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New and Improved Edition.

A
SELECT COLLECTION
OF
ORIGINAL SCOTISH AIRS:
FOR THE VOICE:

WITH
SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS
TO EACH AIR.

FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, VIOLIN, & VIOLONCELLO;

COMPOSED BY
PLEYEL, KOZELUCH, HAYDN,
AND
BEETHOVEN,

UNITED TO THE MOST ADMIRABLE SONGS, ANCIENT AND MODERN,
ABOVE ONE HUNDRED OF THE LATTER BY

BURNS.

THE WHOLE COLLECTED AND PUBLISHED IN FIVE VOLUMES, BY

G. THOMSON, F. A. S.

Edinburgh :

OF WHOM MAY BE HAD, PRINTED UNIFORMLY WITH THIS WORK,
A SELECT COLLECTION OF WELSH AIRS, FOR THE VOICE, IN THREE VOLS.

ALSO,

A SELECT COLLECTION OF IRISH AIRS, FOR THE VOICE, IN TWO VOLS.

With SYMPHONIES and ACCOMPANIMENTS to the AIRS in each Work, composed by

Haydn & Beethoven.

THE POETRY BY BURNS, LORD BYRON, J. P. CURRAN, ESQ. M. G. LEWIS, ESQ. S. ROGERS, ESQ.
W. C. SPENCER, ESQ. SIR WALTER SCOTT, W. SMITH, ESQ. JOANNA BAILEY, &c.

Mrs. pract
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Thomson, G.

Tom. 2.

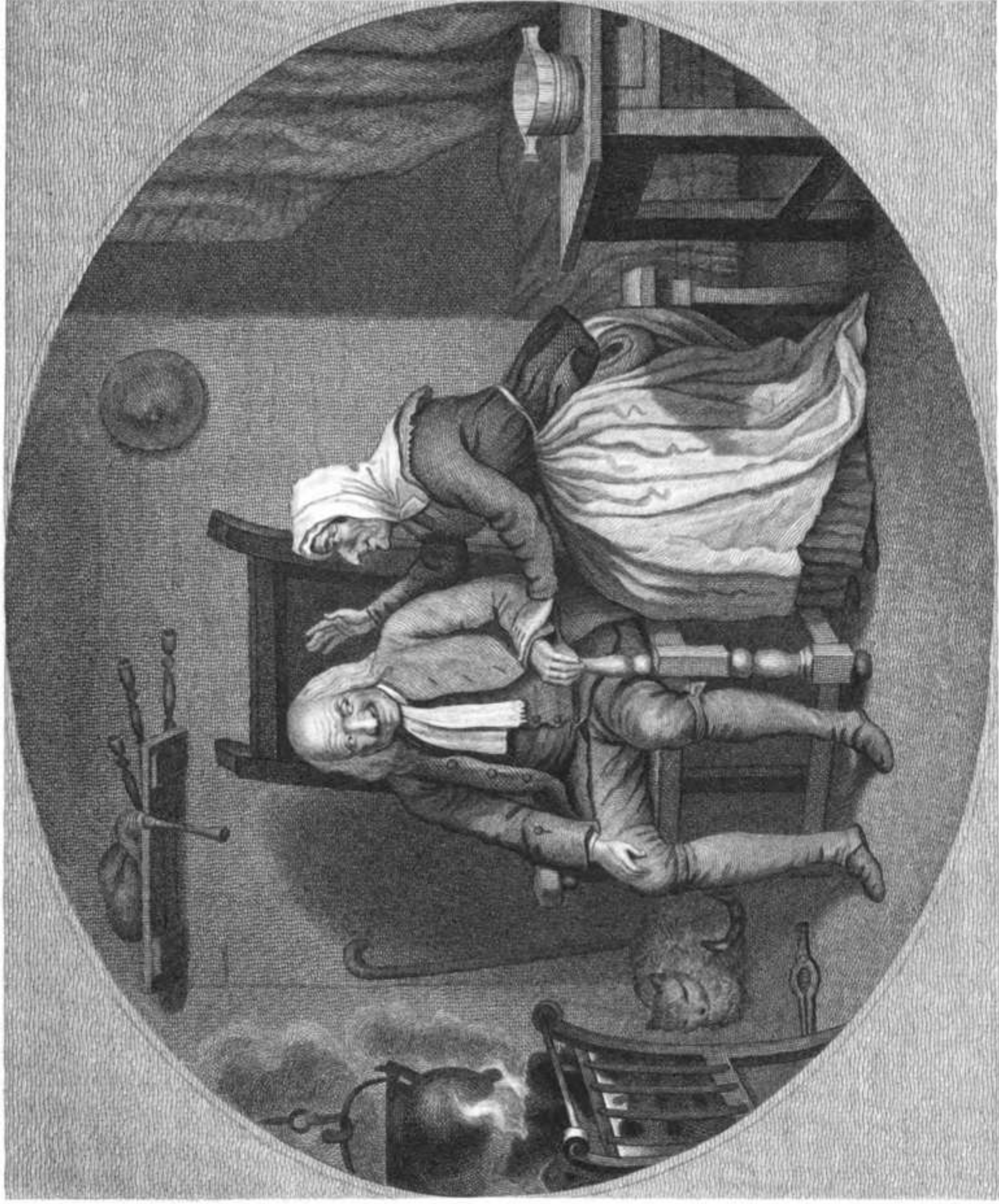
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Bayer. Staatsbibliothek



Engraved by J. B. Elliott.

Designed by J. B. Elliott.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

*John. Anderson my Jo, John, we claved the hill together,
And many a wintery day John, we've had wi' me another?*

Published in 1799, by T. Preston, London & G. Thomson Edinburgh were engraved for me by John Bury.

Select Collection of
ORIGINAL SCOTTISH AIRS
For the Voice.
With Introductory & Concluding Symphonies
& Accompaniments for the
PIANO FORTE, VIOLIN & VIOLONCELLO

By
Meyer Kozeluch & Haydn

With
Select & Characteristic Verses both Scottish and English
adapted to the Airs including upwards of
One Hundred New Songs by

BURNS

Price of each Volume the Voice & Piano Forte, One Guinea
The Violin & Violon parts separate 6 sh.



*Now see where Caladonia's Genius mourns,
And plants the holly round the tomb of Burns.*

Volume **2** Ent^d at Stationers Hall.

London. Printed & Sold by J. Preston 97, Strand.
Sold also by G. Thomson, the Editor & Proprietor, Edinburgh.

G. Thomson

$$\begin{pmatrix} 1 & 2 \\ 2 & 1 \end{pmatrix}$$

TO THE PUBLIC.

By the late Act of Parliament, 54th Geo. III. granting the EXTENSION of copy-right to works already published, if not published before 1800, it is to be observed, that the Copy-right, even of the Two earliest Volumes of these Scottish Songs, is thus secured to the Publisher, G. Thomson, FOR TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AFTER 1803; in which year, a great many new and most valuable Compositions in those two volumes were first published; or rather first printed; for it accidentally happened, that their publication was delayed till April 1804.

SCOTTISH SONGS.—HAYDN, &c.

A NUMBER of Publications of Scottish Songs having issued from the press, in imitation of G. THOMSON'S Collection, without the slightest resemblance of it, in the excellence either of the Music or Poetry; it is requested that those who wish to have this Work, will be pleased, in order to prevent mistakes, to address their orders to G. THOMSON himself, at the Trustees' Office, Exchange, Edinburgh. The Work is comprised in FIVE VOLUMES.

The Symphonies and Accompaniments to Volume I. and II. are the composition of PLEYEL, KOZELUCH, and HAYDN; and Six Airs, harmonised by HAYDN and BEETHOVEN, three of them as Duets, and the other three as Glees, have been added to this new Edition at the end of each of those two Volumes. The Symphonies and Accompaniments to Volume III. and IV. are composed WHOLLY BY HAYDN, who wrote thus emphatically when he sent the Music:—"I boast of this Work, and by it, I flatter myself, my name will live in Scotland many years after my death." The Fifth Volume is harmonized chiefly by BEETHOVEN, and contains also the Cantata of the Jolly Beggars, by BURNS, set to Music by H. R. BISHOP.

The Poetry in these Volumes includes the most select and complete collection of Songs, both Scottish and English, ever offered to the Public. And the following certificate will show, that this is the only Musical Work in which ALL the delightful Songs of BURNS can be published.

"I do hereby certify, that all the Songs of my writing, published, and to be published, by Mr GEORGE THOMSON of Edinburgh, are so published by my authority. And, moreover, that I never empowered any other person to publish any of the Songs written by me for his Work. And I authorise him to prosecute any person or persons who shall publish or vend ANY of those Songs without his consent. In testimony whereof," &c.

"ROBERT BURNS."

The Poet, as is well known from his published Correspondence with Mr Thomson, wrote few Songs without having in his eye some fair damsel who at the time interested him. Mr Thomson, anxious to ascertain, as far as he could, who were the Poet's fair inspirers, lately applied to his Widow, his Brother, and some of his most intimate friends, for information. By their obliging communications, he is happily enabled, in the present Edition, to prefix to a number of the Songs the Names of the Heroines.

WELSH SONGS.—HAYDN, &c.

Mr THOMSON has also published Three Volumes of SELECT WELSH MELODIES, collected by him in a tour through North Wales, and now first adapted for THE VOICE; with Characteristic ENGLISH VERSES, purposely written by Mrs Opie, Mrs Hunter, Mrs Grant, Joanna Baillie, Walter Scott, Esq. M. G. Lewis, Esq. W. Smyth, Esq. Richard Llwyd, (the Bard of Snowdon), and other distinguished Poets. With SYMPHONIES and ACCOMPANIMENTS to each Melody, composed chiefly by HAYDN and BEETHOVEN, who have also set many of the Airs for Two Voices.

IRISH SONGS.—BEETHOVEN.

Mr Thomson has likewise just Published Two Volumes of SELECT IRISH MELODIES, with Characteristic English Verses, purposely written by Joanna Baillie, Robert Burns, Alexander Boswell, J. P. Curran, Walter Scott, and William Smyth, Esqrs. &c. With SYMPHONIES and ACCOMPANIMENTS to each Melody, composed wholly by BEETHOVEN; who has also set many of the Airs for two Voices.

These Works have been in preparation for many years, and would have been produced sooner, but for the anxiety of the Editor to render them as complete and perfect as possible, both in the Music and Poetry. And he trusts that the Scottish, Welsh, and Irish Melodies, united to interesting Songs, and enriched by Accompaniments for the Piano-Forte, and for the Violin and Violoncello, of the most masterly, beautiful, and expressive character, such as no other national Melodies can boast of, will prove equally acceptable to Singers, to instrumental performers, and to every person of taste.

The Scottish Volumes contain each FIFTY Melodies, and they are embellished with beautiful Engravings from the Birks of Invermay, John Anderson my Jo, The Soldier's Return, James V. as a Gaberlunzie man, and a capital Portrait of BURNS.

The Welsh Volumes contains each THIRTY Melodies, and are embellished with fine Engravings of Llangollen Vale, the Gipseys Fortune-teller, and Conway Castle.

The Irish Volumes contain each THIRTY Melodies, at least, and are embellished with beautiful engravings of St Cecilia, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and of the Origin of Painting, by D. Allan.

THE PRICE of each Volume of those Melodies and Songs, with the Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano-Forte, is one Guinea; and any Volume of the three Works may be had singly.

The Violin and Violoncello Accompaniments, which, when played along with the Voice and Piano-Forte, produce the richest and most delightful effect, are sold at Six Shillings per Volume, or the Violin by itself, at Three Shillings.

The Publisher has an exclusive right to all the Songs written for the three National Collections above-mentioned, as well as to all the Symphonies and Accompaniments. And as he did not obtain these without laborious researches, and a heavy expense—and not till after a correspondence of twenty years with Poets, Musicians, and Antiquaries, both at home and abroad,—he feels it due to himself distinctly to announce, that if any person shall publish any of those Songs, or any of the Symphonies or Accompaniments, he may depend on being prosecuted for damages, &c. in terms of the Act of Parliament.

Each genuine Volume of those works bears, at the foot of the Title-page, the written Signature of

G. THOMSON.

Edinburgh, Royal Exchange, May 1820.

Last. May a braw wooer &c

52

Vivace

f

Last may a braw wooer cam down the lang glen, And

p

sair wi' his love he did deave me; I said there was naething I

hated like men, The deuce gae wi' him to be - lieve me, believe me, The

deuce gae wi' him to be - lieve me.

f *p*

We'll gang nae mair to yon Town.

The orig. Air with Burns's Verses.

Regretto

O wat ye wha's in yon town Ye see the ev'n-ing sun up-on: The fair-est maid's in yon town That
 ev'n-ing sun is shin-ing on Now hap-ly down yon gay green shaw, She wan-ders by yon spread-ing tree, How
 blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw, Ye catch the glan-ces of her e'e! How blest ye birds that round her sing, And
 wel-come in the bloom-ing year, And dou-bly wel-come be the spring, The sea-son to my Lu-cy dear.

O Nancy wilt thou leave the Town.

Duet andantino Grazioso.

O Nancy wilt thou leave the town, And go with me where Nature dwells I'll lead thee to a fair-er scene Than
 O Nancy wilt thou leave the town, And go with me where Nature dwells I'll lead thee to a fair-er scene Than
 paint-er feigns or po-et tells. In spring I'll place the snow drop fair, U-pon thy fair-er sweeter breast With
 paint-er feigns or po-et tells. In spring I'll place the snow drop fair, U-pon thy fair-er sweeter breast With
 love-ly ro-ses round thy head, At sum-mer eve shalt thou be drest.
 love-ly ro-ses round thy head, At sum-mer eve shalt thou be drest.

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

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *BURNS*.

AIR—THE LOTHIAN LASSIE.

<p>LAST May a braw wooper cam' down the lang glen, And sair wi' his love he did deave me ; I said there was naething I hated like men, The deuce gae wi' him to believe me, believe me, The deuce gae wi' him to believe me.</p>	<p>But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care, I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock ; And wha but my fine fickle lover was there, I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock, I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.</p>
<p>He spake o' the darts in my bonny black een, And vow'd for my love he was dying ; I said he might die when he liked for <i>JEAN</i> : The Lord forgi'e me for lying, for lying, The Lord forgi'e me for lying !</p>	<p>But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink, Lest neebours might say I was saucy, My wooper he caper'd as he'd been in drink, And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie, And vow'd I was his dear lassie.</p>
<p>A weel stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird, And marriage aff hand, were his proffers : I never loot on that I ken'd it, or car'd, But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers, But thought I might hae waur offers.</p>	<p>I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthy and sweet, If she had recover'd her hearing ; And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet ; But heavens ! how he fell a-swearin, a swearin, But heavens ! how he fell a-swearin.</p>
<p>But what wad ye think ? in a fortnight or less, (The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her !) He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess, Guessyehow, the jade ! I could bear her, could bear her, Guess ye, how the jade ! I could bear her.</p>	<p>He begged for gude-sake ! I wad be his wife, Or else I would kill him wi' sorrow : So e'en to preserve the poor body in life, I think I maun wed him—to-morrow, to-morrow, I think I maun wed him to-morrow.</p>

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YONDER TOWN.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—FY GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

For the choice of the Singer, the Editor has united these beautiful Verses both with the Air which the Poet originally had in view for them, and with another, (the first in the annexed plate,) which to the Editor appears still better suited to their character.

O WAT ye wha's in yonder town,
Ye see the ev'ning sun upon?
The fairest maid's in yonder town
That ev'ning sun is shining on.
Now, haply down yon gay green shaw,
She wanders by yon spreading tree;
How blest, ye flowers, that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances of her e'e!
How blest, ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year,
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear!

The sun blinks blythe on yonder town,
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;
But my delight in yonder town,
And dearest joy, is Lucy fair.
Without my Love, not a' the charms
Of Paradise could yield me joy;
But gi'e me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!
My cave would be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower
That I would tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yonder town
Yon sinking sun's gane down upon;
A fairer than's in yonder town,
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.
If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear,
I, careless, quit aught else below,
But spare me, spare me, Lucy dear!
And while life's dearest blood is warm,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart;
For she, as fairest is her form,
She has the truest, kindest heart!

GIN YE MEET A BONNY LASSIE.

WRITTEN

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

THE SAME AIR.

GIN ye meet a bonny lassie,
Gie her a kiss and let her gae;
But if ye meet a dirty hussy,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae:

Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
Of ilka joy, when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay you twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blythe and heartsome time;
Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the saft minutes of delyte,
When JENNY speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

"Haith, ye're ill-bred," she'll smiling say,
"Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook!"
Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide herself in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place,
Where lies the happiness ye want,
And tell you plainly to your face,
Nineteen na-says are half a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kiss;
Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliss.

These bennisons, I'm very sure,
Are of the Gods indulgent grant:
Then, surly carls, whisht, forbear
To plague us with your whining cant.

IN SUMMER WHEN THE HAY WAS MAWN.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—JOHN, COME KISS ME NOW.

IN summer when the hay was mawn,
 And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
 While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
 And roses blaw in ilka bield;
 Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel,
 Says "I'll be wed, come o't what will!"
 Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild,
 'Of gude advisement comes nae ill.

"For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
 "I dinna care a single flie;
 "He loe's sae weel his craps and kye,
 "He has nae love to spare for me;
 "But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
 "And weel I wat he loe's me dear;
 "Ae blink o' him I wadna gie
 "For Buskie-glen and a' his gear."

'It's ye hae woers mony ane,
 'And lassie ye're but young, ye ken;
 Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
 'A routhie butt, a routhie ben:
 'There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
 'Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
 'Tak' this frae me, my bonny hen,
 'It's plenty beets the lover's fire.'

'Oh! thoughtless lassie, life's a feght,
 'The canniest gate, the strife is sair;
 'Yet ay fu' hand is feghtin best,
 'A hungry care's an unco care:
 'But some will spend, and some will spare,
 'And wilfu fouk maun hae their will;
 'Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
 'Keep mind that ye maun drink the ale!'

"O gear will buy me riggs o' land,
 "And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
 "But the tender heart o' leesome love,
 "The gowd and siller canna buy:
 "We may be poor, my Rob and I,
 "Light is the burden love lays on:
 "Content and love bring peace and joy,
 "What mair hae queens upon a throne?"

IF THOSE WHO LIVE IN SHEPHERD'S BOWER.

WRITTEN

By THOMSON.

THE SAME AIR.

IF those who live in shepherd's bower,
 Press not the rich and stately bed;
 The new mown hay and breathing flower
 A softer couch beneath them spread.
 If those who sit at shepherd's board,
 Soothe not their taste by wanton art;
 They take what nature's gifts afford,
 And take it with a cheerful heart.

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,
 No high and sparkling wines can boast;
 With wholesome cups they cheer the soul,
 And crown them with the village-toast.
 If those who join in shepherd's sport,
 Gay dancing on the daizied ground,
 Have not the splendour of a court,
 Yet Love adorns the merry round!

In summer when the hay was mawn. 54

Allegretto



pia *for*



pia

In summer when the hay was mawn, And



corn wad green in il-ka field While claver blooms white o'er the lea, And roses blaw in



il-ka field: Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel, Says I'll be wed come



o't what will; Out spake a dame in wrinkled eild, Of gude advisement comes nae ill.

for



pia

How hard's the fate of Woman-kind

Alle-
gretto

How hard's the fate of wo...man kind When I think on't for a' that When they

meet a young man to their mind they dare na tell't for a' that.

CHORUS.

For a' that and a' that, And twice as meikle's a' that, Tho' they lo'e the laddie e'er sae weel They
For a' that and a' that, And twice as meikle's a' that, Tho' they lo'e the laddie e'er sae weel They

dare na tell't for a' that.
dare na tell't for a' that.

The Sym: & Accompt simplified as above by M^r K. 1801.

*Take either G or E.

HOW HARD'S THE FATE OF WOMANKIND.

WRITTEN

By A LADY.

