was by degrees improved, until it was brought to perfection in the golden age of the restoration of other polite arts and sciences in Italy, the Pontificate of Leo X. At this time flourished the venerable *Palestrina*, styled the *father of harmony* ; and in the same century, though later, the Prince of Venosa, mentioned above. As the productions of a harmonist and thorough master of the art of counterpoint, the compositions of *Palestrina*, even at this day, strike us with admiration by their artful *fugues*, and the full and sublime harmony of their parts. Nothing in the church stile, except the grandeur and loftiness of the choruses of *Handel*, can exceed them : yet, in one great point, the music of *Palestrina* is deficient. We may be entertained with the artful contrivance and learning of a well-wrought *fugue*, or elevated by the harmony of a full choir of voices, yet still melody or air is wanting in the music of the venerable *Palestrina*. To any person versant in the compositions of the great masters of harmony in *Palestrina*'s time, there will appear the same stile, artful contrivance, and learning, running through every species of their compositions ; their *massa's*, *motetti*, *madrigals*, and *canons*. The harmony is full, but they are deficient in melody *.

I do

* Although *Palestrina* is with propriety styled the father of Harmony in Italy, as, by the solemn grandeur of his harmony, and fine contrivances, he certainly carried the art of counterpoint far beyond any thing known before the age of Leo X. yet is but justice to say, that harmonic composition flourished in several parts of Europe besides Italy, and that there existed several eminent masters, even before the time of *Palestrina*. *Lewis Guicciardin*, (nephew of Francis, the historian) who was contemporary with *Palestrina*, and died before him in 1589, as cited by *Abbe du Bos*, in his *Critical Reflections*, gives a list of several eminent Flemish composers ; and adds, that, in his time, it was the practice in the Netherlands, and had been a custom there of long standing, to furnish Europe with musicians. The old church services, that had long been in use both in England and Scotland, several of which still exist, are solid proofs of the profound knowledge of

I do not remember to have seen any cantata, or song for a single voice, of the age of Palestrina. The Italian music for private entertainment, at that time, seems to have been the *madrigal*, usually composed for some favourite stanza or love verses of Petrarcha, Ariosto, or Tasso, commonly in the *fugue* stile, and of three or four parts. The madrigal, when sung by proper voices, is soothing and pleasant; but, wanting air, soon becomes languid and dull: a certain proof this, that the music of Italy, at the above time, was altogether artificial and harmonic; and that *melody*, the soul of music, was not then regarded or cultivated. Harmony, and the art of composition in parts, it must be confessed, is one of the noblest of the modern inventions: that a fondness, however, for that only, to almost the total neglect or exclusion of air and melody in music, should have universally prevailed at this time in Italy, is a remarkable fact*. We shall farther illustrate this from another historical fact in the annals of music.

The *Opera*, that noble and elegant species of the musical drama, now so much improved and established in most of the theatres in Europe, and which chiefly consists in *airs* for a *single voice*, with instrumental accompaniments, was not known in Palestrina's or the Prince of Venosa's time. It was first introduced in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The dramatic poem of *Euridice*, made by *Ottavio Rinuccini*, a Florentine poet, was set to music by *Jacopo Peri*, who, on that occasion, invented the *recitativo*, or musical discourse. The opera of *Euridice* was first represented on the theatre at Florence in the year 1600, on occasion of the marriage of Mary of Medicis with King Henry IV. of France. What appears most remarkable, so much was harmonic composition universally established, that, in the above opera, there is not one air or song for a single voice. The whole opera consists of *duetti*, *terzetti*, *cori*, and *recitativo*.

In the above state of music in Italy, we may suppose the Scottish melodies of King James I. had found their way into that country. Is it then to be wondered at, that such a genius as the Prince of Venosa should be struck with the genuine simplicity of strains which spoke directly to the heart, and that he should imitate and adopt such new and affecting melodies, which he found wanting in the music of his own country? The sweet, natural, and plaintive strains of the old song, *Waly waly up the bank—Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion?—Be constant ay*—and many

our old composers in counterpoint, before the time of Palestrina. The church services of *Marbeck*, and of *Tallis*, who was organist to Henry VIII. are original and learned, and abound in fine harmony. *Geminiani*, that great musical genius, on hearing *Tallis's* anthem, "*I call and cry*," is said to have exclaimed, in rapture, "The man who made this must have been inspired!" No less eminent was *Birde*, the scholar of *Tallis*, and several others mentioned by *Morley*, in his *Introduction to Practical Music*, in the number of which *Morley* himself may be ranked. From that time a continued succession of very eminent composers in the church stile, through the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and Charles I., have flourished.

* It is curious to observe, that the state of music in England, at the same period, appears to have been precisely similar to that in Italy, that is, purely *harmonic*, as may be seen from the compositions of *Marbeck*, *Tallis*, *Birde*, &c.; and, after them, of *Henry Lawes*, *Lanere*, and *Campion*, down to the Restoration.

other

other of our old songs about that age, must touch the heart of every genius, of whatever country, and might enrich the composition of the greatest foreign master.

Purpureus laté qui splendeat unus et alter
Adfuitur pannus.

HOR.

I hope we shall no longer hear the absurd tale, that the Scottish music was either invented or improved by an *Italian*, when we see it proved, by so great an authority as *Tassoni*, that the Scottish melodies, above two centuries ago, and in *his time*, had been adopted into the finest vocal compositions of one of the greatest masters and reformers of Italian music, the *Prince of Venosa*.

It cannot be doubted, that, under such a genius in poetry and music as King James I. the national music must have greatly improved. One great step to the improvement of the science of music, was the introduction of *organs*, by that Prince, into the cathedrals and abbeys of Scotland, and, of course, the establishment of a choral service of church music. We have seen, that he had composed several anthems, or vocal pieces of *sacred music* *, which shews, that his skill in the scientific parts of music must have been very high; and he established a full choir of singers in the church service, which was brought by him to such a degree of perfection, as to fall little short of the English †, who, at that time, were thought to excel all other nations in church music.

King James is said to have been a fine performer on the lute and harp, with which he accompanied his own songs ‡. Playing on these instruments must, by the Prince's example, have become fashionable; and, of course, a more regular and refined modulation in the Scottish songs must have been introduced. The simple scale of the pipe, by the introduction of the stringed instruments, became, in consequence, much enlarged, not only by a greater extent of notes, but by the division of them into semitones.

The great *era* of poetry, as of music, in Scotland, I imagine to have been from the beginning of the reign of King James I. down to the end of King James V.'s ||. The old cathedrals and abbeys, those venerable monuments of Gothic grandeur, with the choristers belonging to them,

* Che cose sacre compose in canto. *Tassoni*.

† *Boeth. Hist. lib. 17.*

‡ In sono vocis, et in tactu Citharæ (natura) dulciter et dilectabiliter illum prædotavit. *Fordun, vol. 2, c. 28.*

|| Within this æra flourished *Gavin Douglas*, Bishop of Dunkeld, whose excellent translation of Virgil's *Æneis* may compare with Chaucer, the first poet of that age; *Bellenden*, arch-deacon of Murray; *Dunbar*, *Henryson*, *Scott*, *Montgomery*, *Sir D. Lindsay*, and many others, whose fine poems have been preserved in Banatyne's excellent collection, of which several have been published by Allan Ramsay in his *Evergreen*.

according to the splendour of their ritual church service, were so many schools or seminaries for the cultivation of music. It must be owned, however, that, altho' the science of harmonic music was cultivated by the church composers, yet as the merit of the church music, at that time, consisted in its harmony only, the fine flights and pathetic expression of our songs could borrow nothing from thence.

This was likewise the æra of chivalry : the feudal system was then in its full vigour.

The Scottish nobility, possessed of great estates, hereditary jurisdictions, and a numerous vassalage, maintained, in their remote castles, a state and splendour little inferior to the court of their kings. Upon solemn occasions, *tilts* and *tournaments* were proclaimed, and *festivals* held with all the Gothic grandeur and magnificence of *chivalry*, which drew numbers of knights and dames to these solemnities.

Illumining the vaulted roof,
 A thousand torches flam'd aloof,
 From massy cups, with golden gleam,
 Sparkled the red Metheglin's stream :
 To grace the gorgeous festival,
 Along the lofty windowed hall
 The storied tapestry was hung,
 With minstrelsy the rafters rung ;
 Of harps, that, with reflected light,
 From the proud gallery glittered bright.
 To crown the banquet's solemn close,
 Themes of *British* glory rose ;
 And, to the strings of various chime,
 Attemper'd the *heroic* rhyme.

WARTON'S ODE on the Grave of King Arthur.

James IV. and V. were both of them magnificent Princes : they kept splendid courts, and were great promoters of those heroic entertainments*. In the family of every chief, or head of a clan, the *Bard* was a very considerable person : his office, upon solemn feasts, was to sing or rehearse the splendid actions of the heroes, ancestors of the family, which he accompanied with the harp. At this time, too, there were *itinerant* or *strolling minstrels*, performers on the harp, who went about the country, from house to house, upon solemn occasions, reciting *heroic ballads*, and other popular epifodes.

These *wandering harpers* are mentioned thus by Major : ‘ *In Cithara, Hibernenses et silvestres Scoti, qui in illa arte præcipui sunt.*’—To these sylvan minstrels I imagine we are indebted

* Pitfcottie's History of James IV., Leslie, &c.

for many fine old songs, which are more varied in their melody, and more regular in their composition, as they approach nearer to modern times, though still retaining ‘their wood-notes wild *.’

To the wandering harpers we are certainly indebted for that species of music, which is now scarcely known; I mean *the Port*. Almost every great family had a *Port* that went by the name of the family. Of the few that are still preserved are, *Port Lennox*, *Port Gordon*, *Port Seton*, and *Port Athole*, which are all of them excellent in their kind. The *Port* is not of the martial strain of the *march*, as some have conjectured; those above named being all in the plaintive strain, and modulated for the harp.

The *Pibroch*, the march or battle-tune of the *Highland Clans*, with the different strains introduced of the *coronach*, &c. is fitted for the *bagpipe* only: Its measure, in the *pas grave* of the *Highland piper*, equipped with his flag and military ensigns, when marching up to battle, is stately and animating, rising often to a degree of fury.

To class the old Scottish songs, according to the several æras in which we may suppose them to have been made, is an attempt which can arise from conjecture only, except as to such of them as carry more certain marks, to be afterwards taken notice of.

* To frame an idea of the heaven-born genius of the ancient minstrel or wandering harper, in a rude age, see Dr. Beattie’s fine poem, the *Minstrel*.

—Song was his favourite, and first pursuit,
The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
And languish’d to his breast the plaintive flute;
His infant muse, though artless, was not mute.—

Meanwhile, whate’er of *beautiful*, or *new*,
Sublime, or *dreadful*, in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance or search, was offered to his view,
He scanned with curious and romantic eye,
Whate’er of lore tradition could supply,
From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
Rous’d him, still keen to listen, and to pry;
At last, though long by penury controll’d
And solitude, his soul her graces ’gan unfold.

Minstrel, Part I.

The last of these strolling harpers was *Rory* or *Roderick Dall*, who, about fifty years ago, was well known and much cared for by the Highland gentry, whose houses he frequented. His chief residence was about Blair in Athole and Dunkeld. He was esteemed a good composer, and a fine performer on the harp, to which he sung in a pathetic manner. Many of his songs are preserved in that country.

Of our most ancient melodies, I have, in the beginning of this essay, given a few, such as *Gil Morice*, &c., with what I imagine to be the signatures of their antiquity. To what æra these can be referred, I do not pretend to say: My conjecture, however, is, that, from their artless simplicity, they belong to an age prior to James I. The investigation of other pieces of our oldest music, by the same standard, may be an agreeable amusement to the curious.

From the genius of King James, his profound skill in the principles of music, and great performance on the harp, we may esteem him the inventor and reformer of the Scottish vocal music. Of his age (some of them very probably of his composition) may be reckoned the following simple, plaintive, and ancient melodies *Jockey and Sandie*—*Waly waly up the bank*—*Awaking Ob!*—*Be constant ay*—*Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion?*

From these, by an insensible gradation, we are led to what I conjecture may be called the *second epoch* of our songs, that is, from the beginning of the reign of *King James IV.* *James V.* and to the end of that of *Queen Mary*, within which period may be reckoned the following songs, the old tragic ballads *Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride*, and *Hero and Leander*—*Willie's rair and Willie's fair*—*Cromlet's Lilt*—*The flowers of the Forest*—*Gilderoy*—*Balow my boy*—*The Gaberlunye Man*—*The bonnie Earle of Murray*—*Leeder Haughs in Yarrow*—*Absence will never alter me*—*Tak' your auld cloak about ye*—and the old melody lately revived, called *Queen Mary's Lamentation*, which, I am well assured, belongs to, and bears the signatures of that age. In the preceding airs besides a more varied melody, there is likewise an artful degree of modulation, observable in several of them, in the introduction of the seventh of the key, as in *Waly Waly*—*The Flowers of the Forest*—*Queen Mary's Lament*—*The bonny Earle of Murray*. This strain is peculiarly characteristic of the ancient Scottish songs, and has a fine pathetic effect, which must give pleasure to the most refined ear. As, in the foregoing observation, it is remarked by Tassoni, on the new-invented music of King James I., that it ‘*was plaintive and melancholy, and different from all other music**,’ it may, with probability, be conjectured, from James's skill and masterly performance on the stringed instruments, that this peculiar mode of modulation into the seventh of the key, may have been first invented and introduced into our old music by that Prince.

In the third æra, which comprehends the space of time from *Queen Mary* to the *Restoration*, may be classed the following songs, *Through the lang muir I followed my Willie*—*Pinky House*—*Etrick Banks*—*I'll never leave thee*—*The Broom of Cowdenknows*—*Down the burn Davie*—*Auld Rob Morris*—*Where Helen lies*—*Fie on the wars*—*Thro' the wood, laddie*—*Fie let us a' to the wedding*—*Muirland Willie*.

From these we are led to the last æra, that is, from the *Restoration, to the Union*. Within this period, from their more regular measure and more modern air, we may almost, with cer-

* Il trouva da se stesso, un nuova musica, lamentevole e mesta, *differente da tutte laltre*.

tainty, pronounce the following fine songs to have been made, *An' thou wert mine ain thing*—*O dear minnie, what sal I do*—*The bush aboon Traquair*—*The last time I came o'er the moor*—*Mary Scot, the flower of Yarrow*—*The bonny boatman*—*Sae merry as we ha' been*—*My dearie an' thou die*—*She rose and let me in*—*My apron, dearie*—*Love is the cause of my mourning*—*Allan water*—*There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee*—*The Highland laddie*—*Bonny Jean of Aberdeen*—*The lass of Patie's mill*—*The yellow-hair'd laddie*—*John Hay's bonny lassie*—*Tweed-side*—*Lochaber*.

We are not, however, to imagine, that, from this last period, the genius of Scottish music had taken flight: that is not the case. Indeed the number of Scottish songs has of late not much increased; it nevertheless is true, that, since that last period, several fine songs have been made, which will stand the test of time. Amongst these are, *The birks of Invermay*—*The banks of Forth*—*Roslin Castle*—*The braes of Ballendine*. The two last were composed by Oswald, whose taste in the performance of the Scottish music, was natural and pathetic.

In thus classing the songs, as above, it is obvious, that no fixed or certain rules can be prescribed. Some of these old songs, it is true, ascertain of themselves the precise æra to which they belong; such as, *The flowers of the Forest*, composed on the fatal battle of *Flowden*, where the gallant *James IV.* and the flower of the Scottish nobility and gentry fell;—*The Souters of Selkirk*, composed * on the same occasion;—*Gilderoy*, made on the death of a famous outlaw hanged by *James V.*;—*Queen Mary's Lament*;—*The bonny Erle of Marray*, slain by *Huntlie* in 1592. In general, however, in making those arrangements, besides the characters which I have mentioned, as I know of no other distinguishing marks for a fixed standard, the only rule I could follow was to select a few of the most undoubted ancient melodies, such as may be supposed to be the production of the simplest instrument, of the most limited scale, as the shepherd's reed; and thence to trace them gradually downward, to more varied, artful, and regular modulations, the compositions of more polished manners and times, and suitable to instruments of a more extended scale.

If, in following this plan, I have been successful, it will afford entertainment to a musical genius, to trace the simple strains of our rude ancestors through different ages, from *King James I.*, who truly may be stiled the Father of the Scottish songs, so distinguished from the music of every other country, progressively downwards, to modern times. This, to a musical genius, may afford the same amusement it has given to me, in considering the melodies thus selected

* This ballad is founded on the following incident:—Previous to the battle of *Flowden*, the town clerk of *Selkirk* conducted a band of eighty *souters*, or shoemakers, of that town, who joined the royal army; and the town clerk, in reward of his loyalty, was created a Knight-banneret by that Prince. They fought gallantly, and were most of them cut off. A few who escaped found, on their return, in the forest of *Lady-wood edge*, the wife of one of their brethren lying dead, and her child sucking her breast. Thence the town of *Selkirk* obtained, for their arms, a woman sitting upon a sarcophagus, holding a child in her arms; in the back ground, a wood; and on the sarcophagus, the arms of Scotland.

and arranged, trying them by the signatures above pointed out, and adding others to the above number.

A second point I also had in view : It was, from the number of our Scottish songs, to select a few of those which I imagine to be the finest, and most distinguished, for originality of air, agreeable modulation, and expression of the subject for which they have been composed. Upon a review of these airs, thus far I may venture to say, that, for genuine flight of fancy, pleasing variety, and originality, they will stand the test of comparison with the music of any country, and afford entertainment to the most refined taste.

I have hinted that our Scottish songs owe nothing to the *church-music* of the cathedrals and abbeys before the Reformation ; for, although music made a considerable part of the ritual church service, yet, from some of their books, which have escaped the rage of the Reformers, we find their music to have consisted entirely of harmonic compositions, of four, five, often of six, seven, and eight parts, all in strict counterpoint. Such were perfectly suitable to the solemnity of religious worship ; and, when performed by a full choir of voices, accompanied by the organ, must undoubtedly have had a solemn and awful effect upon a mind disposed to devotion. The style of such composition is to calm the mind, and inspire devotion, suitable to the majesty of that *Being* to whom it is addressed. Nothing, however, can be more opposite than such harmonic compositions to the genius of love-songs, which consist in the simple melody of one single part.

It is a common tradition, that, in ridicule of the cathedral-service, several of their hymns were, by the wits among the Reformed, burlesqued, and sung as profane ballads. Of this there is some remaining evidence. The well-known tunes of *John, come kiss me now—Kind Robin lo'es me*—and *John Anderson my jo*—are said to be of that number.

At the establishment of the Reformation, one of the first pious works of the Reformed clergy was, to translate, into Scottish metre, the Psalms of David, and to introduce them into the kirks, to be sung to the old church-tunes. John Knox's book of psalms, called *The Common Tunes*, is still extant, and sung in the churches, and consists of four parts ; a treble, tenor, counter-alt, and bass. The harmony of these tunes is learned and full, and proves them to be the work of very able masters in the counterpoint.

In order, however, to enlarge the psalmody, the clergy soon after were at pains to translate, into Scottish metre, several parts of scripture, and some old Latin hymns, and other pieces. At the same time, as they had no objections to the old music, they made an effort to reclaim some of those tunes from the profane ballads into which they had been burlesqued, and sung by the vulgar.

A collection of these pieces was printed at Edinburgh about the year 1590, by Andro Hart, in old Saxon, or black letter, under the title of *A compendious book of godly and spiritual songs,*
collectit

colleſtit out of ſundry parts of the ſcripture, with ſundrie of other ballats changed out of prophaine ſanges, for avoiding of ſinne and harlotrie, &c.

Among theſe ballads, *John come kiſs me now* makes *his* appearance; ſtripped, indeed, of *his* prophane dreſs, which had promoted *ſinne and harlotrie*; but, in exchange, ſo ſtrangely equipped in *his* penitential habit, as to make a more ridiculous figure than *his* brother Jack, in the *Tale of a Tub*. As a curioſity, I ſhall give two or three of the ſtanzas of this new-converted godly ballad.

