

*New Edition, 1826. With many Additions & Improvements.*

A SELECT COLLECTION  
OF  
**Original Scottish Airs**  
FOR THE VOICE  
*With Introductory & Concluding Symphonies  
And Accompaniments for the*  
PIANO FORTE VIOL FOR FLUTE & VIOLONCELLO

Mozart Haydn Weber Beethoven &c

WITH  
*Select & Characteristic Verses both Scottish & English  
Adapted to the Airs  
Including upwards of One hundred Songs by  
Burns*

*The whole collected by G. Thomson F.A.S. Edinburgh. in Five Volumes.*



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

*Price of each Vol. One Guinea*

Vol. 3 Ent<sup>d</sup> at Stationers Hall.

*The Vio. or Flute & Viol<sup>ce</sup> 6 Sh.*

London Printed & Sold by Preston 71. Dean St Soho- And by G. Thomson the Editor & Proprietor Edinburgh.

Litany 96

*G. Thomson*

2. August 1953-3



28/01/75





Painted by W. Hamilton R.A.

Engr. by J. Allen Thomson.

### ( THE SOLDIER'S RETURN. )

*She wistfully she gaz'd on me,  
 And lovelier was than ever;  
 Quoth she, a soldier once I toid,  
 Forget him shall I never.*

*Our hamble cot, humbly fire,  
 Ye freely shall partake it,  
 That gallant badge the dear cockade,  
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't.*

*She gaz'd—she reddened like a rose — See p. 22. Vol. I.*

Published as the Act directs Dec. 1844 by T. Preston Strand London & G. Thomson Edin.  
 and re-engraved for new Edition.







# P R E F A C E

TO THE

## NEW EDITION, 1826.

EMBELLISHED WITH THE ST CECILIA OF SIR J. REYNOLDS, AND OTHER FINE ENGRAVINGS.

**S**INCE the year 1818, when the Fifth Volume of the Scottish Work was published, Mr THOMSON having collected a considerable number of Melodies and of Songs, many of them new to the Public, and of great merit, he resolved to incorporate them with the rest of this work; but being quite averse from increasing the number of volumes, or the price of the work, he deemed it right to make room for the new Melodies and Songs by expunging a few of those formerly published, such as he found had not obtained any popularity; and by taking the music of the Jolly Beggars out of the Fifth Volume, and substituting

TWENTY-FIVE ADDITIONAL SCOTTISH MELODIES, with appropriate Songs, in the room of that Cantata. By these means, and by some other additions, he is now enabled to present the Public with all the pleasing Melodies which he has obtained from different quarters in the course of the last eight years, and with some that had previously been harmonised for him by Haydn, but not published. To a number of the Melodies, great additional interest has been given, by those renowned Composers, Beethoven, Weber, and Hummel; who, at Mr Thomson's request, have enriched them with Symphonies and with Accompaniments of great originality, and of the most exquisite beauty and elegance: proving themselves the worthy successors of Haydn, by whom above two entire Volumes of this Work, besides a great number of the Welsh Melodies, were harmonised; and upon which he bestowed the leisure of several years *con amore*: insomuch, that when he sent the last portion of his manuscript, he wrote thus emphatically to Mr Thomson, "I boast of this work, and by it I flatter myself my name will live in Scotland many years after my death."\*

Although the Piano-Forte Accompaniment by those great masters will alone be found a most satisfactory support to the voice in Chamber-singing; yet the additional charm of the Violin, Flute, and Violoncello parts, can scarce be conceived by those who have not heard them played.

The Poetry in these Volumes comprises the most select and complete Collection of Songs ever offered to the Public; a very large portion of which were written at the solicitation of the Editor, expressly for this work, by Robert Burns; and after his lamented death, by Sir Walter Scott, Professor Smyth, and Joanna Baillie. The work is also graced with several of the truly elegant Songs of Thomas Campbell, and Lord Byron; and it contains the best Songs of the olden time, and of Ramsay, Hamilton, Thomson, Smollett, Skinner, Macneill, Hogg, Cunningham, and many others.

This work has been out of print for a considerable time, on account of the additions and improvements which have now been introduced in it; also, because it was found necessary to re-engrave a very great number of the old Music Plates; and because the leisure of the Editor has been much occupied in preparing an Edition of the Melodies and Songs in ROYAL 8VO, with a Piano-Forte Accompaniment, now published in Six Volumes, embellished by many characteristic designs of Allan and Stothard.

### WELSH MELODIES—HAYDN, &c.

Mr Thomson has also published Three Volumes of SELECT WELSH MELODIES, collected by him in a Tour through North Wales, (till then little known to the Public, except as Instrumental Airs,) and adapted by him for THE VOICE; to which he united Characteristic Songs written by Burns, Sir Walter Scott, William Smyth, Samuel Rogers, M. G. Lewis, W. R. Spencer, Mrs Hunter, Joanna Baillie, &c.—while Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano-Forte, Violin, and Violoncello, were composed for them chiefly by Haydn and Beethoven, who arranged many of the Airs for two Voices. Here, therefore, the Melodies of Wales are placed upon a footing with those of Scotland and Ireland, by Poets of high rank, and by Musicians who have no equal.

### IRISH MELODIES—BEETHOVEN.

Mr Thomson has likewise published Two Volumes of SELECT IRISH MELODIES, with Characteristic Songs by many of the same Lyric Poets; and with Symphonies and Accompaniments of extraordinary beauty for the Piano-Forte, Violin, and Violoncello, composed wholly by Beethoven, who has also set many of the Airs for Two Voices.

Mr Thomson has an exclusive right, for the enlarged term of years granted by the Act 54 Geo. III., to all the Songs, and to all the Symphonies and Accompaniments written for his different Works above-mentioned. And as he did not obtain these without expending a large sum of money, and not till after elaborate researches, and a correspondence of many years with Poets at home and Composers of Music 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 in terms of the act of Parliament.

The following is extracted from the Edinburgh Review:

"It was on the suggestion of the Editor of the Work before us, that Burns engaged in the composition of those exquisite Lyrics which now constitute the noblest monument to his memory. They are often full of ardent and overwhelming passion, but they never tend to unsettle the principles of the young, by throwing down the barriers between vice and virtue. They may be sung by the purest without a blush, and listened to by the most innocent without danger. . . . Besides the best specimens of the older Scottish Poetry, and almost the whole of the Songs of Burns, this work contains a great number of original compositions by the most celebrated Poets of the present day; and the work has thus acquired a high degree of value in a literary point of view, independently of its value as a musical publication. . . . By obtaining the assistance of the great masters (Haydn, Beethoven, &c.), Mr Thomson has produced a body of Accompaniments for his Melodies, which, in respect to originality and beauty, we conceive to be wholly unrivalled."—*Edinburgh Review*, October 1823.

### LIST OF MR THOMSON'S PUBLICATIONS.

THE SCOTTISH Melodies and Songs, in 5 vols. *Folio*, 21s. each volume.

— WELSH Melodies and Songs, in 3 vols. do. 15s. do.

— IRISH Melodies and Songs, in 2 vols. do. 15s. do.

— Melodies and Songs of SCOTLAND, IRELAND, and WALES, with many humorous Engravings, in 6 vols. *octavo*, . . . 12s. do.

— Ditto, without the Engravings . . . 10s. 6d. do.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS, a Cantata, by Burns, containing Songs of extraordinary humour, by a Soldier, a Widow, a Fiddler, a Bard, and a Tinker, with Chorusses: all set to Music by H. R. Bishop. Price 7s.

THE Violin or Flute, and Violoncello Accompaniments to the *Folio* works. Price 6s. each volume.

Those already possessed of the 5th folio volume, published in 1818, may have the 25 additional Melodies and Songs now introduced into that volume, with Symphonies and Accompaniments by Beethoven, &c., at . . . 12s.

The above may be had of G. THOMSON, 140 Prince's Street, Edinburgh; and of T. PRESTON, 71, Dean Street, Soho, London.

Each genuine volume of those works bears at the foot of the Title-page the written signature of G. THOMSON.

\* Mr Radicati told Mr Thomson, that when he called at the house of Haydn in Vienna, while he was occupied with those Scottish and Welsh Melodies, he found the score of a great number of them beautifully written, put into little frames, and hung round the walls of his study,—so proud was he of the value which he had conferred on our national music.



# INDEX

TO THE

## AIRS IN THE THIRD VOLUME,

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THEIR NAMES,

WITH THE FIRST LINES OF THE SONGS.

*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 modern productions.*

THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS COMPOSED WHOLLY BY

HAYDN.

THE 2<sup>d</sup> NO. 125 BY WEBER EXCEPTED.

AIRS.	FIRST LINES.	Page.	AIRS.	FIRST LINES.	Page.
An thou wert mine ain thing §.....	An thou wert mine ain thing.....	120	O'er Bogie §.....	Well, I agree, ye're sure .....	140
Auld Robin Gray.....	When the sheep are in the fauld...	126		No more my heart .....	
Ay waking, O!.....	Duct.....Ay waking, O.....	111			
Bannocks o' barleymeal.....	Argyle is my name.....	129	Peggy, I must love thee § ....	Duct.....Beneath a beech's.....	124
Barbara Allan.....	'Twas at the hour of.....	130	Pinkie house §.....	By Pinkie house .....	146
Bessy Bell and Mary Gray §.....	It was in and about.....				
Boany Jean §.....	O Bessy Bell, &c.....	158			
	When Sappho tuned.....	131	Queen Mary's lamentation   .....	I sigh and lament me .....	113
				Hark! hark! 'tis a voice .....	
Down the burn, Davie §.....	Duct.....When trees did bud.....	103			
Ettrick banks .....	On Ettrick banks.....	101	Rothiemurcus' rant.....	Lassie wi' the lint white .....	121
				Fairest maid on Devon .....	
Fee him, father.....	Saw ye Johnie coming.....	110	Saw ye my father.....	Where are the joys .....	102
	Thou hast left me ever.....		Sensibility   .....	Sensibility, how charming .....	152
			Scornfu' Nansy § .....	I never said thy face .....	148
				Nansy's to the greenwood .....	
Gallashiels §.....	Ah the shepherd's, &c .....	141	Tak' your auld cloak about ye § .....	In winter when the i.....	142
			Tears that must ever fall   .....	A youth adorned .....	149
Hey tutti taiti § .....	Scots, wha ha'e wi' .....	133	The auld gudeman §.....	My Peggy's face .....	147
	I'm wearing awa' John.....		The blathrie o't.....	I gaed a waefu' gate .....	119
	Weel may we a' be.....		The birks of Abergeldie.....	Bonny lassie, will ye go, .....	156
			The blue bell of Scotland.....	Oh where, tell me where .....	135
If a body meet a body .....	O Tibbie! I hae seen the day.....	123	The broom of Cowdenknows § .....	How blythe ilk morn .....	123
Johny's grey breeks.....	'Twas ev'n, the dewy fields.....	108		When summer comes .....	
I wish my love were in a myre §.....	Agnin rejoicing nature sees.....	137	The death of the linnet.....	Duct.....But lately seen .....	139
	Bless'd as th' immortal gods.....		The ewie wi' the crooked horn.....	When Damon languish'd .....	106
			The lass o' Patie's mill §.....	O were I able to rehearse .....	117
				The lass of Patie's mill .....	
Killicrankie §.....	When Willy Pitt.....	127	Ye winds, &c. ....	How sweet this lone vale .....	134
	When Guildford good, &c.....		The lone vale.....	How pleasant the banks .....	
			The looking glass §.....	For you ye fair, &c. ....	113
Logan water §.....	O Logan sweetly didst.....	116	The shepherd's wife.....	How hard, &c. ....	112
	By Logan streams.....		The Troubadour.....	A rosebud by my, &c. ....	112
	For ever fortune.....			Glowing with love .....	2d 125
			The weary pund o' tow.....	He's far away .....	104
				Ye ladies all, &c. ....	
			The wee, wee man .....	O bonny was yon rosy .....	115
			Through the wood luddie § .....	O Sandy, why leav'st, &c. ....	143
				Alas! I perceive all .....	
M'Pherson's farewell.....	Farewell ye dungeons.....	144	Waes my heart that we, &c. § .....	Duct.....With broken words .....	109
Maggy Lauder §.....	Wha wadna be in love.....	125		Speak on, speak thus .....	
Mary l.....	Thou ling'ring star.....	114	What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man.....	What can a young .....	145
Mary's dream.....	The moon had climb'd.....	107		Since wedlock's .....	
My dearie an thou die §.....	Love never more shall give.....	122	William and Margaret   .....	'Twas at the solemn .....	105
			Wood and married and a'.....	The bride she is winsome .....	150