AIR—FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

H ow hard's the fate of womankind,	The world's sae censorious,
When I think on't for a that :	Which causes this and a' that,
When they meet a young man to their mind,	Gars us conceal our fondest thoughts,
They dare na tell for a' that.	And say we hate and a' that.
CHORUS.—For a' that and a' that,	For a' that and a' that,
And twice as meikle's a' that :	And twice as meikle's a' that,
Tho' they lo'e the laddie e'er sae weel,	Tho' we lo'e the laddie e'er sae weel,
They dare na tell for a' that.	We dare na tell for a' that.

I vow I will be nane o' these
 That play the fool and a' that ;
 When I meet a young man to my mind,
 I'll tell I love for a' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 And twice as meikle's a' that,
 The bonnie lad that I lo'e best
 Shall be my ain for a' that.

YES, I'M IN LOVE, I FEEL IT NOW.

WRITTEN

By PAUL WHITEHEAD.

THE SAME AIR.

Y es, I'm in love, I feel it now,	'Tis not her air, for sure in that
And Celia has undone me ;	There's nothing more than common ;
But yet I swear I can't tell how	And all her sense is only chat,
The pleasing + ague stole on me.	Like any other woman.
'Tis not her face that love creates,	Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm ;
For there no graces revel ;	'Twas both, perhaps, or neither :
'Tis not her shape, for there the Fates	In short 'twas that provoking charm
Have rather been uncivil.	Of Celia altogether.

O THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR.—THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

O THIS is no my ain lassie,
 Fair tho' the lassie be :
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her e'e.
 I see a form, I see a face,
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place,—
 It wants to me the witching grace,
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie,
 Fair tho' the lassie be ;
 Weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her e'e.
 She's bonny, blooming, straight, and tall,
 And lang has had my heart in thrall ;
 And ay it charms my very saul,
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie,
 Fair tho' the lassie be ;
 Weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her e'e.
 A thief sae pauky is my Jean
 To steal a blink by a' unseen ;
 But gleg as light are lovers' een,
 When kind love is in the e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie,
 Fair tho' the lassie be ;
 Weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her e'e.
 It may escape the courtly sparks,
 It may escape the learned clerks ;
 But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no my ain Lassie

56

Vivace

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in E-flat major, 2/4 time, marked 'Vivace'. The introduction consists of two staves of piano accompaniment. The vocal melody enters in the second system with the lyrics 'O this is no my ain Lassie Fair tho' the'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody continues through the third system with the lyrics 'las_sie be; O weel ken I my ain las_sie, Kind love is in her e'e.'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines. The fourth system contains the lyrics 'I see a form, I see a face, Ye weel may wi' the fair_est place, It'. The fifth system has the lyrics 'wants to me the witching grace The kind love that's in her e'e.'. The score concludes with a final piano flourish in the sixth system, featuring a series of sixteenth-note runs in the right hand and sustained chords in the left hand.

O this is no my ain Lassie Fair tho' the
las_sie be; O weel ken I my ain las_sie, Kind love is in her e'e.
I see a form, I see a face, Ye weel may wi' the fair_est place, It
wants to me the witching grace The kind love that's in her e'e.

*O Logie o' Buchan.*DUET
GRAZIOSO

O LOGIE o' BUCHAN, O LOGIE the Laird, They've taen a wa JAMIE that delv'd in the
 O LOGIE o' BUCHAN, O LOGIE the Laird, They've taen a wa JAMIE that delv'd in the
 yard! Wha play'd on the pipe and the vi-ol sae sma' They've taen a wa JAMIE the
 yard! Wha play'd on the pipe and the vi-ol sae sma' They've taen a wa JAMIE the
 flow'r o' them a? He said think na lang lassie tho' I gang a wa For I'll come and
 flow'r o' them a? He said think na lang lassie tho' I gang a wa For I'll come and
 see ye in spite of them a?
 see ye in spite of them a?

O LOGIE O' BUCHAN, &c.

AIR—LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the Laird,
 They hae ta'en awa' Jamie that delv'd in the yard!
 Wha play'd on the pipe wi' the viol sae sma;
 They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie the flower o' them a'!
 He said, think nae lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa,
 For I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye,
 A house and a haddin and siller forby;
 But I'd tak' my ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,
 Before I'd hae him wi' his houses and land.
 He said, think nae lang, lassie, though I gang awa',
 For I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

My daddy looks sulky, my minny looks sour,
 They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor;
 Though I like them as weel as a daughter should do,
 They're nae half sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.
 He said, think nae lang, lassie, though I gang awa',
 For I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

I sit on my creepie and spin at my wheel,
 And think on the laddie, that likes me sae weel;
 He had but ae saxpence, he brake it in twa,
 And he gi'ed me the half o't, when he gaed awa'.
 But simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
 And he'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

WHEN JOCKY WAS BLESS'D, &c.

THE SAME AIR.

JOCKY.

WHEN Jocky was bless'd with your love & your truth,
 Not on Tweed's pleasant banks dwelt so blythesome
 a youth,
 With Jenny I sported it all the day long,
 And her name was the burden and joy of my song.

JENNY.

Ere Jocky had ceas'd all his kindness to me,
 There lived in the vale not so happy a she:
 Such pleasures with Jocky his Jenny had known,
 That she scorn'd, in a cot, the fine folks of the town.

JOCKY.

Ah, me! what a fear now possesses my mind,
 That Jenny, so constant, to Willy's been kind!
 When dancing so gay with the nymphs on the plain,
 She yielded her hand and her heart to the swain.

JENNY.

You falsely upbraid,—but remember the day
 With Lucy you toy'd it beneath the new hay;
 When alone with your Lucy, the shepherds have
 said,
 You forgot all the vows that to Jenny you made.

JOCKY.

Believe not, sweet Jenny, my heart stray'd from thee,
 For Lucy the wanton was ne'er formed for me:
 From a lass that's so true your Jocky ne'er rov'd,
 Nor once could forsake the kind Jenny he lov'd.

JENNY.

My heart for young Willy ne'er panted nor sigh'd;
 For you of that heart was the joy and the pride;
 While Tweed's waters glide, shall your Jenny be true;
 And love, my dear Jocky, no shepherd but you.

BOTH.

No shepherd e'er met with so faithful a fair;
 For kindness no youth can with Jocky compare;
 We'll love, then, and live from fierce jealousy free,
 And none on the plain shall be happy as we.

BLYTHE HA'E I BEEN ON YON HILL.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *BURNS*.

AIR—THE QUAKER'S WIFE.

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

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

* *Miss Leslie Baillie,—now Mrs Cuming of Logie.*

DEAR COLIN, QUIT THY LOVE-SICK TALE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *PETER PINDAR*.

THE SAME AIR.

*• *In singing the following Verses with the Air, an additional Quaver must be supplied for the First Word or Syllable of each Line.*

DEAR Colin, quit thy love-sick tale,
 And leave this silly sighing ;
 Fie, mope not thus from vale to vale,
 Nor talk of ghosts and dying.
 Talk not of wounds, and flames, and darts,
 Indeed I can't endure them,—
 It is not thus with shepherd's hearts,
 A little thing will cure them.

What girl would bear the galling chain,
 And lose the pow'r of pleasing ;
 Make a dull spouse of a gay swain,
 And lose the charm of teasing ?
 Possession is too apt to cloy ;
 Then flames and darts are over ;
 When novelty deserts the joy,
 Adieu the sighing lover !

Blythe have I been on yon hill

58

ALLEGRETTO

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of seven systems of staves. The first system is an instrumental introduction. The second system is a repeat of the first. The third system begins the vocal melody with the lyrics: 'Blythe have I been on yon hill As the Lambs be-fore me; Care-less il-ka'. The fourth system continues the melody with: 'thought and free As the breeze flew o'er me Now nae langer sport and play, Or'. The fifth system continues with: 'mirth or sang can please me; LESLEY is sae fair and coy, Care and anguish seize me'. The sixth system is a repeat of the fifth. The seventh system is a final instrumental flourish. The tempo is marked 'ALLEGRETTO'.

The second Strain of this Air, differs entirely from that commonly printed, but it was sent in the above form by M.^r Burns to the Editor, along with the Verses, and as it is beautiful he adopted it.

And O for ane & twenty Tam.

Allegretto

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 6/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The score consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplet markings. The piano part includes chords and arpeggiated figures. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

And. O for ane and twen-ty TAM, And hey sweet ane and twen - - - ty, I'll

learn my kin a rattling sang Gin I saw ane and twen - - - ty. They shool me sair and

haud me down And gar me look like blun - - - tie But three short years will

soon wheel roun' And then comes ane and twenty.

AND O FOR ANE AND TWENTY TAM.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

AND O for ane and twenty, Tam!
 And hey, sweet ane and twenty;
 I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,
 Gin I saw ane and twenty.
 They snool me sair, and haud me down,
 And gar me look like bluntie;
 But three short years will soon wheel roun',
 And then comes ane and twenty.

And O for ane and twenty, Tam!
 And hey, sweet ane and twenty;
 I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,
 Gin I saw ane and twenty.

A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear,
 Was left me by my auntie;
 At kith or kin I needna speir,
 Gin I saw ane and twenty.

And O for ane and twenty, Tam!
 And hey, sweet ane and twenty;
 I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,
 Gin I saw ane and twenty.
 They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
 Though I mysel' ha'e plenty;
 But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
 I'm thine at ane and twenty!

CAULD BLAWS THE WIND FRAE NORTH TO SOUTH.

*Part of the following First Stanza is taken from an Old Song; the other Stanzas were written**By JOHN HAMILTON,**Who retouched some of the Lines for this Work.*

THE SAME AIR.

CAULD blaws the wind frae north to south,
 The drift is driving sairly,
 The sheep are couring in the heugh,
 O! Sirs, 'tis winter fairly.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early,
 I'd rather gae supperless to my bed,
 Than rise in the morning early.

Loud roars the blast among the woods,
 And tirls the branches barely,
 On hill and house hear how it thuds—
 The frost is nipping sairly.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early,
 To sit a' night wad better agree,
 Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps o'er yon southlan' hills,
 Like ony timorous carlie,
 Just blinks a wee, then sinks again,
 And that we find severely.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early,
 When snaw blaws in to the chimly cheek,
 Wha'd rise in the morning early?

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush,
 Poor things! they suffer sairly,
 In cauldribe quarters a' the night,
 A' day they feed but sparely.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early,
 A pennyless purse I would rather dree,
 Than rise in the morning early.

A cosey house and canty wife,
 Ay keep a body cheerly,
 And pantries stow'd wi' meal and maut,
 They answer unco rarely.
 But up in the morning! na, na, na!
 Up in the morning early,
 The gowans maun glent on bank and brae,
 When I rise in the morning early.

 ROBIN IS MY ONLY JO.

AIR—KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.

ROBIN is my only jo,
 Robin has the art to lo'e;
 So to his suit I mean to bow,
 Because I ken he lo'es me.
 Happy happy was the show'r,
 That led me to his birken bow'r,
 Where first of love I fand the pow'r,
 And ken'd that Robin lo'ed me.

He's tall and sonsy, frank and free,
 Lo'ed by a', and dear to me;
 Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
 Because my Robin lo'es me.
 My titty Mary said to me,
 Our courtship but a joke wad be,
 And I, ere lang, be made to see,
 That Robin didna lo'e me.

They speak of napkins, speak of rings,
 Speak of gloves and kissing strings,
 And name a thousand bonny things,
 And ca' them signs he lo'es me.
 But I'd prefer a smack of Rob,
 Seated on the velvet fog,
 To gifts as lang's a plaiden wab,
 Because I ken he lo'es me.

But little kens she what has been
 Me and my honest Rob between;
 And in his wooing, O sae keen
 Kind Robin is that lo'es me!
 Then fly ye lazy hours away,
 And hasten on the happy day,
 When, "join your hands," Mess Johr shall say,
 And mak' him mine that lo'es me!

'Till then, let ev'ry chance unite,
 To weigh our love and fix delight,
 And I'll look down on such wi' spite,
 Wha doubt that Robin lo'es me.
 O hey Robin, quo' she,
 O hey Robin, quo' she,
 O hey Robin, quo' she,
 Kind Robin lo'es me.

 WHILST I ALONE YOUR SOUL POSSEST.

THE SAME AIR.

WHILST I alone your soul possest,
 And none more lov'd your bosom prest,
 Ye gods, what king like me was blest,
 When kind Jenny lo'ed me!

JENNY. Patie now delights mine eyes,
 He with equal ardour dies,
 Whose life to save, I'd perish twice;
 For kind Patie lo'es me.

JENNY. Whilst you ador'd no other fair,
 Nor Kate with me your heart did share,
 What queen with Jenny cou'd compare,
 When kind Robin lo'ed me!

ROBIN. What if I Kate for thee disdain,
 And former love return again,
 To link us in the strongest chain;
 For kind Robin lo'es thee.

ROBIN. Katy now commands my heart,
 Kate who sings with so much art,
 Whose life to save, with mine I'd part;
 For kind Katy lo'es me.

JENNY. Tho' Patie's kind as kind can be,
 And thou more stormy than the sea,
 I'd choose to live and die with thee,
 If kind Robin lo'es me.

Robin is my only So

60

Andan-
tino



* The Sym: & Accomp! simplified as above by M^r K. 1801.

Blythe, blythe & merry was she.

Allegretto

Blythe, blythe and merry was she, Blythe was she but and ben

Blythe by the banks of Earn And blythe in Glen - tu - rit - glen. By

Och - ter - - tyre grows the aik, On Yar - row banks the bir - ken shaw, But

PHemie was a bo - nier lass Than braes o Yar - row e - - ver saw.

BLYTHE, BLYTHE, AND MERRY WAS SHE.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—ANDREW AND HIS CUTTY GUN.

During a short visit which the Poet made at Auchtertyre, the seat of Sir William Murray, he composed the following Verses on a young Lady, whom he chanced to meet there, Miss Euphemia Murray of Lintrose; who was justly called the Flower of Strathmore. She is now the widow of David Smith, Esq. of Methven, one of the Lords of Session.

BLYTHE, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben,
Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturit glen.
By Auchtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes of Yarrow ever saw.

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben,
Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturit glen.
Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a summer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Earn,
As light's a bird upon a thoru.

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben,
Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturit glen.
Her bonie face it was as meek,
As ony lamb upon the lea!
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben,
Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturit Glen.
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lawlands I ha'e been;
But Phemie was the blythest lass,
That ever trode the dewy green.

THE OLD VERSES.

THE SAME AIR.

BLYTHE, blythe, blythe was she,
Blythe was she but and ben;
And weel she liked a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen.
She took me in, and set me down,
And heght to keep me lawin-free;
But, cunning carlin that she was,
She gart me birle my bawbie.

We lo'ed the liquor weel enough,
But, waes my heart my cash was done
Before that I had quench'd my drouth,
And laith was I to pawn my shoon!
When we had three times toom'd our stoup,
And the neist chappin new begun,
In started, to heeze up our hope,
Young Andrew wi' his cutty gun.

The carlin brought her kebbock ben,
With girdle cakes weel toasted brown:
Weel does the canny kimmer ken
They gar the swats gae glibber down.
We ca'd the bicker aft about;
Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun;
And ay the clearest drinker out
Was Andrew wi' his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis sing,
And as I in his oxters sat,
He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,
And mony a sappy kiss I gat.
I ha'e been east, I ha'e been west,
I ha'e been far ayont the sun;
But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,
Was Andrew wi' his cutty gun.

SWEET SIR, FOR YOUR COURTESIE.

AIR—MY JO JANET.

‘ **S**WEET Sir, for your courtesie,
 ‘ When ye come by the Bass, then,
 ‘ For the love ye bear to me,
 ‘ Buy me a keeking glass, then.’
 “ Keek into the draw-well,
 “ Janet, Janet ;
 “ And there ye’ll see your bony sel’,
 “ My jo Janet.”

‘ Keeking in the draw-well clear,
 ‘ What if I should fa’ in, Sir ?
 ‘ Syne a’ my kin will say an’ swear,
 ‘ I drown’d mysel’ for sin, Sir.’
 “ Haud the better by the brae,
 “ Janet, Janet ;
 “ Haud the better by the brae,
 “ My jo Janet.”

‘ Good Sir, for your courtesie,
 ‘ Coming through Aberdeen, then,
 ‘ For the love ye bear to me,
 ‘ Buy me a pair of sheen, then.’
 “ Clout the auld, the new are dear,
 “ Janet, Janet ;
 “ Ae pair may gain you ha’f a year,
 “ My jo Janet.”

‘ But what if dancing on the green,
 ‘ And skipping like a mawkin,
 ‘ If they should see my clouted sheen,
 ‘ Of me they will be tawkin’.
 “ Dance ay laigh, and late at een,
 “ Janet, Janet ;
 “ Syne a’ their faults will not be seen,
 “ My jo Janet.”

‘ Kind Sir, for your courtesie,
 ‘ When ye gae to the cross, then,
 ‘ For the love ye bear to me,
 ‘ Buy me a pacing horse, then.’
 “ Pace upo’ your spinning wheel,
 “ Janet, Janet,
 “ Pace upo’ your spinning-wheel,
 “ My jo Janet.”

‘ My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
 ‘ The rock o’t winna stand, Sir ;
 ‘ To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
 ‘ Employs aft my hand, Sir.’
 “ Mak the best o’t that you can,
 “ Janet, Janet,
 “ Mak’ the best o’t that ye can,
 “ My jo Janet.”

HUSBAND, HUSBAND, CEASE YOUR STRIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

‘ **H**USBAND, husband, cease your strife,
 ‘ Nor longer idly rave, Sir ;
 ‘ Though I am your wedded wife,
 ‘ Yet I am not your slave, Sir.’
 “ One of two must still obey,
 “ Nancy, Nancy ;
 “ Is it man or woman, say,
 “ My spouse Nancy ?”

‘ If ’tis still the lordly word,
 ‘ Service and obedience,
 ‘ I’ll desert my sov’ reign lord,
 ‘ And so good b’ye allegiance !’
 “ Sad will I be so bereft,
 “ Nancy, Nancy ;
 “ Yet I’ll try to make a shift,
 “ My spouse Nancy.”

‘ My poor heart then break it must,
 ‘ My last hour I am near it ;
 ‘ When you lay me in the dust,
 ‘ Think, think how you will bear it !’
 “ I will hope and trust in heaven,
 “ Nancy, Nancy,
 “ Strength to bear it will be given,
 “ My spouse Nancy.”

‘ Well, Sir, from the silent dead,
 ‘ Still I will try to daunt you ;
 ‘ Ever round your midnight bed
 ‘ Horrid sprites shall haunt you !’
 “ I’ll wed another like my dear
 “ Nancy, Nancy,
 “ Then all hell will fly for fear,
 “ My spouse Nancy !”

O sweet Sir for your courtesie

62

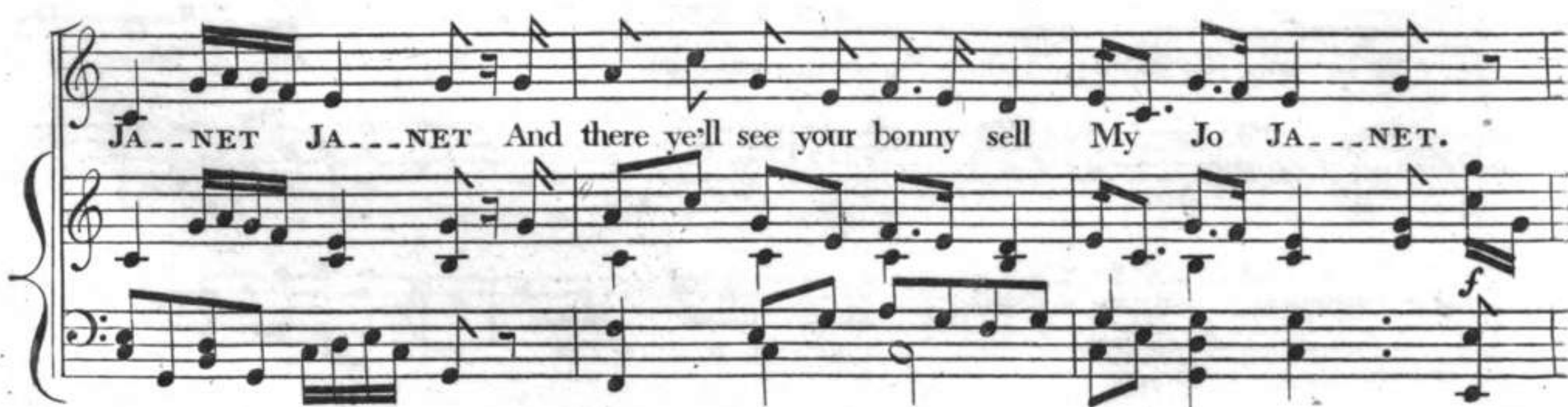
Allegretto
scherzando



O sweet Sir for your courtesie When ye come by the Bass then For the love ye



bear to me Buy me a keeking Glass then Keek in to the draw well



JA--NET JA--NET And there ye'll see your bonny sell My Jo JA--NET.