John come kiſs me now,
John come kiſs me now,
John come kiſs me by and by,
And mak na mair adow.

The Lord thy God I am,
That (John) does thee call;
John repreſents man
By grace ceſtial.

My prophets call, my preachers cry,
John come kiſs me now;
John come kiſs me by and by,
And mak na mair adow.

** To laugh were want of godlineſs and grace,
* And to be grave exceeds all power of face.**

POPE.

If the other tunes, preſerved of the old church-muſic, were in the ſame ſtile of *John come kiſs me now*, our fine old melodies, I think, could borrow nothing from them.

I ſhall conclude this eſſay with a few general obſervations on the Scottiſh ſongs.

The Scottiſh melodies contain ſtrong expreſſion of the paſſions; particularly of the melancholy kind; in which the air often finely correſponds to the ſubject of the ſong. In this, I conjecture, the excellency of the ancient Greek muſic conſiſted, of which we are told ſuch wonderful effects. The Greek muſicians were alſo poets, who accompanied their own verſes on the harp. Such, likewise, was the Saxon Alfred; and in the ſame light we may ſee our James I. who both of them accompanied their own poems on the lute or harp. Terpander is ſaid to have compoſed muſic for the Iliad of Homer; Timotheus played and ſung his own lyrical poems; and the poet Simonides his own elegies:

** Quid moeſtius lacrymis Simonidis!**

exclaims Catullus; and, inſpired with the genius of muſic, in this fine apoſtrophe, cries out our great poet!

And, O sad Virgin, could thy power
 But raise Mufeus from his bower!
 Or bid the foul of Orpheus fing,
 Such notes as warbled on the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And make *hell* grant what *love* did feek.

Let us acknowledge the excellency of the Greek mufic; yet as the principles of harmony, or compofition in parts, feem not to have been known to them, at leaft as far as has yet been difcovered, this excellency of their mufic muft have refulted from the natural melody of their airs, expreffive of the words to which they were adapted. In this light, therefore, we may run a parallel between the ancient Greek mufic and our Scottifh melodies; and, in fpite of the prejudiced fondnefs which we are apt to conceive in favour of the ancients, it is probable that we do the beft of their mufic no hurt in claffing it with our own.

What perfon of tafte can be infenfible to the fine airs of, *I'll never leave thee—Allan Water—An' thou wer't mine ain thing—The Braes of Ballendine*, &c. when fung with tafte and feeling!

Love, in its various fituations of *hope*, *fuccefs*, *difappointment*, and *defpair*, is finely expreffed in the natural melody of the old Scottifh fongs. How naturally does the air correspond with the following defcription of the reftlefs languor of a maid in love!

Ay wa'king oh!
 Wa'king ay and wearie;
 Sleep I canna get,
 For thinking o' my dearie.
 When I fleep, I dream;
 When I wake, I'm irie*;
 Reft I canna get,
 For thinking o' my dearie.

The fimple melody of the old fong *Waly! Waly!* is the pathetic complaint of a forfaken maid, bemoaning herfelf along the late-frequented haunts of her and her lover. The old Scottifh word *waly* fignifies *wail*, or heavy forrow, and lamentation.

Waly! waly! up the bank,
 And waly, waly! down the brae;
 And waly! waly! on yon burn fide,
 Where I and my true love did gae.

Thus *Petrarch* in one of his beautiful fonnets:

Valle, che de lamenti miei fe' piena,
Fiume, che fpeffo del mio pianger crefci.—
Colle che mi piacefti, hor mi rincrefci,
Ov' ancor per ufanza amor mi mena—
Quinci vedea 'l mio bene!—&c.

* *Irie* is a Scottifh word that has no correspondent term in Englifh. It implies that fort of fear which is excited in a perfon apprehenfive of apparitions.

How soothing and plaintive is the lullaby of a forsaken mistress over her child, expressed in *Lady Anne Botbwell's Lament*! How romantic the melody of the old love-ballad of *Hero and Leander*! What a melancholy love story is told in the old song of *Jockey and Sandy*! and what frantic grief expressed in *I wish I were where Helen lies*!

It were endless to run through the many fine airs expressive of sentiment, and passion, in the number of our Scottish songs, which, when sung in the genuine natural manner, must affect the heart of every person of feeling, whose taste is not vitiated and seduced by *fashion* and *novelty*.

As the Scottish songs are the *flights of genius*, devoid of art, they bid defiance to artificial graces and affected cadences. To a sweet, liquid, flowing voice, capable of swelling a note from the softest to the fullest tone, and what the Italians call a *voce di petto*, must be joined *sensibility* and *feeling*, and a perfect understanding of the subject, and *words* of the song, so as to know the *significant word* on which to *swell* or *soften* the tone, and lay the force of the note. From a want of knowledge of the language, it generally happens, that, to most of the foreign masters, our melodies, at first, must seem wild and uncouth; for which reason, in their performance, they generally fall short of our expectation. We sometimes, however, find a foreign master, who, with a genius for the pathetic, and a knowledge of the subject and words, has afforded very high pleasure in a Scottish song.

It is a common defect in some who pretend to sing, to affect to smother the words, by not articulating them, so as we scarce can find out either the subject or language of their song. This is always a sign of want of feeling, and the mark of a bad singer; particularly of Scottish songs, where there is generally so intimate a correspondence between the air and subject. Indeed there can be no good vocal music without it.

The accompaniment of a Scottish song ought to be performed with delicacy. The fine breathings, those *heart-felt touches*, which *genius* alone can express, in our songs, are lost in a noisy accompaniment of instruments. The full chords of a thorough bass should be used sparingly, and with judgement, not to overpower, but to support and raise the voice at proper pauses.

Where, with a fine voice, is joined some skill in instrumental music, the air, by way of symphony, or introduction to the song, should always be first played over; and, at the close of every stanza, the last part of the air may be repeated, as a relief to the voice. In this *symphonic part*, the performer may shew his taste and fancy on the instrument, by varying it *ad libitum*.

A Scottish song admits of no cadence; I mean, by this, no fanciful or capricious descant upon the close of the tune. There is one embellishment, however, which a fine singer may easily acquire

quire, that is, an easy *shake*. This, while the organs are flexible in a young voice, may, with practice, be easily attained.

A Scottish song, thus performed, is among the highest of entertainments to a *musical genius*. But is this genius to be acquired either in the performer or hearer? It cannot. *Genius in music, as in poetry, is the gift of Heaven.*

An artist on the violin may display the magic of his fingers in running from the top to the bottom of the finger-board, in various intricate *capriccios*, which, at most, will only excite surprise: while a very middling performer, of taste and feeling, in a subject that admits of the *pathos*, will touch the heart in its finest sensations. The finest of the Italian composers, and many of their fingers, possess this to an amazing degree. The opera-airs of these great masters, *Pergolese, Jomelli, Galuppi, Perez*, and many others of the present age, are astonishingly pathetic and moving. Genius, however, and feeling, are not confined to country or climate. *A maid at her spinning-wheel*, who knew not a note in music, with a sweet voice, and the force of a native genius, has oft drawn tears from my eyes. That gift of Heaven, in short, is not to be defined: It can only be felt.

I cannot better conclude this essay, than in the words of one who possessed it in the most exalted degree. Addressing himself to a young composer, he spoke thus: ‘Seek not to know what is *genius*. If thou hast it, thy feelings will tell thee what it is. If thou hast it not, thou never wilt know it. The genius of the musician subjects the universe to its power. It draws its pictures by sounds. It expresses ideas by feelings, and feelings by accents. We feel in our hearts the force of the passions which it excites. Through the medium of genius, *pleasure* assumes additional charms, and the *grief* which it excites breaks forth into cries. But, alas! to those who feel not in themselves the spring of genius, its expressions convey no idea. Its prodigies are unknown to those who cannot imitate them. Wouldst thou know if thou art animated with one spark of that bright fire? Run, fly to *Naples*, and there listen to the master-pieces of *Leo, Durante, Jomelli, Pergolese*. If thine eyes are filled with tears, thy heart palpitates, thy whole frame is agitated, and the oppression of transport arises almost to suffocation; take up *Metastasio*, his genius will inflame thine own, and thou wilt compose after his example. These are the operations of genius, and the tears of others will recompense thee for those which thy masters have caused thee to shed. But, if thou art calm and tranquil amidst the transports of that great art; if thou feelest no delirium, no *ecstasy*; if thou art only moved with pleasure, at what should transport thee with rapture, dost thou dare to ask what *genius* is? Profane not, vulgar man, that name sublime! What does it import thee to know what thou canst never feel? *’

* Rousseau, sous le mot *genie*.

The Bush a boon Traquair.

Violin

Slow

Hear me ye nymphs and ev'ry fwain, I'll tell how Peg-gy grieves me, Tho'

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thus I languish, thus complain, A-las! she ne'er be-lieves me My

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vows and fighs, like fi-lent air, Un-heed-ed ne-ver move her; The

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Bon-ny bush a boon Traquair; 'Twas there I first did love her

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THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,

I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me ;

Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,

Alas ! she ne'er believes me.

My vows and sighs, like silent air,

Unheeded never move her ;

At the bonny bush aboon *Traquair*;

'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,

No maid seem'd ever kinder :

I thought myself the luckiest lad,

So sweetly there to find her.

I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,

In words that I thought tender ;

If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,

I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,

The fields we then frequented ;

If e'er we meet, she shews disdain ;

She looks as ne'er acquainted.

The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,

Its sweets I'll aye remember ;

But now her frowns make it decay,

It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,

Why thus should *Peggy* grieve me ?

Oh ! make her partner in my pains,

Then let her smiles relieve me ;

If not, my love will turn despair,

My passion no more tender.

I'll leave the Bush aboon *Traquair*,

To lonely wilds I'll wander.

L O C H A B E R.

FAREWEL to *Lochaber*, and farewell my *Jean*,
 Where heartsome with thee I have many days been !
 For *Lochaber* no more, *Lochaber* no more,
 Wee'l may he return to *Lochaber* no more.
 These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on war.
 Tho' borne on rough seas to a far distant shore,
 May be to return to *Lochaber* no more.

The hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
 They ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind,
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's nothing like leaving my love on the shore :
 To leave thee behind me my heart is fair pain'd,
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd ;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my *Jenny*, maun plead my excuse,
 Since honour commands, how can I refuse ?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favour I'd better not be :
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame ;
 And should I but chance to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with Love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more.

Lochaber

Violin

Flow

Fare well to Loch-aber, and fare well my Jean, Where heartsome with

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thee I have many day been, For Loch-aber no more Loch-a-ber no more, Well

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may be re-turn to Loch-a-ber no more: These tears that I shed they are a' for my

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dear, And nae for the dangers at-tending on weir Tho' born on rough Seas to a

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far distant shore, May be to re-turn to Loch-a-ber no more.

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Peggy I must love thee

Violin

Slow

As from a rock past all relief The shipwreck'd Colin spying His

native soil o'er-come with grief, Half sunk in waves and dying: With

the next morning Sun he spies A Ship which gave unhop'd surprise; New

life springs up he lifts his eyes With Joy and waits her motion.

PEGGY, I MUST LOVE THEE.

AS from a rock, past all relief,
 The shipwreck'd Colin spying
 His native soil, o'ercome with grief,
 Half sunk in waves, and dying :
 With the next morning sun he spies
 A ship, which gives unhop'd surprise :
 New life springs up, he lifts his eyes
 With joy, and waits her motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
 I scorn'd was, and deserted,
 Low with despair my spirits mov'd,
 To be for ever parted ;
 Thus droop'd I, till diviner grace
 I found in Peggy's mind and face ;
 Ingratitude appear'd then base,
 But virtue more engaging.

Then now, since happily I've hit,
 I'll have no more delaying :
 Let beauty yield to manly wit,
 We lose ourselves in staving :
 I'll haste dull courtship to a close,
 Since marriage can my fears oppose :
 Why should we happy minutes lose,
 Since, Peggy, I must love thee ?

Men may be foolish, if they please,
 And deem't a lover's duty
 To sigh, and sacrifice their ease,
 Doating on a proud beauty :
 Such was my case for many a year,
 Still hope succeeding to my fear,
 False Betty's charms now disappear,
 Since Peggy's far outshine them.

FOR LACK OF GOLD.

FOR lack of gold she's left me, oh !
 And of all that's dear bereft me, oh !
 For Athol's Duke she me forfook,
 And to endless care has left me, oh !

A star and garter have more art
 Than youth, a true and faithful heart ;
 For empty titles we must part,
 And for glitt'ring show she left me, oh !

No cruel fair shall ever move
 My injur'd heart again to love ;
 Thro' distant climates I must rove,
 Since *Jeannie* she has left me, oh !

Ye Pow'rs above, I to your care
 Commit my lovely, charming fair ;
 Your choicest blessings on her share,
 Tho' she's for ever left me, oh !

For lack of Gold

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Violin

Slow

For lack of gold she's left me, oh! and of all that's

dear - be - left me, oh! For A - thol's Duke she me for - took & to

end - less care has left me oh! A star and gar - ter

have more art, than youth, a true and faith - ful heart, for emp - ty

ti - tles we must part & for glitt'ring show she left me oh!

Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament

Violin

Plaintive

Ba - low my babe lye ftill and fleep, It grieves me fair to

fee thee weep, Ba - low my babe lye ftill and fleep, It grieves me fair to

fee thee weep, If thoult he filent Ill be glad, Thy maining makes my

heart full fad, Ba - low my babe thy mither's joy, Thy father breeds me great annoy.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

From Pinkerton's Select Scottish Ballads.

BALOW, my babe, lie still and sleip,
 It grieves me fair to see thee weip;
 If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
 Thy maining maks my heart full sad;
 Balow, my babe, thy mither's joy,
 Thy father breids me great annoy.

Whan he began to feik my luv,
 And wi' his fucred words to muve;
 His feining fause, and flattering cheir,
 To me that time did nocht appeir;
 But now I see that cruel he
 Cares neither for my babe nor me.

Lye still, my darling, sleip a while,
 And whan thou wakest sweitly smile;
 But smile nae as thy father did
 To cozen maids: nay, God forbid,
 What yet I feir, that thou fold leir
 Thy father's heart and face to beir!

Be still, my sad one: spare those teirs,
 To weip whan thou hast wit and yeirs;
 Thy griefs are gathering to a fum,
 God grant thee patience when they cum;
 Born to proclaim a mother's shame,
 A mother's fall, a bastard's name.

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

ONE day I heard Mary say,
 How shall I leave thee ?
 Stay, dearest Adonis, stay ;
 Why wilt thou grieve me ?
 Alas ! my fond heart will break,
 If thou shouldst leave me ;
 I'll live and die for thy sake,
 Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say,
 Has Mary deceiv'd thee ?
 Did e'er her young heart betray
 New love that has griev'd thee ?
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
 Thou mayst believe me ;
 I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
 And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
 What can relieve thee ?
 Can Mary thy anguish sooth ?
 This breast shall receive thee.
 My passion can ne'er decay,
 Never deceive thee ;
 Delight shall drive pain away,
 Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad !
 How shall I leave thee ?
 Oh ! that thought makes me sad ;
 I'll never leave thee !
 Where would my Adonis fly ?
 Why does he grieve me ?
 Alas ! my poor heart would die,
 If I should leave thee !

I'll never leave thee

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*Violin**Plaintive*

One day I heard Mary say, How shall I leave thee?

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Stay, dearest A -- DO -- NIS stay, Why wilt thou grieve me? A --

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--las! my fond heart will break, If thou should'st leave me

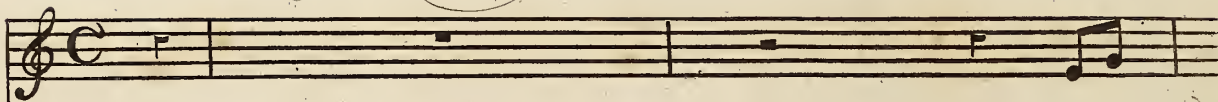
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I'll live & die for thy sake, yet ne - ver leave thee

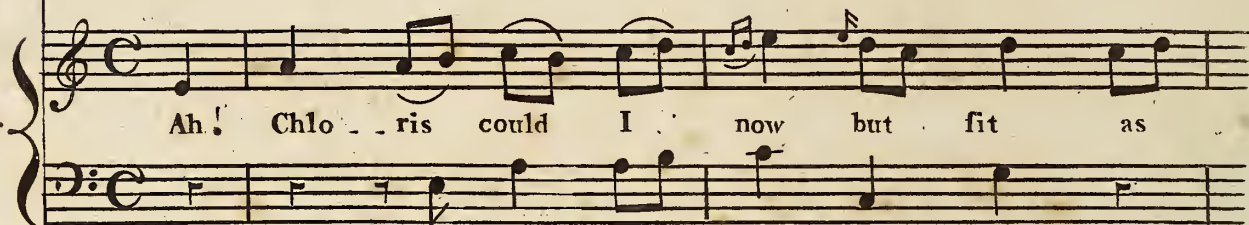
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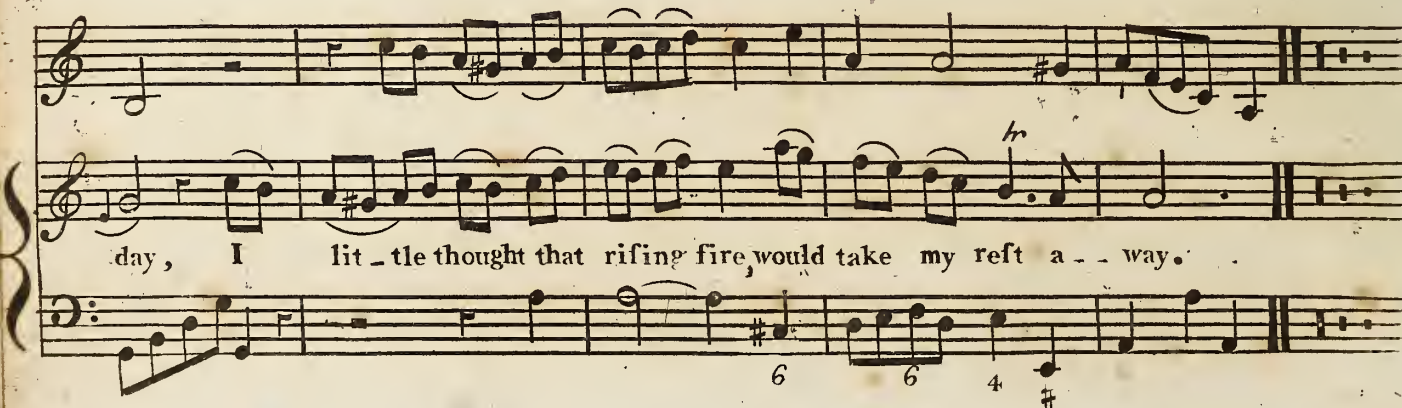
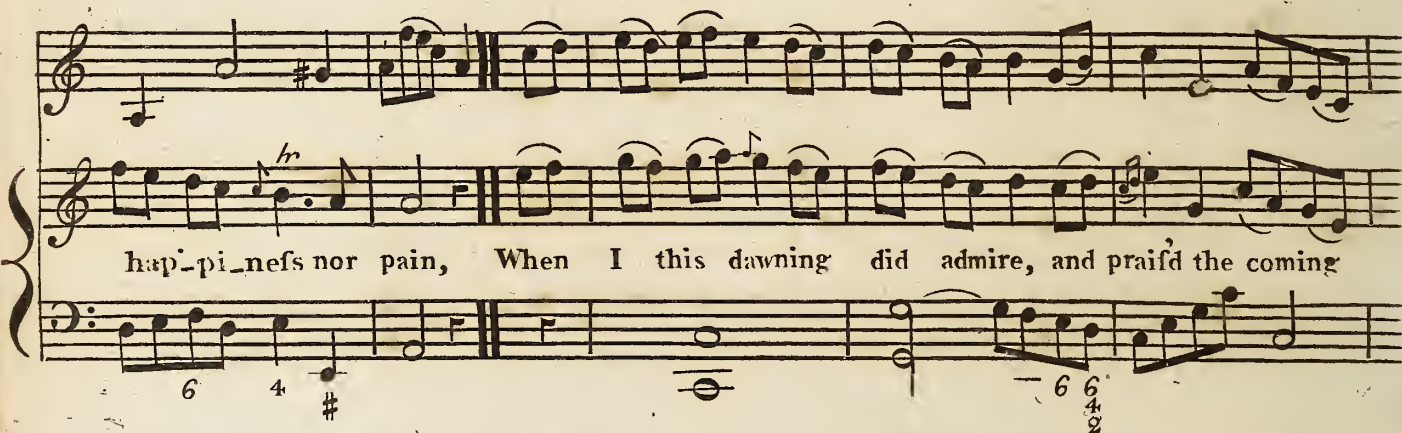
Violin



Tender



6



G I L D E R R O R.