## On Ettrick banks

Haydn

*Andante  
espressivo*

On Ettrick banks in a summer night, At gloaming  
when the sheep came hame; I met my lassie braw and tight, Come wad...ing through the  
mist her lane. My heart grew light, I ran I flang My arms a...bout her  
li...ly neck; And kiss'd and clapt her there fu' lang, My words they were na mony feck.

*p Cres: f*



## ON ETTRICK BANKS, IN A SIMMER'S NIGHT.

AIR—ETTRICK BANKS.

ON Ettrick banks, in a simmer's night,  
 At gloaming, when the sheep drave hame,  
 I met my lassie, braw and tight,  
 Come wading barefoot a' her lane :  
 My heart grew light,—I ran, I flang  
 My arms about her lily neck,  
 And kiss'd and clapt her there fu' lang,  
 My words they were na mony feck.

Said I, my lassie, will ye gae,  
 To the highland hills and be my bride ?  
 I'll bigg thy bower aneath the brae,  
 By sweet Loch Gary's silver tide.  
 And aft as o'er the moorlands wide,  
 Kind gloaming comes our faulds to steek,  
 I'll hasten down the green hill's side,  
 Where curls our cozy cottage reek. \*

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

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,  
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,  
 I'll meet my lass amang the broom,  
 And lead her to my simmer shield.  
 There, far frae a' their scornfu' din,  
 That make the kindly hearts their sport,  
 We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,  
 And gar the langest day seem short !

\* The Editor has great pleasure in substituting the above beautiful stanza by a friend, instead of the one printed in the former editions of the Song, which is so much inferior to the other stanzas, as to seem the production of a different hand. But as the curious reader may wish to see it, the Editor has subjoined it.

I said, my lassie, will ye go,  
 To the Highland hills, the Earse to learn ?  
 I'll gie thee baith a cow and ewe  
 When ye come to the brig of Earn.  
 At Leith, auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,  
 And herrings at the Broomy-Law ;  
 Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,  
 There's gear to win we never saw !

## O NANCY, WILT THOU LEAVE THE TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By JOHN RICHARDSON, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

O NANCY, wilt thou leave the town,  
 And go with me where Nature dwells ?  
 I'll lead thee to a fairer scene  
 Than painter feigns, or poet tells.

In spring, I'll place the snow-drop fair  
 Upon thy fairer, sweeter breast ;  
 With lovely roses round thy head,  
 At summer eve shalt thou be drest.

In autumn, when the rustling leaf  
 Shall warn us of the parting year,  
 I'll lead thee to yon woody glen,  
 The redbreast's evening song to hear.

And when the winter's dreary night  
 Forbids us leave our shelter'd cot,  
 Then, in the treasure of thy mind,  
 Shall Nature's charms be all forgot !



WHERE ARE THE JOYS I HAVE MET, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By* BURNS.

---

AIR—SAW YE MY FATHER.

<p><b>W</b>HERE are the joys I have met in the morning,          That danc'd to the lark's early song?          Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,          At evening the wild woods among?</p> <p>No more a-winding the course of yon river,          And marking sweet flowerets so fair;          No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,          But sorrow and sad sighing care!</p>	<p>Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,          And grim surly winter is near?          No, no! the bees, humming round the gay roses,          Proclaim it the pride of the year.</p> <p>Fain would I hide what I fear to discover;          Yet long, long too well have I known,          All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,          Is Jenny,—fair Jenny alone!</p>
---	---

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,  
 Not hope dare a comfort bestow;  
 Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,  
 Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

---



# Where are the joys

Haydn

102

*Andante*



Where are the joys I have met in the morning, That danced to the Lark's early



song; Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring, At evening the



wild woods among.





103 *When trees did bud &c. &ir Down the burn Davie.*

*Duet*  
*Andante*  
*grazioso.*

*f* *p* *f*

When trees did bud and fields were green, And  
 When trees did bud and fields were green, And  
 broom bloom'd fair to see; When Mary was complete fif-teen, And love laugh'd in her eye  
 broom bloom'd fair to see; When Mary was complete fif-teen, And love laugh'd in her eye  
 Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move To speak her mind thus free Gang down the burn  
 Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move To speak her mind thus free Gang down the burn  
 Davie Love, And I shall follow thee.  
 Da-vie Loye, And I shall follow thee.

*p* *f* *p* *f*



## WHEN TREES DID BUD, AND FIELDS WERE GREEN.

WRITTEN

By Mr CRAWFORD.

## AIR—DOWN THE BURN DAVIE.

1.  
**W**HEN trees did bud, and fields were green,  
 And broom bloom'd fair to see;  
 When Mary was complete fifteen,  
 And love laughed in her e'e;  
 Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move  
 To speak her mind thus free,  
 "Gang down the burn, Davie, Love,  
 "And I shall follow thee."

2.  
 Now Davie did each lad surpass  
 That dwelt on this burn side,  
 And Mary was the boniest lass—  
 Just meet to be a bride;  
 Her cheeks were rosie, red and white,  
 Her e'en were bonie blue;  
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,  
 Her lips like dropping dew.

## BY THE EDITOR.

3.  
 As down the burn they took their way,  
 He told his tender tale,  
 Where all the opening sweets of May  
 Breath'd fragrance o'er the dale.  
 "Not May in all her maiden pride  
 "Is half sae sweet as thee;  
 "O name the day thou'lt be my bride,  
 "Thou'rt all the world to me."

4.  
 'Tho' Sandy ca's me sweet and fair,  
 'And boasts his sheep and kine;  
 'In vain he seeks me late and air,  
 'My heart is only thine.'  
 "Then hear me all ye heav'nly Powers,  
 "Protect this charming maid;  
 "I ask not gifts that Fortune showers,  
 "They're all by her outweigh'd."

\* \* \* *The third and fourth stanzas are here introduced instead of those which were written by CRAWFORD; who, though a sweet writer of pastoral lyrics, forgot in the latter half of this Song, that what may be very natural, is not always a fit subject to be treated graphically in verse. Indeed it may well be doubted, whether the stanzas alluded to, ever were tolerated or sung in good Society.*

## TRUST NOT YON LITTLE WINGED BOY.

WRITTEN UNDERNEATH THE DRAWING OF A FLYING CUPID.

By ANNA MARIA PORTER.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN A VOLUME OF POEMS COLLECTED AND EDITED BY JOANNA BAILLIE, 1823.

## THE SAME AIR.

**T**RUST not yon little winged boy,  
 Tho' beauteous he appears,  
 Each rosy smile he yields thee now  
 Thou wilt repay with tears.

Tho' bright with heaven's celestial dyes,  
 His flutt'ring pinions play,  
 Too oft upon those downy wings  
 He wafts our peace away.

The quiver, o'er his shoulders flung,  
 Bears many a venom'd dart;  
 Ah! who could think that one so young  
 Could act a traitor's part?

From Pleasure's brow the rose he steals  
 His tresses to adorn,  
 And woos the cherub Joy to lend  
 One leaf to hide its thorn.

So light his little sandall'd feet  
 Upon our portals tread,  
 We heed not that the urchin's nigh,  
 Until our heart is fled.

And then how vainly do we sue,  
 And ask it back again!  
 Laughing he holds it faster bound,  
 And links each golden chain.

Enthron'd on fleeting clouds he casts  
 A dimpled glance below,  
 And, glorying in his triumphs there,  
 Exulting mocks our woe.



## HE'S FAR AWAY, HE'S FAR AWAY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS HUNTER,

AND FIRST UNITED WITH THE MUSIC IN 1822.

AIR—THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

He's far away, he's far away,  
But surely he will come;  
Ye moments fly, pass swiftly by,  
And bring my Soldier home.  
Alas! I look, and look in vain,  
And listen to each sound,  
The joyless sun declines again,  
And so the days go round.  
He's far away, &c.

O may he come in happy hour  
My drooping soul to cheer!  
For him I'll deck my cypress bower  
With roses all the year.  
Alas! I look, and look in vain,  
And listen to each sound,  
The joyless sun declines again,  
And so the days go round.  
He's far away, &c.

The heavy clouds of sorrow fled,  
How bright the sun appears,  
But cheerless were the beams he shed,  
Seen dimly through our tears.  
Now, Hope again shall wake the strings  
To Pleasure's jocund lay,  
When Time upon his dusky wings  
Bears all our cares away.  
He's far away, &c.

*The Editor having long thought this very pleasing Melody, with its masterly Accompaniments, worthy of more interesting verses than those descriptive of a low drunken randy, with which the music has commonly been associated,—he flatters himself that in uniting it with the verses of Mrs Hunter, and adding, for the choice of the singer, the following spirited national song by Allan Cunningham, he has substituted gold for brass.*

## SONG OF THE MAIDENS.

WRITTEN BY

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

TAKEN BY HIS PERMISSION "FROM THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND," PUBLISHED BY HIM IN 1825.

THE SAME AIR,

*To be sung with much expression; and the last four lines of each stanza by two voices.*

YE ladies all of England  
Now wring your hands and mourn;  
For many a lord and lover  
Will fall at Bannockburn.  
To win their spurs of silver,  
Go all your gallant grooms:  
I see the gloves of ladye-loves  
Dance mid their dancing plumes.  
Weep all ye dames of England,  
Your mirth has lasted long;  
Now in your looks be sadness,  
And sorrow in your song.

And why should we have sadness?  
And wherefore should we sigh?  
Saint George, for merry England!  
I hear our horsemen cry.  
And see their war-plumes waving  
Black as the raven's wings;  
Our fatal shafts are flying—  
Hark to the thrilling strings!  
And see King Edward's standard  
Floats on the buxom breeze;  
Now all is merry England's  
That's girdled by the seas.