Pia:

*Saw ye nae my Peggy:**Andantino*

Saw ye nae my PEGGY Saw ye nae my PEGGY

The first vocal entry is on a single staff, with the piano accompaniment on two staves below it. The lyrics are "Saw ye nae my PEGGY" repeated twice. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Saw ye nae my PEGGY Coming o'er the lea? Sure a finer creature

The second vocal entry is on a single staff, with the piano accompaniment on two staves below it. The lyrics are "Saw ye nae my PEGGY Coming o'er the lea? Sure a finer creature". The piano part includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand.

Ne'er was form'd by nature So compleat each feature So di-vine is she.

The third vocal entry is on a single staff, with the piano accompaniment on two staves below it. The lyrics are "Ne'er was form'd by nature So compleat each feature So di-vine is she.". The piano part continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

The piano conclusion consists of two staves, continuing the accompaniment from the previous system with a final cadence.

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY.

AIR—SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY.

Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Coming o'er the lea?
Sure a finer creature
Ne'er was formed by Nature!
So complete each feature,
So divine is she!

O how Peggy charms me,
Every look still warms me,
Every thought alarms me,
Lest she love not me!
Peggy doth discover
Nought but charms all over;
Nature bids me love her,
That's a law to me.

Who would leave a lover,
To become a rover?
No, I'll ne'er give over,
'Till I happy be.
For since love inspires me,
As her beauty fires me,
And her absence tires me,
Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,
Fate seems to detain her,
Could I but obtain her,
Happy would I be!
I'll lie down before her,
Bless, sigh, and adore her,
With faint looks implore her,
'Till she pity me.

FOR THE SAKE OF GOLD SHE'S LEFT ME.

AIR—FOR THE SAKE OF GOLD.

These Verses are said to have been written by the late Dr Austin, Physician in Edinburgh, upon being forsaken by the Lady whom he expected to marry.

FOR the sake of gold she's left me,
And of all that's dear bereft me ;
She me forsook for Athol's duke,
And to endless woe she's left me.
A star and garter have more art
Than youth, a true and faithful heart ;
For empty titles we must part,
For glittering show she's left me.

No cruel fair shall ever move
My injured heart again to love ;
Thro' distant climates I must rove,
Since Jeany she has left me.
Ye Powers above I to your care
Resign my faithless lovely fair ;
Your choicest blessings be her share,
Though she has ever left me.

THE SUN WAS SUNK BENEATH THE HILL.

THE SAME AIR.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
The western clouds were edg'd with gold ;
The sky was clear, the winds were still,
The flocks were penn'd within the fold :
When, in the silence of a grove,
Poor Damon thus despair'd of love.
When, in the silence of a grove, &c.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
From the hard rock, or oozy beach,
Who from each weed that barren grows,
Expects the grape or downy peach ?
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in woman-kind.
With equal faith may hope to find, &c.

No flocks have I, or fleecy care ;
No fields that wave with golden grain ;
Nor meadows green, nor gardens fair,
A woman's venal heart to gain :
Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
Whose whole estate, alas ! is love.
Then all in vain my sighs must prove, &c.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since women's hearts are bought and sold !
They ask no vows of sacred truth ;
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold.
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove !
But I am scorn'd who have but love.
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove, &c.

To buy the gems of India's coast,
What wealth, what riches could suffice ?
Yet India's shore could never boast
The lustre of thy rival eyes.
For there the world too cheap must prove ;
Can I then buy who have but love ?
For there the world too cheap must prove, &c.

Then, Mary, since nor gems nor ore,
Can with thy brighter self compare,
Be just as fair, and value more
Than gems or ore, a heart sincere :
Let treasure meaner beauties move ;
Who pays thy worth must pay in love.
Let treasure meaner beauties move, &c.

For the sake of Gold she's left me.

64

Andante

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in G minor, 3/4 time, marked 'Andante'. The introduction consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system ends with a double bar line and the word 'for' written below the treble staff. The second system also ends with a double bar line and the word 'for' written below the treble staff. The vocal melody begins in the third system with the lyrics 'For the sake of gold she's left me O, And of all that's dear be-reft me O, She'. The piano accompaniment continues throughout the vocal lines. The score concludes with a final piano accompaniment system marked 'for'.

for

For the sake of gold she's left me O, And of all that's dear be-reft me O, She

me forsook for a great Duke, And to endless woe she's left me O, A

Star and Garter have more art Than youth, a true and faithful heart For empty ti-tles

we must part For glittering shew she's left me O.

for

Contented wi' little & canty wi' mair.

Allegretto

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The score consists of six systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Con - tented wi' little and can - ty wi' mair, When e'er I for - gather wi' sorrow and care I gie them a skelp as they're creeping along, Wi' a cog o' good ale and an auld Scottish sang I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought, But man is a Soldier and life is a faught; My mirth and good humour's my coin in my pouch, And my Freedom is my Lairdship nae Monarch dare touch.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—LUMPS O' PUDDING.

<p>CONTENTED wi' little, and canty wi' mair, Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care, I gi'e them a skelp as they're creeping alang, Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scottish sang. I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought, But man is a soldier, and life is a faught; My mirth and good-humour are coin in my pouch, And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.</p>	<p>A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa', A night o' gude fellowship southers it a'; When at the blythe end of our journey at last, Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past. Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way; Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae; Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or pain, My warst word is, "Welcome, and welcome again!"</p>
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PHO! POX O' THIS NONSENSE.

THE SAME AIR.

<p>PHO! pox, o' this nonsense, I prithee give o'er, And talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more; Their face, and their air, and their mein, what a rout! Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.</p> <p>Let finical fops play the fool and the ape, They dare not confide in the juice of the grape; But we honest fellows—'sdeath! who'd ever think Of puling for love, while he's able to drink?</p>	<p>'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows; Our joys it increases, and lightens our woes: Remember what toppers of old used to sing, The man that is drunk is as great as a king.</p> <p>If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks; Anacreon's cases, see page twenty-six; The precedent's glorious, and just, by my soul! Lay hold on and drown the young dog in a bowl.</p>
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What's life but a frolic, a song, and a laugh?
 My toast shall be this, while I've liquor to quaff:
 "May mirth and good fellowship always abound!"
 Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round!

MY HEART IS A-BREAKING DEAR TITTY.

WRITTEN

By *BURNS.*

AIR—THE MUCKING O' GEORDIE'S BYRE.

As this appears to the Editor a much better Air, and more worthy of these beautiful Verses, than the Tune which the Poet had originally in view for them, the one is here substituted for the other;—but for the satisfaction of those who may like to see the original Tune, it is engraved, though without Accompaniments, at the foot of the opposite Plate.

MY heart is a-breaking, dear titty,
Some counsel unto me come len';
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might make a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen.

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller,
"Gude day to you," (coof) he comes ben;
He brags and he blows o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minny does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten;
But if it's ordain'd I maun tak' him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam' up the house stalking,
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear titty, don't tarry;
I'll gie you my bonny black hen,
Gin ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

ADOWN WINDING NITH I DID WANDER.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *BURNS.*

THE SAME AIR.

The Heroine of the following admirable Song, was Miss Phillis Macmurdo, Drumlanrig; now the wife of Norman Lockhart, Esq. Carnwath.

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.
Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare:
Whae'er has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daizy amused my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild;
Thou emblem, said I, of my Phillis,—
For she is simplicity's child.
The rose-bud's the blush of my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:
How fair and how pure is the lily,
But fairer and purer her breast.

Yon knot of gay flow'rs in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
Her breath is the breath of the woodbine,
Its dew-drop of diamond her eye.
Her voice is the song of the morning,
That wakes through the green-spreading grove,
When Phoebus peeps over the mountain,
On music, and pleasure, and love.

But beauty, how frail and how fleeting,
The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While worth in the mind of my Phillis,
Will flourish without a decay.
Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare:
Whae'er has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

My heart is a breaking.

Allegretto

My heart is a break - ing dear TIT - - - TY Some
 coun - sel un - - to me come len^s To an - - ger them a^s tis a pi - - - ty But
 what will I do with TAM GLEN.

The musical score for 'My heart is a breaking.' is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex, syncopated pattern in the left hand. The vocal line enters in the second measure with the lyrics 'My heart is a break - ing dear TIT - - - TY Some'. The melody is characterized by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics continue across four staves, ending with 'what will I do with TAM GLEN.' The piano accompaniment provides a rhythmic foundation, with dynamic markings like 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano) indicating changes in volume.

A down winding Nith I did wander.

andantino quasi Allegretto

A - - down wind - ing Nith I did wan - der To mark the sweet flow'rs as they spring A - -
 - down wind - - ing Nith I did wan - - - der Of PHIL - - LIS to muse and to sing.
 A - - wa^s with your belles and your beau - - ties They ne - - ver with her can com - - - pare Wha - -
 - e - - - ver has met with my PHIL - LIS Has met with the queen o^f the fair.

The musical score for 'A down winding Nith I did wander.' is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp). The tempo is marked 'andantino quasi Allegretto'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex, syncopated pattern in the left hand. The vocal line enters in the second measure with the lyrics 'A - - down wind - ing Nith I did wan - der To mark the sweet flow'rs as they spring A - -'. The melody is characterized by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics continue across four staves, ending with '- e - - - ver has met with my PHIL - LIS Has met with the queen o^f the fair.' The piano accompaniment provides a rhythmic foundation, with dynamic markings like 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano) indicating changes in volume.

O'wat ye wha that lo'es me.

*Andante
con
Espressione.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). It features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a flowing, arpeggiated texture. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic foundation with sustained chords and moving bass lines.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "O wat ye wha that lo'es me, And has my heart a keeping, O sweet is she that". The piano accompaniment continues the arpeggiated pattern from the introduction, supporting the vocal line.

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "lo'es me, As dew's of Summer weeping, In tears the Rose buds steeping, O". The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic and harmonic pattern.

The third system of the song features the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "that's the Lassie o' my heart, My Lassie e-ver dear-er; O that's the queen of". The piano accompaniment continues to provide harmonic support.

The fourth system concludes the song. The vocal line includes the lyrics "woman kind, And ne'er a ane to peer her." The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord. The system is marked with a double bar line at the end.

* If the Voice cannot reach the upper notes, the under ones may be sung.

O WAT YE WHA THAT LO'ES ME.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—MORAG.

O WAT ye wha that lo'es me,
 And has my heart a-keeping?
 O sweet is she that lo'es me,
 As dews o' summer weeping,
 In tears the rose-buds steeping:
 O that's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie ever dearer;
 O that's the queen o' woman-kind,
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie
 In grace and beauty charming;
 That e'en *thy* chosen lassie,
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming:
 O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast heard her talking,
 And thy attention's plighted,
 That ilka body talking
 But her by thee is slighted,
 And thou art all delighted:
 O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one,
 When frae her thou hast parted,
 If every other fair one
 But her thou hast deserted,
 And thou art broken-hearted:
 O that's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie ever dearer;
 O that's the queen o' woman-kind,
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

LOUD BLAW THE FROSTY BREEZES.

THE SAME AIR.

Loud blaw the frosty breezes,
 The snaws the mountains cover;
 Like winter on me seizes,
 Since my young Highland rover
 Far wanders nations over.
 Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
 May heaven be his warden;
 Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
 And bonie Castle-Gordon.

The trees now naked groaning,
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging;
 The birdies dowie moaning,
 Shall a' be blythely singing,
 And ev'ry flow'r be springing.
 Sae I'll rejoice the lee lang day,
 When, by his mighty warden,
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
 And bonie Castle-Gordon.

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT.

FROM A MS. IN THE EDITOR'S POSSESSION.

AIR—AULD LANG SYNE.

The following most beautiful Song was sent by BURNS to the Editor, with information, that "it is an old song of the olden times, which had never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until he took it down from an old man's singing." It seems not improbable, however, that he said this merely in a playful humour; for the Editor cannot help thinking that the Song affords evidence of our Bard himself being the author.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne?
 CHORUS.—For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne?
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

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

We twa hae paidlet in the burn
 Frae morning sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd
 Sin' auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

And there's a hand my trusty feire,
 And gie's a' hand o' thine;
 And we'll tak' a right good willie-waught
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
 And surely I'll be mine;
 And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne,
 For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

Auld Lang Syne

68

The Accompt to the Chorus & to the 2^d 3^d & 4th Verses varied & pub^d in 1821.

Allegretto

Should auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to
mind. Should auld ac-quaintance be for-got And days o' lang syne.

CHORUS.
For auld lang syne my dear For auld lang syne, We'll tak a cup o'
For auld lang syne my dear For auld lang syne, We'll tak a cup o'

2^d
kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

1st
kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

VERSE 2^d
We twa hae run a-bout the braes, And pu'd the grow-ans fine; But we've
wand-er'd mony a wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne. CHORUS AGAIN.

VERSE 3^d
We twa hae paid-let in the burn, Frae morning sun till dine; But
Seas be-tween us braid ha'e roar'd, Sin' auld lang syne. CHORUS AGAIN.

VERSE 4th
And there's a hand my trust-y feire, And gies a hand o' thine; And we'll
tak a right gude will-ie waught, For auld lang syne. CHORUS AGAIN.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers.

VIVACE

Now rosy May comes in wi' flow'rs To deck her gay greens spreading bow'rs And now comes in my

happy hours To wander wi' my Da - vie. The chrystal waters round us fa' The merry birds are

Chorus
lovers a' The scent-ed breezes round us blow, A wand'ring wi' my Da - vie. Meet me on the war lock knowe
Meet me on the war lock knowe

Dainty Davie Dainty Davie There I'll spend the day wi' you My Ain dear dainty Da - vie.
Dainty Davie Dainty Davie There I'll spend the day wi' you My Ain dear dainty Da - vie.

NOW ROSY MAY COMES IN WI' FLOWERS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—DAINTY DAVIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green spreading bowers ;
And now come in my happy hours
To wander wi' my Davie :

The chrystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blow,
A-wandering wi' my Davie.

CHORUS.—Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie ;
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews I will repair
To meet my faithful Davie.

When day expiring in the west,
The curtain draws of nature's rest,
I'll flee to 's arms I lo'e the best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.

CHORUS.—Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie ;
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

IT WAS THE CHARMING MONTH OF MAY.

ALTERED TO SUIT THE SAME AIR,

By BURNS.

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flowers were fresh and gay,
One morning by the break of day,

The youthful charming Chloe :
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,

The youthful charming Chloe.
CHORUS.—Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful charming Chloe.

The feather'd people, you might see,
Perch'd all around on ev'ry tree,
In notes of sweetest melody

They hail the charming Chloe :
Till painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful charming Chloe.

CHORUS.—Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful charming Chloe.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

WRITTEN

*By Mrs GRANT,
OF CARRON.*

AIR—ROY'S WIFE.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.
She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine;
She said that she lo'ed me best of ony;
But, oh! the fickle, faithless quean,
She's ta'en the carle and left her Johnie.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.
O she was a canty quean,
And weel cou'd she dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.
Her hair sae fair, her e'en sae clear,
Her wee bit mou', sae sweet and bonny,
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's for ever left her Johnie.

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

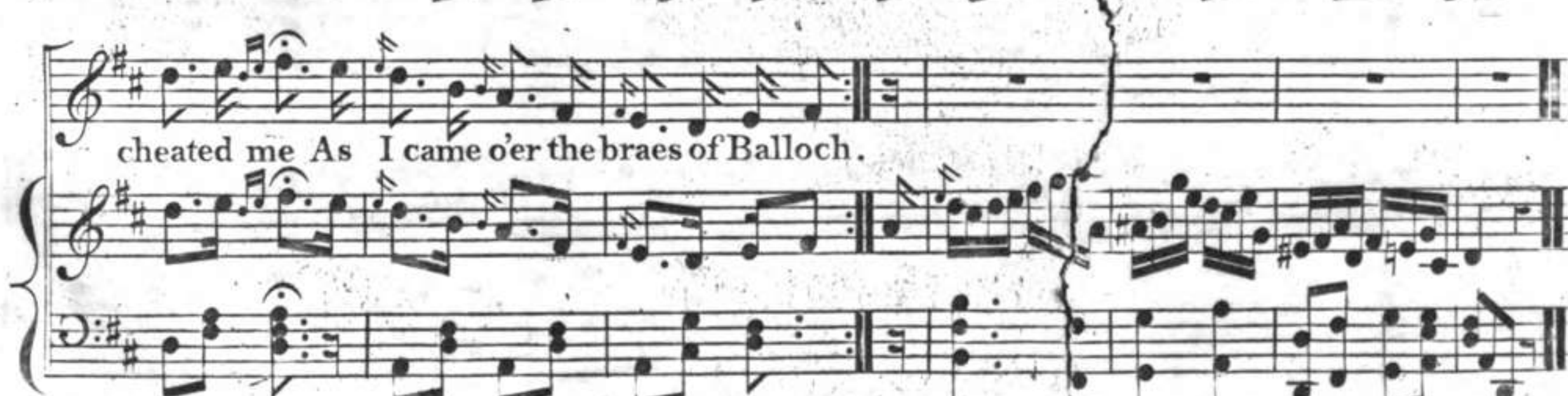
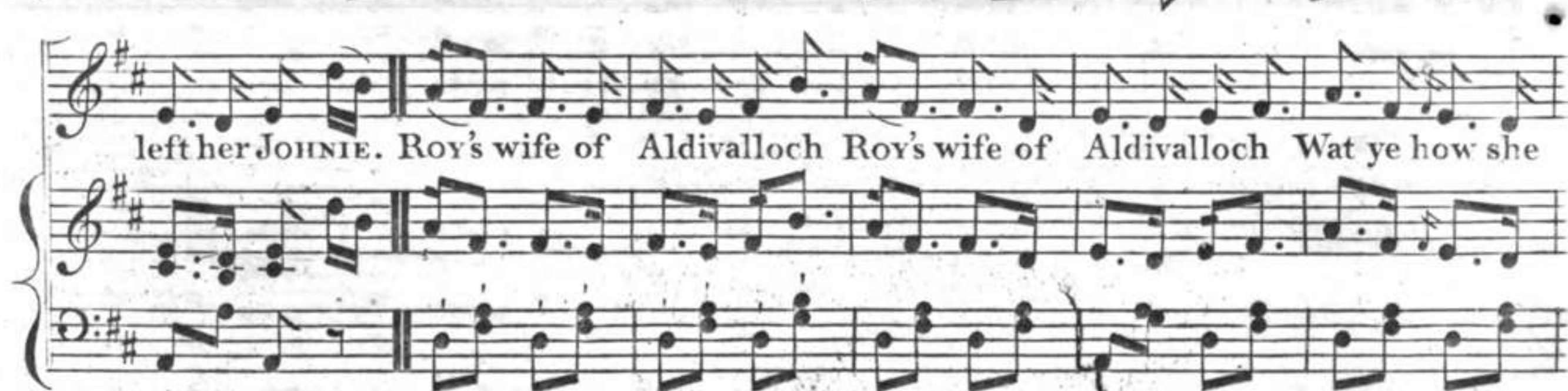
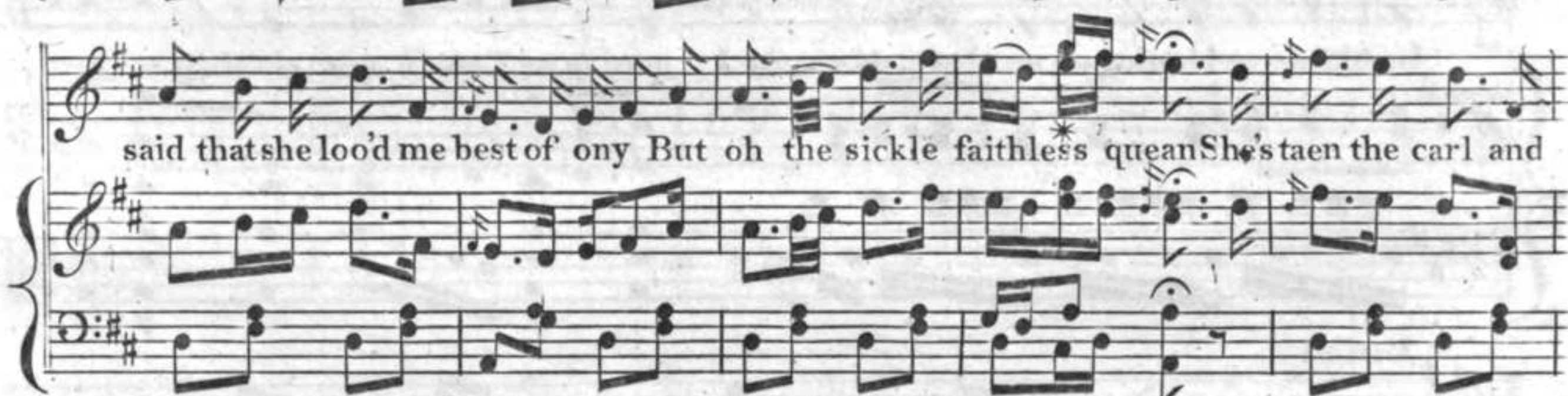
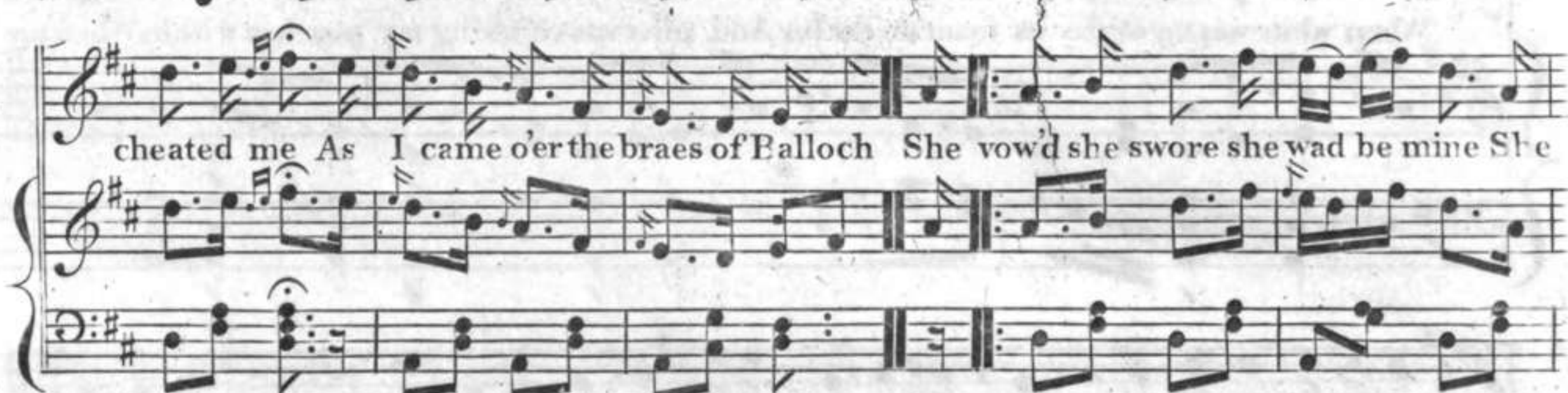
THE SAME AIR.