AH! Chloris, could I now but fit
 As unconcern'd as when
 Your infant beauty cou'd beget
 No happiness or pain.
 When I this dawning did admire,
 And prais'd the coming day,
 I little thought that rising fire
 Wou'd take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
 As metals in a mine :
 Age from no face takes more away,
 Than youth conceal'd in thine.
 But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfections prest ;
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
 And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 While Cupid at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart.
 Each gloried in their wanton part ;
 To make a lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his art ;
 To make a beauty, she.

T W E E D S I D E.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose !

How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !

Yet Mary's still sweeter than those,

Both nature and fancy exceed.

Nor daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,

Not all the gay flow'rs of the field,

Not Tweed gliding gently through those

Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,

The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,

The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,

With music enchant ev'ry bush,

Come, let us go forth to the mead,

Let us see how the primroses spring ;

We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,

And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day ?

Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?

Do they never carelessly stray,

While happily she lies asleep ?

Tweed's murmurs shou'd lull her to rest,

Kind nature indulging my bliss ;

To relieve the soft pains of my breast,

I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,

No beauty with her can compare ;

Love's graces all round her do dwell,

She's fairest where thousands are fair.

Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?

Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed.

Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay,

Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed ?

Tweed Side

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Violin

How

What Beauties does Flora dis - close! How sweet are her smiles upon

Tweed! Yet Mary's still sweeter than those, both nature and fancy ex - ceed:

Not dai-sy nor sweetblushing rose, not all the gay flow'rs of the field, not

Tweed gliding gen - tly thro' those such Beauty and pleasure does yield.

The Broom

Violin

Slow

How blyth ilk morn was I to fee My fwain come o'er the hill! He

6 7 5 6 6 6 7 6 9 6 4

skipt the burn he flew to me I met him with good will:

6 6 6 7 5 4 2 6 6 7 5 6 5 4 3

O the broom the bonny bonny broom the broom of Cow-den-knows, I

6 7 5 6 6 6 7 6 9 6 4

with I were with my dear fwain, With his pipe and my ewes.

6 6 6 7 5 4 2 6 6 7 5 6 5 4 3

THE BROOM OF COWDEN KNOWS.

How blyth ilk morn was I to see
 My swain come o'er the hill !
 He skipt the burn, he flew to me :
 I met him with good will.

*O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
 The broom of Cowden knows ;
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.*

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
 While his flock near me lay :
 He gathered in my sheep at night,
 And chear'd me a' the day,
O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed fae sweet,
 The flocks stood listening by :
 E'en the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his melody.
O the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time by turns,
 Betwixt our flocks and play :
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,
 Tho' ne'er fae rich and gay.
O the broom, &c.

Hard fate that I shou'd banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.
O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me every hour,
 Cou'd I but faithfu' be ?
 He staw my heart : Cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me ?
O the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit
 That held my wee soup whey,
 My plaidy, broach, and crooked flick,
 May now ly usefess by.
O the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
 Farewel a' pleasures there ;
 Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
 Is a' I crave or care.

*O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
 The broom of Cowden knows ;
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.*

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 Tho' they return with scars?
 These are the noble hero's lot,
 Obtain'd in glorious wars:
 Welcome, my *Varo*, to my breast,
 Thy arms about me twine,
 And make me once again as blest,
 As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough,
 A thousand Cupids play,
 Whilst thro' the groves I walk with you,
 Each object makes me gay:
 Since your return the sun and moon
 With brighter beams do shine,
 Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
 As they did lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state;
 Let that to their share fall,
 Who can esteem such slav'ry great,
 While bounded like a ball:
 But sunk in love, upon my arms
 Let your brave head recline,
 We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
 As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,
 You may pursue the chase,
 And, after a brisk bottle, end
 All cares in my embrace:
 And in a vacant rainy day
 You shall be wholly mine;
 We'll gar the hours glide smooth away,
 And laugh at lang syne.

The hero, pleas'd with the sweet air,
 And signs of generous love,
 Which had been utter'd by the fair,
 Bow'd to the pow'rs above:
 Next day, with glad consent and haste,
 Th' approach'd the sacred shrine;
 Where the good priest the couple blest,
 And put them out of pine.

Auld lang Syne

Violin

Slow

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, Tho' they return with scars? These

are the no-ble Hero's lot, Obtain'd in glo-rious wars: Wel-

- come my Va-ro to my breaff, Thy arms a-bout me twine, And

make me once a-gain as blest As I was lang fyne.

The Boatman

Violin

Flow

Ye gales that gently wave the sea, And please the can - ny boat man, Bear

me frae hence or bring to me My brave my bon - ny Scot man. In

ha - ly hands we joind' our hands Yet may not this dif - co - ver While

parents rate a large e - ftate Be - fore a faithfu' lo - ver.

The musical score is written for Violin and Flute. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The score consists of four systems of music. Each system has a Violin part on a single staff and a Flute part on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the Flute part. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 below the notes. There are also some 'h' markings above notes in the Flute part, possibly indicating harmonics or breath marks. The lyrics are: 'Ye gales that gently wave the sea, And please the can - ny boat man, Bear me frae hence or bring to me My brave my bon - ny Scot man. In ha - ly hands we joind' our hands Yet may not this dif - co - ver While parents rate a large e - ftate Be - fore a faithfu' lo - ver.'

THE BOATMAN.

YE gales that gently wave the sea,
 And please the canny boat-man,
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
 My brave, my bonny Scot—man;
 In haly bands
 We join'd our hands,
 Yet dar na this discover,
 While parents rate
 A large estate,
 Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuse in Highland glens
 To herd the kid and goat—man,
 Ere I cou'd for fae little ends
 Refuse my bonny Scot—man.
 Wae worth the man
 Wha first began
 The bafe ungenerous fashion,
 Frae greedy views
 Love's art to use,
 While strangers to its passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
 Hasten to thy langing lassie,
 Who pants to press thy ba'my mouth,
 And in her bosom hawse thee.
 Love gies the word,
 Then hasten on board,
 Fair winds and tenty boat-man,
 Waft o'er, waft o'er
 Frae yonder shore,
 My blyth, my bonny Scot—man.

JOHN FA'

THE gypsies came to our lord's gate,

And wow but they sang sweetly ;

They sang fae sweet, and fae very compleat,

That down came the fair lady.

Gae tak frae me this gay mantle,

And bring to me a plaidie,

For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,

I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

And she came tripping down the stair,

And a' her maids before her ;

As soon as they saw her well-far'd face,

They coost the glamer o'er her.

Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,

And my good lord beside me ;

This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,

Whatever shall betide me.

And when our lord came hame at een,

And speir'd for his fair lady,

The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,

She's awa with the gypsie laddie.

Johnny Fu

13

Violin

Slow

The Gypfies came to our Lords gate and wow but they sang sweetly, They

sang fae sweet and fae ve-ry compleat that down came the fair La-dy: And

she came tripping down the stairs and a' her maids be-fore her; As

foon as they saw her weel fard face they cooft the glamer o'er her.

The Banks of Forth

Violin

Flute

A - wake my love with ge - nial ray, The Sun returning

glads the day, A - wake the bal - my zephyr blows, The

hawthorn blooms the dai - fie glows The trees re - gain their

verdant pride, The tur - tle woos his ten - der bride, To

love each war - bier tunes the song, And Forth in dimples glides a - long.

THE BANKS OF FORTH.

AWAKE, my love, with genial ray,
 The sun returning glads the day ;
 Awake, the balmy zephyr blows ;
 The hawthorn blooms, the daisy glows ;
 The trees regain their verdant pride ;
 The turtle woos his tender bride ;
 To love each warbler tunes the song,
 And Forth in dimples glides along.

Oh more than blooming daisies fair !
 More fragrant than the vernal air !
 More gentle than the turtle dove,
 Or Streams that murmur thro' the grove !
 Bethink thee all is on the wing,
 These pleasures wait on wafting spring ;
 Then come, the transient bliss enjoy,
 Nor fear what fleets so fast will cloy.

Tune, I wish my Love were in a Mire.

BLEST as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

My bosom glow'd ; the subtle flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame ;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast ;
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost !

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulse forgot to play ;
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away !

I wish my Love were in a Myre

Violin

Slow

Blest as the im-mortal Gods is he, The youth who fondly

6 4 6 6 6 6 6 5
4 2

fits by thee, And hears and sees thee all the while, Soft-ly speak and

7 5 6 6 6 6 5 4 6 5 6 5
2

sweetly smile. 'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest, And rais'd such tumults

6 4 6 6 6 4 6 7 6
2

in my breast; For while I gaz'd in transports lost, My breath was gone my voice was lost.

5 6 6 4 6 6 6 4 5 6 5 6 5 6 4
4 2 # 2

Gil Morice

Violin

How

Gil Morice was an Earle's son, his

name it waxed wide, it was nae for his great rich-

6 6 7 5 6 7 6 6 6

-es, nor yet his mikle pride; But it was for a

6 6 6 6

la - dy gay, that liv'd on Carron fide.

6 6 6

GIL MORICE.

From Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry.

GIL Morice was an erlès son,
His name it waxed wide;
It was nae for his great richès,
Nor zet his mickle pride;
Bot it was for a lady gay,
That liv'd on Carron side.

Quhair fall I get a bonny boy,
That will win hofe and shoen;
That will gae to lord Barnard's ha',
And bid his lady cum?
And ze maun rin errand Willie;
And ze may rin wi' pride;
Quhen other boys gae on their foot,
On horseback ze fall ride.

O no! Oh no! my master dear!
I dare nae for my life;
I'll no gae to the bauld baròns,
For to triest furth his wife.
My bird Willie, my boy Willie;
My dear Willie, he sayd,
How can ze thrive against the stream?
For I will be obeyd.

Bot, O my master dear! he cryd,
In grene wod ze're zour lain;
Gi owre sic thochts, I walde ze rede,
For fear ze should be tain.
Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
Bid hir cum here wi' speid;
If ze refuse my heigh command,
I'll gar zour body bleid.

Gae bid hir take this gay mantèl,
'Tis a' gowd bot the hem;
Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,
And bring nane bot hir lain;
And there it is, a silken farke,
Hir ain hand sewd the sleive;
And bid hir cum to Gil Morice,
Speir nae bauld barons leave.

Yes, I will gae zour black errand,
Thought it be to zour coft;
Sen ze by me will nae be warn'd,
In it ze fall find froft.
The baron he's a man of might,
He neir could bide to taunt,
As ze will see before its nicht,
How sma' ze hae to vaunt.

And sen I maun zour errand rin
Sae fair against my will,
I'fe mak a vow and keip it trow,
It fall be done for ill.
And quhen he came to broken brigue,
He bent his bow and swam;
And quhen he came to grafs growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And quhen he came to Barnards ha',
Would neither chap nor ca';
Bot fet his bent bow to his breift,
And lichtly lap the wa'.
He wauld nae tell the man his errand,
Though he stude at the gait;
Bot straiht into the ha' he cam,
Quhair they were fet at meit.

Hail! hail! my gentle fire and dame!
My message winna waite;
Dame, ze maun to the gude grene wode
Before that it be late.
Ze're bidden tak this gay mantèl,
Tis a' gowd bot the hem:
Zou maun gae to the gude grene wode,
Ev'n by your fale alane.

And there it is, a silken farke,
Your ain hand sewd the sleive;
Ze maun gae speik to Gil Morice;
Speir nae bauld barons leave.
The lady stamp'd wi' hir foot,
And wink'd wi' hir ee;
Bot a' that she could fay or do,
Forbidden he wad nae bee.

Its surely to my bowr-woman;
It neir could be to me.
I brocht it to lord Barnards lady;
I trow that ze be she.
Then up and spack the wylie nurse,
(The bairn upon hir knee)
If it be cum frae Gil Morice,
It's deir welcum to mee.

Ze leid, ze leid, ye filthy nurse,
Sae loud's I heire ze lee;
I brocht it to lord Barnards lady;
I trow ze be nae shee.
Then up and spake the bauld baròn,
An angry man was hee;
He's tain the tablè wi' his foot,
Sae has he wi's knee;
Till filler cup and ezar dish
In flinders he gard flec.

Gae bring a robe of zour cliding,
That hinges upon the pin;
And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,
And speik wi' zour lemmàn.
O bide at hame, now lord Barnard,
I warde ze bide at hame;
Neir wyte a man for violence,
That neir wate ze wi' nane.

Gil Morice fate in gude grene wode,
He whistled and he sang:
O what mean a' the folk coming,
My mother tarries lang.

His hair was like the thread's of gold,
Drawne frae Minervas loome:
His lipps like roses drapping dew,
His breath was a' perfume.

His brow was like the mountain snae
Gilt by the morning beam:
His cheeks like living roses glow:
His een like azure stream.
The boy was clad in robes of grene,
Sweete as the infant spring:
And like the mavis on the bush,
He gart the vallyies ring.

The baron came to the grene wode,
Wi' mickle dule and care,
And there he first spied Gil Morice
Kameing his zellow hair:
That sweetly wav'd around his face,
That face beyond compare;
He sang so sweet it might dispel,
A' rage but fell dispair.

Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gil Morice,
My lady loed thee wcel,
The fairest part of my body
Is blacker than thy heel.
Zet neir the lefs now, Gil Morice,
For a' thy great bewty,
Ze's rew the day ze eir was born;
That head fall gae wi' me.

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And flaited on the strae;
And thro' Gil Morice' fair body
He's gar cauld iron gae.
And he has tain Gill Morice' head
And fet it on a speir:
The meanest man in a' his train
Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tain Gil Morice up,
Laid him acrofs his sleid,
And brocht him to his painted bowr
And laid him on a bed,
The lady sat on castil wa',
Beheld baith dale and down;
And there she saw Gil Morice' head
Cum trailing to the toun.

Far better I loe that bluidy head,
Bot and that zellow hair,
Than lord Barnard, and a' his lands,
As they lig here and thair.
And she has tain hir Gil Morice,
And kifs'd baith mouth and chin:
I was oncc as fow of Gil Morice,
As the hip is o' the steam.

I got ze in my father's house,
Wi' mickle sin and shame;
I brocht thee up in gude grene wode,
Under the heavy rain:
Oft have I by thy cradel sitten,
And fondly seen thee sleip;
But now I gae about thy grave,
The faut tears for to weip.

And syne she kifs'd his bluidy cheik,
And syne his bluidy chin:
O better I loe my Gil Morice
Than a' my kith and kin!
Away, away, ze ill woman,
And an il deith mait ze dee:
Gin I had kend he'd bin zour son,
He'd neir bin slain for mee.

Obraid me not, my lord Barnard!
Obraid me not for shame!
Wi that saim speir O pierce my heart!
And put me out o' pain.
Since nothing bot Gil Morice head
Thy jelous rage could quell,
Let that saim hand now take hir life,
That neir to thee did ill.

To me nae after days nor nichts
Will eir be fast or kind;
I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,
And greet till I am blind.
Enouch of blood by me's bin spilt,
Seek not zour death frae mee;
I rather loured it had been in yel
Than eather him or thee.

With waefo wae I hear zour plaint
Sair, sair I rew the deid,
That eir this curf'd hand of mine
Had gard his body bleid.
Dry up zour tears, my winsom dame,
Ze neir can heal the wound;
Ze see his head upon the speir,
His heart's blude on the ground.

I curse the hand that did the deid,
The heart that thoct the ill;
The sect that bore me wi' fik speid,
The comely zouth to kill.
I'll ay lament for Gil Morice,
As gin he were my ain;
I'll neir forget the driery day
On which the zouth was slain.

LOGAN WATER.

FOR ever, fortune, wilt thou prove,
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Step in between, and bid them part;
Bid them sigh on from day to day,
And wish and pine their souls away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of love is gone.

But busy, busy still art thou
To bind the loveless, joyless vow;
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude.
For once, O Fortune! hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

Logan Water)

Violin

Plaine

For e-ver fortune wilt thou prove, An un-re-lenting . foe to

6 7 5 6 4 6 5 6 5 6

2

Gala Shield's

Violin

Pianoforte

Ah! the poor Shepherds mournful fate, when doom'd to love and doom'd to

languish! to bear the scornful fair one's hate, nor dare disclose his anguish: Yet ea-ger

looks and dying sighs, my secret soul discover, while rapture trembling through my

eyes reveals how much I love her, the tender glance the redd'ning cheek, o'erspread with

rising blushes, a thousand various ways they speak, a thousand various wishes.

G A L A S H I E L L S.

AH! the shepherd's mournful fate,

When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,

Nor dare disclose his anguish!

Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,

My secret soul discover,

While rapture trembling, thro' mine eyes,

Reveals how much I love her.

The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,

O'erspread with rising blushes,

A thousand various ways they speak,

A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,

Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush, and modest air,

So fatally beguiling.

Thy every look, and every grace,

So charm whene'er I view thee;

Till death o'ertake me in the chase,

Still will my hopes pursue thee.

Then when my tedious hours are past,

Be this last blessing given,

Low at thy feet to breathe my last,

And die in sight of heaven.

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

THE lass of Patie's mill,
 So bonny, blyth, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 Hath stole my heart away.
 When tedding of the hay
 Bare-headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Without the help of art,
 Like flowers which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd,
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth
 Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
 Infur'd long life and health,
 And pleasures at my will ;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That nane but bonny she,
 The lass of Patie's mill,
 Shou'd share the same wi' me.

The Lass of Patic's Mill

19

Violin

How

The Lass of Patic's Mill - - So bon-ny blithe and

Gay; In spite of all my skill - - has stoln my heart a - - way.

When ted-ding of the Hay - - Bare head-ed on the green, Love

midft her locks did play, And wan-ton'd in her Een.

Auld Rob Morris

Violin

Horn

There's Auld Rob Morris that wins in yon

6 8 7
6 5

glen, He's the king of good fellows and wyle of auld

6 5 6 5 6 4 7

men. Has four - score of black sheep and four - - score

6 6 6 6

too, and auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

6 5 6 6 6 6 7

AULD ROB MORRIS.

M I T H E R.

THERE's 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,
And auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

M I T H E R:

Then had your tongue, doughter, and lay by your pride,
For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride;
He shall lye by your fide, and kifs you too,
Auld Rob Morris is the man you maun loo.

D O U G H T E R.

O had your tongue, mithers, and let that abee,
For his eild and my eild will never agree:
They'll never agree, and that will be feen,
For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

D O U G H T E R.

But auld Rob Morris I never will hae,
His back is so stiff, and his beard is grown gray;
I had rather die than live wi' him a year,
Sae mair of Rob Morris I never will hear.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And let us leave the braes of Yarrow.