Here comes your lordly chivalry  
All charging in a row;  
And there your gallant bowmen  
Let fly their shafts like snow.  
Look how yon old man clasps his hands,  
And hearken to his cry—  
"Alas! alas! for Scotland  
When England's arrows fly!"  
Yet weep ye dames of England,  
For twenty summers past  
Ye danced and sang while Scotland wept—  
Such mirth can never last.

And how can I do less than laugh,  
When England's lords are nigh?  
It is the maids of Scotland  
Must learn to wail and sigh!  
For here spurs princely Hereford—  
Hark to his clashing steel;  
And there's Sir Philip Musgrave,  
All gore from helm to heel:  
And yonder is stout d' Argentine;  
And here comes, with a sweep  
The fiery speed of Gloucester—  
Say wherefore should I weep?

Weep all ye English maidens,  
Lo! Bannock brook's in flood!  
Not with its own sweet waters,  
But England's noblest blood.  
For see, your arrow-shower has ceased,  
The thrilling bow-string's mute;  
And where rides fiery Gloucester?  
All trodden under foot.  
Wail all ye dames of England,  
No more shall Musgrave know  
The sound of the shrill trumpet—  
And Argentine is low.

Thy chivalry, proud England,  
Have turned the rein to fly;  
And on them rushes Randolph—  
Hark! Edward Bruce's cry.  
Mid reeking blood the Douglas rides  
As one rides in a river;  
And here the good King Robert comes—  
And Scotland's free for ever.  
Now weep, ye dames of England,  
And let your sons prolong  
The Bruce—the Bruce of Bannockburn,  
In many a sorrowing song.



He's far away - Oh! The weary pund. Haydn.

104

*Andant.  
piu tosto  
Allegretto*

*f* *p* *ff*

He's far a-way, he's far a-way, But surely he will come; Ye moments fly, pass swiftly

by, And bring my soldier home. A-las I look and look in vain, And listen to each sound, The

joyless sun declines again, And so the days go round. He's far a-way, he's far a-way, But

He's far a-way, he's far a-way, But surely he will come; Ye moments fly, pass swiftly by, And bring my soldier home.

surely he will come; Ye moments fly, pass swiftly by, And bring my soldier home.



*'Twas at the fearful midnight hour: Sic: Margreth's ghost.*

*Larghetto  
espressivo*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part is in 6/8 time, featuring a melodic line with various dynamics including *p*, *f*, and *pp*. The vocal part is in 6/8 time, with lyrics written below the notes. The score is divided into several systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Twas at the fearful midnight hour, When all were fast asleep In guile Margret's grimly ghost And stood at William's feet Her face was like an April morn Clad in a wintry cloud And clay cold was her li-ly hand, That held her sa-ble shroud.

Vio Vio Vio Vio Vio Vio

*p* *f* *pp*

*S.* 'Twas at the fearful midnight

hour, When all were fast asleep In guile Margret's grimly ghost And stood at William's

feet Her face was like an April morn Clad in a wintry cloud And clay cold was her

li-ly hand, That held her sa-ble shroud.

*pp*

*S.*



# My Ewie wi' the crooked horn

Haydn

106

*Andante*

O were I a..ble to re..hearse, My Ewie's praise in pro-per verse; I'd sound it out as

CHORUS.  
loud and fierce, As e-ver Piper's drone could blaw. My Ewie wi' the crooked horn,  
My Ewie wi' the crooked horn,

A'that ken'd her could hae sworn; Sic a Ewie ne'er was born, Here a..bout nor far a..wa.  
A'that ken'd her could hae sworn; Sic a Ewie ne'er was born, Here a..bout nor far a..wa.



*The moon had climb'd, thr. Mary's dream.*

*Violino*

*Assai mosso.*

*p* *f*

*S.* The moon had climb'd the high-est hill, Which ri-ses o'er the

source of Dee, And from the eas-tern sum-mit shed Her sil-ver light on tow'r and tree When

Ma-ry laid her down to sleep Her thoughts on San-dy far at sea When soft and low a

voice was heard Say Ma-ry weep no more for me. *Violino*

*p*

*S.*

*S.*

*S.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a violin introduction in D major, marked 'Assai mosso'. The piano accompaniment features a flowing arpeggiated pattern in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody enters with the lyrics 'The moon had climb'd the high-est hill, Which rises o'er the source of Dee, And from the eastern summit shed Her silver light on tower and tree When Mary laid her down to sleep Her thoughts on sandy far at sea When soft and low a voice was heard Say Mary weep no more for me.' The score includes various musical notations such as dynamics (p, f), articulation (accents), and phrasing slurs. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C).



# THE MOON HAD CLIMB'D THE HIGHEST HILL.

WRITTEN

*By* ALEXANDER LOWE.

AIR—MARY'S DREAM.

**T**HE moon had climb'd the highest hill  
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,  
And from the eastern summit shed  
Her silver light o'er tow'r and tree.  
When Mary laid her down to sleep,  
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea ;  
When soft and low a voice was heard,  
Say, " Mary, weep no more for me !"

She from her pillow gently rais'd  
Her head, to ask who there might be—  
She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,  
With visage pale, and hollow eye ;  
" O Mary dear ! cold is my clay,  
" It lies beneath a stormy sea ;  
" Far, far, from thee, I sleep in death ;  
" So, Mary, weep no more for me

" Three stormy nights and stormy days  
" We toss'd upon the raging main ;  
" And long we strove our bark to save,—  
" But all our striving was in vain.  
" Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,  
" My heart was fill'd with love for thee :  
" The storm is past, and I at rest,  
" So, Mary, weep no more for me !

" O maiden dear, thyself prepare,—  
" We soon shall meet upon that shore,  
" Where love is free from doubt and care,  
" And thou and I shall part no more !"  
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,  
No more of Sandy could she see ;  
But soft the passing spirit said,  
" Sweet Mary, weep no more for me !"



## 'T WAS EVEN,—THE DEWY FIELDS WERE GREEN ;

OR,

## THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—JOHNNY'S GREY BREEKS.

'T WAS even,—the dewy fields were green,  
 On every blade the pearls hung ;  
 The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,  
 And bore its fragrant sweets along !  
 In every glen the mavis sang,  
 All nature list'ning seem'd the while,  
 Except where green-wood echoes rang  
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,  
 My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,  
 When, musing in a lonely glade,  
 A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy ;  
 Her look was like the morning's eye,  
 Her air like nature's vernal smile ;  
 The lily's hue and rose's dye  
 Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle.\*

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,  
 And sweet is night in autumn mild,  
 When roving through the garden gay,  
 Or wand'ring in the lonely wild :

But Woman, nature's darling child !  
 There all her charms she does compile ;  
 Even there her other works are foil'd  
 By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

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

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,  
 Where fame and honours lofty shine ;  
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,  
 Or downward seek the Indian mine :  
 Give me the cot below the pine,  
 To tend the flocks or till the soil,  
 And ev'ry day has joys divine  
 With the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

\* Variation.

Perfection whisper'd, passing by,  
 " Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle !"



*'Twas ev'n the dewy fields were green. - Haydn.*

*Andante quasi Allegretto*

'Twas ev'n, the dew-y fields were green, On ev'-ry blade the pearls hung, The

Zephyr wanton'd round the bean And bore its fragrant sweets a lang: In

ev'-ry glen the ma-vis sang, All na-ture list'ning 'seem'd the while, Ex...

-cept were greenwood echoes rang A-mang the braes of Bal-lochmyle.



With broken voice, 'tis, 'twees my heart that we should sunder.

109

*Duet.  
Andante  
r. pressivo.*

Violino

*f* *p* *sf/p* *sf/p* *p*

With bro-ken words and down cast eyes Poor Co-lln spoke his pas-sion tender And part-ing

With bro-ken words and down cast eyes Poor Colin spoke his passion tender And part-ing

with his Lu-cy cries Ah! woe's my heart that we should sunder. To others I am cold as

with his Lu-cy cries Ah! woe's my heart that we should sunder. To others I am cold as

snow, But kin-dle with thine eyes like tind-er From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go: It breaks my

snow, But kin-dle with thine eyes like tind-er From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go: It breaks my

Violino

heart that we should sunder.

heart that we should sunder.

*f* *p*



## WITH BROKEN WORDS, AND DOWNCAST EYES.

WRITTEN

*By ALLAN RAMSAY.*

AIR—WAE'S MY HEART THAT WE SHOULD SUNDER.

WITH broken words, and down-cast eyes,  
 Poor Colin spoke his passion tender;  
 And, parting with his Lucy,\* cries,  
 "Ah! woes my heart that we should sunder!  
 "To others I am cold as snow,  
 "But kindle with thine eyes like tinder;  
 "From thee with pain I'm forced to go,—  
 "It breaks my heart that we should sunder.  
 "Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,  
 "No beauty new my love shall hinder;  
 "Nor time nor place shall ever change  
 "My vows, though we're obliged to sunder.

"The image of thy graceful air,  
 "And beauties which invite our wonder;  
 "Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,  
 "Shall still be present, tho' we sunder.  
 "Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,—  
 "You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder:  
 "Then seal a promise with a kiss,—  
 "Always to love me tho' we sunder.  
 "Ye Gods! take care of my dear lass,  
 "That as I leave her I may find her;  
 "When that blest time shall come to pass,  
 "We'll meet again, and never sunder!"

## SPEAK ON, SPEAK THUS, AND STILL MY GRIEF.

WRITTEN

*By ALLAN RAMSAY.*

THE SAME AIR.

SPEAK on—speak thus, and still my grief,  
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under  
 Those fears that soon will want relief,  
 When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.  
 A gentler face, and silk attire,  
 A lady rich in beauty's blossom,  
 Alack, poor me! will now conspire  
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

Nae mair the shepherd wha excell'd  
 The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,  
 Shall now his Peggy's praises tell;  
 Ah! I can die, but never sunder.  
 Ye meadows where we often stray'd,  
 Ye banks where we were wont to wander,  
 Sweet scented rucks, round which we play'd,  
 You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder!

Again, ah! shall I never creep  
 Around the knowe with silent duty,  
 Kindly to watch thee, while asleep,  
 And wonder at thy manly beauty!  
 Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,  
 Tho' thou shouldst prove a wandering lover,  
 Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,  
 Nor be a wife to any other!

\* In the Author's edition of the Song, the name is GRISY, which the Editor has taken the liberty of changing into one that sounds more agreeably.



## SAW YE JOHNY COMING, QUO' SHE.

AIR—FEE HIM, FATHER.

'Saw ye Johnny coming,' quo' she,  
 ' Saw ye Johnny coming,  
 ' Saw ye Johnny coming,' quo' she,  
 ' Saw ye Johnny coming :  
 ' Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,  
 ' And his dogie running ;  
 ' Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,  
 ' And his dogie running,' quo' she,  
 ' And his dogie running ?'  
  
 ' O fee him, father, fee him,' quo' she,  
 ' Fee him, father, fee him ;  
 ' O fee him, father, fee him,' quo' she,  
 ' Fee him, father, fee him ;  
 ' For he is a gallant lad,  
 ' And a well-doing,  
 ' And a' the wark about the town  
 ' Gaes wi' me when I see him,' quo' she,  
 ' Gaes wi' me when I see him.'