CANST thou leave me thus, my Katy,
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?
Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward,—
An aching broken heart, my Katy?

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy,
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?
Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear,—
But not a love like mine, my Katy!

Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.

70



* Take either the G or E.

Poverty parts good company

First publish'd in 1821.

Andantino quasi Allegretto

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with an instrumental introduction in D major, 6/8 time, marked 'Andantino quasi Allegretto'. The piano part features a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The voice part enters with the lyrics: 'When white was my o'erlay as foam on the lin And siller was chinking my pouches within When my lambkins were bleating on meadow and brae As I gaed to my Love in new cleading so gay.' The chorus follows with the lyrics: 'Kind was she and my friends were free But Po-ver-ty parts good com-pa--ny.' The score concludes with a final instrumental flourish.

When white was my o'erlay as foam on the lin And siller was chinking my pouches within When my
lambkins were bleating on meadow and brae As I gaed to my Love in new cleading so gay.

CHORUS.
Kind was she and my friends were free But Po-ver-ty parts good com-pa--ny.
Kind was she and my friends were free But Po-ver-ty parts good com-pa--ny.

WHEN I HA'E A SAXPENCE UNDER MY THUMB.

AIR—TODLIN HAME

WHEN I ha'e a saxpence under my thumb,
 O then I'll get credit in ilka town ;
 But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by ;
 O! poverty parts good company !
 Todlin hame, todlin hame,
 Cou'dna my love come todlin hame ?

Fair fa' the gudewife, and send her good sale ;
 She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale ;
 Syne if her typenny chance to be sma',
 We'll tak' a gude scour o't, and ca't awa'.
 Todlin hame, todlin hame,
 As round as a neep we gang todlin hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep
 And twa pint-stoups at our bed-feet ;
 And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry ;
 What think ye of my wee kimmer and I ?
 Todlin hame, todlin hame,
 Sae round as my love comes todlin hame,

Leeze me on liquor, my todlin dow,
 You're ay sae good-humour'd when weeting your mou' ;
 When sober sae sour, ye'll feght wi' a flee,
 That it's a blythe sight to the bairns and me,
 When todlin hame, todlin hame,
 When round as a neep ye come todlin hame.

COME FILL ME A BUMPER.

THE SAME AIR.

COME, fill me a bumper, my jolly brave boys,
 Let 's have no more female impert'nence and noise ;
 I've tried the endearments and witchcraft of love,
 And found them but nonsense and whimsies, by Jove.
 Truce with your love, no more of your love ;
 The bottle henceforth is my mistress, by Jove.

When first little Betty and I were acquaint,
 I whined like a fool, she sigh'd like a saint ;
 But I found her religion, her face, and her love,
 Hypocrisy, paint, and self-int'rest, by Jove.
 Truce with your love, no more of your love ;
 The bottle henceforth is my mistress, by Jove.

Sweet Cecil came next, with a languishing air,
 Her outside was orderly, modest, and fair ;
 But the baggage, forgetting her vows and her love,
 Gave her hand to a sniv'ling dull coxcomb, by Jove.
 Truce with your love, no more of your love ;
 The bottle henceforth is my mistress, by Jove.

Come, fill me a bumper, then, jolly brave boys,
 Here's farewell to female impert'nence and noise :
 There's few of the sex that are worthy our love ;
 And for strumpets and jilts I abhor them, by Jove.
 Then truce with your love, no more of your love ;
 The bottle henceforth is my mistress, by Jove !

 THOU'RT GANE AWA', &c.

AIR—THOU'RT GANE AWA'.

THOU'RT gane awa', thou'rt gane awa',
 Thou'rt gane awa' frae me, Mary;
 Nor friends nor I could make thee stay,
 Thou'st cheated them and me, Mary.
 Until this hour I never thought
 That aught could alter thee, Mary;
 Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart,
 Think what you will of me, Mary.

Whate'er he said, or might pretend,
 Wha stole that heart of thine, Mary;
 True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,
 Or nae such love as mine, Mary.
 I spoke sincere, nor flatter'd much,
 Had no unworthy thoughts, Mary;
 Ambition, wealth, nor naething such,
 No, I lov'd only thee, Mary!

Tho' you've been false, yet while I live
 No other maid I'll woo, Mary;
 Let friends forget, as I forgive
 Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary.
 So then, farewell! of this be sure,
 Since you've been false to me, Mary;
 For all the world I'd not endure
 Half what I've done for thee, Mary.

 THE SMILING PLAINS, &c.

WRITTEN

By WILLIAM FALCONER.

THE SAME AIR.

THE smiling plains, profusely gay,
 Are drest in all the pride of May;
 The birds around, in every vale,
 Breathe rapture on the vocal gale.

But, ah! Miranda, without thee,
 Nor spring nor summer smiles on me!
 All lonely in the secret shade,
 I mourn thy absence, charming maid.

O soft as love! as honour fair!
 More gently sweet than vernal air!
 Come to my arms, for you alone
 Can all my anguish past atone!

O come, and to my bleeding heart
 Th' ambrosial balm of love impart!
 Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,
 And give the year eternal spring.

Thou art gone awa - ye

72

Duet
Larghetto

för *för* *fia*

Thou art gone a - wa thou'rt gone a - wa, Thou art gone a - wa frae me MA - RY, Nor
Thou art gone a - wa thou'rt gone a - wa, Thou art gone a - wa frae me MA - RY, Nor

friends nor I could make thee stay, Thou hast cheated them and me MA - RY Un - til this hour I
friends nor I could make thee stay, Thou hast cheated them and me MA - RY Un - til this hour I

never thought That aught could al - ter thee MARY Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart Think
never thought That aught could al - ter thee MARY Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart Think

what you will of me MA - RY.
what you will of me MA - RY.
för *fia* *för* *fia*

O meikle thinks my Love &c.

Allegretto

O meikle thinks my Love o' my beauty And meikle thinks my Love

o' my kin But lit-tle thinks my Love I ken brawly My tocher's the jewel has

charms for him. It's a for the apple he'll nourish the tree It's a for the

hiney he'll cherish the Bee; My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller, He

canna hae love to spare for me.

mf *f*

O MEIKLE THINKS MY LOVE O' MY BEAUTY.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

O MEIKLE thinks my Love o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my Love o' my kin;
But little thinks my Love I ken brawlie,
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;
My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
He canna hae love to spare for me.

Your proffer o' love 's an airle-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But gin ye be crafty, I am cunning,
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood;
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree;
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae than me.

THE BUDDING THORN AND VIOLETS BLUE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By JOHN RICHARDSON, Esq.

This Song, (first published in 1815,) the production of a worthy Friend of the Editor, is here substituted for one in a former Edition of this Volume, beginning, "Did ever Swain a Nymph adore."

THE SAME AIR.

THE budding thorn, and violets blue,
Proclaim thy coming, gentle Spring;
The lark now greets thy fragrant morn,
Thy evening praise the thrushes sing.
Thy balmy gales revive the meads,
And life, and love, and joy renew;
And softly flow the rippling streams,
Clear as the heaven's unclouded blue.

How sweet with thee, my Love, to walk
Along the woodland's primrose way;
And hail thy fav'rite mossy thorn,
Again in Spring's fresh clothing gay.
Again to trim the jasmine bower,
The woodbine with the rose to twine,
And prop the flower in winter fallen,
And bless the day that made thee mine.

O SEND LEWIE GORDON HAME.

AIR—LEWIE GORDON.

O SEND Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I winna name;
Tho' his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa'.
O hon my Highlandman,
O my bonny Highlandman,
Weel wou'd I my true love ken
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O 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'.
O hon my Highlandman,
O my bonny Highlandman,
Weel wou'd I my true-love ken
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

This lovely youth of whom I sing,
Is fitted for to be a king:
On his breast he wears a star,—
You'd take him for the god of war.
O hon my Highlandman,
O my bonny Highlandman,
Weel wou'd I my true-love ken
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O to see this princely one
Seated on a royal throne!
Disasters a' would disappear;
Then begins the jub'lee year.
O hon my Highlandman,
O my bonny Highlandman,
Weel wou'd I my true-love ken
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

See this truly admirable Song also united to "*Hey tutti taiti*," in Vol. III.

THE SAME AIR.

Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled!
Scots wham Bruce has aften led!
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power,—
Edward, chains, and slavery!

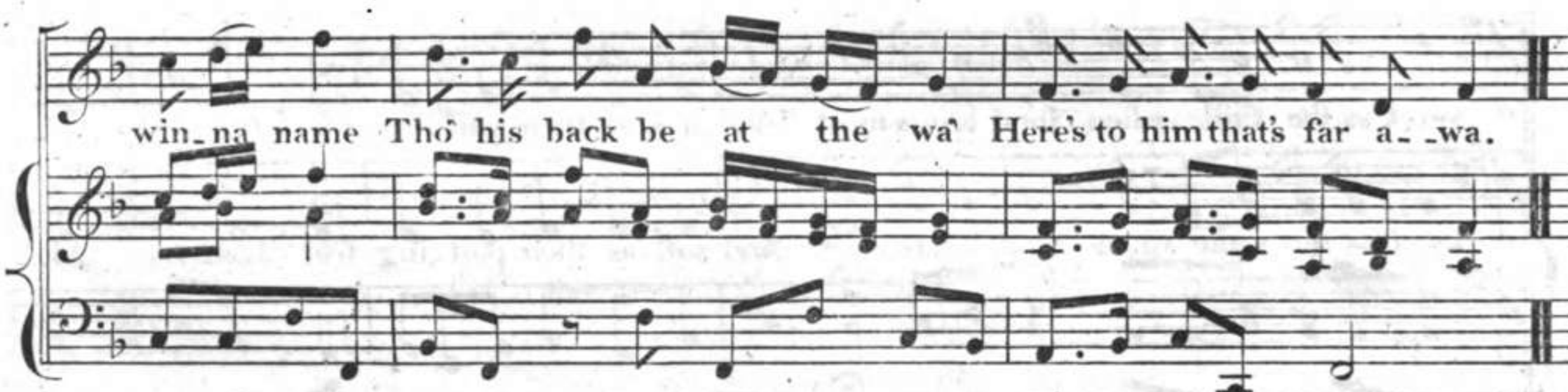
Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor, coward, turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa';
Caledonian on wi' me!

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

Lay the proud Usurper low,
Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe;
Liberty's in ev'ry blow!
Forward!—let us do or die!

O send Lewie Gordon hame!



Chorus



The Sym. & Accom^t simplified as above by M.^r K. 1801.

Here's a health to ane I loe dear.

DUET
GRAZIOSO.

For: *Pia:*

Here's a health to ane I loe dear, Here's a health to ane I loe dear, Thou art
 Here's a health to ane I loe dear, Here's a health to ane I loe dear, Thou art

sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, And soft as their parting tear JES-SY. Al--
 sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, And soft as their parting tear JES-SY. Al--

--tho' thou maun never be mine, Al-tho' even hope is de-nied, 'Tis sweeter for thee des--
 --tho' thou maun never be mine, Al-tho' even hope is de-nied, 'Tis sweeter for thee des--

--pair--ing, Than aught in the world be-side JESSY.
 --pair--ing, Than aught in the world be-side JESSY.

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

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA'.

Miss Lewars of Dumfries, now Mrs Thomson, is the Jessy of this exquisitely beautiful song: She was a true friend and a great favourite of the Poet; and, at his death, one of the most sympathizing friends of his afflicted widow.

HERE'S a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!
Altho' thou maun never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!
I mourn through the gay gaudy day,
As hopeless I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock'd in thy arms—Jessy!

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!
I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e:—
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst Fortune's stern, cruel decree!

FAREWEL, THOU FAIR DAY.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.

SCENE—A Field of Battle—Evening—The Wounded and Dying of the Victorious Army are supposed to join in the following Song.

FAREWEL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
 Now gay with the broad setting sun!
 Farewel! loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties!
 Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
 Go frighten the coward and slave!
 Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
 No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name:
 Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!
 He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
 Our King and our Country to save,
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
 O, who would not die with the brave!

Farewell thou fair day!

76

DIET

Farewell thou fair day thou green

Farewell thou fair day thou green

2 earth and ye skies, Now gay with the broad setting sun! Farewell loves and friendships thou dear tender ties, Our

3 earth and ye skies, Now gay with the broad setting sun! Farewell loves and friendships thou dear tender ties, Our

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8 *lento*

9 race of ex_istence is run Thou grim king of terrors thou life's gloomy foe Go frighten the coward and

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15 *lento*

16 slave, Go teach them to tremble fell tyrant but know No terrors hast thou for the brave.

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Wilt thou be my Dearie?

Duet
Andantino.

Wilt thou be my dearie When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart O
Wilt thou be my dearie When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart O

wilt thou let me cheer thee By the treasure of my soul That's the love I bear thee I swear and vow that
wilt thou let me cheer thee By the treasure of my soul That's the love I bear thee I swear and vow that

only thou shall ever be my dearie Only thou I swear and vow shall ever be my dearie
only thou shall ever be my dearie Only thou I swear and vow shall ever be my dearie

The above Symphonies & Accomps. composed by Haydn & first pub^d in 1803.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—THE SUTOR'S DAUGHTER.

WILT thou be my dearie?
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
 O wilt thou let me cheer thee?
 By the treasure of my soul,
 That's the love I bear thee!
 I swear and vow that only thou
 Shall ever be my dearie:
 Only thou, I swear and vow,
 Shall ever be my dearie!

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
 Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
 Sayna thou'lt refuse me:
 It it winna, canna be,
 Thou for thine may choose me,
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me:
 Lassie, let me quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me!

THE LAWLAND LADS THINK THEY ARE FINE.

AIR—THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE Lawland lads think they are fine ;
 But O they're vain and idly gaudy !
 How much unlike the graceful mien,
 And manly looks of my Highland laddie.
 O my bonnie Highland laddie,
 My handsome charming Highland laddie ;
 May heaven still guard, and love reward,
 Our Lawland lass and her Highland laddie !

If I were free at will to chuse,
 To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
 I'd tak' young Donald without trows,
 With bonnet blue and belted plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in burrow' town,
 In a' his airs, with art made ready,
 Compared to him, is but a clown,
 He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my Lawland kin and daddy ;
 Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
 He'll screen 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 lass,
 Syne rows me in beneath his 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 Highland laddie ;
 My handsome charming Highland laddie ;
 May heaven still guard, and love reward,
 Our Lawland lass and her Highland laddie !

AH ! SURE A PAIR WAS NEVER SEEN.

WRITTEN

By R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

AH ! sure a pair was never seen
 So justly form'd to meet by Nature !
 The youth excelling so in mien,
 The maid in ev'ry graceful feature !
 O how happy are such lovers,
 When kindred beauties each discovers !
 For surely she was made for thee,
 And thou to bless this charming creature !

So mild your looks, your children thence
 Will early learn the task of duty ;
 The boys with all their father's sense,
 The girls with all their mother's beauty !
 O how charming to inherit
 At once such graces and such spirit ;
 Thus, while you live, may Fortune give
 Each blessing equal to your merit !

The lawland Lads think they are fine 78

DUET

Andant^{no}

The musical score is written for a duet and piano accompaniment. It features two vocal staves at the top, followed by a piano accompaniment section with two staves. The tempo is marked 'Andant^{no}' and the time signature is 6/8. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score includes lyrics for both vocal parts. The piano accompaniment features a prominent melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The piece concludes with a final piano flourish.

The lawland lads think they are fine, But O they're vain and Idly gaudy How much unlike that graceful mein, And
The lawland lads are fine, But O they're vain and Idly gaudy unlike that graceful mein, And
manly looks of my highland laddie, O my bonny highland laddie, My handsome charming highland laddie, May
manly looks of my highland laddie, O my bonny highland laddie, My handsome charming highland laddie, May
heav'n still guard and love reward Our law-land lass and her highland laddie.
heav'n still guard and love reward Our law-land lass and her highland laddie.

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove.

Violino

Allegretto

By Al - lan stream I chanc'd to rove While

Phœ - bus sunk be - yond Ben - le - di The winds were whispr'ing through the grove The

yel - low corn was wav - ing ready; I lis - tend to a Lover's sang And

thought on youthful plea - sures many And ay the wild wood e - choes ring O

Violino

dear - ly do I love thee Annie

The above air, call'd Jinglan Johnie, with Haydn's Sym^s & Accomp^s. First publish'd in 1817; instead of the air, Allan water; because the latter was found to exceed the compass of most voices.