Where got ye that bonny bonny bride,
Where got ye that winsome marrow?
I got her where I durst not well be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why does she weep thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair well be seen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Lang must she weep, lang must she, must she weep,
Lang must she weep with dole and sorrow,
And lang must I nair well be seen
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I have slain the comeliest swain,
That ever pued birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds,
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flood?
What's yonder floats? O dole and sorrow.
O 'tis the comely swain I slew
Upon the doleful braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears of dole and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in woful wife,
His helpless fate on the braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His comely breast on the braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
And warn from fight? but to my sorrow,
Too rashly bold, a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grafs
Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet, as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grafs, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple from its rocks as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love,
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
Tho' he was fair, and well belov'd again,
Than me he never lov'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, then busk, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and loe me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

How can I busk a bonny bonny bride,
How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How loe him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
No dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was vilely kill'd my love,
My love as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing,
Ah! wretched me, I little, little knew,
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dole and sorrow,
But ere the toofal of the night,
He lay a corps on the braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that woeful, woeful day,
I sung, my voice the woods returning,
But lang ere night, the spear was flown
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear;
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle scoffing,
May bid me seek on Yarrow's braes
My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive with threatening words to move me,
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter,
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take off, take off these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with yellow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best belov'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee;
Yet lie all night between my breasts;
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, indeed, O lovely, lovely youth!
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lye all night between my breasts,
No youth shall ever lye there after.

Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow,
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies a corps in the braes of Yarrow.

Busk ye Busk ye

Violin

Plaintive

Busk ye busk ye my bonny bonny bride busk ye busk ye my winfome

6 5 6 5 7 8 6 - 5 6 5 6 5

4 3 4 3 2 4 - 3 4 3 3 5

marrow, Busk ye busk ye my bonny bonny bride And let us leave the braes of Yarrow.

6 6 5 4 6 5 7 6 9 8 6 5 6 5 7 8 6 5

4 3 2 6 5 7 6 9 8 6 5 4 3 2 4 3

Where got ye my bonny bonny bride, Where got ye that winfome marrow?

b7 - 6 5 4 7 8 6 - 6 5 6 4 6 6

4 3 2 4 - 5 4 2 6 6

I got her where I dare not well be seen pu-ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

6 5 7 6 6 5 4 6 6 5 4 3

2 6 2 6 4 3

Oh! Open the Door Lord Gregory

Violin

Plaintive

Oh! open the door Lord Gre - - go - - ry, Oh! open and

let me in; The rain rains on my scar - - let robes, The

dew drops o'er my chin. If you are the lafs that I lov'd

once, As I true you are not she, Come give me some of the

to - - - kens That past between you and me.

OH! OPEN THE DOOR, LORD GREGORY.

OH ! open the door, Lord Gregory,

Oh open and let me in ;

The rain rains on my scarlet robes,

The dew drops o'er my chin.

If you are the lass that I lov'd once,

As I true you are not she,

Come give me some of the tokens

That past between you and me.

DOWN THE BURN DAVIE.

W	HEN trees did bud, and fields were green,	Now Davie did each lad surpass,
	And broom blom'd fair to see ;	That dwelt on this burnside,
When Mary was compleat fifteen,		And Mary was the bonniest lass,
And love laugh'd in her eye ;		Just meet to be a bride ;
Blyth Davie's blinks her heart did move		Her cheeks were rosie, red, and white,
To speak her mind thus free,		Her een were bonny blue ;
Gang down the burn, Davie, love,		Her looks were like Aurora bright,
And I will follow thee.		Her lips like dropping dew.

Down the Burn Davie

23

Violin

Harp

When trees did bud and fields were green and broom bloom'd fair to

5 7 6 7 5 9
3 5 4 - 3 5

6 7

fee, When Mary was com. pleat fifteen And love laugh'd in her Eye.

6 4 - 5 6 6 6 6 6 7 6 5

Blyth Davie's blinks her heart did move To speak his mind thus free, Gang

6 5 6 6 6 6 6 6 7 6 4

down the burn, Davie love, And I will fol low thee.

5 6 6 6 6 6 5

Bonny Dundee

Violin

Slow

O whar' did ye get that hauver meal bannock, O filly blind body, O

5 6 5 4 6 5 6 5 4 6 6 5 4 3 6 6 6

dinna ye fee, I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie, be-tween. Saint

5 6 3 4 5 6 5 4 6 5 6 5 6 4 6 6 5 4 3

Johns-ton and bonny Dun-dee: O gin I saw the Laddie that gae met, aft

6 6 6 5 6 3 4 6 6 6 6 5 4 3 4 6 5 6 6

has he danc'd me up-on his knee, may Heaven pro-tect my bonnie Scots

6 5 7 5 4 6 6 4 2 6 6 5 6 6 5 6 5 6

Laddie, and fend him fae hame to his babie and me.

4 2 6 6 5 4 3 6 6 5 6 3 4

B O N N Y D U N D E E.

<p>O Whar did ye get that hauver-meal bannock ? O filly blind body, O dinna ye fee, I gat it frae a young brisk fodger laddie, Between Saint Johnston and bonny Dundee. O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't ! Aft has he dandl'd me upon his knee ; May Heaven protect my bonny Scots laddie, And send him safe hame to his babie and me.</p>	<p>My bleffins upon thy sweet wee lippie ! My bleffins upon thy bonny e'e brie ! Thy smiles are fae like my blyth fodger laddie, Thou's ay the dearer and dearer to me ! But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonny banks, Where Tay rins wimplin by fae clear ; And I'll cleed thee in the tartan fae fine, And mak thee a man like thy dadie dear.</p>
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NANCY'S TO THE GREEN WOOD GANE.

<p>NANCY's to the Green Wood gane, To hear the Gowdspink chatt'ring, And Willie he has follow'd her, To gain her love by flatt'ring : But a' that he cou'd say or do, She geck'd and scorned at him ; And aye when he began to woo, She bid him mind wha gat him.</p> <p>What ails ye at my dad, quoth he, My minny or my aunty ? With crowdy mowdy they fed me, Lang-kail and ranty-tanty : With bannocks of good barley-meal, Of thae there was right plenty, With chapped stocks fou butter'd well ; And was not that right dainty ?</p> <p>Altho' my father was nae laird, 'Tis daffin to be vaunty ; He keep it aye a good kail-yard, A ha' house and a pantry : A good blew bonnet on his head, An owrlay 'bout his cragy ; And aye until the day he died, He rade on good thanks nagy.</p>	<p>Now wae and wander on your snout, Wad ye hae bonny Nancy ? Wad ye compare ye'r fell to me, A docken till a tanfie ? I have a wooer of my ain, They ca' him souple Sandy, And well I wat his bonny mou' Is sweet like fugar-candy.</p> <p>Wow, Nancy, what needs a' this din ? Do I not ken this Sandy ? I'm sure the chief of a' his kin Was Rab the beggar randy : His minny Meg upo' her back Bare baith him and his billy ; Will ye compare a nafty pack To me your winsome Willie ?</p> <p>My gutcher left a good braid sword, Tho' it be auld and rusty, Yet ye may tak it on my word, It is baith stout and trusty ; And if I can but get it drawn, Which will be right uneasy, I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn, That he shall get a heezy.</p>
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Then Nancy turn'd her round about,
 And said, Did Sandy hear ye,
 Ye wadna miss to get a clout,
 I ken he disna fear ye :
 Sae had ye'r tongue and say nae mair,
 Set somewhere else your fancy ;
 For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
 Ye never shall get Nancy.

Nancy's to the Green wood game

Violin

Flow

Nancy's to the greenwood game To hear the Gowdspink chattring, And

Willie he has followd her, To gain her love by flattring: But

à that he could fay or do She geckd and scorned at him, And

aye when he be gan to woo, She bade him mind wha gat him.

Twine weel the Plaiden

Violin

Flour

O! I hae loft my fil_ken snood, That tied my hair sae yellow I've

giën my heart to the lad I loo'd he was a gallant fel_ low. And

twine it well my bon_ ny dow, And twine it weel the Plaiden; the

Laf_ sie loft her fil_ken snood, In puing of the bracken.

TWINE WHEEL THE PLAIDEN.

OH! I hae lost my filken snood,
 That tied my hair fae yellow,
 I've gi'en my heart to the lad I loo'd;
 He was a gallant fellow.

*And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
 And twine it weel, the plaiden;
 The lassie lost her filken snood,
 In pu'ing of the bracken.*

He prais'd my een fae bonny blue,
 Sae lily white my skin o',
 And syne he prie'd my bonny mou,
 And swore it was nae fin o',

*And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
 And twine it weel the plaiden;
 The lassie lost her filken snood,
 In pu'ing of the bracken.*

But he has left the lass he loo'd,
 His ain true love forsaken,
 Which gars me fair to greet the snood,
 I lost among the bracken.

*And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
 And twine it weel, the plaiden;
 The lassie lost her filken snood,
 In pu'ing of the bracken.*

HERE AWA', WILLIE.

HERE awa', there awa', here awa', Willie;

Here awa', there awa', here awa', hame.

Lang have I fought thee, dear have I bought thee,

Now I ha'e gotten my Willie again.

Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,

Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd him hame.

Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us,

Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

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.

*Here awa Willie**Violin**Slow*

Here a - wa, there a - wa, Here a - wa Willie,

6 6 6 6 7 5

Here a - wa, there a - wa, Here a - wa hame.

4 2 6 6 6 5 4 # 6 4 #

Long have I fought thee Dear have I bought thee

7 # 6 6 5 6 5 6 7 4

Now I have gotten my Willie a - - gain.

6 6 4 6 6 7 6 7 4

Tak' your auld Cloak about ye

Violin

The Snow Song.
J. S. ZIEHE.

In winter when the rain rain'd could, And frost and f' snow on

Flowers

ilka hill And Boreas with his blafts fae bauld, Was threatning a our

43

mf *p*

Kye to kill. Then Bell my Wife wha loves na strife, She said to me right

mf 6 6 7
4 5 #
3

haf-ti-ly Get up gude man fave Cromies life And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

8 6 6 6 6 7 #

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, with his blasts fae bauld
 Was threat'ning a' our kye to kill:
 Then Bell my wife, wha loves na strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 Get up, gudeman, save *Cromie's* life,
 And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My *Cromie* is an useful cow,
 And she is come of a good kyne;
 Aft has she wet the bairnies' mou,
 And I am laith that she should tyne;
 Get up, gudeman, it is fou time,
 The sun shines in the lift fae hie;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

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

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

Every land has its ain laigh,
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool.
 I think the world is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule;
 Do ye not see *Rob*, *Jock*, and *Hab*,
 As they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit hirklen in the aise;
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

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

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

MY APRON DEARIE.

MY sheep I've forsaken and left my sheep hook, Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
 And all the gay haunts of my youth I've forfok ; And bid the wide ocean secure me from love ;
 No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove, O fool, to imagine that ought can subdue
 For Ambition I said wou'd soon cure me of love. A love so well founded, a passion so true.

*O what had my youth with ambition to do ?
 Why left I Amynta ? why broke I my vow ?
 O give me my sheep, and my sheephook restore,
 I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.*

*O what had my youth with ambition to do ?
 Why left I Amynta ? why broke I my vow ?
 O give me my sheep, and my sheephook restore,
 I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.*

Alas ! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine !
 Poor shepherd ! Amynta no more can be thine ;
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain ;
 The moments neglected, return not again.

*O what had my youth with ambition to do ?
 Why left I Amynta ? why broke I my vow ?
 O give me my sheep, and my sheephook restore,
 I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.*

My Apron Dearie

29

Violin

Flow

My sheep I've forsaken and left my sheephook, and all the gay haunts of my

6 6 65 43 6 6-5
4 4-#

youth I've for-fook, no more for A-min-ta fresh gar-lands I wove, for

6 # 6-5 6 6 65 4 3
4 -#

ambition I said, would soon cure me of love. O what had my youth, with am-

6 5 6 6-# 6
4 3 4 #

-bition to do, why left I A-min-ta why broke I my vow, O give me my

5 6 4 4 6
2 2

sheep and my sheephook restore, and I'll wander from love, and A-min-ta no more.

6 6 4 # 6 6 6 6 5 6 6-5
4 3 4 3

Bonny Jean

Violin

Slow

Love's Goddeffs in a myrtle grove Said, Cupid, bend thy bow with speed, Nor

6 6 7 6 4 3 2 6 6 7 6 6 5 4 3

let thy shaft at random rove, For Jeany's haughty heart must bleed. The

6 6 6 5 6 6 6 6 4 7

smiling boy with art divine, From Paphos shot an arrow keen, Which

6 2 6 6 6 5 6 6 6 6 6 5 4 3

flew unerring to the heart, And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.

6 6 6 5 5 6 5 6 6 4 7

B O N N Y J E A N.

LOVE's goddess in a myrtle grove,
 Said, Cupid, bend thy bow with speed,
 Nor let the shaft at random rove,
 For Jeany's haughty heart must bleed.
 The smiling boy, with art divine,
 From Paphos shot an arrow keen,
 Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
 And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
 Refuses Willy's kind address;
 Her yielding blushes shew no care,
 But too much fondness to suppress.
 No more the youth is fullen now,
 But looks the gayest on the green,
 While every day he spies some new
 Surprising charm in bonny Jean,

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
 He moves as light as fleeting wind;
 His former sorrows seem a jest,
 Now when his Jeany is turn'd kind:
 Riches he looks on with disdain,
 The glorious fields of war look mean;
 The chearful hound and horn give pain,
 If absent from his bonny Jean.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
 Which even in summer shorten'd seems;
 When sunk in down, with glad amaze,
 He wonders at her in his dreams.
 All charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
 Than Troy's prize, the Spartan queen;
 With breaking day he lifts his fight,
 And pants to be with bonny Jean.

PINKIE HOUSE.

BY Pinkie Houle oft let me walk,
While circled in my arms,
I hear my Nelly sweetly talk,
And gaze o'er all her charms.
O let me, ever fond, behold
Those graces void of art,
Those chearful smiles that sweetly hold
In willing chains my heart.

O come, my love ! and bring anew
That gentle turn of mind ;
That gracefulness of air, in you,
By nature's hand design'd ;
That beauty, like the blushing rose,
First lighted up this flame ;
Which, like the fun, for ever glows
Within my breast the same.

Ye light coquets ! ye airy things !
How vain is all your art !
How seldom it a lover brings !
How rarely keeps a heart !
O gather from my Nelly's charms,
That sweet, that graceful ease ;
That blushing modesty that warms ;
That native art to please !

Come then, my love ! O come along,
And feed me with thy charms ;
Come, fair inspirer of my song,
O fill my longing arms !
A flame like mine can never die,
While charms, so bright as thine,
So heavenly fair, both please the eye,
And fill the soul divine !

Pinkie House

Violin

Slow

By Pinkie House oft let me walk, While circled in my

arms, I hear my Nelly sweetly talk, And gaze o'er all her

charms. O let me e-ver fond behold, These graces void of art,

Those chearful smiles that sweetly hold, In willing chains my heart.

Tarry Woo

Violin

Slow

Tar-ry woo tar-ry woo tar-ry woo is ill to spin,

5 6 7 6 6 3 6 7 6 6 6 6 5 6 7 4 3 4

Card it well card it well card it well ere ye be-gin. When'tis carded

7 6 6 — 6 6 7 6 6 5 6 7 6

rovd and spun, Then the work is hafpens done, But when woven drest and

9 8 7 6 5 4 — 6 6 7 7 6 9 8 6 5 — 7 6 9 8 7 5

clean, It may be clæding for a Queen.

6 5 5 5 6 6 5 6 6 7 4 3

TARRY WOO.

TARRY woo, tarry woo',

Tarry woo' is ill to spin,
Card it well, card it well,

Card it well ere ye begin.
When 'tis carded, rov'd and spun,
Then the work is hastens done ;
But when woven, drest, and clean,
It may be cleading for a queen.

Sing my bonny harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountain's steep,
Bleeting sweetly as ye go
Through the winter's frost and snow.
Hart and hynd, and fallow deer,
Not be haff so useful are ;
Frae kings to him that hads the plow,
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo'.

Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip,
O'er the hills and vallies trip,
Sing the praise of tarry woo',
Sing the flocks that bear it too ;
Harmless creatures without blame,
That clead the back, and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and hearty fou ;
Leese me on the tarry woo'.

How happy is a shepherd's life,
Far frae courts, and free of strife,
While the gimmers bleet and bae,
And the lambkins answer mae :
No such music to his ear,
Of thief or fox he has no fear ;
Sturdy Kent, and Colly too,
Well defend the tarry woo'.

He lives content and envies none,
Not even a monarch on his throne,
Tho' he the royal scepter sways,
Has not sweeter holidays.
Who'd be a king, can ony tell,
When a shepherd sings fae well ;
Sings fae well, and pays his due,
With honest heart and tarry woo' ?

ROSLIN CASTLE.

'T WAS in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin with the morning ray,
Arose and fung his rural lay :
Of Nanny's charms the shepherd fung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
And echo'd back the chearful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring
With rapture warms; awake and sing;
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a song:
To Nanny raise the chearful lay;
O! bid her haste and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song:
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O, come, my love! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away!
Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine:
O, hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd breast of mine.

Roslin Castle

33

Violin

Slow

'Twas in that sea-son of the Year, When all things gay and

sweet ap-pear, That Co-lin with the morning ray, A-rose and Sung his

ru-ral lay. Of Nan-nys charms the Shep-herd fung, The

hills and dales with Nan-ny rung, While Ros-lin Cas-tle

heard the Swain And Ec-cho'd back the chearful strain.

An' thou were my ain thing

Violin

How

An' thou were my ain thing, O I would love thee, I would love thee,

An' thou were my ain thing, How dearly I would love thee. Then

I would clasp thee in my arms, Then I'd secure thee from all harms, For a -

-bove mortal thou hast charms, How dearly do I love thee.

AN' THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

AN' *thou were my ain thing,*

O, I wou'd love thee, I wou'd love thee,

An thou were my ain thing,

How dearly I wou'd love thee!

Then I wou'd clasp thee in my arms,

Then I'd secure thee from all harms,

For above mortal thou hast charms;

How dearly do I love thee!

Of race divine thou needs must be,

Since nothing earthly equals thee;

For Heaven's sake then pity me,

Who only live to love thee.

An' thou were, &c.

The gods one thing peculiar have,

To ruin none whom they can save;

O, for their sake, support a slave,

Who ever on shall love thee.

An' thou were, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,

But that I love, and, for your sake,

What man can name I'll undertake;

So dearly do I love thee.

An' thou were, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,

Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,

Till Fate my thread of life hath spun,

Which breathing out I'll love thee.

An' thou were, &c.

SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.

THE night her silent sable wore,
 And gloomy were the skies ;
 Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
 Than those in *Nelly's* eyes.
 When to her father's door I came,
 Where I had often been,
 I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame,
 To rise and let me in.

But she, with accents all divine,
 Did my fond suit reprove ;
 And while she chid my rash design,
 She but inflam'd my love.
 Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
 While her bright eyes did roll :
 But virtue only had the pow'r
 To charm my very soul.

Then who wou'd cruelly deceive,
 Or from such beauty part !
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave
 The charmer of my heart.
 My eager fondness I obey'd,
 Resolv'd she should be mine,
 Till *Hymen* to my arms convey'd
 My treasure so divine.

Now happy in my *Nelly's* love,
 Transporting is my joy ;
 No greater blessing can I prove ;
 So blest'd a man am I.
 For beauty may a while retain
 The conquer'd flutt'ring heart,
 But virtue only is the chain
 Holds never to depart.

She rose & let me in

Violin

Slow

The night her silent fable wore, And gloomy were the skies, Of

6 # 4/3 6 6 7 4 # 6 2/4

glittering stars appear'd no more Than those in Nelly's eyes. When

6 6 # 6 6 4 # 6 #

to her Fathers door I came, Where I had often been, I

2/4 6 6 6 6 4 # 6 6

begg'd my fair my lovely dame, To rise and let me in.

— 6 4/3 6 6 6 7 7

Bonny Betsy

Violin

Slow

Betsy's beauties shine fae bright, Were her mony Virtues fewer,

She wad ever gie de-light, And in transport make me view her.

Bonny Betsy thee a-lane, Love I, naething else a-bout thee,

With thy comeli-ness I'm taen, And longer cannot live without thee.