" O what will I do wi' him," quoth he,  
 " What will I do wi' him ?  
 " He has ne'er a coat upon his back,  
 " And I ha'e nane to gi'e him."  
 ' I ha'e twa coats into my kist,  
 ' And ane o' them I'll gi'e him ;  
 ' And for a merk of mair fee,  
 ' Dinna stand wi' him,' quo' she,  
 ' Dinna stand wi' him.'  
  
 ' For weel do I lo'e him,' quo' she,  
 ' Weel do I lo'e him ;  
 ' For weel do I lo'e him,' quo' she,  
 ' Weel do I lo'e him :  
 ' O fee him, father, fee him,' quo' she,  
 ' Fee him, father, fee him ;  
 ' He'll ha'd the pleugh, thrash in the barn,  
 ' And crack wi' me at e'en,' quo' she,  
 ' And crack wi' me at e'en.'

## THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR, A LITTLE SLOWER.

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie,  
 Thou hast left me ever ;  
 Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,  
 Thou hast left me ever.  
 Often hast thou vow'd that death  
 Only should us sever ;  
 Now thou'st left thy lass for ay—  
 I must see thee never, Jamie,  
 I will see thee never !

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,  
 Thou hast me forsaken ;  
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,  
 Thou hast me forsaken.  
 Thou canst love another maid,  
 While my heart is breaking ;  
 Soon my weary eyes I'll close,  
 Never more to waken, Jamie,  
 Never more to waken !

*These Verses, with a very slight variation, are given to another Air in this Work.*



*Saw ye Johnie coming &c. Sir, Fee him father.* 110

*Allegretto  
scherzando.*

The musical score is written for a single voice and piano accompaniment. It begins with a short instrumental introduction in the piano part, marked 'Allegretto scherzando.' The melody is in a key with one flat (B-flat) and common time. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words in italics. The score includes a repeat sign with first and second endings. The piece concludes with a final instrumental flourish in the piano part, marked with 'S.' for sostenuto.

Saw ye Johnie coming quò she Saw ye Johnie coming Saw ye Johnie  
coming quò she Saw ye Johnie coming Wi' his blue bonnet on his head  
And his doggie running Wi' his blue bonnet on his head And his dog- gie  
running quò she And his doggie running And his doggie running.



# *Ay waking O! - Haydn.*

*Duet*  
*Andante*  
*espressivo*

Violino Violino

Ay waking O! Waking ay and weary; Rest I canna get For

Ay waking O! Waking ay and weary; Rest I canna get For

thinking of my dearie. O this Love this Love! Life to me how dreary.

thinking of my dearie. O this Lovethis Love! Life to me how dreary.

When I sleep I dream, O when I wake I'm eerie. O this Lovethis Love!

When I sleep I dream, O when I wake I'm eerie. O this Lovethis Love!



AY WAKING, O!

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL,

By BURNS,

THE FIRST STANZA EXCEPTED.

Ay waking, O!  
Waking ay and wearie,  
Rest I canna get  
For thinking on my dearie.  
*O this love, this love!*  
Life to me how dreary!  
When I sleep I dream;  
O! when I wake I'm eerie.  
*O this love, this love!*

Long, long the night,  
Heavy comes the morrow,  
While my soul's delight  
Is on her bed of sorrow,  
Can I cease to care,  
Can I cease to languish,  
While my darling fair  
Is on the couch of anguish?  
*O this love, this love!*

Long, long the night,  
Heavy comes the morrow,  
While my soul's delight  
Is on her bed of sorrow.  
Ev'ry hope is fled,  
Ev'ry fear is terror;  
Slumber ev'n I dread,  
Ev'ry dream is horror.  
*O this love, this love!*

Long, long the night,  
Heavy comes the morrow,  
While my soul's delight  
Is on her bed of sorrow;  
Hear me, Powers divine!  
Oh, in pity hear me!  
Take aught else of mine,  
But my Chloris spare me!  
*Spare, O spare my Love! \**

\* The line in the first Stanza, "Life to me how dreary!" and the lines printed in Italics, are supplied by the Editor for the sake of the Music.



A ROSE-BUD, BY MY EARLY WALK.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

---

AIR—THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE.

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,  
 Adown a corn inclosed bawk,  
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,  
     All on a dewy morning.  
 Ere twice the shades of dawn are fled,  
 In all its crimson glory spread,  
 And drooping rich the dewy head,  
     It scents the early morning.

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

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

\* This Song was written in 1787. Miss JEANY C\*\*\*\*\*K, Daughter of a Friend of the Bard, is the Heroine.

---

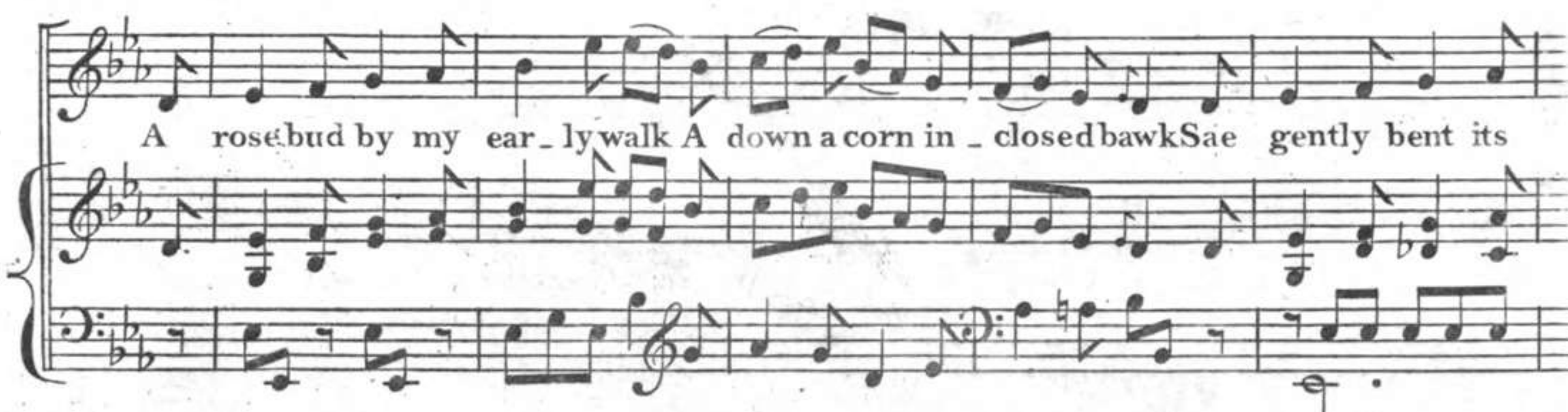
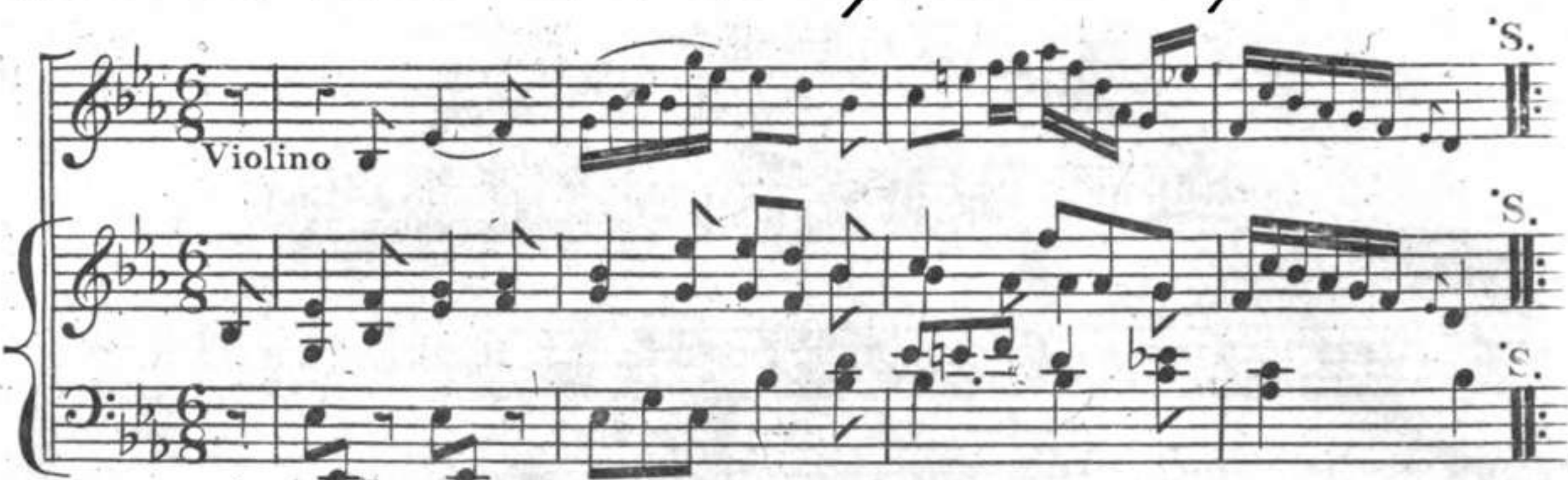