BY ALLAN STREAM I CHANC'D TO ROVE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—JINGLING JOHNIE.

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,
 While Phœbus sunk beyond Benledi;*
 The winds were whispering through the grove,
 The yellow corn was waving ready :
 I listen'd to a lover's sang,
 And thought on youthful pleasures many ;
 And ay the wild wood echoes rang,
 " O dearly do I lo'e thee, Annie."

O happy be the woodbine bower,
 Nae nightly bogle make it eerie ;
 Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
 The place and time I met my dearie !
 Her head upon my throbbing breast,
 She, sinking, said, " I'm thine for ever !"
 While many a kiss the seal imprest,
 The sacred vow we ne'er should sever !

The haunt of spring's the primrose brae,
 The simmer joy's the flocks to follow ;
 How cheery through her shortening day,
 Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow :
 But can they melt the glowing heart,
 Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure ;
 Or through each nerve the rapture dart,
 Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure !

* A Mountain west of Strathallan, upwards of 3000 feet high.

WHAT NUMBERS SHALL THE MUSE REPEAT.

WRITTEN

By Mr CRAWFORD.

THE SAME AIR.

The following Verses were formerly united to Allan Water ; but as that air is scarce ever sung, because of the extensive compass of voice which it requires, the Editor has here match'd the Verses with the more easy and pleasing air of The Old Highland Laddie, or, as it is more commonly called, Jingling Johnie.

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 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 replied,
 " Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye ?
 " Alas ! your love must be denied,
 " 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 choose some heart that's unconfined,
 " And leave to Damon his own Annie."

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

WRITTEN

By *ALLAN RAMSAY.*

AIR—THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

THE last time I came o'er the muir,
 I left my Love behind me ;
 Ye Powers, 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 chastely sporting ;
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
 Till night spread her black curtain.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Even kings, when she was nigh me ;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should 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 cares 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 every 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 muir,
 She shall a lover find me ;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Though I left her behind me.
 Then Hymen's sacred bands shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom ;
 There, while my being doth remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

FAREWELL THOU STREAM, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *BURNS.*

THE SAME AIR.

FAREWELL thou stream that winding flows
 Around Maria's dwelling !
 Ah cruel Mem'ry spare the throes
 Within my bosom swelling :
 Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
 And still in secret languish,
 To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
 Yet dare not speak my anguish.

The wretch of love, unseen, unknown,
 I fain my crime would cover ;
 The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
 Betray the hopeless lover.
 I know my doom must be despair,
 Thou wilt, nor canst relieve me ;
 But oh ! Maria hear one prayer,
 For pity's sake forgive me.

The music of thy tongue I heard
 Nor wist while it enslaved me ;
 I saw thine eyes yet nothing fear'd,
 'Till fears no more had saved me.
 The unwary sailor thus, aghast,
 The wheeling torrent viewing ;
 Mid circling horrors yields at last
 To overwhelming ruin.

The last time I came over the muir 80

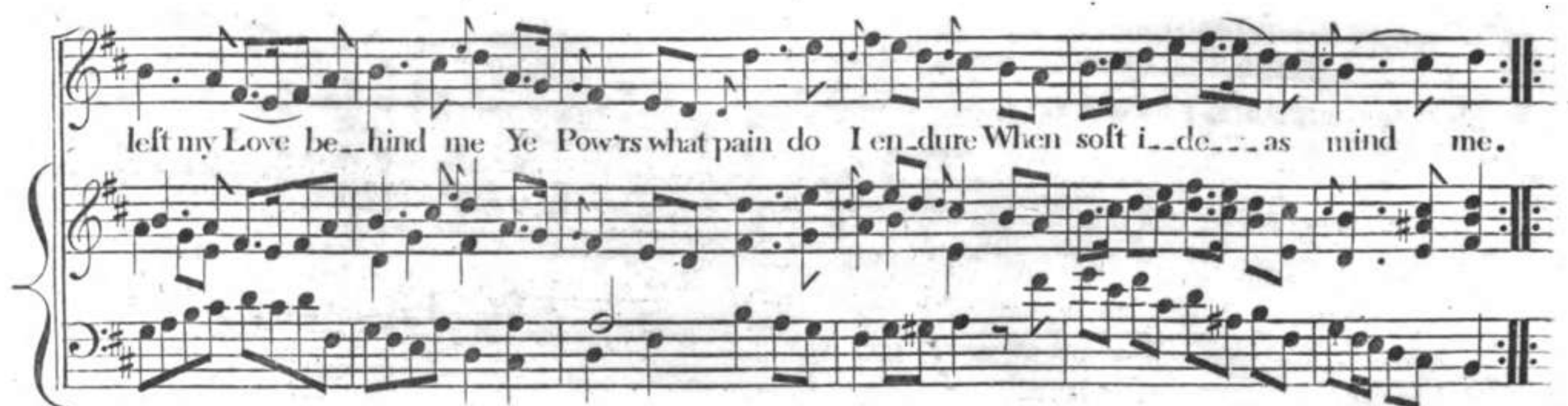
Larghetto



The piano introduction is in D major, 3/4 time, marked 'Larghetto'. It consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.



The first system of the song. The vocal melody begins on the right staff, with the lyrics 'The last time I came over the muir I' written below it. The piano accompaniment is on the left, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.



The second system of the song. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'left my Love behind me Ye Powers what pain do I endure When soft i--de--as mind me.' The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic rhythmic pattern.



The third system of the song. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'Soon as the ruddy morn display'd the beaming day en--su--ing I met be--times my lovely maid In'. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic rhythmic pattern.



The fourth system of the song. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics 'fit re--treats for woo--ing.' The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic rhythmic pattern.

*The above Synth and Accomp^{ts} composed by Haydn and first publ^d in 1803.

I've seen the Smiling of Fortune:

ALLEGRETTO
ESPRESSIVO

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in E-flat major, 3/4 time, marked 'ALLEGRETTO' and 'ESPRESSIVO'. The introduction features a flowing sixteenth-note melody in the right hand and a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand. The vocal melody enters in the second system with the lyrics 'I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling I've felt all its favours, and found its decay.' The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern. The third system contains the lyrics 'Sweet was its blessing Kind its ca-ressing, Put now 'tis fled fled far a-way.' The fourth system has the lyrics 'I've seen the forest A-dorned the foremost With flowers of the fairest most plea-sant and gay So'. The fifth system contains the lyrics 'bonny was their blooming Their scent the air perfuming But now they are withered and weeded away.' The score concludes with a final piano flourish in the sixth system.

I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling I've felt all its favours, and found its decay.

Sweet was its blessing Kind its ca-ressing, Put now 'tis fled fled far a-way.

I've seen the forest A-dorned the foremost With flowers of the fairest most plea-sant and gay So

bonny was their blooming Their scent the air perfuming But now they are withered and weeded away.

I'VE SEEN THE SMILING, &c.

WRITTEN

By MRS COCKBURN,

Who was daughter of Rutherford of Fairnalie, in Selkirkshire, and relict of Mr Cockburn of Ormiston, whose father was Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland.

AIR—THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling, I've tasted her favours and felt her decay ; Sweet was her blessing, kind her caressing, But now it is fled—fled far away !	I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning, And the dread tempest roaring before parting day ; I've seen Tweed's silver streams glitt'ring in the sunny beams, Grow drumly and dark as they roll'd on their way.
I've seen the forest adorned the foremost, With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay ; So bonny was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming ; But now they are wither'd and weeded away !	O fickle fortune ! why this cruel sporting ! O why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day ! Thy frowns cannot fear me, thy smiles cannot cheer me, For the flowers of the forest are withered away !

I'VE HEARD THEM LILTING, &c.

Written upon the Battle of Flodden, which proved so fatal to JAMES IV. and the Scottish Army.

THE SAME AIR.

Although the following admirable Verses have by many been thought as old as the calamitous event to which they refer, yet a distinguished Poet has lately informed us, that he saw evidence of their having been written about the middle of the eighteenth century, by a Lady in Roxburghshire, (of the Minto family it is believed.)—The first and fourth lines only are ancient.

I've heard them liltin' at the ewe milking, Lasses a' liltin' before dawn of day ; But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning, The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.	At e'en in the gloaming nae swankies are roaming, 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play ; But ilk ane sits dreary, lamenting her dearie,— The flowers o' the forest, wha're a' wede away.
At bughts in the morning nae blythe lads are scorning, The lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae ; Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing ; Ilk ane lifts her leglen, and hies her away.	In har'st, at the shearing, nae youngers are jeering ; The bansters are lyart, runckled, and grey ; At fairs, nor at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching, Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the border ;
The English for ance by guile won the day :
The flowers o' the forest, that fought ay the foremost,
The prime of our land, lie cauld in the clay !

We'll hear nae mair liltin' at the ewe milking,
Our women and bairns are heartless and wae ;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,—
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

A LASS THAT WAS LADEN WITH CARE.

AIR—SAE MERRY AS WE HA'E BEEN.

<p>A Lass that was laden with care, Sat heavily under yon thorn; I listened 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.</p>	<p>"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.</p>
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"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
 "Are merrily seated to spin,
 "I set myself under an oak,
 "And heavily sigh for him.
 "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."

YE WOODS AND YE MOUNTAINS UNKNOWN.

WRITTEN

By DAVID MALLET.

THE SAME AIR.

In singing these Stanzas to the Scottish Air, the last four lines of each Stanza must be repeated.

<p>YE woods and ye mountains unknown, Beneath whose dark shadows I stray, To the breast of my charmer alone These sighs bid sweet echo convey. Wherever he pensively leans, By fountain, on hill, or in grove, His heart will explain what she means, Who sings both from sorrow and love. Wherever he, &c.</p>	<p>More soft than the nightingale's song, O waft the sad sound to his ear; And say, tho' divided so long, The friend of his bosom is near. Then tell him what years of delight, Then tell him what ages of pain, I felt, while I liv'd in his sight! I feel, 'till I see him again! Then tell him, &c.</p>
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A lass that was laden with care

ANDANTE

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked 'ANDANTE'. The introduction features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody enters in the second system, accompanied by the piano. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score consists of seven systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes various textures, including arpeggiated figures and block chords. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.

A Lass that was laden with care sat heavi-ly under 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 here, 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 Sae merry as we twa hae been My heart my poor heart's like to break when I
think on the days we have seen.

Ye banks and braes &c.

DUET
 ANDANTE
 ESPRESSIVO

Ye banks and braes and streams around The cas - tle of Mont - go - mery Green be your woods and
 Ye banks and braes and streams around The cas - tle of Mont - go - mery Green be your woods and

fair your flow'rs your wa - ters ne - ver drum lie! There summer first unfold her robes, And there the
 fair your flow'rs your wa - ters ne - ver drum lie! There summer first unfold her robes, And there the

lan - gest tar - ry for there I took the last fareweel of my sweet highland Ma - ry.
 lan - gest tar - ry for there I took the last fareweel of my sweet highland Ma - ry.

YE BANKS AND BRAES AND STREAMS AROUND.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

Whatever the Poet has written in verse or prose relative to his Highland Mary, seems too interesting to be omitted; and therefore the Editor shall subjoin the following note in the Poet's own words:—"My Highland lassie was a warm hearted, charming young creature, as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness."

AIR—KATHARINE OGIE.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle of Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfold her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last farewell
Of my sweet Highland Mary.
How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace;
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.
O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for ay the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

THE OLD SONG.—THE SAME AIR.

As walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain,
From flowers which grew so rarely:
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
She shined tho' it was foggy;
I ask'd her name,—“Sweet Sir,” she said,
“My name is Katharine 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 lillie in a bogie!
Diana's self was ne'er array'd,
Like this same Katharine Ogie.
Thou flower of females, Beauty's queen,
Who sees thee sure must prize thee!
Tho' thou art drest in robes but mean,
Yet these cannot disguise thee:
Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
Far excels a clownish rogie;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Katharine Ogie.

O! were I but some shepherd swain,
To feed my flock 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 Katharine Ogie.
Then I'd despise th'imperial throne,
And statesmen's dangerous stations;
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd smile at conquering nations,
Might I caress, and still possess
This lass of whom I'm vogie;
For these are toys, and still look less,
Compar'd with Katharine Ogie.
But I fear the gods have not decreed
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 foggy;
Pity my case, ye Powers above,
Else I die for Katharine Ogie!

BENEATH A GREEN SHADE, &c.

WRITTEN

By Dr BLACKLOCK.

AIR—THE BRAES OF BALLENDEN.

BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain
 One ev'ning reclin'd, to discover his pain.
 So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe,
 The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow;
 Rude winds with compassion could hear him complain;
 Yet Chloë, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.
 Thro' changes, in vain, relief I pursue;
 All, all but conspire my grief 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 cry'd, my moments once flew,
 Ere Chloë's bright charms first flash'd on my view!
 These eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey,
 Nor smiled the fair morning more cheerful 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 thus merit thy care!
 Since length'ning its moments but lengthens despair.

TO THE BROOK AND THE WILLOW.

WRITTEN

By ROWE.

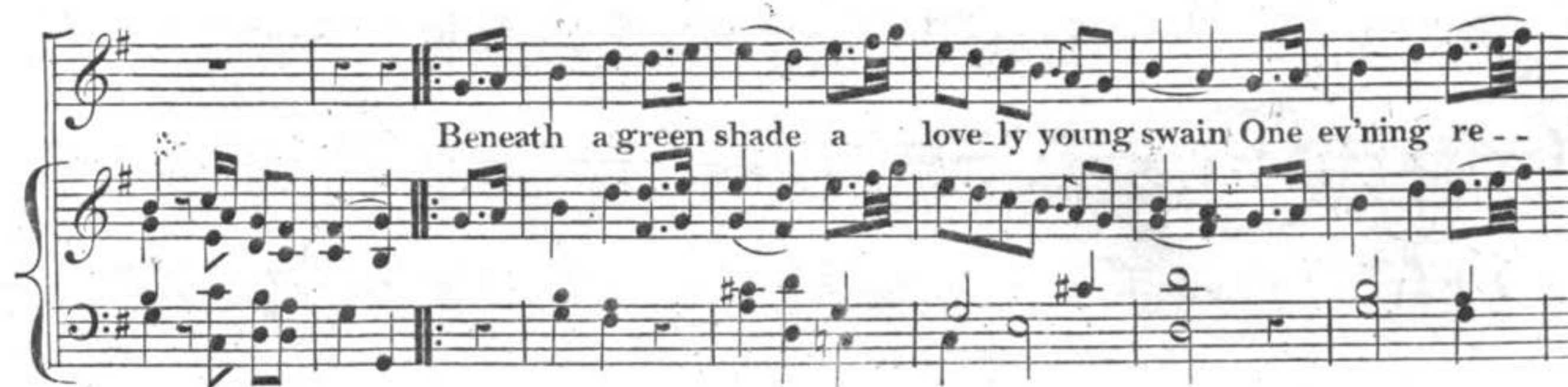
THE SAME AIR.

To the brook and the willow that heard him complain,
 Poor Colin went weeping, and told them his pain:
 Sweet stream, he cry'd, sadly I'll teach thee to flow,
 And the waters shall rise to the brink with my woe;
 All restless and painful my Celia now lies,
 And counts the sad moments of time as it flies.
 To the nymph, my heart's love, ye soft slumbers repair,
 Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her your care;
 Let me be left restless, mine eyes never close,
 So the sleep that I lose give my dear one repose;
 Sweet stream, if you chance by her pillow to creep,
 Perhaps your soft murmurs may lull her to sleep.

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed,
 And the loss of my charmer the fates have decreed,
 Believe me, thou fair one, thou dear one, believe,
 Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give:
 One fate to thy Colin and thee shall betide,
 And soon lay thy shepherd down by thy cold side!
 Then glide, gentle brook, and to lose thyself haste,
 Bear this to my willow, this verse is my last!

Beneath a green shade?

84



* The above Sym.^s and Accomp.^{ts} composed by Haydn & first pub.^d in 1803.

*The Gloomy Night is gathering Fast.*ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO

The gloom - - y

night, is gath' - - ring fast Loud roars the wild in - -

con - - stant blast Yon mur - - ky cloud is foul with

rain I see it dri - - ving o'er the plain.

fz *fz* *p*

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a piano piece. It consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 3/4. The tempo and mood are marked 'ANDANTE' and 'ESPRESSIVO'. The lyrics are: 'The gloom - - y night, is gath' - - ring fast Loud roars the wild in - - con - - stant blast Yon mur - - ky cloud is foul with rain I see it dri - - ving o'er the plain.' The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *fz* (forzando) and *p* (piano).

THE GLOOMY NIGHT IS GATH'RING FAST.

WRITTEN

By BURNS,

As a farewell dirge to his native country, a few days before his intended embarkation for Jamaica,—an event which was happily prevented by a letter from Dr Blacklock to a friend of the Poet, opening new prospects to his ambition; in consequence of which he immediately came to Edinburgh, and published a new edition of his Poems by subscription, the success of which enabled him soon after to take the farm of Ellisland near Dumfries.

AIR—FAREWELL TO AYR.

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain.
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure;
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.
The autumn mourns her ripening corn,
By early winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonny banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billows roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore,
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear!
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonny banks of Ayr.
Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors, and winding vales,
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past unhappy loves!
Farewell my friends, farewell my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those;
The bursting tears my heart declare,—
Farewell, the bonny banks of Ayr!

ALAS! THE SUNNY HOURS ARE PAST.

WRITTEN

By WILLIAM HAMILTON, Esq. Bangour.

THE SAME AIR.

ALAS! the sunny hours are past;
The cheating scene, it will not last;
Let not the flatt'rer, Hope, persuade,—
Ah! must I say that it will fade!
For see the summer flies away,
Sad emblem of our own decay!
Grim winter from the frozen north,
Drives swift his iron chariot forth.
His grisly hand, in icy chains,
Sweet Tweeda's silver stream constrains:
Cast up thy eyes, how bleak, how bare,
He wanders on the tops of Yare!
Behold, his footsteps dire are seen
Confest o'er ev'ry with'ring green:
Griev'd at the sight, thou soon shalt see
A snowy wreath clothe ev'ry tree.
Frequenting now the stream no more,
Thou fliest, displeased, the frozen shore:
When thou shalt miss the flowers that grew,
But late, to charm thy ravish'd view,

Then shall a sigh thy soul invade,
And o'er thy pleasures cast a shade:
"Shall I," ah, horrid! shalt thou say,
"Be like to this some other day!"
Ah! when the lovely white and red
From the pale ashy cheek are fled;
When wrinkles dire, and age severe,
Make beauty fly, we know not where,—
Unhappy love! may lovers say,
Beauty, thy food, does swift decay;
When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,
What is 't thy famine can prevent.
Lay in good sense with timeous care,
That love may live on wisdom's fare;
Tho' extacy with beauty dies,
Esteem is born when beauty flies.
Happy the man whom fates decree
Their richest gift in giving thee!
Thy beauty shall his youth engage,
Thy wisdom shall delight his age.

MY DADDY IS A CANKER'D CARLE.

AIR—LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

My daddy is a canker'd carle,
He'll nae twine wi' his gear;
My minny she's a scolding wife,
Hads a' the house a-steer:
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 on me;
Waiting on me, my love,
He's waiting on me;
For he's low down, he's in the broom,
That's waiting on me.

My auntie Kate sits at her wheel,
And sair she lightlies me;
But weel ken I it's a' envy,
For ne'er a jo has she.—*But let them, &c.*

My cousin Kate was sair beguil'd,
Wi' Johnny i' the glen;
And ay sinsyne she cries, "Beware
"Of false deluding men."—*But let them, &c.*
Gleed Sandy he came west ae night,
And spier'd when I saw Pate;
And ay sinsyne the neighbours round
They jeer me ear' and late.
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 on me;
Waiting on me, my love,
He's waiting on me;
For he's low down, he's in the broom,
That's waiting on me.

YE SHEPHERDS OF THIS PLEASANT VALE.

WRITTEN

By WILLIAM HAMILTON, Esq. Bangour.

THE SAME AIR.

Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale,
Where Yarrow glides along,
Forsake your rural toils, and join,
In my triumphant song.
She grants! she yields!—one heavenly smile
Atones her long delays;
One happy minute crowns the pains
Of many suffering days.
• Yarrow, how dear thy stream!
Thy beauteous banks how blest!
For there 't was first my loveliest maid
A mutual flame confest.

Raise, raise the victor notes of joy,
These suffering days are o'er;
Love satiates now his boundless wish
From beauty's boundless store:
No doubtful hopes, no anxious fears,
This rising calm destroy;
Now every prospect smiles around,
All opening into joy.—*Yarrow, &c.*

The sun with double lustre shone
That dear consenting hour;
Brighten'd each hill, and o'er each vale
New colour'd ev'ry flower:
The gales their gentle sighs withheld,
No leaf was seen to move;
The hov'ring songsters round were mute,
And wonder hush'd the grove.—*Yarrow, &c.*

The hills and dales no more resound
The lambkin's tender cry;
Without one murmur Yarrow stole
In dimpling silence by:
All nature seem'd in still repose
Her voice alone to hear,
That gently roll'd the tuneful wave,—
She spoke and blest my ear.—*Yarrow, &c.*

"Take, take, whate'er of bliss or joy,
"You fondly fancy mine;
"Whate'er of joy or bliss I boast,
"Love renders wholly thine!"
The woods struck up to the soft gale,
The leaves were seen to move,
The feather'd choir resum'd their voice,
And wonder fill'd the grove.—*Yarrow, &c.*

The hills and dales again resound
The lambkin's tender cry;
With all his murmurs Yarrow trill'd
The song of triumph by.
Above, beneath, around, all on,
Was verdure, beauty, song;
I snatch'd her to my trembling breast,
All nature joy'd along.
Yarrow, how dear thy stream!
Thy beauteous banks how blest!
For there 'twas first my loveliest maid
A mutual flame confest!

* These four lines were added by BURNS, without which the Stanzas would have been too short for the Air.

My daddy is a canker'd carle.

86

ANDANTINO

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in C major, 4/4 time, marked 'ANDANTINO'. The piano part features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody enters with the lyrics 'My daddy is a canker'd carle, Hæll nae twine wi' his gear, My min ny she's a scolding wife, Hads a' the house a' steer. But let them do or let them say It's a' ane to me For he's low down he's in the broom That's waiting on me. Waiting on me my love He's waiting on me For he's low down he's in the broom That's waiting on me.' The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, time signatures, key signatures, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano). There are also some handwritten annotations, including 's.' above the first vocal line and 'p' above the piano introduction.

My daddy is a canker'd carle, Hæll nae twine wi' his gear, My min ny she's a
scolding wife, Hads a' the house a' steer. But let them do or let them say It's a' ane to me For he's
low down he's in the broom That's waiting on me. Waiting on me my love He's waiting on me For he's
low down he's in the broom That's waiting on me.

Mourn hapless Caledonia

Andante
espressivo

6 7 8 9 10 11

Mourn hapless Ca... le... donia mourn Thy banish'd peace thy laurels torn Thy sons for va... lour

12 13 14 15 16

long renown'd Lie slaughter'd on their na... tive ground Thy hos... pi... ta... ble roofs no more In...

17 18 19 20 21 22

...vite the stranger to the door In smoky ru... ins sunk they lie The monuments of cru... el... ty.

p *fz*

* The above Sym^s and Accom^{ts} composed by Haydn and first pub^d in 1803.

MOURN, HAPLESS CALEDONIA, MOURN.

WRITTEN

By **TOBIAS SMOLLET**:

AIR—THE TEARS OF CALEDONIA.

COMPOSED FOR THIS WORK

By **Allan Masterton, Edinburgh.**

Dr Blacklock told Burns, that Smollet, who was at bottom a great Jacobite, composed these beautiful and pathetic Verses on the heart-rending proceedings of the Duke of Cumberland after the Battle of Culloden.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn,
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground!
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoaky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty!

The wretched owner sees, afar,
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain!
Thy infants perish on the plain!

What boots it then, in ev'ry clime,
Thro' the wide spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke:
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe, and merry lay,
No more shall cheer the happy day;
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains, but those of sorrow, flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe;
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh baneful cause! oh fatal morn!
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood;
The parent shed his children's blood!
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murdering steel:

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head;
Her helpless orphans cry for bread!
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies!

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my Country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat:
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow;
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn,
"Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!"

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS, &c.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

THE SUBJECT TAKEN FROM AN OLD SONG, BEGINNING IN THE SAME MANNER.

AIR—ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

ON a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
 For summer lightly drest,
 The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
 With love and sleep opprest;
 When Willie, wand'ring through the wood,
 Who for her favour oft had sued,
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
 Were seal'd in soft repose;
 Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd,
 It richer dy'd the rose.
 The springing lilies sweetly prest,
 Wild, wanton kiss'd her rival breast;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
 Her tender limbs embrace;
 Her lovely form, her native ease,
 All harmony and grace:
 Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
 A faltering ardent kiss he stole;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
 On fear-inspired wings;
 So Nelly, starting half awake,
 Away affrighted springs:
 But Willie follow'd,—as he should,
 He overtook her in the wood:
 He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
 Forgiving all, and good.

AS AMORET WITH PHILLIS SAT.

THE SAME AIR.

As Amoret with Phillis sat
 One evening on the plain,
 And saw the gentle Strephon wait
 To tell the nymph his pain;
 The threat'ning danger to remove,
 She whisper'd softly in her ear,—
 'Ah Phillis, if your peace you love,
 'That shepherd do not hear!

'None ever had so strange an art,
 'His passion to convey
 'Into a list'ning virgin's heart,
 'And steal her soul away.
 'Fly, fly, betimes, for fear you give
 'Occasion for a hapless fate.'
 "In vain," said she, "in vain I strive,
 "Alas! 'tis now too late!"

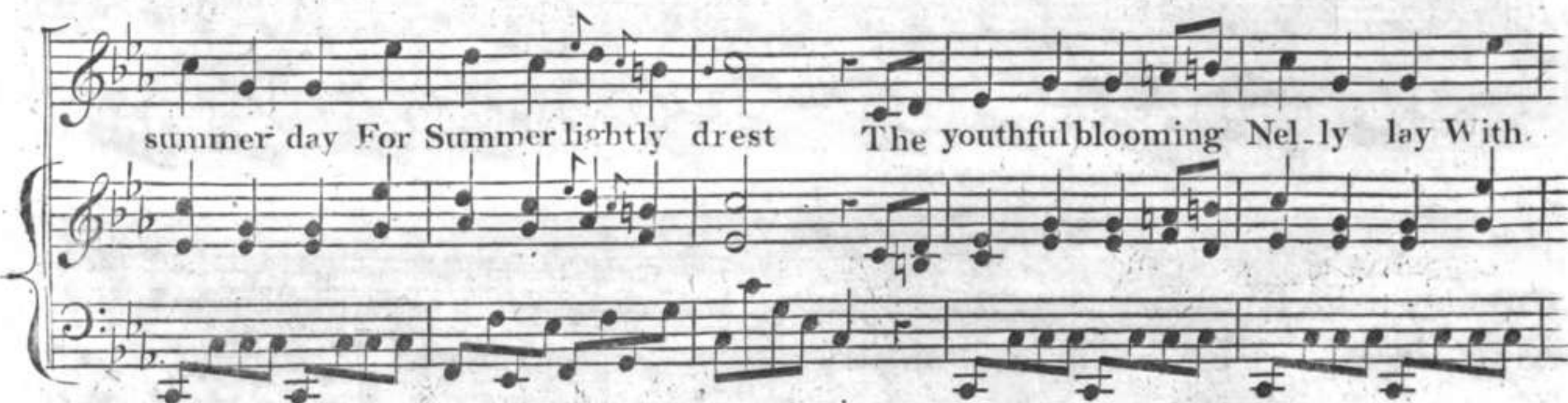
In the latter Song, a word is added to the sixth line of each Stanza, to fit it for the Air.

On a Bank of Flowers on a Summer Day. 88

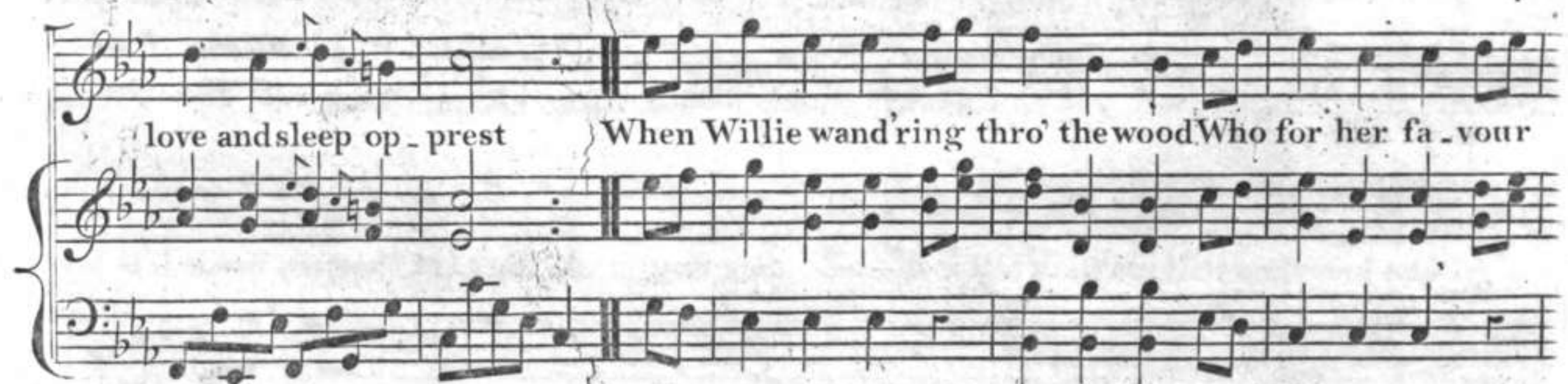
ALLEGRO
MODERATO



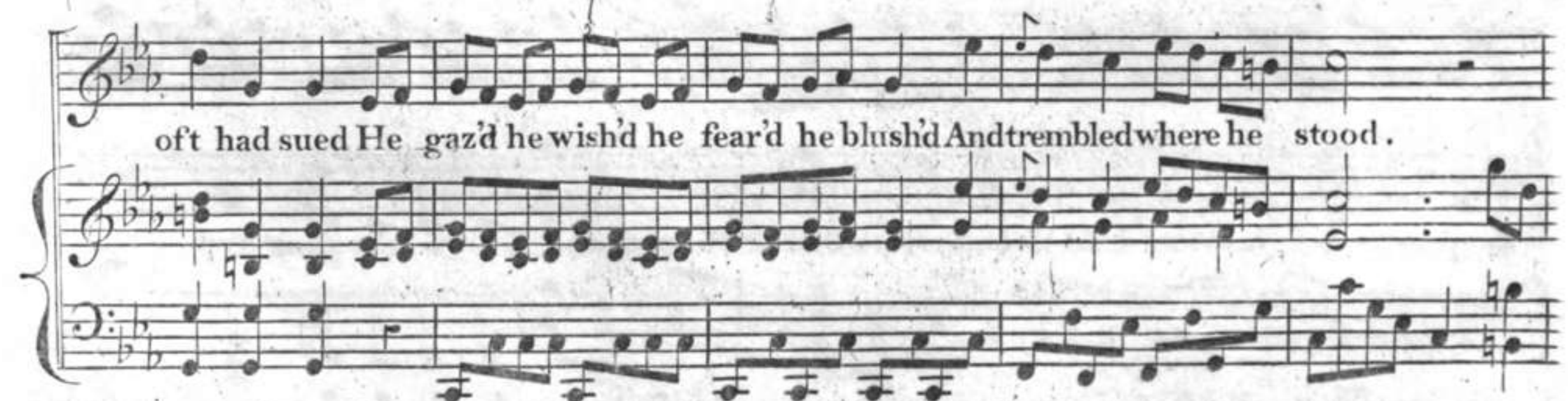
On a bank of flow'rs on a



summer day For Summer lightly drest The youthful blooming Nel-ly lay With.



love and sleep op- prest When Willie wand'ring thro' the wood Who for her fa- vour



oft had sued He gaz'd he wish'd he fear'd he blush'd And trembled where he stood.



O my Love's like the Red Rose

Allegretto *mez: voce*

O my Love's like the red, red rose That's newly sprung in June O my Love's like the melodie That's
sweetly play'd in tune; As fair art thou my bonie lass So deep so deep in love am I, And
I can love thee still my dear Till a' the seas gang dry As fair art thou my bonie lass So
deep so deep in love am I And I can love thee still my dear Till a' the seas gang dry

* Either the upper or under G

O MY LOVE'S LIKE THE RED RED ROSE.

FROM A MS. IN THE EDITOR'S POSSESSION.

AIR—WISHAW'S FAVOURITE.

COMPOSED

By Mr Marshall.

O MY Love's like the red red rose,
 That's newly sprung in June ;
 My love's like the melodie,
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.
 As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
 So deep in love, in love am I ;
 And I can love thee still, my dear,
 'Till a' the seas gang dry.—*As fair art thou, &c.*

'Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt with the sun,—
 I will love thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.
 And fare thee well, my only Love,
 O fare thee well a little while,
 And I will come again, my Love,
 Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile — *And fare, &c.*

THE WESTERN SKY WAS PURPLED O'ER.

WRITTEN

By SHENSTONE.

THE SAME AIR.

THE western sky was purpled o'er
 With every pleasing ray,
 And flocks, reviving, felt no more
 The sultry heat of day ;
 When from a hazel's artless bower
 Soft warbled *happy* * Strephon's tongue ;
 He blest the scene, he blest the hour,
 While Nancy's praise he sung.—*When from, &c.*

Let fops with fickle falsehood range
 The paths of wanton love,
 Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
 And sadden ev'ry grove :
 But endless blessings crown the day
 I first beheld fair Esham's dale ;
 And every blessing find its way
 To Nancy of the vale.—*But endless, &c.*

'Twas from Avona's banks the maid
 Diffused her lovely beams ;
 And every shining glance display'd
 The Naiad of the streams.
 Soft as the wild duck's tender young,
 That float on *sweetest* Avon's tide ;
 Bright as the water-lily sprung
 And glitt'ring near its side.—*Soft as the wild, &c.*

Fresh as the bordering flowers her bloom,
 Her eye all mild to view ;
 The little halcyon's azure plume
 Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed, so sleek,
 So taper, straight, and *wond'rous* fair ;
 Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
 How charming sweet they were !—*Her shape, &c.*

Far in the winding vale retir'd,
 This peerless bud I found ;
 And shadowing rocks, and woods conspir'd,
 To fence her beauties round.
 That nature in so lone a dell
 Should form a nymph so *heav'nly* sweet !
 Or fortune to her secret cell
 Conduct my wandering feet !—*That nature, &c.*

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
 But she would ne'er incline ;
 " Prove to your equals true," she cried,
 " As I will prove to mine.
 "'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow
 " Has won, *has kept*, my right good will ;
 " To him I gave my plighted vow,
 " With him I'll climb the hill."—*'Tis Strephon, &c.*

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
 I clasp'd the constant fair ;
 To her alone I give my youth,
 And vow my future care.
 And when this vow shall faithless prove,
 Or I these *dearest* charms forego,
 The stream that saw our tender love,
 That stream shall cease to flow.—*And when, &c.*

* The words printed above in Italics, in the 6th line of each Stanza, are added by the Editor, because that line is otherwise too short for the Air. There could be no other apology for lengthening it.

WHAR HA'E YE BEEN A' DAY.

WRITTEN

By H. MACNEILL, Esq.

AIR—THE LAMMY.

' **W** HAR ha'e ye been a' day, my boy Tammy ? The smile gade aff her bonny face—" I manna leave
 ' Whar ha'e ye been a' day, my boy Tammy ? " my mammy."
 " I've been by burn and flowery brae, The smile gade aff her bonny face—" I manna leave
 " Meadow green and mountain gray, (mammy.) " my mammy,
 " Courting o' this young thing, just come frae her " She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claise;
 " She's been my comfort a' my days—
 ' And whar gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy ? " My father's death brought mony waes—I canna
 ' And whar gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy ? " leave my mammy !"
 " I gat her down in yonder howe,
 " Smiling on a broomy knowe,
 " Herding ae wee lamb and ewe, for her poor mammy."
 " We'll tak' her hame, and mak' her fain, my ain
 " kind-hearted lammy !
 ' What said ye to the bonny bairn, my boy Tammy ? " We'll tak' her hame, and mak' her fain, my ain
 ' What said ye to the bonny bairn, my boy Tammy ? " kind-hearted lammy !
 " We'll gie her meat; we'll gi'e her claise;
 " We'll be her comfort a' her days;—
 " I prais'd her e'en sae lovely blue,
 " Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou; (mammy.
 " I preed it aft as ye may trow,—she said she'd tell her The wee thing gies her hand, and says,—“ There !
 " gang and ask my mammy.”
 " I held her to my beating heart, my young my smil-
 ing lammy ! (ing lammy !"
 " I held her to my beating heart, my young, my smil-
 " I ha'e a house, it cost me dear,
 " I've walth o' plenishan and gear;
 " Ye'se get it a', wer't ten times mair, gin ye will leave " But oh ! she's but a young thing, just come frae her
 your mammy.” " mammy ?"

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, TAM.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

T HOU hast left me, ever, Tam, thou hast left me ever, Thou hast me forsaken, Tam, thou hast me forsaken,
 Thou hast left me ever, Tam, thou hast left me ever ; Thou hast me forsaken, Tam, thou hast me forsaken ;
 Often hast thou vow'd that death Thou canst love another maid,
 Only should us sever : While my heart is breaking !
 Now thou'st left thy lass for ay—I must see thee never! Soon my weary eyes will close, never more to waken !

Whar hae ye been a' day.

90

Andante

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time, marked 'Andante'. The introduction features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with the word 'hia' written below the first measure. The first system of the song includes the lyrics 'Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy TAMMY' and is marked with 'for' above the piano part. The second system continues the lyrics 'Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy TAMMY I've been by burn and fleary brae'. The third system contains the lyrics 'Meadow green and Mountain greg, Courting o' this young thing Just come frae her Man my'. The score concludes with a final piano section marked 'hia'.

hia *for* *hia*

Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy TAMMY

Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy TAMMY I've been by burn and fleary brae

Meadow green and Mountain greg, Courting o' this young thing Just come frae her Man my

for

hia

Now Spring has clad &c.

The Sym^t & Accomp^t new, and first pub^d with the vocal part in 1821.

Andantino
con moto

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, marked 'Andantino con moto'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a steady accompaniment in the bass.

Now Spring has clad the groves in green, And

strew'd the lea with flow-ers; The fur-row'd waving corn is seen Re-

-joice in fostering show-ers. While il-ka thing in Na-ture join, Their

sor-rows to fore-go. O why thus all a-lone are mine The

wea-ry steps of woe.

Tho' this Air is to be found in another volume, yet its simple beauty, with that of the Sym^t & Accomp^t, and the great charm of the Verses, induced the Editor to unite them here.

NOW SPRING HAS CLAD THE GROVE IN GREEN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

The Air here united to the following beautiful Verses is substituted for the one in the former Editions, as being, in the opinion of the Editor, much superior to it, and better suited to the poetry.

AIR—THE HOPELESS LOVER.

Now spring has clad the grove in green,
And strew'd the lea with flowers;
The furrow'd waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers.
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of woe!

The trout within yon wimpling burn
That glides, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art:
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorcht my fountains dry.

The little floweret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine—'till love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom;
And now beneath the withering blast
My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lavrock warbling springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blythe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye:
As little reekt I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
Of witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall of care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
The wretch whose doom is, "hope nae mair!"
What tongue his woes can tell;
Within whose bosom, save Despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell!

WHY, CRUEL CREATURE, WHY SO BENT.

WRITTEN

By LANSDOWN.

THE SAME AIR.

Why, cruel creature, why so bent
To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent,—
Love throws in vain his dart.
Let glitt'ring fops in courts be great;
For pay let armies move;
Beauty should have no other bait,
But gentle vows and love.