B O N N Y B E S S Y.

BESSY's beauties shine fae bright,
 Were her mony vertues fewer,
 She wad ever gie' delight,
 And in transport make me view her.
 Bonny *Bessy*, thee alane
 Love I, naething else about thee;
 With thy comeliness I'm tane,
 And langer cannot live without thee.

Bessy's bosom fast and warm,
 Milk-white fingers still employ'd,
 He who takes her to his arm,
 Of her sweets can ne'er be cloy'd.
 My dear *Bessy*, when the roses
 Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,
 Vertue, which thy mind discloses,
 Will keep love frae growing caulder.

Bessy's tocher is but scanty,
 Yet her face and soul discovers
 These enchanting sweets in plenty
 Must intice a thousand lovers.
 It's not money, but a woman
 Of a temper kind and easy,
 That gives happiness uncommon;
 Petted things can nought but tease ye.

ALLAN WATER.

WHAT numbers shall the muse repeat?

What verse be found to praise my *Annie*?

On her ten thousand graces wait;

Each swain admires, and owns she's bonny.

Since first she trod the happy plain,

She set each youthful heart on fire;

Each nymph does to her swain complain,

That *Annie* kindles new desire.

This lovely darling dearest care,

This new delight, this charming *Annie*,

Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,

When *Flora*'s fragrant breezes fan ye.

All the day the am'rous youths convene,

Joyous they sport and play before her;

All night, when she no more is seen,

In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd *Amyntor* came;

He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to *Annie*;

His rising sighs express'd his flame,

His words were few, his wishes many.

With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,

Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye?

Alas! your love must be deny'd,

This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young *Damon* came with *Cupid*'s art,

His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling;

He stole away my virgin heart;

Cease, poor *Amyntor*, cease bewailing.

Some brighter beauty you may find,

On yonder plain the nymphs are many,

Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,

And leave to *Damon* his own *Annie*.

Alban Water

37

Violin

Piano

What numbers shall the muse repeat, What verse be found to praise my Annie, On

her ten thousand graces wait, Each Swain admires and owns the bonny. Since

first she trod the happy plain She set each youthful heart on fire, Each

Nymph does to her Swain complain, That Annie kindles new de-fire.

There's my Thumb-

Violin

Slow

My sweetest May let love incline thee, to accept a heart which he de-

-figns thee And as your constant slave regard it Syne: for constan-cy reward it: 'Tis

proof a shot to birth or money, but yields to what is sweet and bonny, Re-

-ceive it then with a kiss and a smiley There's my thumb 'twill ne'er beguile ye!

THERE'S MY THUMB, I'LL NE'ER BEGUILE THE.

MY sweetest *May*, let love incline thee,
 T' accept a heart which he designs thee;
 And, as your constant slave, regard it,
 Syne for its faithfulness reward it:
 'Tis proof a' shot to birth or money,
 But yields to what is sweet and bonny;
 Receive it then with a kiss and a smile,
 There's my thumb, it will ne'er beguile ye.

Alane through flow'ry hows I dander,
 Tenting my flocks lest they should wander;
 Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaily,
 And gie my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
 O my dear lassie! it is but daffin,
 To had thy wooer up ay niff naffin;
 That na, na, na, I hate it most vilely:
 O say yes! and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

THROUGH THE WOOD, LADDIE.

O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn ?

Thy presence could ease me,

When naething can please me.

Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the burn,

Or through the wood, laddie, until thou return.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell :

I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,

Baith evening and morning ;

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

When through the wood, laddie, I wander mysel.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,

While lav'rocks are singing,

And primroses springing ;

Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,

When through the wood, laddie, you dinna appear.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae longer away,

But quick as an arrow,

Haste here to thy marrow,

Wha's living in languor, till that happy day,

When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing, and play.

Violin

Piano

O Sandy why leavst thou thy Nelly to mourn? Thy / presence could

ease me when naithing could please me, now dowie I sigh on the Banks of the

Burn, or throw the Wood Laddie un_til thou re - turn, Tho' woods now are bonny and

mornings are clear, while Lav'rocks are fingering, and Primroses springing, Yet nane of them

pleases my Eye, or my Ear, When throw the Wood Lad - die ye Dinna ap - pear.

The Silver Crown

*Violin**Slow*

And ye fall walk in filk at tire, an fil - ler

hue to spare, Gin yell con - sent to be his Bride, Nor

think o' Do - nald mair. Oh! who wad buy a filk en

Gown, wi' a poor bro - ken heart - - , or whats to

me a fil - ler Crown, Gin frae my Love I part .

THE SILLER CROWN.

AND ye fall walk in filk attire,
 And filler hae to spare,
 Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
 Nor think o' Donald mair.
 Oh ! wha wad buy a filken gown,
 Wi' a poor broken heart ;
 Or what's to me a filler crown,
 Gin frae my love I part.

The mind whafe every wifh is pure,
 Far dearer is to me ;
 And ere I'm forc'd to brake my faith,
 I'll lay me down and die.
 For I hae pledged my virgin troth,
 Brave Donald's fate to share ;
 And he has gi'en to me his heart,
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart,
 He gratefu' took the gift ;
 Cou'd I but think to feek it back,
 It wou'd be war than thift.
 For langest life can ne'er repay
 The love he bears to me ;
 And ere I'm forc'd to brake my troth,
 I'll lay me down and die.

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

by James H. F. of Scotland,

THE pawky auld carle came o'er the lee,
 Wi' mony good e'ens and days to me,
 Saying, goodwife, for your courtisie,
 Will you lodge a filly poor man ?
 The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
 And down ayont the ingle he fat ;
 My doughter's shoulers he 'gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and fang.

O wow ! quo' he, were I as free
 As first when I saw this country,
 How blithe and merry would I be !
 And I would never think lang.
 He grew canty, and she grew fain ;
 But little did her auld minny ken
 What thir flee twa together were say'ng,
 When wooing they were sae thrang.

Between the twa was made a plot ;
 They raise a wee before the cock,
 And willily they shot the lock,
 And fast to the bent are gane.
 Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
 And at her leifure put on her claife,
 Syne to the servants bed she gaes,
 To speer for the filly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
 The strae was cauld, he was away.
 She clapt her hand, cry'd, waladay,
 For some of our gear will be gane !
 Some ran to coffers and some to kifts,
 But nought was stown that could be mist ;
 She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praife be blest !
 I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
 The kirk's to kirk, the milk to yern,
 Gae but the house, lafs, and waken my bairn,
 And bid her come quickly ben.
 The servant gaed where the doughter lay,
 The sheets were cauld, she was away,
 And fast to her goodwife did say,
 She's aff with the Gaberlunzie man.

The Gaberlunzie Man

41

Violin

Flute

The pawky auld Carle came o'er the lee, Wi' mo'ny good E'ens and

good Days to me Say-ing good wife for your cour-te-fie, will ye lodge at

fil-ly a fil-ly poor Man. The Night was cauld the Carle was wat, And

down a-yont the In-gle he fat, my Daughters fshoulders he 'gan to

clap, And cad-gi-ly cad-gi-ly He ran-ted and fang.

*Braes of Ballendine**Violin**Plaintive*

Be - neath a green Shade, a love - ly young Swain, One

ev - ning re - clind to dif - co - ver his pain. So fad yet fo

sweet - ly he war - bled his woe, The winds ceaf'd to breathe and the

foun - tains to flow, Rude winds with com - pas - sion cou'd hear him com -

- plain, yet Chloe lefs gen - tle was deaf to his strain.

BRAES OF BALLENDEN.

BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain
 One evening reclin'd to discover his pain;
 So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbl'd his woe,
 The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow;
 Rude winds, with compassion, could hear him complain,
 Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.
 Thro' changes, in vain, relief I pursue,
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew;
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air:
 But love's ardent fever burns always the same,
 No Winter can cool it, no Summer inflame.

How happy, he cried, my moments once flew,
 Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd on my view;
 Those eyes then, with pleasure, the dawn could survey,
 Nor smil'd the fair morning more chearful than they:
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight,
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.
 But see the pale moon, all clouded, retires,
 The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires:
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.
 Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care?
 To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair!

JOHNNY'S GRAY BREEKS.

WHEN I was in my fe'enteenth year,

I was baith blythe and bonny, O;

The lads lo'ed me baith far and near,

But I lo'ed nane but Johnny, O.

He gain'd my heart in twa three weeks,

He spak' fae blythe and kindly, O;

And I made him new gray breeks

That fitted him most finely, O.

But now they are thread-bare worn,

They're wider than they wont to be;

They're tashed like and torn,

And clouted fair on ilka knee.

But gin I had a Summer's day,

As I have had right mony, O,

I'll mak' a web o' new gray,

To be breeks to my Johnny, O.

He was a handsome fellow——

His humour was baith frank and free,

His bonny locks fae yellow,

Like gou'd they glitter'd in my ee;

His dimpled chin and rosy cheeks,

And face so fair and ruddy, O;

And, then a-day, his gray breeks

Were neither auld nor duddy, O.

For he's weel wordy o' them,

And better gin I had to gi'e,

And I'll tak' pains upon them,

Frae faults I'll strive to keep them free.

To clad him weel shall be my care,

And please him a' my study, O;

But he maun wear the auld pair

A wee, tho' they be duddy, O.

Johnny's Gray Brecks

43

Violin

Flow

When I was in my feententh year, I was baith blith and

• bon,ny O, The Lads lo'd me baith far and near, But I lo'ed nane but Johnny O.

He gain'd my heart in twa three weeks, He spak'fae blithe and kind - ly O, And

I made him new Gray Brecks, that fit - ted him most fine - ly O.

Woe's my Heart

Violin

Pianist

With broken words and downcast eyes, Poor Colin spoke his passion tender; And

parting with his Grifful crys, Ah! woe's my heart that we should find.

To others I am cold as snow, But kindle with thine eyes like tinder, From

thee with pain I'm forc'd to go, It breaks my heart that we should find.

WOE'S MY HEART.

WITH broken words and down-cast eyes,
 Poor Colin spoke his passion tender ;
 And parting with his Grisy cries,
 Ah ! woe's my heart that we should finder.

To others I am cold as snow,
 But kindle with thine eyes like tinder ;
 From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go ;
 It breaks my heart that we should finder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
 No beauty new my love shall hinder ;
 Nor time nor place shall ever change
 My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to finder.

The image of thy graceful air,
 And beauties which invite our wonder ;
 Thy lively wit and prudence rare,
 Shall still be present, tho' we finder.

Dear nymph, believe thy fwain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a hear that's kinder ;
 Then seal a promise with a kifs,
 Always to love me, tho' we finder.

Ye gods, take care of my dear lasfs,
 That as I leave her I may find her ;
 When that blefs'd time shall come to pafs,
 We'll meet and never finder.

M'PHERSON'S FAREWEL.

FAREWEL, ye dungeons dark and strong,

The wretch's destinie !

M'Pherson's time will not be long,

On yonder gallows tree.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,

Sae dauntingly gae'd he,

He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,

Below the gallows tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath !

On mony a bloody plain

I've dar'd his face, and in this place

I scorn him yet again !

Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,

And bring to me my sword ;

And there's no a man in all Scotland

But I'll brave at a word.

Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of flurt and strife ;

I die by treacherie :

It burns my heart, I must depart,

And not avenged be.

Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,

And all beneath the sky !

May coward shame disdain his name,

The wretch that dares not die !

Sae rantingly, &c.

McPherson's Farewell

Violin

Slow

Farewell ye Dungeons dark and strong, The wretches def-ti-

6 6 6 6 #

- ny, M. Phersons time will not be long, On yonder Gallows Tree, Sae

a little faster

3 4 5 5 6 5 # 5 6 6 6 4 #

rantingly, fae wan-ton-ly, fae daunting-ly gaed he. He

6 4 5

playd a spring and danc'd it round be-low the Gallows Tree.

Slow

6 6 5 6

Pol-wart on the Green

Violin

Flow

At Pol-wart on the Green, If you'll meet me the

6 5 6 6

Morn, Where Lasses do con-veen, To Dance about the Thorn.

4 4 2 6 6 6 4 7

A kind-ly welcome you fhall meet, Frae Her who likes to view, A

6 5 4 3 3 9 7 6 (98) 7 6 5 4 5 6 6 4 6 6

Lo-ver and a Lad complete, The Lad and Lo-ver You.

b7 6 6 4 7

POLWART ON THE GREEN.

AT Polwart on the green,
 If you'll meet me the morn,
 Where lassies do convene
 To dance about the thorn,
 A kindly welcome you shall meet
 Frae her wha likes to view
 A lover and a lad complete,
 The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say *Na*,
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem caulder than the snaw',
 While inwardly they bleeze ;
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,
 And yield my heart to thee ;
 Be ever to the captive kind,
 That langs na to be free.

At Polwart on the green
 Amang the new-mawn hay,
 With fangs and dancing keen
 We'll pass the heartsome day.
 At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
 And thou be twin'd of thine,
 Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
 To take a part of mine.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THE smiling morn, the breathing Spring,
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
 And while they warble from the spray,
 Love melts the universal lay.
 Let us, Amanda, timely wife,
 Like them improve the hour that flies;
 And in soft raptures waste the day,
 Among the Birks of Invermay.

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

The lavrock now and lintwhite sing,
 The rocks around with echoes ring;
 The mavis and the blackbird vie,
 In tuneful strains to glad the day;
 The woods now wear their summer fruits;
 To mirth all nature now invites:
 Let us be blythsome then and gay
 Among the Birks of Invermay.

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

Hark, how the waters as they fall,
 Loudly, my love, to gladness call;
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams;
 The circling fun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance:
 Let us as jovial be as they,
 Among the Birks of Invermay.

The Birks of Invermay

47

Violin

Voc.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring, In-vite the tuneful

Birds to sing and while they war-ble from each spray, Love melts the u-ni-

-verfal lay. Let us A-manda timely wife, Like them improve the hour that flies, And

in soft raptures waste the day, A-mong the Birks of In-ver-may..

Mary Scott

Violin

Slow

Happy's the love that meets re - turn, when in soft flames souls

e - qual burn, but words are want - ing to dis - cover, the tor - ments

of a hopeless lo - ver; Ye regis - ters of Heav'n re - late, if

look - ing o'er the rolls of fate, did you there see me mark'd to

marrow, Ma - ry, Scot the flow'r of Yarrow.

MARY SCOT.

HAPPY's the love that meets return,
 When in soft flames souls equal burn ;
 But words are wanting to discover
 The torments of a hopeless lover.
 Ye registers of heav'n, relate,
 If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
 Mary Scot, the flow'r of Yarrow ?

Ah, no ! her form's too heavenly fair,
 Her love the gods above must share ;
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at a distance due adore her.
 O lovely maid ! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a smile :
 Alas ! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
 My Mary's tender as she's fair ;
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish :
 With success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The folks who dwell above the sky ;
 When Mary Scot's become my marrow,
 We'll make a paradise in Yarrow.

THE BLATHRIE O'T.

WHEN I think on this warld's pelf,
 And the little wee share I hae o't to myself,
 And how the lass that wants it, is by the lads forgot;
 May the shame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't.

Jenny was the lassie that mucked the byre,
 But now she is clad in her filken attire,
 And *Jockie* says he loes her, and swears he's me forgot;
 May the shame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't.

Jockie was the laddie that held the pleugh,
 But now he's got gow'd and gear eneugh;
 He thinks na meir of me that weirs the plaiden coat:
 May the shame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't.

But all this shall never danton me,
 Sae lang as I keep my fancy free:
 For the lad that's sae inconstant he is na worth a groat;
 May the shame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't.

CROMLET'S LILT.

SINCE all thy vows, false maid,
 Are blown to air,
 And my poor heart betray'd
 To sad despair,
 Into some wilderness,
 My grief I will express,
 And thy hard heartedness,
 O cruel fair!

Some gloomy place I'll find,
 Some doleful shade,
 Where neither sun nor wind
 E'er entrance had:
 Into that hollow cave,
 There I will sigh and rave,
 Because thou dost behave
 So faithlessly.

I'll have no funeral fire,
 Nor tears for me:
 No grave do I desire,
 Nor obsequies:
 The courteous red-breast he
 With leavs will cover me,
 And sing my elegy
 With doleful voice.

Have I not graven our loves
 On every tree
 In yonder spreading groves,
 Tho' false thou be?
 Was not a solemn oath
 Plighted betwixt us both,
 Thou thy faith, I my troth,
 Constant to be?

Wild fruit shall be my meat,
 I'll drink the spring,
 Cold earth shall be my feat:
 For covering
 I'll have the starry sky
 My head to canopy,
 Until my soul on high
 Shall spread its wing.

And when a ghost I am,
 I'll visit thee,
 O thou deceitful dame,
 Whose cruelty
 Has kill'd the kindest heart
 That e'er felt Cupid's dart,
 And never can desert
 From loving thee.

The Blathrie o't

49

Violin

Slow

When I think on this worlds self, And the little wee share I have o't to myself And

how the lass that wants it is by the lads forgot May the shame fa' the Gear, and the Blathrie o't

Cremlets Lilt

Violin

Slow

Since all thy vows false maid, are blown to air,

And my poor heart betray'd to sad despair. Into some wildernefs,

my grief I will exprefs, And thy hard heartednefs, O cruel fair.

John May's Bonny Lassie

Violin

Harp

By smooth winding Tay a fwaiv was re-clining, Aft cried he, Oh

hey! maun I ftill live pining my-felf thus a-way, and darna dif-cover To

my bon-ny Lafs that I am her Lo-ver. Nae mair it will hide, the

flame waxes stronger, If thés not my bride, my day's are nae longer; Then I'll take a

heart and try at a venture: May be e'er we part, my vows may content her.

JOHN HAY'S BONNY LASSIE.

BY smooth-winding Tay a swain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, O hey! maun I still live pining
Myself thus away, and darna discover
To my bonny *Lass*, that I am her lover!

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stronger,
If she's not my bride, my days are nae longer;
Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
May be ere we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the Spring, and sweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good-morrow,
The fward of the mead enamell'd with daisies,
Look wither'd and dead when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdures invite her,
The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the sweeter:
'Tis heav'n to be bye, when her wit is a flowing,
Her smiles and bright eyes set my spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded!
I'm all on a fire, dear maid, to carefs ye,
For a' my desire is *Hay's* bonny lassie.

HAP ME WITH THY PETTICOAT.

O BELL, thy looks have pierc'd my heart,
 I pass the day in pain ;
 When night returns, I feel the smart,
 And wish for thee in vain.
 I'm starving cold, while thou art warm :
 Have pity and incline,
 And grant me for a lap that charm,
 That pettiocat of thine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
 Because you still deny
 The just reward that's due to love,
 And let true passion die.
 Oh ! turn, and let compassion seize
 That lovely breast of thine ;
 Thy petticoat could give me ease,
 If thou and it were mine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze
 Still wanders o'er thy charms,
 Delusive dreams ten thousand ways
 Present thee to my arms.
 But waking, think what I endure,
 While cruel you decline
 Those pleasures, which can only cure
 This panting breast of mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight
 That beauteous form of thine,
 And thou'rt too good its law to flight,
 By hind'ring the design.
 May all the pow'rs of love agree,
 At length to make thee mine,
 Or loose my chains, and set me free
 From every charm of thine.

May me with thy Petticoat

51

Violin

Mezzo

O Bell thy looks have piercd my Heart I pass the Day in pain. When

Night returns I feel the smart, And wish for thee in vain, I'm starving cold while thou art warm, Have

pi-ty and incline, And grant me for a hap, that charming Petticoat of thine. My ravish'd fancy in a maze, Still

wan-ders oer thy charms, De-lusive dreams ten thousand ways, Present thee to my Arms, But

waking think what I endure While cruel you decline Those pleasures which can only cure This panting breast of mine.