*A rosebud &c. Air, The Shepherd's Wife.*

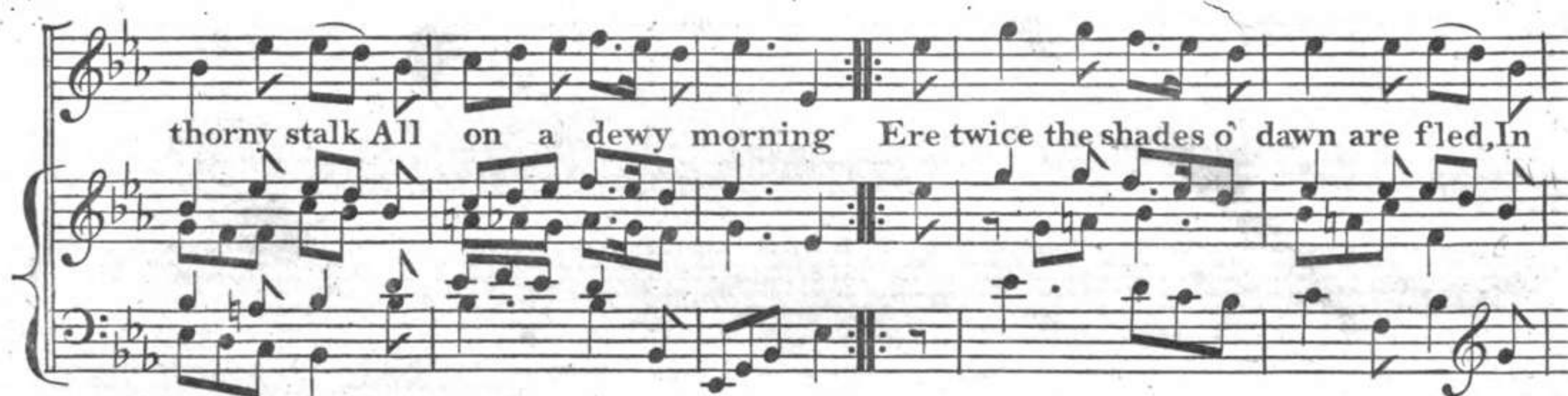
112

*Allegretto.*

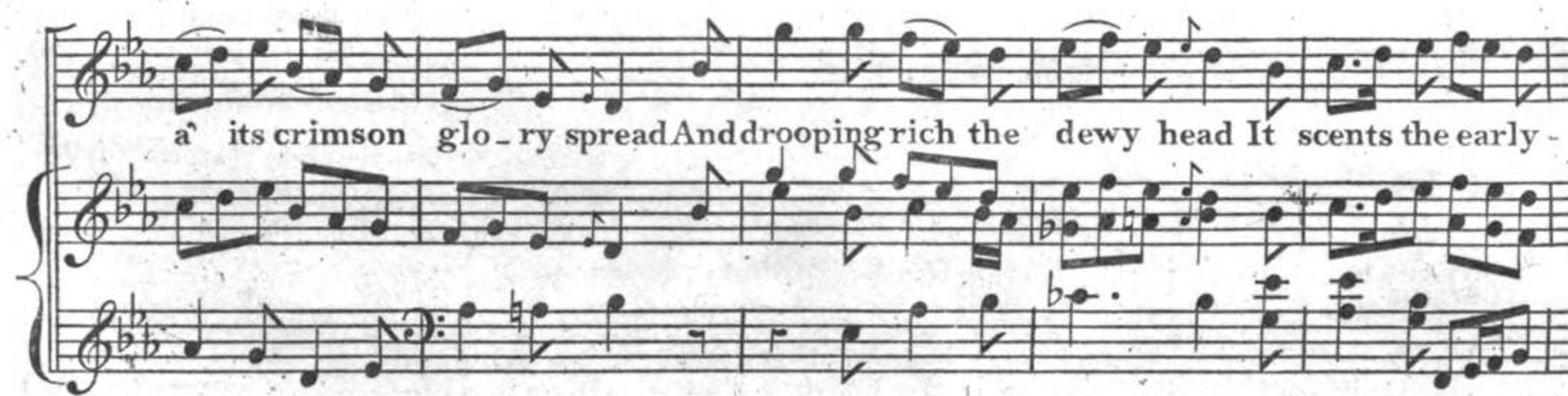
Violino



A rosebud by my ear-ly walk A down a corn in - closed bawksae gently bent its



thorny stalk All on a dewy morning Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled, In



a' its crimson glo-ry spread And drooping rich the dewy head It scents the early -

Violino



morning.



113 *For you ye Fair, & Air, The looking glass.*

*Un poco*

*Vivace.*

Un poco  
Vivace.

*p* *f*

*S.* For you ye Fair the o- live spreads For you the myrtles

blossom The low re- tiring vio- let sheds its fragrance, in your bo- - som

**CHORUS**

While in your native sphere you move And seek no high- er sta- - tion 'Tis

While in your native sphere you move And seek no high- er sta- - tion 'Tis

yours to lead in bands of love the Lords that rule cre- a- - tion.

yours to lead in bands of love the Lords that rule cre- a- - tion.

*p* *f* *S.*



FOR YOU, YE FAIR, THE OLIVE SPREADS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By Mrs GRANT.*

---

AIR—THE LOOKING GLASS.

**F**OR you, ye fair, the olive spreads,  
 For you the myrtles blossom ;  
 The low retiring violet sheds  
 Its fragrance in your bosom.  
 While in your native sphere you move,  
 And seek no higher station,  
 'Tis yours to lead, in bands of love,  
 The lords that rule creation.

But when let loose from modern schools,  
 In this blest age of reason,  
 The fair one laughs at antique rules,  
 And thinks them out of season.  
 She boldly hopes with lordly man  
 To share supreme dominion ;  
 Forgetful, while she forms her plan,  
 It lives but in opinion.

At first, with graces, airs, and smiles,  
 Each artless heart enchanting :  
 She soon forgets these common wiles,  
 For greater conquests panting :  
 On sportive wit and native charms  
 No longer has reliance,  
 But wrests from man his boasted arms,—  
 Philosophy and science !

While, dumb with wonder and affright,  
 She vainly thinks him dying,—  
 The lover, like a recreant knight,  
 His safety seeks by flying !  
 Tho' lofty flights a-while may please,  
 When novel and uncommon ;  
 'Tis modest worth, and graceful ease,  
 That charm in lovely woman.



# THOU LING'RING STAR, WITH LESS'NING RAY.

WRITTEN

By *BURNS.*

THE AIR BY MISS LUCY JOHNSTON, AFTERWARDS MRS OSWALD OF AUCHENCRAIG.

**T**HOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,  
That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
Again thou usher'st in the day  
My Mary from my soul was torn.  
O Mary! dear, departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,  
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,  
Where by the winding Ayr we met  
To live one day of parting love!  
Eternity cannot efface  
Those records dear of transports past,  
The image of our last embrace;—  
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

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

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

# AH! WHERE IS NOW MY SOUL'S DELIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *PETER PINDAR.*

THE SAME AIR.

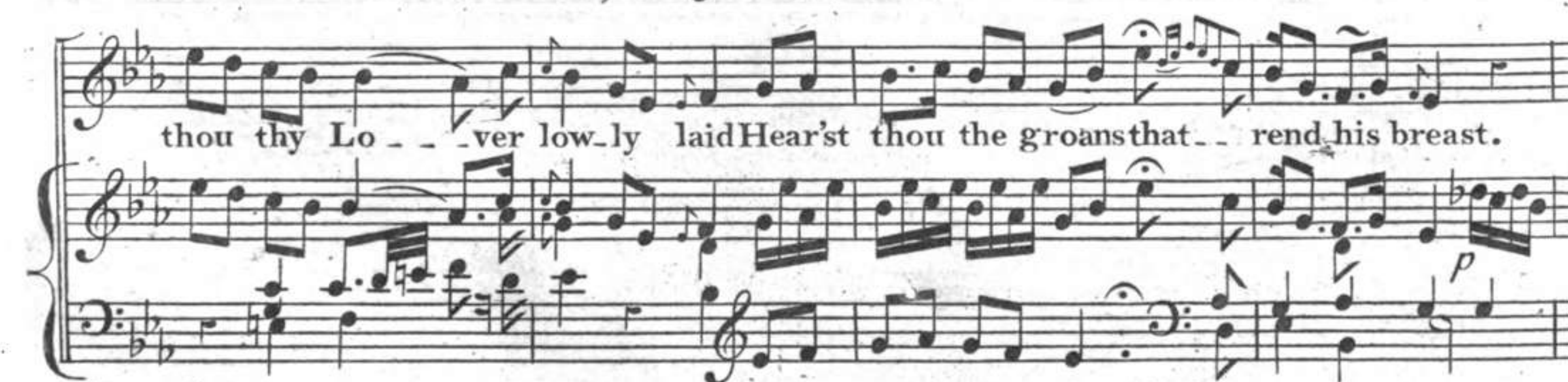
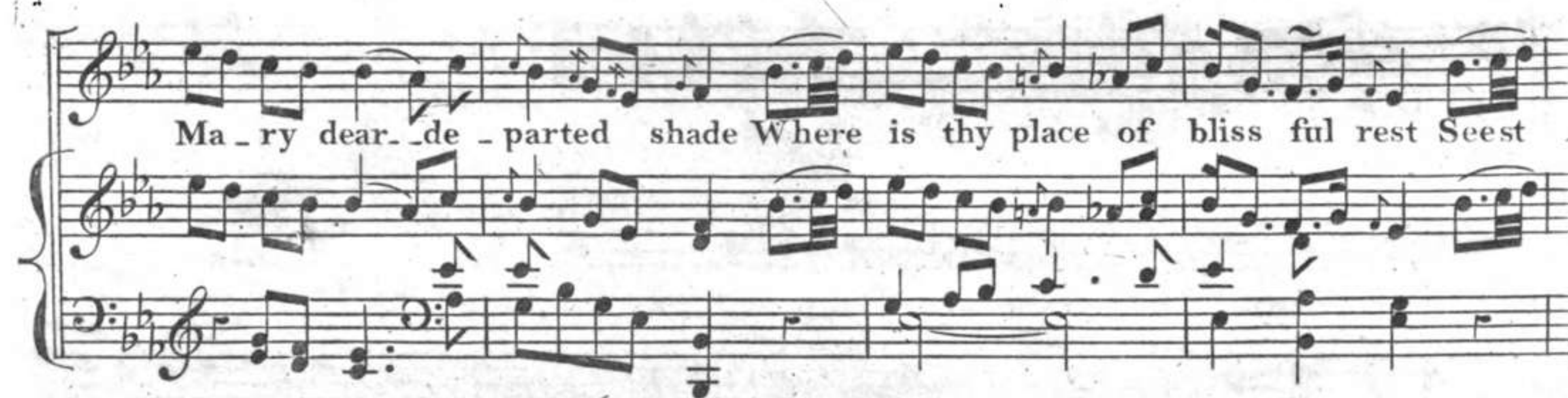
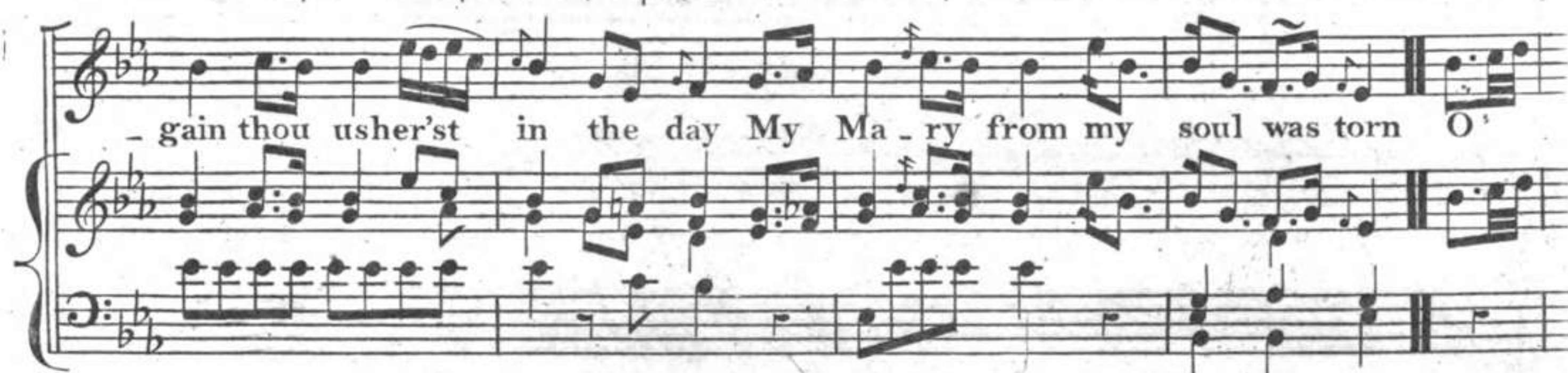
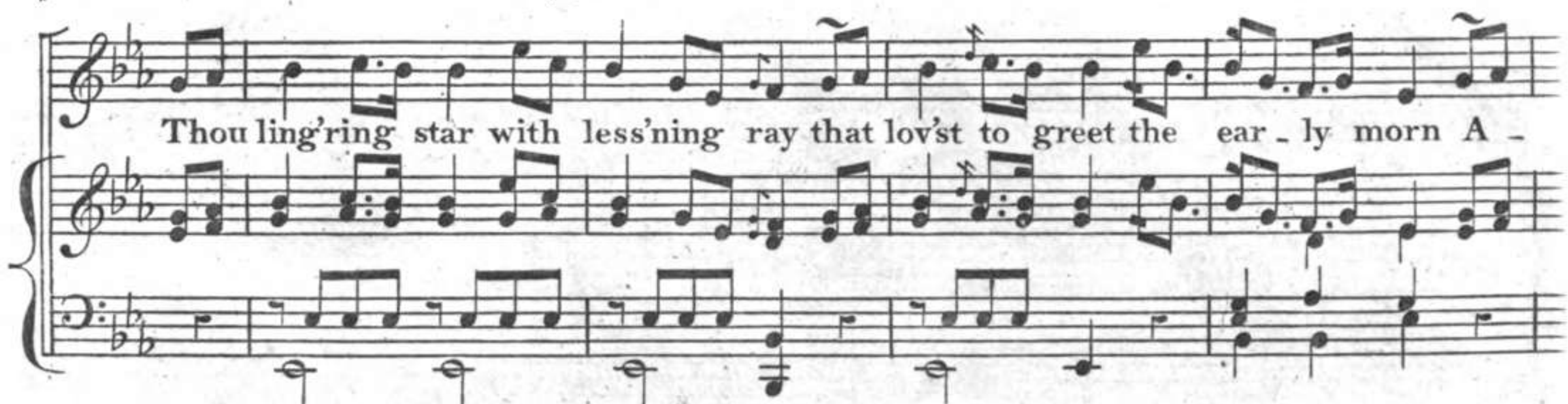
**A**H! where is now my soul's delight?  
In yonder grave my Lucy lies!  
The lip of fragrance smiles no more!  
She hears no more her lover's sighs!  
When winter spreads his freezing cold,  
And storms the world with horror sweep,  
I'll warm the sacred turf with tears,  
Where Lucy's clay-cold beauties sleep!