If on those endless charms you lay
The value that's their due,
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,—
A thousand worlds too few.
But if a passion without vice,
Without disguise or art,—
Ah, Celia! if true love's your price,
Behold it in my heart!

HAD I A CAVE ON SOME WILD DISTANT SHORE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR—ROBIN ADAIR.

HAD I a cave on some wild distant shore,
 Where the winds howl to the waves dashing roar ;
 There would I weep my woes,
 There seek my lost repose,
 'Till grief my eyes should close,
 Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of woman-kind, canst thou declare,
 All thy fond plighted vows, fleeting as air !
 To thy new lover hie,
 Laugh o'er thy perjury—
 Then in thy bosom try
 What peace is there !

SINCE ALL THY VOWS, FALSE MAID.

The following interesting account of the plaintive Ballad called Cromlet's Lilt, is from the pen of Alexander Frazer Tytler, Esq. afterwards Lord Woodhouselee.

In the latter end of the 16th century, the Chisolms were proprietors of the estate of Cromlecks, (now possessed by the Drummonds.) The eldest son of that family was very much attached to a daughter of Ardoch, commonly known by the name of Fair Helen of Ardoch. At that time the opportunities of meeting betwixt the sexes were more rare, consequently more sought after than now ; and the Scottish ladies, far from priding themselves on extensive literature, were thought sufficiently book-learned if they could make out the Scriptures in their mother tongue. Writing was entirely out of the line of female education ; at that period the most of our young men of family sought a fortune, or found a grave in France. Cromlus, when he went abroad to the war, was obliged to leave the management of his correspondence with his mistress, to a lay-brother of the monastery of Dumblane, in the immediate neighbourhood of Cromleck, and near Ardoch. This man, unfortunately, was deeply sensible of Helen's charms. He artfully prepossessed her with stories to the disadvantage of Cromlus ; and, by misinterpreting, or keeping up the letters and messages intrusted to his care, he entirely irritated both. All connection was broken off betwixt them. Helen was inconsolable ; and Cromlus has left behind him, in the ballad of Cromlet's Lilt, a proof of the elegance of his genius, as well as the steadiness of his love.

When the artful Monk thought time had sufficiently softened Helen's sorrow, he proposed himself as a lover : Helen was obdurate ; but at last, overcome by the persuasions of her brother, with whom she lived, and who, having a family of thirty-one children, was probably very well pleased to get her off his hands, she submitted, rather than consented, to the ceremony ; but there her compliance ended ; and, when forcibly put into bed, she started quite frantic from it, screaming out, that, after three gentle taps on the wainscot, at the bed-head, she heard Cromlus's voice, crying, Helen, Helen, mind me ! Cromlus soon after coming home, the treachery of the confidant was discovered,—her marriage annulled,—and Helen became Lady Cromlecks.

N. B.—Margaret Murray, mother to these thirty-one children, was daughter to Murray of Strown, one of the 17 sons of Tullybardine, and whose youngest son, commonly called the Tutor of Ardoch, died in the year 1715, aged 111 years.

THE SAME AIR.

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.

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

Have I not graven our loves on every tree,
 In yonder spreading groves, tho' false thou be :
 Was not a solemn oath
 Plighted between us both,
 Thou thy faith, I my troth,
 Constant to be.

I'll have no funeral fire, nor tears for me ;
 No grave do I desire, nor obsequie.
 The courteous red-breast, he,
 With leaves will cover me,
 And sing my elegy
 With doleful voice.

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

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.

Oh had I a cave

DUET
Andante
espressivo



*The above Sym^d and Accomp^s composed by Haydn and first publ^d in 1803.

Come let me take thee to my Breast

Duet
Pace
Allegretto

The musical score is written for a duet in 2/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff for the vocal parts and a grand staff (treble and bass) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' and the mood 'Pace'. The score includes dynamic markings such as *fz* (forzando), *p* (piano), and *p* (piano). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

Come let me take thee to my breast And pledge we ne'er shall sunder And I shall spurn as vilest dust The
 Come let me take thee to my breast And pledge we ne'er shall sunder And I shall spurn as vilest dust The
 world's wealth and grandeur And do I hear my Jeanie own That equal transports move her? I
 world's wealth and grandeur And do I hear my Jeanie own That equal transports move her? I
 ask for dearest life alone That I may live to love her to love to love That I may live to love her I
 ask for dearest life alone That I may live to love her.
 ask for dearest life alone That I may live to love her.

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE TO MY BREAST.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

Miss Jean Blackstock, now Mrs Whiter, is the Lady to whom these beautiful Verses were addressed;

AIR—ALLY CROAKER.

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
 And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
 And I shall spurn, as vilest dust,
 The world's wealth and grandeur:
 And do I hear my Jeanie own,
 That equal transports move her?
 I ask for dearest life alone
 That I may live to love her.
To love, to love, that I may live to love her,
 I ask for dearest life alone
 That I may live to love her.

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure;
 I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share,
 Than sic a moment's pleasure:
 And by thy e'en sae bonie blue,
 I swear I'm thine for ever!
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never!
Never, never, break it shall I never!
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never!

NOW WESTLIN WINDS AND SPORTSMEN'S GUNS.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

Now westlin winds and sportsmen's guns,
 Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;
 The moorcock springs on whirring wings
 Among the blooming heather:
 Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
 Delights the weary farmer;
 And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night
 To muse upon my charmer.
*O my dear, my ain lovely charmer,**
How I delight to rove at night,
To muse upon my charmer!

Come, Peggy dear, the evening's clear,
 Thick flies the skimming swallow;
 The sky is blue, the fields in view
 All fading green and yellow:
 Come, let us stray our gladsome way,
 And view the charms of nature,—
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
 And every happy creature!
O my dear, my ain lovely charmer,
How I delight to rove at night,
With thee, my lovely charmer!

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
 'Till the silent moon shine clearly;
 I'll grasp thy waist, and fondly press 't,
 Swear how I love thee dearly:
 Not vernal show'rs to budding flowers,
 Not autumn to the farmer,
 So dear can be as thou to me,
 My fair, my lovely charmer!
O my dear, my ain lovely charmer,
How I delight to rove at night,
With thee, my lovely charmer!

* The lines printed in Italics are added by the Editor, merely for the sake of the Air.

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

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

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

O WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
Thy JEANY will venture wi' ye, my lad.
But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come nae unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Synae up the back style, and let naeboddy see,
And come, as ye were na coming to me,
And come, as ye were na coming to me.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
Thy JEANY will venture wi' ye my lad.
At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye cared nae a fie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
Thy JEANY will venture wi' ye, my lad.
Ay vow and protest that ye carena for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court nae anither, tho' joking ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy from me,
For fear that she wyle your fancy from me.

THE WHISTLE,—A BALLAD.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

As the authentic Prose history of the WHISTLE is curious, we shall here give it.—In the train of ANNE of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our JAMES the Sixth, there came over also a Danish Gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of BACCHUS. He had a little ebony Whistle, which, at the commencement of the orgies, he laid on the table; and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the Courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty Courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir ROBERT LOWRIE of Maxwellton, ancestor to the present worthy Baronet of that name; who, after three days and three nights hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table, "And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill." Sir WALTER, son to Sir ROBERT before-mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to WALTER RIDDEL of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir WALTER's. On Friday the 16th October 1790, at Friar's Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the Ballad, by the present Sir ROBERT LOWRIE of Maxwellton; ROBERT RIDDEL, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of WALTER RIDDEL, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and ALEXANDER FERGUSON, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir ROBERT; which last Gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.

THE SAME AIR.

I SING of a Whistle, a whistle of worth,
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North,
Was brought to the Court of our good Scottish King,
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.
Old LODA,* still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
"This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er!
"And drink them to hell, Sir, or ne'er see me more,
"And drink them to hell, Sir, or ne'er see me more."

Old Poets have sung, and old Chronicles tell,
What champions ventured, what champions fell;
The son of great LODA was conqueror still,
And blew on the Whistle their requiem shrill:
Till ROBERT, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquered in war,
He drank his poor godship as deep as the sea,
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he,
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus ROBERT, victorious, the trophy has gained,
Which now in his house has for ages remained;
Till three noble Chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renewed.
Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw;
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skilled in old coins;
And gallant Sir ROBERT, deep read in old wines,
And gallant Sir ROBERT, deep read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
Or else he would muster the Heads of the Clan,
And once more in claret try which was the man.
"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel replies,
"Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
"I'll conjure the ghost of the great RORY MORE,†
"And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er,
"And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."

Sir ROBERT, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turned his back on his foe or his friend,
Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,
And, knee-deep in claret, he'd die ere he'd yield.
To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day;
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wished that Parnassus a vineyard had been.
The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And every new cork is a new spring of joy;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;
Bright PHOEBUS ne'er witnessed so joyous a corps,
And vowed that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till CYNTHIA hinted he'd see them next morn.
Six bottles a piece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir ROBERT, to finish the fight,
Turned o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare ungodly would wage;
A high-ruling elder to wallow in wine!
He left the foul business to folks less divine.
The gallant Sir ROBERT fought hard to the end;
But who can with Fate and Quart Bumpers contend?
Tho' Fate said a hero should perish in light;
So up rose bright PHOEBUS—and down fell the knight!
So up rose bright PHOEBUS—and down fell the knight!

Next up rose our bard, like a prophet in drink:
"Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink!
"But if thou wouldst flourish immortal in rhyme,
"Come, one bottle more, and have at the sublime!
"Thy line that have struggled for freedom with BAUCH,
"Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:
"So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
"The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!
"The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!"

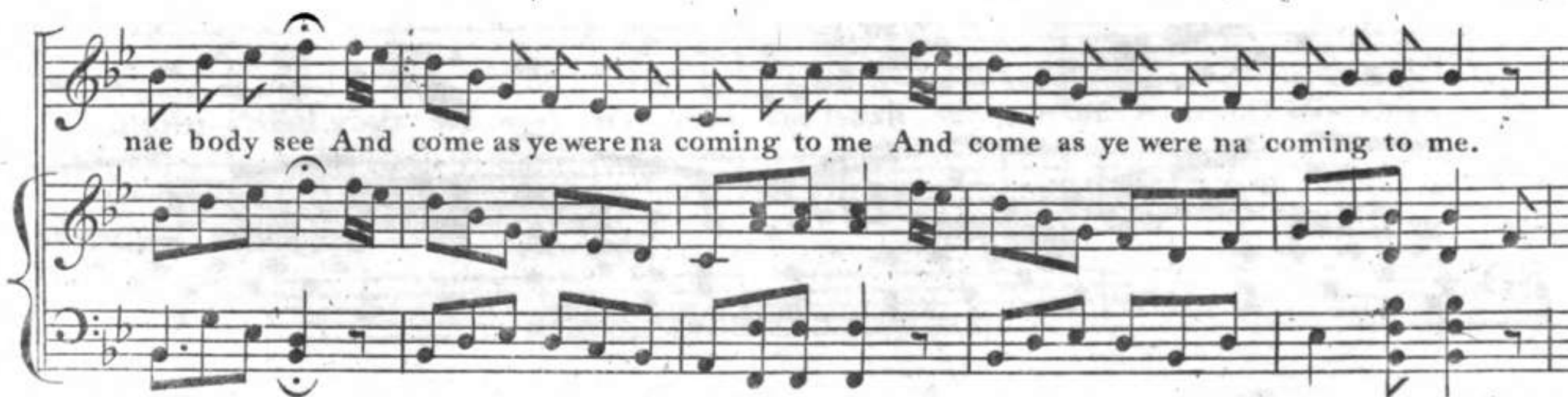
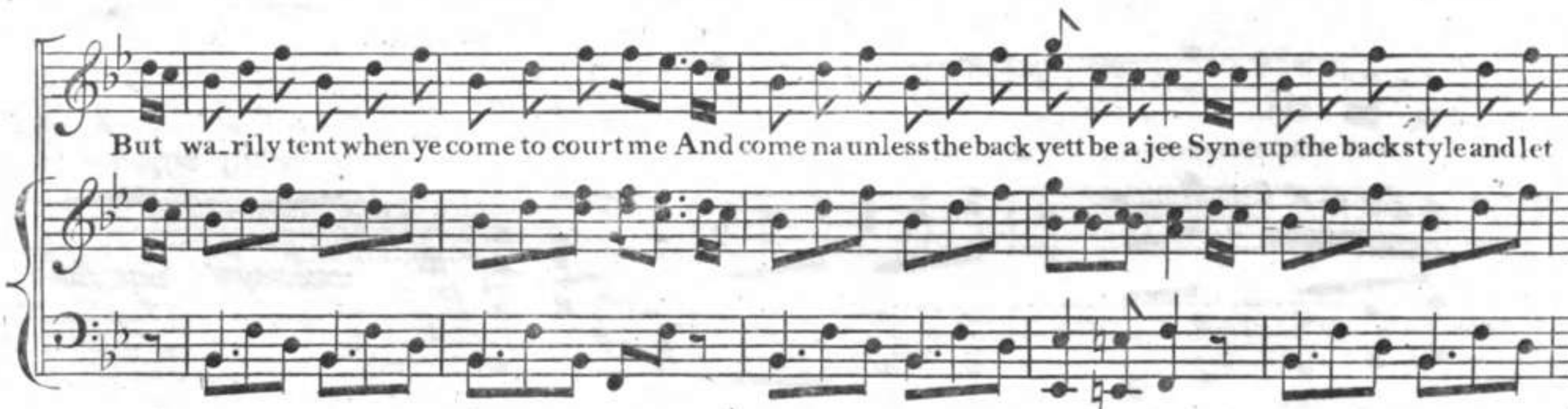
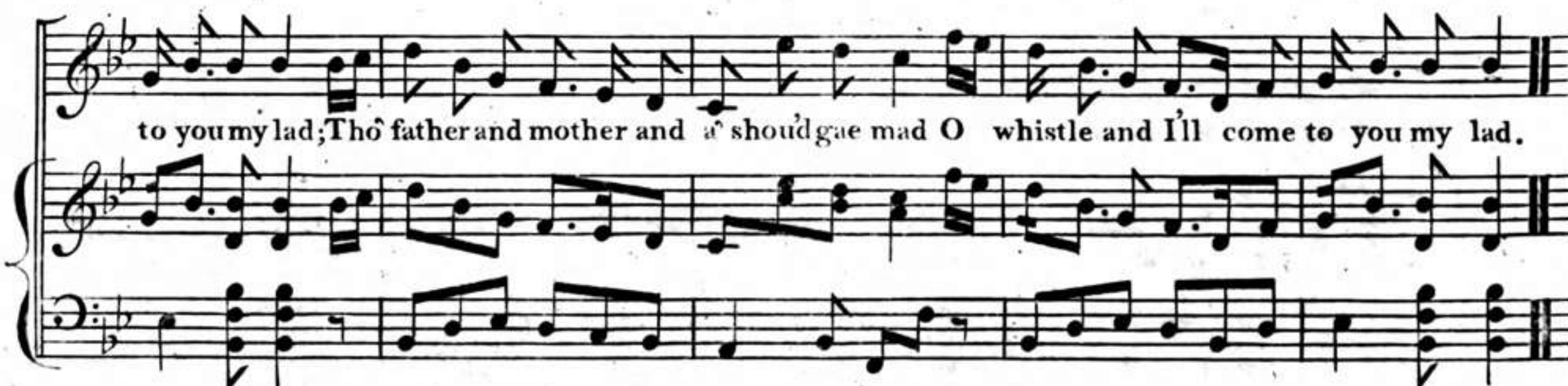
* See ORNSTAN'S Carriethura.

† See JOHNSON'S Tour to the Hebrides.

O whistle and I'll come to you.

94

Allegretto.



* The Sym. & Accomp^t simplified as above by M^r K. 1801.

Their groves of Sweet Myrtle

ANDANTINO

Their groves of sweet

myrtle let foreign lands reckon Where bright beaming Summers ex-ult the perfume, Far dear-er to me you lone

When o' green breckan, 't' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom Far dearer to me are von

humble broombowrs Where the blue bell and gowan lurk lowly un seen, Far there lightly tripping a -

mang the wild flow'rs A list'ning the linnet oft wanders my Jean. For there lightly tripping a -

mang the wild flow'rs A list'ning the linnet oft wanders my Jean.

THEIR GROVES OF SWEET MYRTLE, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

The Jean of this inimitable Song is Mrs Burns.

AIR—THE HUMOURS OF GLEN.

<p>THEIR groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon, Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume ; Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan, Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom : Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers, Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk, lowly, unseen ; For there lightly tripping amang the wild flowers, A-listening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean.</p>	<p>Tho' rich is the breeze in <i>their</i> gay sunny vallies, And could Caledonia's blast on the wave ; Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace, What are they?—the haunt of the Tyrant and Slave ! The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains, The brave Caledonian views with disdain ; He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains, Save Love's willing fetters, the chains of his Jean.</p>
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FAREWELL, DEAR MISTRESS OF MY SOUL.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

IRISH AIR.

FAREWELL, dear mistress of my soul,
 The measur'd time is run !
 The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
 So marks his latest sun !
 To what dark cave of frozen night,
 Alas ! shall thy poor wand'rer hie ?
 Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
 The sun of all his joy.

We part—but by these precious drops,
 That fill thy lovely eyes !
 No other light shall guide my steps
 Till thy bright beams arise.
 She, the fair sun of all her sex,
 Has blest my happy, glorious day ;
 And ne'er shall glimmering planet fix
 My worship to its ray.

COME, ALL YE YOUTHS, &c.

WRITTEN

By OTWAY.

THE SAME AIR.

COME, all ye youths, whose hearts e'er bled,
 By cruel beauty's pride ;
 Bring each a garland on his head,
 Let none his sorrows hide :
 But hand in hand around me move,
 Singing the saddest tales of love ;
 And see, when your complaints ye join,
 If your wrongs equal mine.

The happiest mortal once was I,
 My heart no sorrows knew :
 Pity the pain with which I die,
 But ask not whence it grew ;
 Yet, if a tempting fair you find,
 That's very lovely, very kind,
 Tho' bright as Heaven, whose stamp she bears,
 Be wise and shun her snares.

••• The Critical Reader will perceive, that the last line in each Stanza of the preceding Song is slightly altered to suit it for the Air.