Kathrine Ogie

Violin

Piano

As walking forth to view the plain, up-on a mor-ning ear-ly, while

May's sweet scents did chear my Brain, from flow'rs that grew fo rare-ly. I

chanc'd to meet a pret-ty Maid she thin'd tho it was fog-gie; I

ask'd her name: sweet Sir, she said, my name is Kath'rine O-gie.

KATH'RINE OGIE.

AS walking forth to view the plain,
 Upon a morning early,
 While May's sweet scents did cheer my brain,
 From flow'rs that grew so rarely ;
 I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
 She shin'd tho' it was fogie ;
 I ask'd her name : Sweet Sir, she said,
 My name is Kath'rine Ogie.

I stood a while and did admire,
 To see a nymph so stately ;
 So brisk an air there did appear,
 In a country maid so neatly.
 Such natural sweetness she display'd,
 Like a lily in a bogie ;
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd
 Like my sweet Kath'rine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, Beauty's queen,
 Who sees thee sure must prize thee ;
 Tho' thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
 Yet they cannot disguise thee.
 Thy handsome air and graceful look,
 Far excel any clownish rogie :
 Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
 My charming Kath'rine Ogie.

Oh ! were I but a shepherd swain !
 To feed my flocks beside thee,
 At bughting time to leave the plain,
 In milking to abide thee.
 I'd think myself a happier man,
 With Kate, my club, and dogie,
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
 Had I but Kath'rine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
 And statesmen's dang'rous stations ;
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
 I'd smile at conqu'ring nations.
 Might I carefs and still possess
 This lass of whom I'm vogie ;
 For these are toys, and still look less,
 Compar'd with Kath'rine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decree'd
 For me so fine a creature,
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
 All other works of nature.
 Clouds of despair surround my love,
 That are both dark and fogie ;
 Pity my case, ye Pow'rs above !
 Or I die for Kath'rine Ogie.

LEWIE GORDON.

OH! fend Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I winna name;
Tho' his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa'.

Oh bon! my Highland man!

Oh! my bonny Highland man!

Wee'l wou'd I my true love ken

Amang ten thousand Highland men.

The princely youth that I do mean,
Is fitted for to be a king;
On his breast he wears a star;
You'd tak him for the god of war.

Oh bon! my Highland man!

Oh! my bonny Highland man!

Wee'l wou'd I my true love ken

Amang ten thousand Highland men.

Oh! to see his tartan-trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee:
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.

Oh bon! my Highland man!

Oh! my bonny Highland man!

Wee'l wou'd I my true love ken

Amang ten thousand Highland men

Lewie Gordon

Violin

How

Oh fend Lewie Gordon hame, And the Lad I win - na name,

Tho' his back be at the Wa' Heres to him thats far a - wa.

Oh hon! my Highland Man Oh my bon - ny Highland Man,

weel woud I my true Love ken a - mong ten thousand Highland Men!

Aller House

Volin

How

The spring time re - turns and cloaths the green plains; And Al - lo - a

fhines more chearful and gay; The Lark tunes his throat, and the neighbouring

fwains, Sing merrily round me where e - ver I stray; But Sandy no more re -

- turns to my view; no springtime me cheers, no mu - sic can charm; He's gone, and I

fear me for e - ver. a - dieu, a - dieu, Every pleasure this bosom can warm.

The musical score is written for violin and piano. The violin part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The piano part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The score consists of seven systems of music. The lyrics are written below the piano part. The music features various musical notations including eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and rests. There are also some numerical figures (6, 7, 4, 3, 2, 1) written below the piano part, which appear to be figured bass notation. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

ALLOA HOUSE.

THE spring time returns and clothes the green plains; So spoke the fair maid: when sorrow's keen pain,
 And Alloa shines more chearful and gay; And shame, her last fault'ring accents suppress;
 The lark tunes his throat, and the neighbouring swains For fate at that moment brought back her dear swain,
 Sing merrily round me wherever I stray: Who heard, and with rapture his Nelly address:
 But Sandy no more returns to my view; My Nelly! my fair! I come, O my love!
 No spring time me cheers, no music can charm; No power shall thee tear again from my arms,
 He's gone! and, I fear me, for ever adieu! And, Nelly! no more thy fond shepherd reprove,
 Adieu ev'ry pleasure this bosom can warm! Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy charms.

O Alloa House! how much art thou chang'd!
 How silent, how dull to me is each grove!
 Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd,
 Alas! where to please me my Sandy once strove!
 Here, Sandy, I heard the tales that you told;
 Here listen'd too fond, whenever you sung;
 Am I grown less fair, then, that you are turn'd cold?
 Or foolish, believ'd a false, flattering tongue?

She heard, and new joy shot thro' her soft frame;
 And will you, my love, be true? she reply'd:
 And live I to meet my fond shepherd the same?
 Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride?
 O Nelly! I live to find thee still kind;
 Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true:
 Then adieu to all sorrow! what soul is so blind
 As not to live happy for ever with you?

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

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

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and chasteely sporting;
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
 Till night spread her black curtain.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which cou'd but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me,
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me:
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my care at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

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

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

The last time I came o'er the Moor

Violin

Piano

The last time I came o'er the moor I left my love be- hind me, ye

4 2 6 5 6 6 6 5 7 6 9 8 7 5 7

Pow'rs what pain do I en- dure when soft I - de - as mind me. Soon

6 4 6 4 6 4 3 6 5 6 6 5 6 6 5 9 8 5 8

as the rud- dy morn dis- play'd the beaming day en - fu - - ing, I

6 4 6 4 6 4 5 6 4 7 6 5 6 4 2 6

met betimes my love- ly Maid in fit re- treats for woo - - ing.

6 4 5 3 6 5 3 6 5 6 4 2 6 6 6 4 7

The Flowers of the Forest

Violin

Flute

I've heard a lilting at our ewes milking lasses a lilting before the break of day; but

now there's a moaning on ilka green loaning that our braw foresters are a wede a way. At

e'en at the glomin' nae swankies are roaming Mongst' taks with the lasses at bogle to play; but

ilk ane fits dreary lamenting her dear-ry, the flowers of the forest that are a wede away. At

har't, at the shearing, nae Younkers are jeering, the banisters are runkled, lyart and Gray; At a

fair or a preaching, nae wooing nae fleeching, since our braw foresters are a wede a way.

The musical score is written for Violin and Flute. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody is characterized by frequent triplets and a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written in a traditional Scottish dialect. The score is divided into systems, each containing a Violin staff and a Flute staff. The lyrics are placed between the staves, with some lines spanning across multiple systems. The music concludes with a final cadence in the Flute staff.

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

From Pinkerton's Select Scottish Ballads.

I Have heard o lilting at the ewes milking,
Lasses a lilting eir the break o day ;
But now I hear moaning on ilka green loaning,
Sen our bra foresters are a wed away.

At een in the gloming nae fwankies are roaming,
'Mang stacks wi the lasses at bogle to play ;
For ilk ane fits dreary, lamenting her deary ;
The Flowers o the Forest, wha're a wed away.

At bouchts in the morning nae blyth lads are scorning,
The lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae ;
Nae daffin, nae gabbing, but ficking and fabbing ;
Ilk ane lifts her leglen and hies her away.

In harsh at the sheiring na yonkers are jeiring ;
The bansters are lyait, runkled, and gray ;
At fairs nor at preaching, nae wooing nae fleeching,
Sen our bra foresters are a wed away.

O dule for the order sent our lads to the border !
The English for anes by gyle wan the day.
The Flowers o the Forest, wha ay shone the foremost,
The prime o the land lye cauld in the clay !

LOVE IS THE CAUSE OF MY MOURNING.

BY a murmuring stream a fair shepherdes lay :
 Be so kind, O ye nymphs, I oft-times heard her say,
 Tell Strephon I die, if he passes this way,

And that love is the cause of my mourning.

False shepherds that tell me of beauty and charms,
 You deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never warms;
 Yet bring me this Strephon, let me die in his arms ;

Oh, Strephon ! the cause of my mourning.

But first, said she, let me go

Down to the shades below,

Ere ye let Strephon know

That I have lov'd him so :

Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show

That love was the cause of my mourning.

Her eyes were scarce closed when Strephon came by,
 He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh ;
 But finding her breathless, oh heavens ! did he cry,

Ah, Chloris ! the cause of my mourning.

Restore me my Chloris, ye nymphs, use your art !

They sighing, reply'd, 'Twas yourself shot the dart,

That wounded the tender young shepherdes' heart,

And kill'd poor Chloris with mourning.

Ah ! then is Chloris dead,

Wounded by me ! he said ;

I'll follow thee, chaste maid,

Down to the silent shade.

Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head,

Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.

Love is the cause of my Mourning

57

Violin
Plain
live

By a murmuring stream a fair Shepherdess lay be so kind O ye Nymphs I oft heard her

say tell Strephon I die if he passes this way and love is the cause of my mourning false Shepherds that

tell me of beauty and charms deceive me for Strephon's cold heart never warms yet bring me this

Strephon I'll die in his Arms oh Strephon's the cause of my mourning But first, said she,

let me go down to the shades below, ere ye let Strephon know that I have lov'd him so then on my

pale cheeks no blushes will shew that love is the cause of my mourning

Sae merry as we hae been

Violin

Horn

A Lafs that was laden with care sat hea - vi - ly un - der yon Thorn; I

listen'd a while for to hear, when thus she be - gan for to mourn: When e'er my dear

shepherd was there, the Birds did me - lodiously sing and cold nipping Winter did

wear a face that re - sembled the spring. Sae merry as we twa hae been, fae

merry as we twa hae been; my heart it is like for to

break when I think on the days we hae feen.

The musical score is written for Violin and Horn. It consists of eight systems of music. Each system has a Violin staff (treble clef, 3/4 time) and a Horn staff (bass clef, 3/4 time). The lyrics are written below the Horn staff. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 below the notes. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The piece ends with a double bar line.

SAE MERRY AS WE HA'E BEEN.

A LASS that was laden with care
 Sat heavily under yon thorn;
 I listen'd a while for to hear,
 When thus she began for to mourn:
 Whene'er my dear shepherd was here,
 The birds did melodiously sing,
 And cold nipping Winter did wear
 A face that resembled the Spring.

*Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
 Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
 My heart it is like for to break
 When I think on the days we ha'e seen.*

Our flocks feeding close by his side,
 He gently pressing my hand,
 I view'd the wide world in its pride,
 And laugh'd at the pomp of command:
 My dear, he would oft to me say,
 What makes you hard hearted to me?
 Oh! why do you thus turn away
 From him who is dying for thee?

*Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
 Sae merry as we twa ha'e been,
 My heart it is like for to break
 When I think on the days we ha'e seen.*

But now he is far from my sight,
 Perhaps a deceiver may prove,
 Which makes me lament day and night,
 That ever I granted my love.
 At eve, when the rest of the folk
 Were merrily seated to spin,
 I set myself under an oak,
 And heavily sigh'd for him.
Sae merry, &c.

WHEN ABSENT FROM THE NYMPH I LOVE.

WHEN absent from the nymph I love,
 I'd fain shake off the chains I wear ;
 But, whilst I strive these to remove,
 More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.
 My captiv'd fancy, day and night,
 Fairer and fairer represents
 Belinda, form'd for dear delight,
 But cruel cause of my complaint.

All day I wander thro' the groves,
 And, sighing, hear from ev'ry tree
 The happy birds chirping their loves,
 Happy, compar'd with lonely me.
 When gentle sleep, with balmy wings,
 To rest fans ev'ry weary'd wight,
 A thousand fears my fancy brings,
 That keep me waking all the night.

Sleep flies, while, like the goddess fair,
 And all the graces in her train,
 With melting smiles, and killing air,
 Appears the cause of all my pain.
 A while my mind, delighted, flies
 O'er all her sweets, with thrilling joy,
 Whilst want of worth makes doubt arise
 That all my trembling hopes destroy.

Thus, while my thoughts are fix'd on her,
 I'm all o'er transport and desire ;
 My pulse beats high, my cheeks appear
 All roses, and mine eyes all fire.
 When to myself I turn my view,
 My veins grow chill, my cheeks look wan :
 Thus, whilst my fears my pains renew,
 I scarcely look, or move a man.

When absent from the Nymph I Love. 59

Violin

How

When absent from the Nymph I love, I'd fain shake off the
chains I wear; But whilst I strive these to re-move More fetters I'm ob-
blig'd to bear. My captiv'd fan-cy day and night
fairer and fairer re-presents Be-lin-da form'd for
dear delight, But cruel cause of my complaint.

The musical score is written for Violin and Piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The score consists of six systems of music. The Violin part is written on a single staff, and the Piano part is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the piano part. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments. The lyrics are: "When absent from the Nymph I love, I'd fain shake off the chains I wear; But whilst I strive these to re-move More fetters I'm ob-blig'd to bear. My captiv'd fan-cy day and night fairer and fairer re-presents Be-lin-da form'd for dear delight, But cruel cause of my complaint." The score ends with a double bar line.

O Waly Waly

Violin

Piano

O Waly Waly up yon Bank, and Waly Waly down yon Brae, and

Waly Waly on yon burn side, where I and my true love did gae -

O Waly Waly love is bonny a little while, when it is new, but

when its auld it waxes cauld, and wears away like morning dew.

O WALT, WALT.

O WALT, waly up the bank,
 And waly, waly down the brae;
 And waly, waly on yon burn side,
 Where I and my true love did gae.
 I lean'd my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty tree,
 But first it bow'd, and fyne it brak;
 Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, love is bonny,
 A little while when it is new;
 But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
 And wears awa' like morning dew.
 Oh! wherefore shou'd I busk my head?
 Oh! wherefore shou'd I kame my hair?
 For my true love has me forfook,
 And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed,
 The bridal bed I ne'er shall see;
 St. Anton's well shall be my drink,
 Since my true love has forsaken me.
 Oh, Martin's wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the fear leaves aff the tree?
 Oh, gentle death! when wilt thou come,
 And take a life that wearies me?

THE EWE BUGHTS.

WILL you go to the ewe bughts, Marian,
 And wear in the sheep wi' me?
 The sun shines sweet, my Marian,
 But nae half fae sweet as thee.

And ye's get a green-fay apron,
 And waistcoat of London brown,
 And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
 When ye gang to the town.

O Marian's a bonny lass,
 And the blyth blinks in her eye;
 And fain wad I marry Marian,
 Gin Marian wad marry me.

I'm young and stout, my Marian,
 Nane dances like me on the green;
 And gin ye forsake me, Marian,
 I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marian,
 A cow and brawny quey,
 I'll gie them a' to my Marian,
 Just on her bridal day.

Sea put on your pearlins, Marian,
 And kirtle of cramasie,
 And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
 I shall come west and see thee.

The Ewe Bughts

61

Violin

How

Will ye go to the Ewebughts Ma-rian and wear in the Sheep wi' me. The

Sun shines sweet my Marian but nae half so sweet as Thee.

By waking oh!

Violin

Main

Ay waking oh! wa-king ay and wea-rie Sleep I can na' get for

thinking o' my dea-rie when I fleep I dream; when I wake I'm I-rie

Rest I can-na' get for thinking o' my dea-rie.

Violin

Piano

By on the War that hurried Willie from me who to love me just had sworn

they made him Captain sure to un-do me Woe's me he'll ne'er return a thousand

loons abroad will fight him he from thousands ne'er will run day and

night I did in-vite him to stay at home from sword and Gun. I u'd alluring

graces with muckle kind embraces now fighting then crying tears dropping fall and had he my soft arms pre-

fer'd to wars alarms by love grown mad without the man of God I fear in my fit I had granted all.

DE'IL TAK' THE WARS.

<p>FY on the wars that hurried Willy from me, Who to love me just had sworn; They made him Captain fure to undo me: Woe's me he'll ne'er return. A thousand loons abroad will fight him, He from thousands ne'er will run, Day and night I did invite him, To stay at home from sword and gun. I us'd alluring graces, With meikle kind embraces, Now fighting, then crying, tears dropping fall; And had he my soft arms, Preferr'd to war's alarms, My love grown mad, without the man of God I fear in my fit I had granted all.</p>	<p>I wash'd and I patch'd, to mak' me look provoking, Snares that they told me would catch the men, And on my head a huge commode fat poking, Which made me shew as tall again; For a new gown too I paid muckle money, Which with golden flow'rs did shine; My love well might think me gay and bonny, No Scots lass was e'er so fine: My petticoat I spotted, Fringe too with thread I knotted, Lace shoes, and silk hose, garter'd o'er the knee; But oh! the fatal thought, To Willy these are nought; Who rode to town, and rifled with dragoons, When he, silly loon, might have plundered me.</p>
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AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame, My heart it said na, I look'd for Jamie back ;
 And a' this weary world to sleep are gane ; But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck.
 The waes of my heart fa' in show'rs frae my ee, The ship it was a wreck, why didna' Jamie die ?
 When my gudeman lyes found by me. And why do I live to say, ah waes me ?

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and he fought me for his bride, Auld Robin argued fair, tho' my mither didna' speak,
 But saving a crown he had naething beside ; She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break ;
 To mak' his crown a poun', my Jamie gaid to sea, So they gi'd him my hand, tho' my heart was on the sea ;
 And the crown and the poun' were baith for me. And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

He had na' been gane a week but only twa' I hadna' been a wife a week but only four,
 When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stounawa' ; When fitting fae mournfully at mine ain door,
 My father brak' his arm, and my Jamie at the sea, I saw my Jamie's wraeth, for I coudna' think it he,
 And auld Robin Gray came a courting me. Till he said, I'm come back, love, to marry thee.

My father coudna' work, and my mither coudna' spin, O fair did we greet ; and little cou'd we say ;
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna' win ; We took but ae kifs, and we tore ourselves away.
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and with tears in his ee, I wish I were dead ; but I'm nae like to die ;
 Said, Jenny, for their sakes, oh marry me. And why do I live to say, ah, waes me ?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena' to spin ;

I darena' think on Jamie ; for that wou'd be a sin ;

But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,

For auld Robin Gray is kind to me.

Auld Robin Gray

Violin

Piano

When the Sheep are in the fauld and the Kye at Hame, and

and this weary World to fleep are gane the

Waes of my heart fa in Showers frae my ee, when

my Gude man lyes Sound by me.

6 4 = 5 6 4 3 4 3 6

(6, 5) 6 6 6

5 3 6 4 5 3 6 6 4 3 6

6 4 5 5 4

Low down in the Broom

Violin

How

My Dad-dy is a canker'd Carle He'll nae twin wi' his Gear, My

2 5 6 7 5

Min-ny She's a scolding Wife, hads a' the house a fteer: But let them say or let them do It's

2 6 7 6 5 3 6 7 6 6 4 2

a' ane to Me, For he's low down he's in the Broom that's waiting for me;

7 6 6 5 4 7

Chorus

Waiting for me my love, he's waiting for me, For he's low down, he's in the broom that's waiting for Me.

8va 4 5 4 7

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

MY daddy is a canker'd carle,

He'll nae twin wi' his gear;

My minny she's a scaldin wife,

Hads a' the house after;

But let them say, or let them do,

It's a' ane to me;

For he's low down, he's in the broom

That's waiting for me;

Waiting for me, my love,

He's waiting for me;

For he's low down, he's in the broom

That's waiting for me.

My aunty *Kate* sits at her wheel,

And fair she lightlies me;

But weel keen I it's a' envy;

For ne'er a Jo has she.

But let them say, &c.

My cousin *Nell* was fair beguil'd

Wi *Johnnie* in the glen;

And aye since fyne, she cries, beware

Of false deluding men.

But let her say, &c.

Gley'd *Sandy* he came waft ae night,

And speer'd when I saw *Pate*,

And aye since fyne the neighbours round

They jeer me air and late.

But let them say, &c.

FAIR HELEN.

I WISH I were where Helen lies,
 Who night and day upon me cries,
 Who night and day upon me cries ;
 I wish I were where Helen lies,
 On fair Kirkonnel Lee.

O Helen fair, O Helen chaste,
 If I were with thee I were blest ;
 Where low thou liest, and at thy rest,
 Oh ! were I with thee I'd be blest,
 On fair Kirkonnel Lee.