How oft the scene where Lucy rests,  
Has mark'd of health her cheek's pure glow!  
The scene where off her melting heart  
Has mourn'd the silent dead below.  
Adieu! for ever, ah, adieu!  
Whose form these eyes no more shall see!  
The drop thy lids no longer hold,  
Receive, O sweetest shade! from me.



114  
*Thou ling'ring star &c. Air Highland Mary.*

*Andante  
espressivo.*





115 *O' bonny was yon rosy brier - Air. The wee-wee. Han.*

ALLEGRETTO

O bonny was yon rosy brier, That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man And bonny she and

ah how dear! It shaded frae the ev'ning sun. Yon rose-buds in the morning dew, How

pure amang the leaves sae green But purer was the lover's vow, They witness'd in the

shade yestreen.



## O BONIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By BURNS.*

AIR—THE WEE, WEE MAN.

**O** BONIE was yon rosy brier,  
 That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;  
 And bonie she, and ah, how dear!  
 It shaded frae the ev'ning sun.  
 Yon rose buds in the morning dew,  
 How pure, amang the leaves sae green;  
 But purer was the lover's vow  
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,  
 That crimson rose how sweet and fair;  
 But love is far a sweeter flow'r  
 Amid life's thorny path o' care.  
 The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,  
 Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;  
 And I the world nor wish nor scorn,—  
 Its joys and griefs alike resign.

## WAFT ME, SOME SOFT AND COOLING BREEZE.

WRITTEN

*By LORD LANSDOWN.*

THE SAME AIR.

**W**AFT me, some soft and cooling breeze,  
 To Windsor's shady kind retreat,  
 Where sylvan scenes, wide-spreading trees,  
 Repel the raging dog-star's heat.  
 Where tufted grass and mossy beds  
 Afford a rural calm repose;  
 Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,  
 And fragrant sweets around disclose.

Where wealthy Thames, that flows fast by,  
 Along the smiling valley plays;  
 His glassy surface cheers the eye,  
 And thro' the flow'ry meadow strays.  
 His fertile banks with herbage green,  
 His vales with smiling plenty swell;  
 Where'er his purer stream is seen  
 The gods of health and pleasure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave,  
 With naked arm once more divide:  
 In thee my glowing bosom lave,  
 And stem thy gently rolling tide.  
 Lay me, with damask roses crown'd,  
 Beneath some osier's dusky shade,  
 Where water-lilies paint the ground,  
 And bubbling springs refresh the glade.

Let chaste Clarinda, too, be there,  
 With azure mantle lightly drest;  
 Ye nymphs, bind up her silken hair!  
 Ye zephyrs, fan her panting breast!  
 O haste away, fair maid, and bring  
 The Muse, the kindly friend to love,  
 To thee alone the Muse shall sing,  
 And warble thro' the vocal grove.



## O LOGAN, SWEETLY DIDST THOU GLIDE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

## AIR—LOGAN WATER.

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

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

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

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

## LOGAN WATER.

By JOHN MAYNE,

AUTHOR OF THE POEM OF GLASGOW.

*The following is the ballad of Logan Water, which Mr BURNS supposed to be old, and of which he says, in a Letter to Mr THOMSON, dated 7th April 1793, that he recollects only these two lines:*

*"While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
"Far, far frae me and Logan braes,"—*

*Which two lines he adopted as the burthen of the preceding Song. But the Editor has since been assured, that the two first stanzas of the Ballad were written in Glasgow in 1783, by the Gentleman whose name is now prefixed to it. Those two stanzas were printed in the STAR Newspaper of Saturday, May 23. 1789, signed with the initial letter of the Author's name, and were given anonymously in the former edition of this volume. The third stanza was lately presented by the Author to the Editor, and appears here for the first time (1810). To assign this beautiful ballad to its proper owner is but an act of justice.*

BY Logan's streams that rin sae deep,  
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep,  
I've herded sheep, or gather'd slaes,  
Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.  
But, wae's my heart! these days are gane,  
And I wi' grief now herd alane,  
While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
Far, far frae me and Logan braes!

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he  
Atween the preachings meet wi' me,  
Meet wi' me, or, when it's mirk,  
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.

I weel may sing,—these days are gane!  
Frae kirk or fair I come alane,  
While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
Far, far frae me and Logan braes!

At e'en, when hope amaisht is gane,  
I dander dowie and forlane,  
Or sit beneath yon hawthorn tree,  
Where aft he kept his tryste wi' me.  
O cou'd I see these days again!  
My lover skaithless and my ain!  
Belov'd by friends, at peace wi' faes,  
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes!

## THOMSON'S VERSES TO THE SAME AIR.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove  
An unrelenting foe to love;  
And, when we meet a mutual heart,  
Come in between and bid us part;  
Bid us sigh on from day to day,  
And wish and wish the soul away,  
Till youth and genial years are flown,  
And all the life of love is gone!

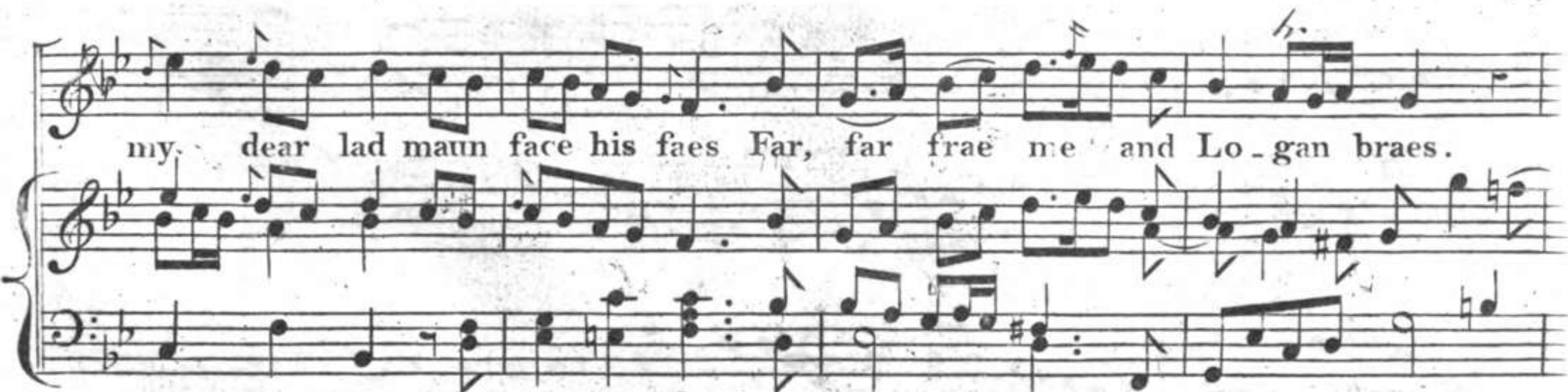
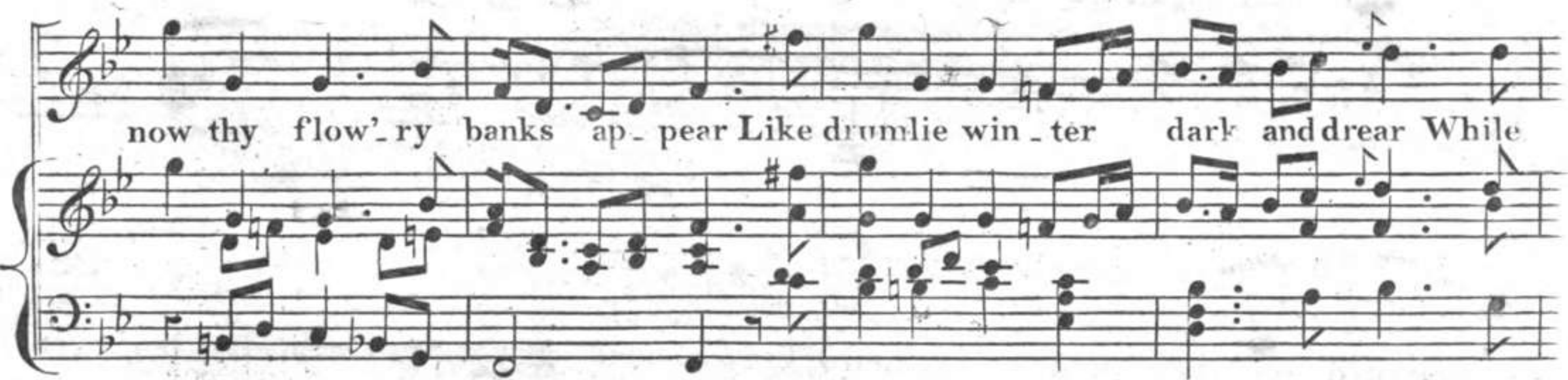
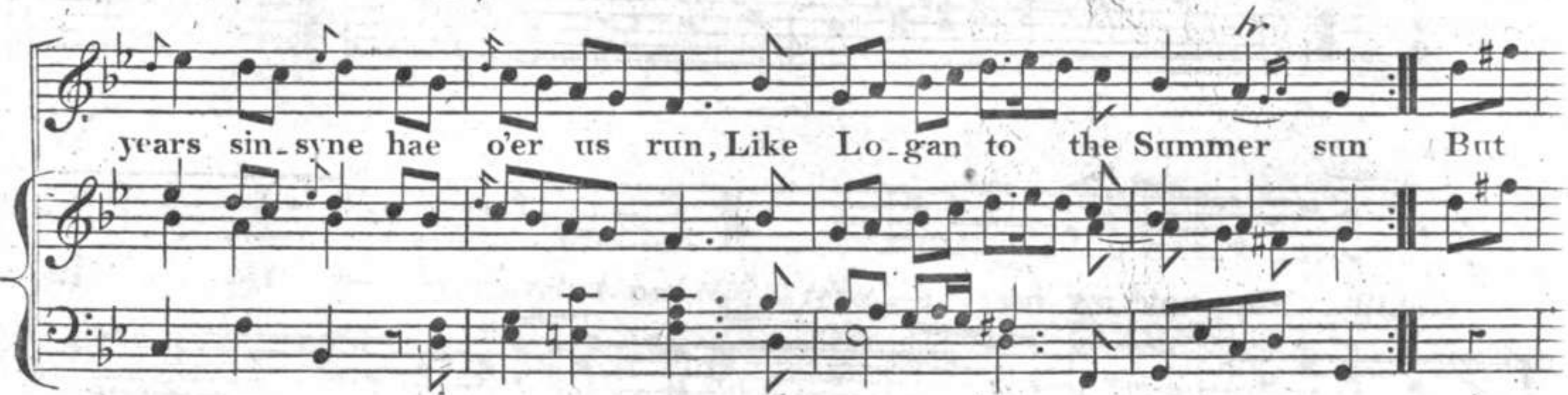
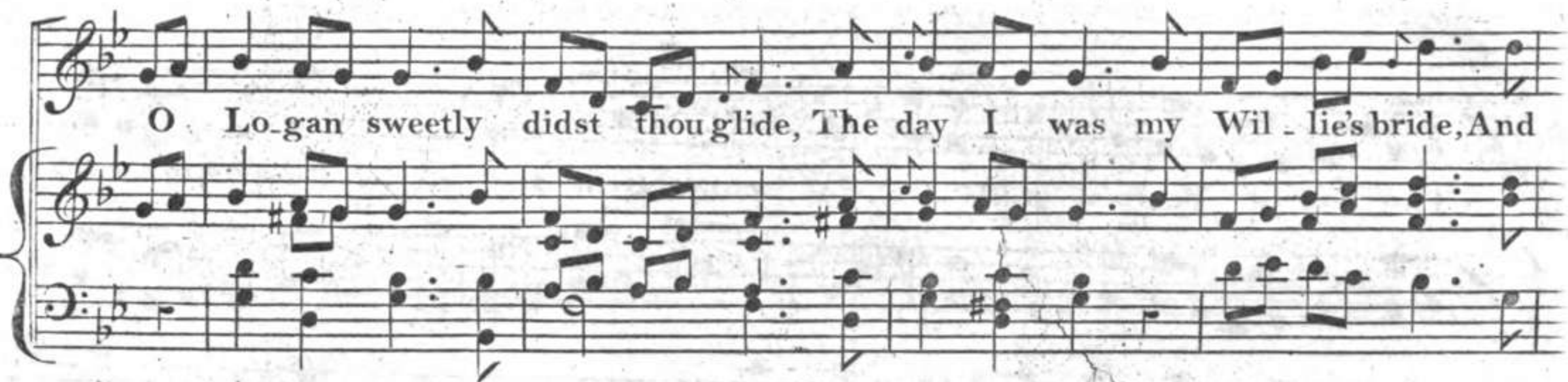
But busy, busy still art thou,  
To bind the loveless, joyless vow,  
The heart from pleasure to delude,  
And join the gentle to the rude.  
For once, O Fortune! hear my pray'r,  
And I absolve thy future care,—  
All other wishes I resign,  
Make but the dear Amanda mine!