Farewell, dear. Mistress of my Soul. 96

Andante
Espressivo

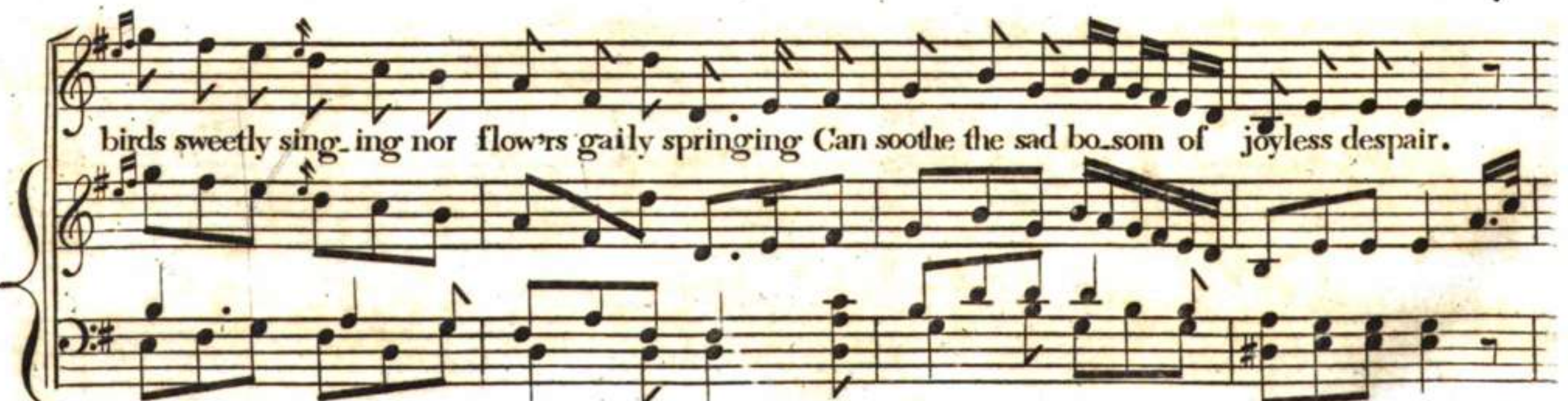
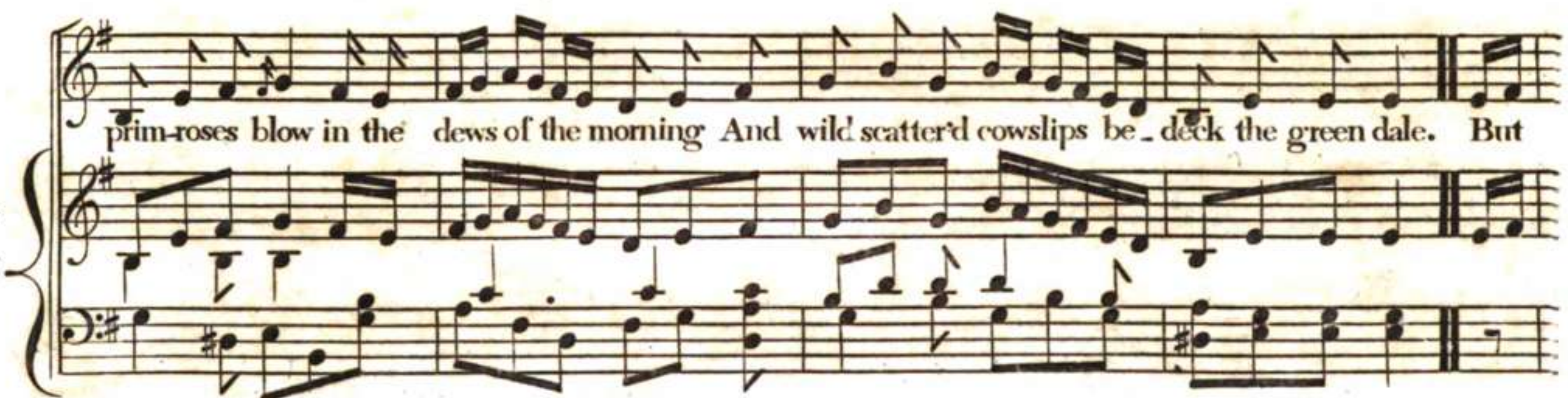
The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in B-flat major, 4/4 time, marked 'Andante' and 'Espressivo'. The introduction features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal entry occurs at the second measure of the piano part, with the lyrics 'Fare - wel, dear mis - tress'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'of my soul The measur'd time is run! The wretch beneath the drea - ry pole So marks his lat - est sun. To what dark cave of fro - zen night A - las shall thy poor wanderer hie De - privd of thee his life and light The sun of all his joy.' The score concludes with a final piano cadence.

Fare - wel, dear mis - tress

of my soul The measur'd time is run! The wretch beneath the drea - ry pole So

marks his lat - est sun. To what dark cave of fro - zen night A - las shall thy poor

wanderer hie De - privd of thee his life and light The sun of all his joy.

*The small Birds rejoice*Andantino
espressivo

THE SMALL BIRDS REJOICE, &c.

FROM A MS.

By BURNS.

These admirable Stanzas are supposed to be spoken by the young PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD, when wandering in the Highlands of Scotland, after his fatal Defeat at Culloden.

IRISH AIR—CAPTAIN O'KAIN.

THE small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning, The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice?
 The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale; A king and a father to place on his throne!
 The primroses blow in the dews of the morning, His right are these hills, and his right are these vallies,
 And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale. Where wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can find none!
 But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair, But 'tis not *my* sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,
 When the lingering moments are number'd wi' care? My brave gallant friends, 'tis *your* ruin I mourn;
 Nor birds sweetly singing, nor flowers gaily springing, Your faith prov'd so loyal, in hot bloody trial,
 Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair. Alas! can I make it no better return!

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

WRITTEN

By THOMAS CAMPBELL,

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY HIS PERMISSION.

THE SAME AIR.

ALONE to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube, From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was streaming,
 Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er; And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar,
 'O whither,' she cried, 'hast thou wander'd, my lover, And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
 'Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore? That melted in love, and that kindled in war:
 'What voice did I hear!—'twas my Henry that sigh'd! How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!
 All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd afar, How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!
 When, bleeding and low on the heath, she descried, "Hast thou come, my fond Love, this last sorrowful night,
 By the light of the moon her poor wounded hussar. "To cheer the lone heart of thy wounded hussar!"

'Thou shalt live,' she replied, 'Heaven's mercy relieving
 'Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn!
 "Ah no! the last pang in my bosom is heaving,
 "No light of the morn shall to Henry return:
 "Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true!
 "Ye babes of my love that await me afar—"
 His falt'ring tongue scarce could murmur adieu,
 When he sunk in her arms, the poor wounded hussar.

SLOW SPREADS THE GLOOM, &c.

The following Verses were found among the MSS. of BURNS, in his own handwriting, and therefore, as well as from their merit, have been supposed his composition; but the Editor has lately heard them attributed to Miss HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS, though with what justice he knows not.

IRISH AIR—SAVOURNA DELIGH.

SLOW spreads the gloom my soul desires,
The sun from India's shore retires :
To Evan-banks, with temp'rate ray,
Home of my youth, he leads the day.
Oh! banks to me for ever dear!
Oh! stream, whose murmurs still I hear!
All, all my hopes of bliss reside
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound,
Ye lavish woods that wave around,
And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
Which sweetly winds so far below;
What secret charm to mem'ry brings,
All that on Evan's border springs!
Sweet banks! ye bloom by Mary's side;
Blest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde.

And she in simple beauty drest,
Whose image lives within my breast;
Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
And long pursued me with her eye:
Does she, with heart unchang'd as mine,
Oft in the vocal bowers recline!
Or, where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde!

Can all the wealth of India's coast,
Atone for years in absence lost?
Return, ye moments of delight,
With richer treasures bless my sight;
Swift from this desert let me part,
And fly to meet a kindred heart!
Nor more may aught my steps divide,
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.

OH THE MOMENT WAS SAD.

WRITTEN

By Mr COLEMAN,

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETOR:

THE SAME AIR.

At the moment was sad when my love and I parted,
Savourna deligh shighan Oh!
As I kiss'd off her tears I was nigh broken-hearted,
Savourna deligh shighan Oh!
Wan was her chek which hung on my shoulder,
Damp was her hand, no marble was colder,
I felt that I never again should behold her,
Savourna deligh shighan Oh!

When the word of command put our men into motion,
Savourna deligh shighan Oh!
I buckled my knapsack to cross the wide ocean,
Savourna deligh shighan Oh!
Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder,
Pleas'd with the voyage, impatient for plunder;
My bosom with grief was almost torn asunder;
Savourna deligh shighan Oh!

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true love,
Savourna deligh shighan Oh!
All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you, love,
Savourna deligh shighan Oh!
Peace was proclaim'd—escaped from the slaughter,
Landed at home, the sweet girl I sought her,
But sorrow, alas! to her cold grave had brought her,
Savourna deligh shighan Oh!

Oh the moment was sad

98

With these

Oh! the moment was sad when my Love and I parted Sa -

vourna de - ligh shighan O! As I kiss'd off her tears I was nigh broken hearted Sa - vourna de - ligh

shighan O! Wan was her cheek which hung on my shoulder Damp was her hand no marble was colder I

felt that I never a gain should behold her Sa - vourna de - ligh shighan O!

* The above Sym^s and Accomp^{ts} composed by Haydn and first pub^d in 1803.

Now in her green Mantle

Andante

The musical score is written for piano in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of seven systems of staves. The first system is an instrumental introduction. The second system begins the vocal melody with the lyrics 'Now in her green'. The third system continues the melody with 'mantle blythe Na-ture ar--rays And lis--tens the lambkins that'. The fourth system continues with 'bleat o'er the braes, While birds warble welcomes in il--ka green'. The fifth system continues with 'shaw To me its de--light-less my Na nie's a--wa.'. The sixth system continues with 'shaw To me its de--light-less my Na nie's a--wa.'. The seventh system is a concluding instrumental passage. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, key signatures, time signatures, and dynamic markings like *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). Fingerings and breath marks are also indicated throughout the piece.

Now in her green

mantle blythe Na-ture ar--rays And lis--tens the lambkins that

bleat o'er the braes, While birds warble welcomes in il--ka green

shaw To me its de--light-less my Na nie's a--wa.

NOW IN HER GREEN MANTLE, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

IRISH AIR—COOLUN.

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw;
But to me it's delightless—my Nanie's awa'!

Thou lavrock that starts from the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn;
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',
Give over for pity—my Nanie's awa'!

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weat of the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blow!
They mind me o' Nanie—and Nanie's awa'!

Come Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay;
The dark, dreary winter, and wild driving snaw,
Alone can delight me—now Nanie's awa'!

O SUMMER, THY PRESENCE GIVES JOY TO THE VALE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By PETER PINDAR.

THE SAME AIR.

O SUMMER, thy presence gives joy to the vale,
The song of the warbler enlivens the grove!
The pipe of the shepherd I hear in the gale;
Alas! but I hear not the voice of my love.

Go, shepherds, and bring the sweet wanderer here,
The boast of her sex, and delight of the swains:
Go, shepherds, and whisper this truth in her ear,—
That the pleasures with Phillis have quitted the plains.

The lilies are drest in their purest array;
To the valleys the woodbines a fragrance impart;
The roses the pride of their crimson display;
But I see not the blush of the nymph of my heart.

If thus to the nymph ye my wishes declare,
To the cot she has left she will quickly return:
Too soft is her bosom to give us despair,
That sooner would sigh than another should mourn.

AWA' WI' YOUR WITCHCRAFT O' BEAUTY'S ALARMS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

IRISH AIR—BALLINAMONA ORA.

AWA' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms :
 O gi'e me the lass that has acres o' charms,
 O gi'e me the lass wi' the weel stockit farms.
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 The nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower in the morning that blows,
 And withers the faster the faster it grows ;
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes,
 Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white ewes.
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 The nice yellow guineas for me.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest ;
 But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
 The langer ye ha'e them, the mair they're carest.
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 The nice yellow guineas for me.

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1820.

Awa'wi your witchcraft &c.

100

Vivace

A handwritten musical score on aged paper. The title 'Awa'wi your witchcraft &c.' is written in cursive at the top. The page number '100' is in the top right. The music is in 6/8 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a lively, repeating eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand. The vocal line has lyrics written below it. The score is divided into systems, with measures numbered 1 through 16. The handwriting is elegant and typical of 18th or 19th-century musical notation.

A-wa'wi your witchcraft of
beauty's alarms, The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms O gi'e me the lass that has acres of charms O
gi'e me the lass wi' the wheelstock-it farms Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher Then hey for a lass wi' a
tocher Then hey for a lass wi' a to-cher The nice yellow guineas for me.



INDEX

TO THE

POETRY IN THE SECOND VOLUME,

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE FIRST LINE OF EACH SONG.

FIRST LINES.	AUTHORS.	Page	FIRST LINES.	AUTHORS.	Page
A			N		
Adown winding Nith, &c.....	BURNS.....	66	Now rosy May, &c.....	BURNS.....	69
Ah, sure a pair was never seen.....	SHERIDAN.....	78	Now spring has clad, &c.....	<i>Ditto</i>	91
A lass that was laden with care.....	<i>Unknown</i>	82	Now westlin winds, &c.....	<i>Ditto</i>	93
Alas! the sunny hours are past.....	HAMILTON.....	85	O		
Alone to the banks, &c.....	CAMPBELL.....	97	O Logie o' Buchan, &c.....	<i>Unknown</i>	57
And O for ane and twenty, Tam.....	BURNS.....	59	O meikle thinks my love, &c.....	BURNS.....	73
As Amoret with Phillis sat.....	<i>Unknown</i>	88	O my love's like, &c.....	<i>Unknown</i>	89
As walking forth, &c.....	<i>Unknown</i>	83	On a bank of flowers, &c.....	BURNS.....	88
Awa' wi' your witchcraft, &c.....	BURNS.....	100	O send Lewie Gordon hame.....	<i>Unknown</i>	74
B			O summer, thy presence, &c.....	PETER PINDAR.....	99
Beneath a green shade, &c.....	BLACKLOCK.....	84	O the moment was sad, &c.....	COLEMAN.....	98
Blythe, blythe, and merry was she..	BURNS.....	61	O this is no my ain lassie.....	BURNS.....	56
Blythe, blythe, blythe was she....	<i>Unknown</i>	61	O wat ye wha's in yonder town.....	<i>Ditto</i>	53
Blythe ha'e I been on yon hill.....	BURNS.....	58	O wat ye wha that lo'es me.....	<i>Ditto</i>	67
By Allan stream, &c.....	<i>Ditto</i>	79	O whistle, and I'll come to you.....	<i>Ditto</i>	94
C			O Logie o' Buchan.....	<i>Unknown</i>	57
Canst thou leave me thus my Katy..	<i>Ditto</i>	70	P		
Cauld blaws the wind frae, &c.....	HAMILTON, JOHN.....	59	Pho! pox o' this nonsense.....	<i>Unknown</i>	65
Come, all ye youths, &c.....	OTWAY.....	96	R		
Come, fill me a bumper.....	<i>Unknown</i>	71	Robin is my only jo.....	<i>Unknown</i>	60
Come, let me take thee, &c.....	BURNS.....	93	Roy's wife of Aldivaloch.....	Mrs GRANT.....	70
Contented wi' little, &c.....	<i>Ditto</i>	65	S		
D			Saw ye nae my Peggy.....	<i>Unknown</i>	63
Dear Colin, quit, &c.....	PETER PINDAR.....	58	Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled....	BURNS.....	74
F			Should auld acquaintance, &c.....	<i>Ditto, supposed</i>	68
Farewell, dear mistress, &c.....	BURNS.....	96	Slow spreads the gloom, &c.....	<i>Ditto ditto</i>	98
Farewell, thou fair day, &c.....	<i>Ditto</i>	76	Sweet Sir, for your courtesie.....	<i>Unknown</i>	62
For the sake of gold, &c.....	<i>Unknown</i>	64	Since all thy vows, &c.....	92
Farewell thou stream, &c.....	BURNS.....	80	T		
G			The gloomy night, &c.....	BURNS.....	85
Gin ye meet a bonny lassie.....	ALLAN RAMSAY.....	53	Their groves o' sweet myrtle, &c....	<i>Ditto</i>	95
H			The lawlands lads, &c.....	RAMSAY.....	78
Had I a cave, &c.....	BURNS.....	92	The last time I came o'er, &c.....	<i>Ditto</i>	80
Here's a health, &c.....	<i>Ditto</i>	75	The small birds rejoice, &c.....	BURNS.....	97
How hard's the fate of womankind..	<i>Unknown</i>	55	The smiling plains, &c.....	FALCONER.....	72
Husband, husband, &c.....	BURNS.....	62	The sun was sunk, &c.....	<i>Unknown</i>	64
I			The western sky, &c.....	SHENSTONE.....	89
If those who live, &c.....	THOMSON.....	54	Thou hast left me ever, Tam.....	BURNS.....	90
In summer when the hay, &c.....	BURNS.....	54	Thou'rt gane awa', &c.....	<i>Unknown</i>	72
I sing of a whistle, &c.....	<i>Ditto</i>	94	To the brook and the willow.....	ROWE.....	84
It was the charming month of May.	<i>Ditto</i>	69	The budding thorn and violets blue..	RICHARDSON.....	73
I've heard them lilting, &c.....	<i>Unknown</i>	81	W		
I've seen the smiling, &c.....	Mrs COCKBURN.....	81	Whar ha'e ye been a' day.....	MACNEIL.....	90
John Anderson, my jo.....	BURNS.....	51	What numbers shall the muse repeat	CRAWFORD.....	79
L			When I ha'e a sixpence, &c.....	<i>Unknown</i>	71
Last May a braw wooer, &c.....	<i>Ditto</i>	52	When Jocky was blest, &c.....	<i>Unknown</i>	57
Loud blaw the frosty breezes.....	<i>Ditto</i>	67	Whilst I alone, &c.....	<i>Unknown</i>	60
M			Why, cruel creature.....	LANSDOWN.....	91
Mourn hapless Caledonia, mourn...	SMOLLET.....	87	Wilt thou be my dearie.....	BURNS.....	77
My daddy is a canker'd carle.....	<i>Unknown</i>	86	Y		
My heart is a breaking, dear titty...	BURNS.....	66	Ye banks and braes, &c.....	<i>Ditto</i>	83
N			Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale...	HAMILTON.....	86
Now in her green mantle.....	<i>Ditto</i>	99	Ye woods and ye mountains.....	MALLET.....	82
			Yes, I'm in love, &c.....	WHITEHEAD.....	55

For the Appendix, containing Six DUETTS and GLEES, by BEETHOVEN, first published in 1820,—see Index to the Airs.

INDEX

TO THE

AIRS IN THE SECOND VOLUME.

*The Airs distinguished by this mark § are probably the oldest, as they are known to have been popular before the year 1724. Those marked thus || are known to be modern. And those with this mark * are said to be Irish.*

AIRS.	COMPOSERS OF THE Sym. and Accom.	AIRS.	COMPOSERS OF THE Sym. and Accom.
A		M	
Alley Croaker *.....Duet.....	KOZELUCH 93	Morag.....	KOZELUCH 67
Andro wi' his cutty gun §.....	Ditto 61	My jo Janet §.....	Ditto. 62
Auld lang syne §.....	Ditto 68	My lodging is on the cold ground *...Duet.....	PLEYEL 76
		My tocher's the jewel.....	KOZELUCH 73
B		O	
Ballinamona ora *.....	Ditto 100	On a bank of flowers §.....	Ditto 88
C		O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad *.....	Ditto 94
Captain O'Kain *.....	Ditto 97	R	
Coolun *.....	Ditto 99	Robin Adair *.....Duet.....	HAYDN 92
D		Roy's wife.....	KOZELUCH 70
Dainty Davie.....	Ditto 69	S	
F		Sae merry as we have been §.....	PLEYEL 82
Farewell dear mistress *.....	Ditto 96	Savourna deligh *.....	HAYDN 98
Farewell to Ayr.....	Ditto 85	Saw ye nae my Peggy §.....	KOZELUCH 63
For a' that and a' that.....	Ditto 55	T	
For the sake of gold.....	Ditto 64	The mucking o' Geordy's byre, &c. §.....	HAYDN 66
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae §...Duet.....	HAYDN 53	The braes of Ballenden 	Ditto 84
H		The flowers of the forest.....	KOZELUCH 81
Here's a health, &c.....Duet.....	KOZELUCH 75	The Highland laddie Duet.....	PLEYEL 78
J		The hopeless lover.....	KOZELUCH 91
Jingling Johnie.....	HAYDN 79	The humours of Glen *.....	Ditto 95
John Anderson my jo §.....	KOZELUCH 51	The Lammy.....	Ditto 90
John, come kiss me now §.....	Ditto 54	The last time I came o'er the moor §.....	HAYDN 80
K		The Lothian lassie.....	KOZELUCH 52
Katharine Ogie §.....Duet.....	Ditto 83	The Sutor's daughter Duet.....	HAYDN 77
Kind Robin lo'es me §.....	Ditto 60	The tears of Caledonia 	Ditto 87
L		The quaker's wife.....	KOZELUCH 58
Lewie Gordon.....	Ditto 74	This is no my ain house §.....	Ditto 56
Logie o' Buchan.....Duet.....	Ditto 57	Thou'rt gane awa'.....Duet.....	Ditto 72
Low down in the broom.....	PLEYEL 86	Todlin hame §.....	Ditto 71
Lumps o' pudding §.....	KOZELUCH 65	U	
		Up in the morning early.....	Ditto 59
		W	
		Wishaw's favourite 	Ditto 89

APPENDIX TO VOL. II.—FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1820.

DUETT—Dark was the morn.....BEETHOVEN...Letter G.	GLEE—Up, quit the bower.....BEETHOVEN...Letter K.
Ditto—Their groves, &c.....Ditto.....H.	Ditto—Bonny wee thing.....HAYDN.....L.
Ditto—O my love's like the red red rose, Ditto.....I.	Ditto—There was a jolly miller.....BEETHOVEN.....M.