I wish my grave were growing green,
 And winding sheet put o'er my een,
 And winding sheet put o'er my een ;
 I wish my grave were growing green,
 On fair Kirkonnel Lee.

Wae to the heart that fram'd the thought,
 And curst the hand that fir'd the shot,
 And curst the hand that fir'd the shot,
 When in my arms my Helen dropt,
 And died for love of me.

Fair Helen

65

Violin

Main
live

I with Iwerewhere He-len lies who night and day up-on me cries who

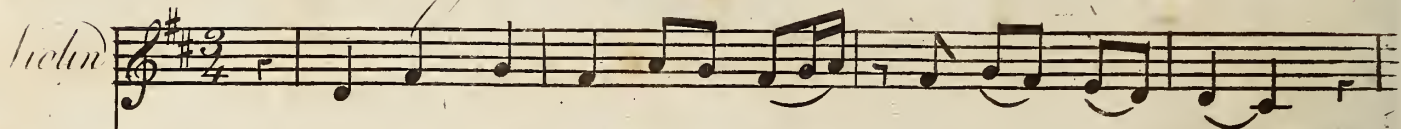
night and day up-on me cries I with I were where He-len lies on

fair Kir-kon-el Lee. O He-len fair O He-len chaste If

I were with thee I were blest where low thou ly'st and at thy rest, O

were I with thee I'd be blest on fair Kir-kon-el Lee.

The Yellow Hair'd Laddie



Piano

In A-pril when Prim - ro - fes paint the Sweet plain and

6 7 6 7 (8 7) 6 4

Sum - mer ap - proach - ing re - joi - ceth the Swain. The

6 7 6 7 (7 6) 7

yel - low hair'd lad - die wou'd of - ten - times go, to

(6 5) 4 3 6 6 4

Wilds and deep glens where the Haw - thorn trees grow.

6 7 6 7 6 7 5

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And Summer, approaching, rejoiceth the swain,
 The yellow-hair'd Laddie wou'd often-times go
 To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

The shepherd thus sung : Tho' young Mary be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air :
 But Susie was handsome, and sweetly cou'd sing ;
 Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn :
 He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,
 That sylvens and fairies unseen danc'd around.

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth ;
 But Susie was faithful, good humour'd, and free,
 And fair as the goddesses who sprung from the sea.

That mama's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour ;
 Then sighing, he wished, would parents agree—
 The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

MY DEARY, IF YOU DIE.

LOVE never more shall give me pain,
 My fancy's fix'd on thee;
 Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
 My Peggy, if thou die.
 Thy beauty doth such pleasure give,
 Thy love's so true to me:
 Without thee I can never live,
 My deary, if thou die.

If fate should tear thee from my breast,
 How shall I, lonely, stray?
 In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
 In sighs the silent day.
 I ne'er can so much virtue find,
 Nor such perfection see:
 Then I'll renounce all woman-kind,
 My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
 With Cupid's raving rage,
 But thine which can such sweets impart,
 Must all the world engage.
 'Twas this that, like the morning sun,
 Gave joy and life to me;
 And when its destin'd day is done,
 With Peggy let me die!

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 And in such pleasure share;
 Ye who its faithful flames approve,
 With pity view the fair!
 Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
 Those charms so dear to me:
 Oh! never tear them from those arms:
 I'm lost, if Peggy die.

My Deary if thou die

Violin

Flow

Love never more shall give me pain, my fan_cy's fix'd on thee; nor

6 4 3 6 5 6 9 8 6 6
4 4 # 7 6

e-ver Maid my heart shall gain, my Peg-gy, if thou die. Thy

6 6 6 6 5 4 6 6 7 5 7 5 7 6

beau-ty doth such pleasures give, thy love's so true to me, with

6 7 7 5 4 6 6 6 7 6 5 6 4 2
4 #

out thee I can ne-ver live, my dea-ry if thou die.

6 7 6 6 6 4 6 6 7 6 6 7 6
2 5

Bess the Garbkie

Violin

Slow

Blyth young Bess to Jean 'did say, Will ye gang to you fun-ny

6/4 6/6 6/6

brae, Where Flocks do feed and Herds do stray, And sport a while wi' Ja--mie!

6/6 6/6 6/6 6/6 6/6 6/7

Ah na lafs I'll no gang there, Nor a-bout Ja-mie tak nae care, Nor

6/6 6/6 6/6 6/7 6/8 6/8 6/8 6/8 6/8

a-bout Ja--mie tak nae care, For he's taen up wi' Mag--gy.

6/4 6/5 6/5 6/5 6/5 6/5

BESS THE GAWKIE.

BLYTH young Bess to Jean did say,
 Will ye gang to yon funny brae,
 Where flocks do feed, and herds do stray,
 And sport a while wi' Jamie?
 Ah na, lafs! I'll ne'er gang there;
 Nor about Jamie tak nae care,
 Nor about Jamie tak nae care,
 For he's tane up wi' Maggy.

For hark! and I will tell you, lafs:
 Did I not see your Jamie pass,
 Wi' mickle gladness in his face;
 Out o'er the muir to Maggy?
 I wat he gae her mony a kifs,
 And Maggy took them ne'er amiss:
 'Tween ilka smack, pleas'd her wi' this;
 That Bess was but a gawkie.

For whene'er a civil kifs I seek,
 She turns her head and thraws her cheek,
 And for an hour she'll scarcely speak;
 Who'd not call her a gawkie?
 But sure my Maggy has mair sense,
 She'll gie a score without offence;
 Now gi'e me ane unto the menf,
 And ye shall be my dawtie.

O Jamie, ye hae mony tane,
 But I will never stand for ane
 Or twa when we do meet again;
 Sae ne'er think me a gawkie.
 Ah na, lafs! that ne'er can be,
 Sic thoughts as these are far frae me,
 Or ony thy sweet face that see,
 E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But, wisht, nae mair of this we'll speak,
 For yonder Jamie does us meet;
 Instead of Meg, he kifs sae sweet,
 I trow he likes the gawkie.
 O dear Bess! I hardly knew,
 When I came by your gown sae new,
 I think you've got it wat wi' dew.
 Quoth she, That's like a gawkie.

It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
 And I'll get gowns when it is gane,
 Sae ye may gang the gate you came,
 And tell it to your dawtie.
 The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek,
 He cry'd, Oh cruel maid, but sweet!
 If I should gang another gate,
 I ne'er cou'd meet my dawtie.

LEANDER ON THE BAY.

LEANDER on the Bay
 Of Hellespont all naked stood,
 Impatient of delay,
 He leapt into the fatal flood,
 The raging seas,
 Whom none can please,
 'Gainst him their malice show :
 The heav'n's lowr'd,
 The rain down pour'd,
 And loud the winds did blow.

Then casting round his eyes,
 Thus of his fate he did complain :
 Ye cruel rocks and skies !
 Ye stormy winds, and angry main !
 What 'tis to miss
 The lover's bliss,
 Alas ! ye do not know ;
 Make me your wreck
 As I come back,
 But spare me as I go.

Lo ! yonder stands the tower
 Where my beloved Hero lyes,
 And this is the appointed hour
 Which sets to watch her longing eyes.
 To his fond suit
 The gods were mute ;
 The billows answer, no :
 Up to the skies
 The furies rise,
 But sunk the youth as low.

Mean while the wishing maid,
 Divided 'twixt her care and love,
 Now does his stay upbraid ;
 Now dreads he shou'd the passage prove :
 O fate ! said she,
 Nor heav'n, nor thee,
 Our vows shall e'er divide ;
 I'd leap this wall,
 Cou'd I but fall
 By my Leander's side.

At length the rising fun
 Did to her sight reveal, too late,
 That Hero was undone ;
 Not by Leander's fault, but fate.
 Said she, I'll shew,
 Tho' we are two,
 Our loves were ever one :
 This proof I'll give,
 I will not live,
 Nor shall he die alone.

Down from the wall she leapt
 Into the raging seas to him,
 Courting each wave she met,
 To teach her wearied arms to swim :
 To sea-gods wept,
 Nor longer kept
 Her from her lover's side :
 When join'd, at last,
 She grasp'd him fast,
 Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and died.

Leander on the Bay

Violin

Now

Le-an-der on the Bay of Helles-pont, all na-ked stood, Im

pa-tient of de-lay, he leapt in to the Fa-tal Flood: The

raging Seas whom none can please, 'gainst him their malice shew, the Heavens

lowr'd, the Rain down pour'd, and loud the winds did blow.

Dumbarton's Drums

Violin

How

Dumbarton's drums beat bonny O, When they mind me of my dear

6 8ths 6 4/2 6 6 6 6 6

John-ny O, How happy am I when my Soldier is by, When he

6 6 6 6 6

kisses and blesses his Annie O. 'Tis a Soldier alone can delight me O, For his

6 6 7/4 7/4 6 6 6

graceful looks do in-vite me O, While guarded in his arms, I'll

4/2 6 5 6 6 6 6 6 4/2 4/2

fear no wars alarms, Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me O.

6 6 6-5-6- 6 5

DUMBARTON DRUMS.

D UMBARTON's drums beat bonny—O,	My love is a handsome laddie—O,
When they mind me of my dear Johnny—O.	Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy—O :
How happy am I,	'Tho' commissions are dear,
When my foldier is by,	Yet I'll buy him one this year ;
When he kisses and blesses his Annie—O !	He shall no longer serve as a cadie—O.
'Tis a foldier alone can delight me—O,	A foldier has honour and bravery—O,
For his graceful looks do invite me—O :	Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery—O ;
While guarded in his arms,	He minds no other thing
I'll fear no war's alarms,	But the ladies and the king ;
Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me—O.	For every other care is but slavery—O.

Then I'll be the Captain's lady—O ;
 Farewel all my friends and daddy—O ;
 I'll stay no more at home,
 But I'll follow with the drum,
 And whenever it beats, I'll be ready—O.
 Dumbarton's drums sound bonny—O,
 They are sprightly, like my dear Johnny—O ;
 How happy shall I be,
 When on my foldier's knee,
 And he kisses and blesses his Annie—O !

THE COLLIER'S BONNY LASSIE.

THE collier has a daughter,
 And, oh, she's wond'rous bonny !
 A laird he was that fought her,
 Rich baith in lands and money :
 The tutors watch'd the motion
 Of this young honest lover ;
 But love is like the ocean,
 Wha can its depth discover ?

He had the art to please ye,
 And was by a' respected ;
 His air fat round him easy,
 Genteel, but unaffected.
 The collier's bonny lassie,
 Fair as the new-blown lillie,
 Ay sweet, and never faucy,
 Secur'd the heart of Willie.

He lov'd beyond expression
 The charms that were about her,
 And panted for possession,
 His life was dull without her.
 After nature resolving,
 Close to his breast he held her,
 In fastest flames dissolving,
 He tenderly thus tell'd her :

My bonny collier's daughter,
 Let naething discompose ye,
 'Tis no your scanty tocher
 Shall ever gar me lose ye :
 For I have gear in plenty,
 And love says, 'tis my duty
 To ware what Heav'n has lent me
 Upon your wit and beauty.

The Colliers Bonny Lassic

71

Violin

Slow

The Collier has a Daughter, And O the's wondrous

bonny, A Laird he was that fought her, Rich baith in lands and money. The

Tutors watch'd the mo. tion Of this young honest lover, But

love is like the O - - cean, Wha can its depth dif - cover.

Corn Riggs

Violin

My Patie is a Lo-ver gay, His mind is never

mud - - dy His breath is sweeter than new Hay His face is fair and rud - - dy

His shape is handsome middle size, He's stately in his wa - - - king The

shining of his een surprise, 'Tis heav'n to hear him ta - - - king.

CORN-RIGGS ARE BONNY.

MY Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy,
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 Her face is fair and ruddy.
 His shape is handsome, middle size;
 He's stately in his wa'king;
 The shining of his een surprize;
 'Tis heav'n to hear him ta'king.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
 Where yellow corn is growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a-glowing.
 He kifs'd and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony;
 That gars me like to sing finfyne,
O corn-riggs are bonny.

Let maidens of a filly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chafely should be granting;
 Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
 And fyne my cockernony
 He's free to kifs me air or late,
 Where corn-riggs are bonny.

THE BONNIE EARL OF MURRAY.

From Pinkerton's Select Scotch Ballads.

YE Hielands and ye Lawlands,
 O whar hae ye been ?
 They have slain the Earl of Murray,
 And laid him on the green !

‘ Now wae be to you, Huntly !
 “ O wharfore did he fae ?
 ‘ I bad you bring him wi’ you ;
 ‘ But forbad you him to flay.”

He was a bra galant,
 And he rid at the ring ;
 The bonnie Earl of Murray,
 He micht ha’ been a king.

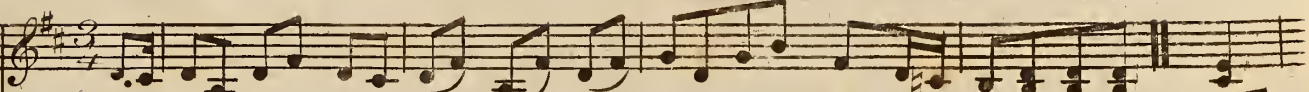
He was a bra galant,
 And he play’d at the ba ;
 The bonnie Earl of Murray
 Was the flower among them a.

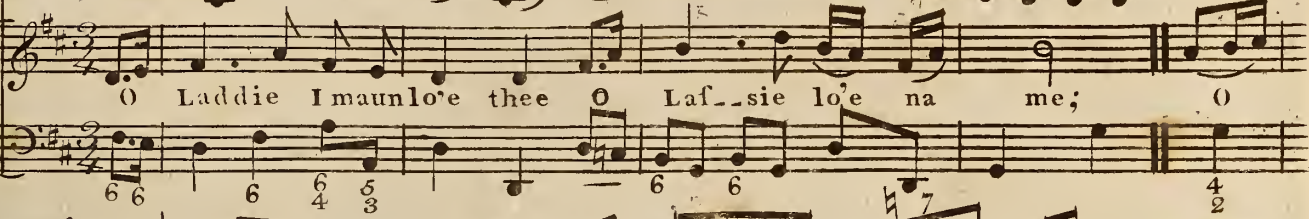
He was a bra galant,
 And he play’d at the gluve ;
 The bonnie Earl of Murray,
 He was the queen’s luv.

O lang will his lady
 Look ovr the castle downe,
 Ere she see the Earl of Murray
 Cum founding through the toun !


O Laddie I maun loe thee

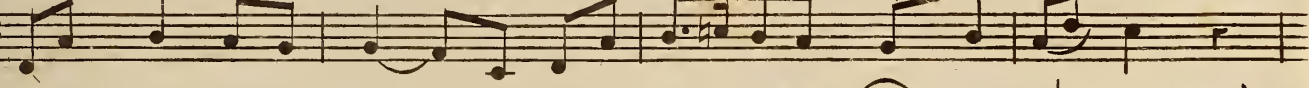
73


Violin 

Piano 

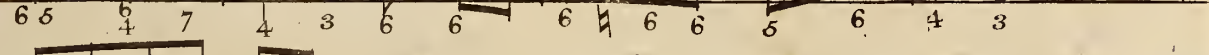
O Laddie I maun loe thee O Laf-sie loe na me; O

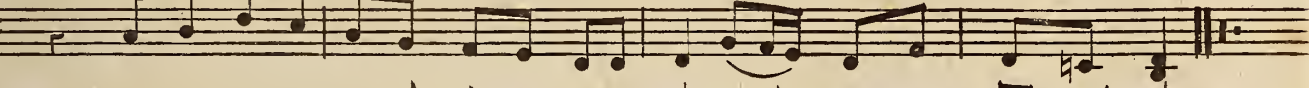


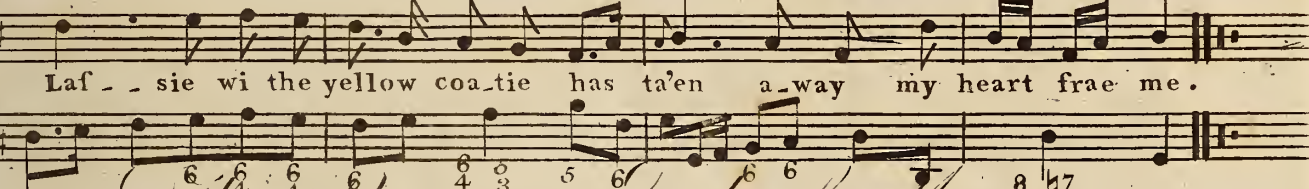




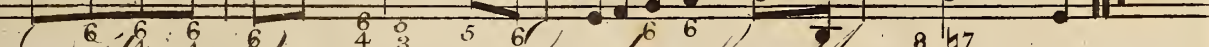
Lad-die I maun loe thee O Laf-sie loe na me. for the






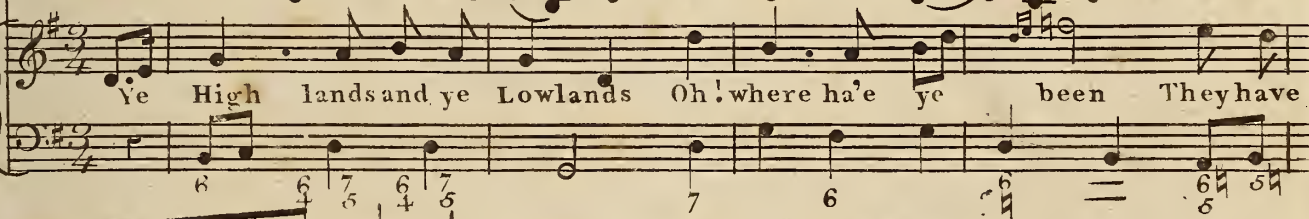


Laf-sie wi the yellow coatie has ta'en a-way my heart frae me.

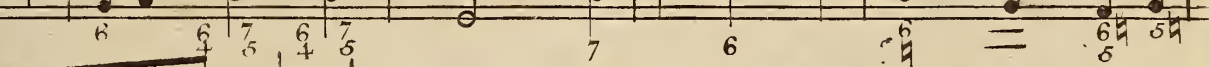


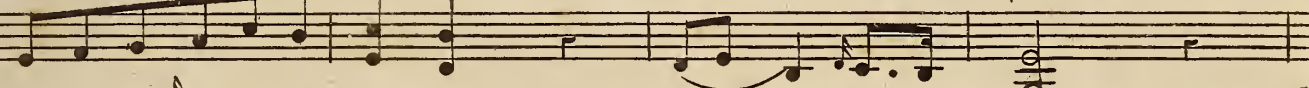
The Bonny Earl of Moray

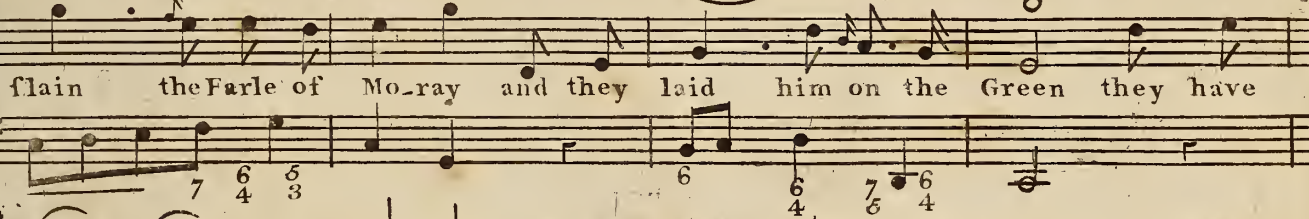
Violin 

Piano 

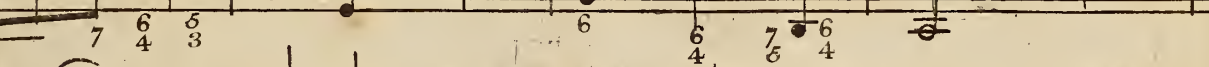
Ye High lands and ye Lowlands Oh! where ha'e ye been They have

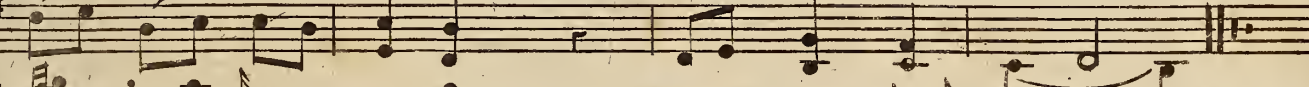


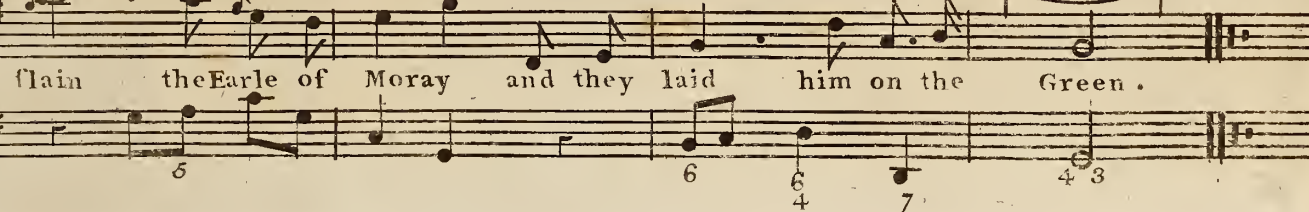




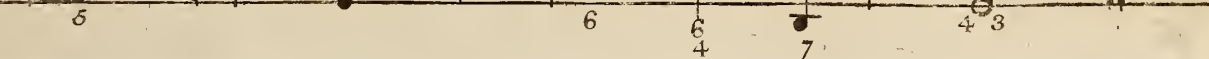
flain the Earle of Moray and they laid him on the Green they have







flain the Earle of Moray and they laid him on the Green.