*O Logan sweetly &c. Air Logan water*

116

AN DANTE  
ESPRESSIVO





# The lass of Patie's mill.

*Andante  
grazioso*

The lass of Pa-tie's mill So bonny blythe and gay In spite of all my

skill Has stole my heart a-way. When ted-ding of the hay Bare

headed on the green Love'midst her locks did play And wantond in her e'en.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with an introduction marked 'Andante grazioso' in C major, 4/4 time. The introduction consists of two staves of piano music. The vocal melody is written on a single staff, with the piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano accompaniment. The first system contains the first line of the song, the second system contains the second line, the third system contains the third line, and the fourth system contains the fourth line. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.



## THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

WRITTEN

By *ALLAN RAMSAY*.

## AIR—THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

**T**HE lass of Patie's mill,  
 So bonny, blythe, and gay,  
 In spite of all my skill,  
 She stole my heart away.  
 When tedding of the hay,  
 Bare-headed on the green,  
 Love 'midst her locks did play,  
 And wanton'd in her een.

Without the help of art,  
 Like flow'rs that grace the wild,  
 She did her sweets impart,  
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.

Her looks they were so mild,  
 Free from affected pride,  
 She me to love beguil'd;  
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth  
 That Hopeton's mountains fill\*,  
 Insured long life and health,  
 And pleasure at my will:  
 I'd promise and fulfil,  
 That none but bonny she,  
 The lass of Patie's mill,  
 Should share the same wi' me.

\* Alluding to the Lead Hills, belonging to the Earl of Hopeton, thirty-three miles south-west of Edinburgh.

## WHEN COLIN TOLD HIS TALE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *PETER PINDAR*.

## THE SAME AIR.

**W**HEN Colin told his tale,  
 What damsel could deny?  
 For maids of every vale  
 Had wish'd to win his eye.

But when to *me* he came,  
 Could Marian tell him nay?  
 Ah, no! I met his flame;  
 'Twas Love's wild holiday.

But bliss soon feels alloy!  
 The shepherd falsely vow'd;  
 Too soon my morn of joy  
 Was dimm'd by Sorrow's cloud.

Lo! Colin now is gone  
 To maids of other groves,  
 Whose heart I thought my own,—  
 But who *suspects* that *loves*?



## I SIGH AND LAMENT ME IN VAIN.

AIR—QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.

I sigh and lament me in vain,  
 These walls can but echo my moan;  
 Alas! it encreases my pain,  
 When I think of the days that are gone.  
 Thro' the grate of my prison I see  
 The birds as they wanton in air;  
 My heart how it pants to be free,  
 My looks they are wild with despair!

Above, tho' opprest by my fate,  
 I burn with contempt for my foes;  
 Tho' Fortune has alter'd my state,  
 She ne'er can subdue me to those!

False woman! in ages to come,  
 Thy malice detested shall be;  
 And, when we are cold in the tomb,  
 Some heart still will sorrow for me!

Ye roofs! where cold damps and dismay,  
 With silence and solitude dwell,  
 How comfortless passes the day,  
 How sad tolls the evening bell!  
 The owls from the battlements cry,  
 Hollow winds seem to murmur around,  
 "O Mary prepare thee to die!"  
 My blood it runs chill at the sound.

## HARK! HARK! 'TIS A VOICE FROM THE TOMB!

WRITTEN

By Mr RICHARD MOORE.

THE SAME AIR.

HARK! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb!  
 'Come, Lucy,' it cries, 'come away;  
 'The grave of thy Colin has room  
 'To rest thee beside his cold clay.'  
 "I come, my dear shepherd, I come;  
 "Ye friends and companions, adieu!  
 "I haste to my Colin's dark home,  
 "To lie in his bosom so true!"

All mournful the midnight bell rung,  
 When Lucy, sad Lucy, arose,  
 And forth to the green turf she sprung,  
 Where Colin's pale ashes repose:  
 All wet with the night's chilling dew,  
 Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground;  
 While stormy winds over her blew,  
 And night-ravens croak'd all around.

"How long, my lov'd Colin," she cried,  
 "How long must thy Lucy complain?  
 "How long shall the grave my Love hide?  
 "How long ere it join us again?"

"For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,—  
 "With thee o'er the world would she fly;  
 "For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd;  
 "For thee would she lie down and die!  
 "Alas! what avails it how dear  
 "Thy Lucy was once to her swain!  
 "Her face like the lily so fair,  
 "And eyes that gave light to the plain!  
 "The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,—  
 "That face and those eyes charm no more;  
 "And Lucy, forgot and alone,  
 "To death shall her Colin deplore."

While thus she lay sunk in despair,  
 And mourn'd to the echo around,  
 Inflamed at once grew the air,  
 And thunder shook dreadful the ground!  
 "I hear the kind call, and obey!  
 "Ah, Colin! receive me," she cried,  
 Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,  
 She hung on his tomb-stone, and died!



118  
*Sigh & lament &c. Air, Queen Mary's lamentation.*

*Affettuoso.*

*s.*

I sigh and lament me in vain, These walls can but e-cho my moan; A -

- las! it in-creases my pain, When I think of the days that are gone, Thro' the

grate of my prison I see the birds as they wanton in air My heart how it

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

*s.*



*I gaed a wae fu' &c. — Air, The blathrie o't.*

Violino.

Andante

I gaed a wae — fu' gate yes — treen A gate I

fear I'll dear — ly rue I got my death frae

two sweet een Two love — ly een of bon — nie blue.

Violino.

*p* *f* *ff* *pp* *f* *ff*



I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—THE BLATHRIE O'T.

I GAED a wae fu' gate yestreen,  
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;  
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,  
Twa lovely een of bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,  
She charm'd my soul, I wist na how;  
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,  
Came frae her een sae bonnie blue.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,  
Her lips like roses wet wi' dew,  
Her heaving bosom, lily white,—  
It was her een sae bonnie blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed,—  
She'll, aiblins, listen to my vow:  
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead  
To her twa een sae bonnie blue.\*

\* The Heroine of this song was Miss J. of Lochmaben, now Mrs R. in New-York, North America.

I TOLD MY NYMPH, I TOLD HER TRUE.

WRITTEN

By SHENSTONE.

THE SAME AIR.

I TOLD my nymph, I told her true,  
My fields were small, my flocks were few;  
While falt'ring accents spoke my fear,  
That Julia \* might not prove sincere.

How chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind!  
The friends I lov'd became unkind—  
She heard, and shed a generous tear;  
And is not Julia then sincere?

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,  
And vagrant sheep that left my fold;  
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;  
And is not Julia then sincere?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,  
My Julia must not hope for dress;  
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear;  
And Julia sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,  
Go reap the plenty of your plains;  
Despoil'd of all which you revere,  
I know my Julia's love sincere.

\* FLAVIA in the Author's copy.



---

## AN THOU WERT MINE AIN THING.

---

AIR—THE SAME.

**A**N thou wert mine ain thing,  
 O I would love thee, I wou'd love thee;  
 An thou wert mine ain thing,  
 How dearly wou'd I love thee.  
 Of race divine thou needs must be,  
 Since naething earthly equals thee;  
 For Heaven's sake, O favour me,  
 Wha only live to love thee.

An thou wert mine ain thing, &c.  
 Sae lang's I had the use of light,  
 I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,  
 Syne in saft whispers through the night  
 I'd tell how much I love thee.