Etrick Banks

Violin

Slow

On Etrick banks in a Summer's night, At gloming when the Sheep draw hame, I

met my Lafsie braw and tight, Come wading barefoot, a' her lane. My

heart grew light I ran I flang my arms a-bout her li - ly neck, And

kifs'd and clasp'd her there fou lang; My words they were na' mo - ny feck.

ETRICK BANKS.

ON Etrick Banks, in a summer's night,
 At glowming when the sheep draw hame,
 I met my lassie, braw and tight,
 Came wading, barefoot, a her lane :
 My heart grew light ; I ran, I flang
 My arms about her lily neck,
 And kifs'd and clasp'd her there fow lang :
 My words they were nae mony feck.

I said, my lassie, will ye go
 To the Highland hills, the Earle to learn ?
 I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ewe,
 Whenye come to the brigg of Earn.
 At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
 And herrings at the Broomy law ;
 Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,
 There's geer to win we never saw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
 When winter, frosts and snaw, begin,
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night when you sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring :
 And thus the weary night will end,
 Till the tender kid and lamb time bring
 Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lass among the broom,
 And lead you to my summer shield.
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That make the kindly hearts their sport ;
 We'll laugh, and kifs, and dance, and sing,
 And gar the longest day seem short.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE Lawland lads think they are fine ;
 But, oh, they're vain and idly gawdy !
 How much unlike the gracefu' mien,
 And manly looks of my Highland laddie ?

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

If I were free at will to chuse
 To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
 I'd take young Donald without trews,
 With bonnet blue and belted plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in Borrow's town,
 In all his airs, with art made ready,
 Compar'd to him, he's but a clown,
 He's finer far in his tartan plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my Lawland kin and dady.
 Frae Winter's cauld, and Summer's fun,
 He'll hap me with his Highland plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
 And he ca's me his Lawland lads,
 Syne rows me in his tartan plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

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

O my bonny, &c.

The Highland Laddie

Violin

Flaw

The lawland lads think they are fine, But O they're vain and

idly gaudy, How much unlike the graceful mein And manly looks of my highland laddie.

O my bonny bonny highland laddie, My handsome charming highland laddie, May

Heaven still guard and love reward, The lawland lads and her highland laddie.

The score is written for Violin and Flaw. The Violin part is in the upper staff, and the Flaw part is in the lower staff. The music is in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the Flaw staff. The score consists of four systems of music, each with a Violin and Flaw part. The lyrics are: 'The lawland lads think they are fine, But O they're vain and idly gaudy, How much unlike the graceful mein And manly looks of my highland laddie. O my bonny bonny highland laddie, My handsome charming highland laddie, May Heaven still guard and love reward, The lawland lads and her highland laddie.'

Dear Mother what shall I do

Violin

How

O dear Peg-gy, loves be-gui-ling, we ought not to trust his smi-ling,

bet-ter far to do as I do, left a har-der luck be-tide you.

6 4 4 2 3 6 4 5 6 4 6 3 6 7 8 6 6 5 3

Laf-fes when their fan-cies car-ried, think of nought but to be mar-ried;

run-ning to a life de-roys heartsome, free, and youth-fu' Joys.

6 5 7 8 3 6 6 6 5 3 4 3 4 5 2 3

O DEAR MOTHER, WHAT SHALL I DO?

O Dear Peggy, love's beguiling ;
 We ought not to trust his smiling ;
 Better far to do as I do,
 Left a harder luck betide you.

Laffes, when their fancy's carried,
 Think of nought but to be married ;
 Running to a life destroys
 Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

THERE CAME A GHAIST TO MARG'RET'S DOOR.

THERE came a ghaist to Marg'ret's door,
 With many a grievous groan ;
 And, ay, he tirl'd at the pin,
 But answer made she none.

s that my father Philip ?
 Or is't my brother John ?
 Or is't my true love Willy,
 From Scotland new come home ?

'Tis not thy father Philip,
 Nor yet thy brother John ;
 But 'tis thy true love Willy,
 From Scotland new come home.

Oh, sweet Marg'ret ! oh, dear Marg'ret !
 I pray thee speak to me ;
 Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,
 As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thoust never get,
 We twa will never twin,
 Till that thou come within my bower,
 And kifs my cheek and chin.

If I shou'd come within thy bower,
 I am no earthly man ;
 And shou'd I kifs thy rosy lips,
 Thy days will not be lang.

Oh, sweet Marg'ret ! oh, dear Marg'ret !
 I pray thee speak to me ;
 Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,
 As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thoust never get,
 We twa will never twin,
 Till you take me to yon kirk yard,
 And wed me with a ring.

My bones are buried in yon kirk yard,
 Afar beyond the sea ;
 And it is but my spirit, Marg'ret,
 That's now speaking to thee.

She stretched out her lily-white hand,
 And for to do her best ;
 Hae, there's your faith and troth, Willy ;
 God fend your soul good rest.

Now she has kilted her robes of green
 A piece below her knee,
 And a' the live-lang winter night
 The dear corpse follow'd she.

Is there any room at your head, Willy ?
 Or any room at your feet ?
 Or any room at your side, Willy,
 Wherein that I may creep ?

There's no room at my head, Marg'ret ;
 There's no room at my feet ;
 There's no room at my side, Marg'ret,
 My coffin's made so meet.

Then up and crew the red, red cock,
 And up then crew the gray ;
 'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret,
 That you were going away.

No more the ghaist to Marg'ret said,
 But with a grievous groan,
 Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
 And left her all alone.

Oh, stay, my only true love, stay,
 The constant Marg'ret cry'd :
 Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een,
 Stretch'd her soft limbs, and dy'd.

Then came a Ghast to Margret's Door

There came a Ghast to Margret's door with

mony a grievous Grane and

Ay He tir-led at the pin but

an-fwer made the nane.

I N D E X.

A										Composers	Page
A	N	thou	were	my	ain	Thing	-	-	-	Dr. Arnold	34
Allan	Water	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Barthelemon	37
Alloa	Houfe	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ditto	54
Auld	Rob	Morris	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Dr. Arnold	20
Auld	lang	Syne	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Barthelemon	11
Auld	Robin	Gray	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Carter	63
Aye	waking,	oh!	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ditto	61
B											
Bonny	Dundee	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Barthelemon	24
Busk	ye,	busk	ye	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ditto	21
Bess	the	Gawkie	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Dr. Arnold	68
Bonny	Bessy	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Barthelemon	36
Bonny	Jean	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ditto	30
C											
Corn	Riggs	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Carter	72
Cromlet's	Lilt	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Barthelemon	49
D											
Down	the	Burn	Davie	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Shield	23
Dumbarton's	Drums	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Carter	70
Deil	tak	the	Wars	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Shield	62
E											
Etrick	Banks	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Carter	74
F											
Fair	Helen	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Barthelemon	65
For	lack	of	Gold	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Carter	5
G											
Gil	Morice	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Dr. Arnold	16
Gilderoy	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Shield	8
Gallashiells	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Barthelemon	18
H											
Hap	me	with	thy	Petticoat	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Carter	51
Here	awa,	Willie	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Barthelemon	27
J											
Johny's	Grey	Breeks	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Carter	43
John	Hay's	bonny	Laffie	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Barthelemon	50
I'll	never	leave	thee	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Shield	7
Johny	Fa'	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Barthelemon	13
I	wish	my	Love	were	in	a	Mire	-	-	Ditto	15
K											
Kath'rine	Ogie	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Dr. Arnold	52
L											
Lady	Ann	Bothwell's	Lament	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Shield	6
Logan	Water	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Barthelemon	17
Love	is	the	Cause	of	my	Mourning	-	-	-	Mr. Carter	57
Lochaber	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Barthelemon	3
Low	down	in	the	Broom	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Carter	64
Lewie	Gordon	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Barthelemon	53
Leander	on	the	Bay	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ditto	69

I N D E X.

M	Composers.	Page
My Apron Dearie - - - - -	Dr. Arnold	29
Mary Scott - - - - -	Mr. Barthelemon	48
M'Pherfon's Farewel - - - - -	Mr. Carter	45
My Deary, if you die - - - - -	Ditto	67
N		
Nancy's to the Green Wood gane - - - - -	Mr. Barthelemon	25
O		
Oh dear Mother - - - - -	Mr. Shield	46
Oh ! open the Door, Lord Gregory - - - - -	Dr. Arnold	22
O Laddie, I maun lo'e thee - - - - -	Mr. Carter	73
P		
Pinkie Houfe - - - - -	Dr. Arnold	31
Peggy, I must love thee - - - - -	Mr. Shield	4
Polwart on the Green - - - - -	Mr. Carter	46
R		
Roslin Cattle - - - - -	Mr. Shield	33
S		
She rose and let me in - - - - -	Dr. Arnold	35
Sae merry as we hae been - - - - -	Mr. Carter	58
T		
The bonny Earl of Murray - - - - -	Ditto	73
There came a Ghost - - - - -	Ditto	77
The Highland Laddie - - - - -	Mr. Barthelemon	75
The Ewe-bughts - - - - -	Mr. Carter	61
The Braes of Ballendine - - - - -	Mr. Shield	42
The Birks of Envermay - - - - -	Mr. Barthelemon	47
The Bush aboon Traquair - - - - -	Mr. Shield	2
The Blaith'rie o' it - - - - -	Mr. Barthelemon	49
The Siller Crown - - - - -	Mr. Carter	40
The Collier's bonny Laffie - - - - -	Ditto	71
Tweed Side - - - - -	Mr. Shield	9
The Broom of Cowdenknows - - - - -	Mr. Barthelemon	10
The Lafs of Patie's Mill - - - - -	Mr. Carter	19
The Banks of Forth - - - - -	Mr. Barthelemon	14
Thro' the Wood Laddie - - - - -	Mr. Shield	39
Twine weel the Plaiden - - - - -	Mr. Barthelemon	26
Tarry Woo' - - - - -	Ditto	32
The Highland Laddie - - - - -	Ditto	78
Tak' your auld Cloak about ye - - - - -	Dr. Arnold	28
The Flowers of the Forest - - - - -	Mr. Carter	56
There's my Thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee - - - - -	Mr. Barthelemon	38
The last Time I came o'er the Moor - - - - -	Ditto	55
The Boatman - - - - -	Ditto	12
The Gaberlunzie Man - - - - -	Mr. Carter	41
The Yellow-hair'd Laddie - - - - -	Ditto	66
W		
When absent from the Nymph I love - - - - -	Mr. Barthelemon	59
Woes my Heart that we shou'd finder - - - - -	Ditto	44
Will ye go to the ewe-bughts Marion - - - - -	Mr. Carter	61
Waly, Waly - - - - -	Ditto	60

A

G L O S S A R Y.

A', *all*

Aboon, *above*
 Ae, *one*
 Aff, *off*
 Aften, *often*
 Aik, *oak*
 Ain, *own*
 Alane, *alone*
 Amaist, *almost*
 Ane, *one*
 Anes, *once*
 Anither, *another*
 Ase, *ashes*
 Askeer, *in stir, incòmmotion*
 Awa, *away*
 Auld, *old*
 Ay, aye, *ever, always*
 Ayont, *beyond*

B

Ba', *ball*
 Baith, *both*
 Bald, Bauld, *bold*
 Bane, *bone*
 Bannocks, *bread baked on a stone, or gridiron*
 Baubie, *halfpenny*
 Bent, *open fields*
 Birks, *birch*
 Big, Bigg, *build*
 Billy, *brother*
 Blate, *bashful*
 Blathrie, *abuse*
 Blink, *glance of the eye*
 Bracken, *fern*
 Brae, *acclivity, or declivity*
 Braid, *broad*
 Braw, *brave, finely dressed*
 Breeks, *breeches*
 Broach, *a kind of buckle*
 Bught, *sheep-fold*
 Burn, *rivulet*
 Buik, *prepare, deck*
 Byer, *cow-house*

C

Ca' call
 Cadgily, *jovially*
 Canna, *cannot*
 Canker'd, *peevish*
 Canny, *skilful, prudent*
 Canty, *mirthful*
 Cauld, *cold*
 Chap, *to knock*
 Claiths, *cloaths*
 Cleeding, clyding, *cloathing*
 Cleed, *clothed*
 Cockernony, *the hair bound up*
 Coggie, *little cag*
 Cooft, *cast*
 Craig, *neck, also rock*
 Cramasie, *crimson*
 Crowdy-mowdy, *a sort of gruel*
 Crummy, *a cow's name*

D

Daddie, *father*
 Daffin, *fooling, waggery*
 Dander, *to waste time idly, to saunter*
 Danton, *daunt*
 Dawt, *fondle, caress*
 Deil, *devil*
 Dinna, *do not*
 Disna, *does not*
 Docken, *dock weed*
 Doggie, *little dog*
 Dorty, *scornful*
 Dow, *dove, also can*
 Dowy, *pinning, drooping*
 Drumly, *muddy*
 Dud, *rag*
 Dule, *pain, grief*

E

Earn, yern, *curdle*
 Ee, een, *eye, eyes*
 Eild, *age*
 Ezer, *azure*

F

Fa', *fall*
 Fae, *foe*
 Fain, *fond*
 Fash, *trouble*
 Fauld, *fold*
 Feck, *faith*
 Flinders, *splinters*
 Frae, *from*
 Fou, or fu', *full*

G

Gaberlunzie, *a wallet, that carries a wallet*
 Gae, *gave*
 Gae, gang, *go*
 Gane, *gone*
 Gar, *cause*
 Gawky, *foolish*
 Gear, *goods, riches*
 Geck, *flout, jeer*
 Gimmer, *a ewe of two years old*
 Gin, gif, *if*
 Gleid, gleed, *squinting, blin of an eye*
 Glen, *a hollow between hills*
 Gloming, *twilight*
 Gowan, *wild daisy*
 Gowd, *gold*
 Gowdspink, *goldfinch*
 Greet, *weep*
 Gude, guid, *good*
 Gutcher, *grandfather*

H

Ha', *hall*
 Had, *bold*
 Hae, *have*
 Haf, *half*
 Hafins, *by half*
 Hame, *home*
 Hap, *cover*
 Hauver-meal, *made of meal • two sorts*

Hawfe, *embrace*
 Heeze, *hoist*
 Heezy, *a hoist*
 Hie, *high*
 Hip, *the berry of the wild rose*
 Hows, *hollows*

I

Ilk, ilka, *each, every*
 Ingle, *fire*
 Irie, *afraid of ghosts*
 Ise, *I shall*
 Ither, *other*

J

Jo, Joe, *sweetheart*

K

Kail, *coleworts, broth of coleworts*
 Kame, *comb*
 Ken, *know*
 Kirn, *churn*
 Kists, *chests*
 Knows, *heights*
 Ky, *kine*
 Kyth and kin, *friends and relations*

L

Laigh, *low*
 Lane, *alone*
 Lang, *long*
 Lavrocks, *larks*
 Lee, *fallow ground*
 Leeze me, *loves me, a phrase of endearment*
 Leil, leal, *true, faithful*
 Lift, *the firmament*
 Lig, *to lie*
 Lightly, *to slight*
 Loe, loo, *to love*
 Loon, loun, *rogue*
 Loor, lourd, *rather*

M

Mak', *make*
 Mair, *more*
 Maist, *must*
 Marrow, *mate, match*
 Maun, *must*
 Mavis, *thrush*
 Meit, *may, might*
 Mikle, meikle, *muckle, much*
 Minny, *mither, mother*
 Mony, *many*
 Mou, *mouth*

Muck, *dung, to clean out dung*

N.

Na', nae, *no, not*
 Nane, *none*
 Neist, *next*
 Niff-naffin, *undetermined*

O

Ony, *any*
 Ow'r, *over*
 Ow'rly, *a cravat*

P

Pat, *put*
 Pauky, pawkey, *cunning*
 Pearlins, *a woman's cap*
 Philabeg, *a Highlander's full drejs*
 Pine, *pain*
 Plaiden, *coarse blanketing*
 Pleugh, *plough*
 Pu', *pull*

Q

Quey, *a young heifer*
 Quhen, *when*
 Quheir, *where*

R

Rang, *reigned*
 Ranty-tanty, *a Scots dish*
 Rede, *advise, counsel*
 Riggs, *ridges*
 Rin, *run*
 Row, *roll*

S

Sae, *so*
 Saft, *soft*
 Sair, *sore*
 Sall, *shall*
 Sarke, *skirt*
 Sell, *fale, self*
 Sen, fin, syne, *since, then*
 Shanna, *shall not*
 Shaw, *shew*
 Shoo, *shoe*
 Shoon, *shoes*
 Sic, *such*
 Siller, *silver, money*
 Sinfyne, *since that time*
 Slaited, *wheted, wiped*
 Sma', *small*
 Snaw, *nae, snow*
 Snood, *a head-band*
 Sodger, *soldier*
 Soup, *small quantity of liquor*
 Speer, *speir, ask*

Spring, *a lively air*
 Staw, *sole*
 Stane, stean, *stone*
 Stown, *stolen*
 Sturt, *wrath*

T

Tak', *take*
 Tald, *told*
 Tane, *taken*
 T'ane, *the one*
 Tauk, *talk*
 Tedding, *laying new-mown
grafs in rows*
 Tenty, *cautious*
 Tine, *lose*
 Tint, *lost*
 Tocher, *dowry*
 Tofall of night, *twilight*
 Trews, *trousers*
 Triste, *appoint, entice*
 Twa, *two*
 Twin, *to part from*

V

Vaunty, *vain-glorious*

W

Wa', *wall*
 Wad, *would*
 Wae, *woe*
 Wale, *choice*
 Wander, *wonder*
 Ware, *bestow*
 Wee, *little*
 Weel, *well*
 Weelfar'd, *well-favoured*
 Wha, *who*
 Whift, *'hif*
 Wi', *with*
 Wimpling, *twisting, meandering*
 Win, won, *dwell*
 Winna, *will not*
 Winsome, *handsome*
 Wist, *known*
 Wite, *blame*
 Woo, *wool*
 Wow, *wonderful! ah!*
 Wreath, *ghost*

Y

Yern, *earn, curdle*
 Yese, *ye shall*
 Yestreen, *yesternight*
 Ze, *ye*
 Zou, *you*