An thou wert mine ain thing, &c.

Tho' I were number'd wi' the dead,  
 My soul should hover round thy head;  
 I may be turned a silent shade,  
 But never cease to love thee!

An thou wert mine ain thing, &c.  
 Thy nightly dreams, thy lonely hours,  
 Thy thoughtful seats in these sweet bow'rs,  
 Thy ev'ning walks 'mang dewy flow'rs,  
 I'd watch, and ever love thee.

An thou wert mine ain thing, &c.  
 And when at last, thou lovely maid!—  
 A drooping flow'r,—thyself shalt fade,  
 I'll watch thy gentle parting shade,  
 And then for ever love thee!

---

## THY FATAL SHAFTS UNERRING MOVE.

---

WRITTEN

By SMOLLET.

---

THE SAME AIR.

**T**HY fatal shafts unerring move;  
 I bow before thine altar, Love!  
 I feel thy soft resistless flame  
 Glide swift through all my vital frame!  
 For while I gaze my bosom glows,  
 My blood in tides impetuous flows;  
 Hope, fear, and joy, alternate roll,  
 And floods of transport 'whelm my soul.

My falt'ring tongue attempts in vain  
 In soothing murmurs to complain;  
 My tongue some secret magic ties,  
 My murmurs sink in broken sighs!  
 Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,  
 And ever drop the silent tear,  
 Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,  
 Unfriended live, unpitied die!

\* In singing the English Song to the Scottish Air, a quaver must be supplied for the beginning of the first and third lines of each stanza.




# An thou wert mine ain thing.

120

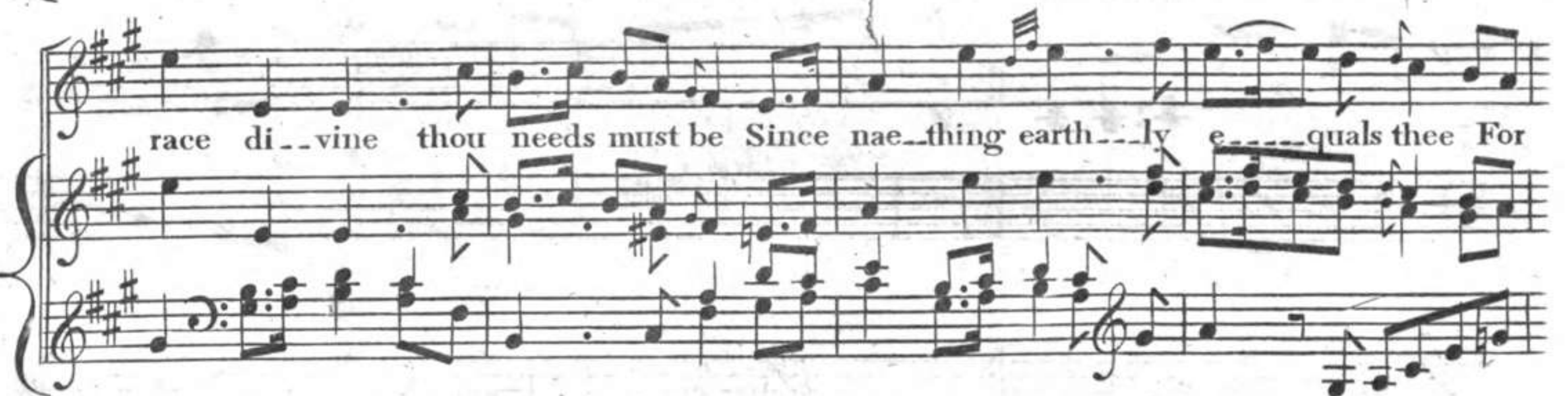
*Larghetto*



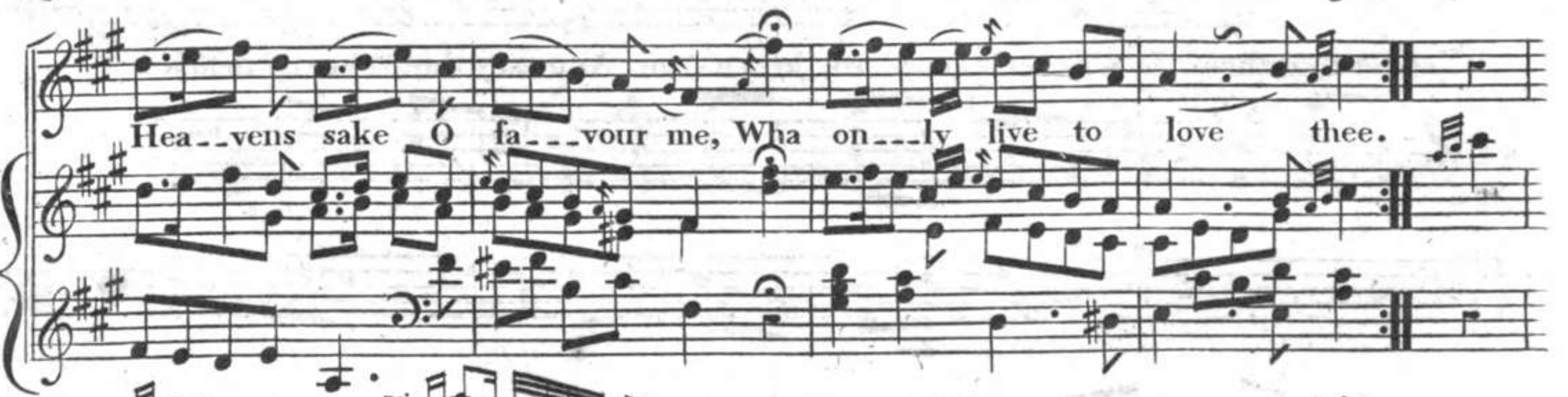
An thou wert mine ain thing, O I would love thee I would



love thee An thou wert mine ain thing How dearly would I love thee. Of



race di-vine thou needs must be Since nae-thing earth-ly e-quals thee For



Hea-vens sake O fa-vour me, Wha on-ly live to love thee.





*Lassie wi' the lint white locks. Air, Rothiemurcus rant.*

*Allegretto.*

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, Bonnie lassie artless lassie, Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,

Wilt thou be my dearie O. Now Nature cleeds the flow'ry lea, And a is young and

sweet like thee, O wilt thou share its joys wi' me, And say thou'lt be my dearie O

\* When the Voice cannot reach the upper notes the under ones may be substituted.



## LASSIE WI' THE LINTWHITE LOCKS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By BURNS.*

AIR—ROTHIEMURCHUS RANT.

LASSIE wi' the lintwhite locks,  
 Bonie lassie, artless lassie !  
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,  
 Wilt thou be my dearie O ?  
 Now Nature cleeds the flow'ry lea,  
 And a' is young and sweet like thee ;  
 O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,  
 And say thou'lt be my dearie O !

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks,  
 Bonie lassie, artless lassie !  
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,  
 Wilt thou be my dearie O ?  
 And when the welcome summer show'r  
 Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flow'r,  
 We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r,  
 At sultry noon, my dearie O.

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks,  
 Bonie lassie, artless lassie !  
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,  
 Wilt thou be my dearie O !  
 When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,  
 The weary shearer's hameward way,  
 Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,  
 And talk of love, my dearie O.

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks,  
 Bonie lassie, artless lassie !  
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,  
 Wilt thou be my dearie O ?  
 And when the howling, wintry blast  
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,  
 Enclasped to my faithful breast,  
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.

## FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By BURNS.*

THE SAME AIR.

FAIREST maid on Devon banks !  
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,  
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,  
 And smile as thou wert wont to do ?  
 Full well thou know'st I love thee dear ;  
 Could'st thou to malice lend an ear !  
 O did not Love exclaim, " Forbear !  
 " Nor use a faithful lover so ?"

Fairest maid on Devon banks !  
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,  
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,  
 And smile as thou wert wont to do !  
 Then come, thou fairest of the fair !  
 Those wonted smiles, O let me share !  
 And, by thy beauteous self I swear,  
 No love but thine my heart shall know.

Note.—" *Fairest maid on Devon banks,*" it is believed, was the very last production of our much lamented Bard :—  
*He transmitted it to the Editor about a week only before his death.*



## LOVE NEVER MORE SHALL GIVE ME PAIN.

WRITTEN

*By MR CRAWFORD.*

AIR—MY DEARIE AN THOU DIE.

**L**ove never more shall give me pain,  
 My fancy's fixed on thee ;  
 Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,  
 My Peggy, if thou die.  
 Thy beauties did such pleasure give,  
 Thy love's so true to me ;  
 Without thee I shall never live,  
 My dearie, if thou die.

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

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

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



Love never more &c. Air My dearie if thou die. 122

*Andante*  
*Espressivo*

S.  
Love ne-ver more shall give me pain, My fan-cy's fix'd on

thee, Nor e-ver maid my heart shall gain, My Peg-gy if thou

die. Thy beauties did such plea-sure give Thy love's so true to

me With-out thee I shall ne-ver live, My dea-ry if thou

die.



*Tibbie I have seen the day. Air. If a body meet a body.*

*Andantino  
piuosto  
Allegretto.*

O Tibbie I have seen the day Ye wou'd na been sae shy For lack o' gear ye lightly me But

troth I care na by. Yestreen I met you on the moor, Ye spak na but gaed

by likestoure Ye geck at me because I'm poor But feint a hair care I.

by likestoure Ye geck at me because I'm poor But feint a hair care I.



## O TIBBIE! I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—IF A BODY MEET A BODY.

O TIBBIE! I ha'e seen the day  
 Ye would na been sae shy;  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But troth I care na by.  
 Yestreen I met you on the moor,  
 Ye spake na, but gaed by like stour;  
 Ye geck at me because I'm poor,  
 But fient a hair care I.

O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day  
 Ye would nae been sae shy;  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But troth I carena by.  
 I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,  
 Because ye hae the name o' clink,  
 That ye can please me at a wink,  
 Whene'er ye like to try.

O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day  
 Ye would na been sae shy,  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But troth I care na by.  
 But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean,  
 Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,  
 Wha follows ony saucy quean  
 That looks sae proud and high.

O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day  
 Ye would na been sae shy;  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But troth I care na by.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,  
 If he but want the miser's dirt,  
 Ye'll cast your head anither airt,  
 And answer him fu' dry.

O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day  
 Ye would na been sae shy;  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But troth I care na by,  
 But if he ha'e the name o' gear,  
 Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,  
 Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,  
 Be better than the kye.

O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day  
 Ye would na been sae shy;  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But troth I care na by.  
 But Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice:  
 Your daddy's gear makes you sae nice;  
 The diel a ane would spier your price,  
 Were ye as poor as I.

O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day,  
 Ye would na been sae shy;  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But troth I care na by.  
 There lives a lass in yonder park,  
 I would na gi'e her under sark  
 For thee wi' a' thy thousand merk;  
 Ye need na look sae high.



BENEATH A BEECH'S GRATEFUL SHADE.

WRITTEN

*By MR. CRAWFORD.*

---

AIR—PEGGY, I MUST LOVE THEE.

**B**ENEATH a beech's grateful shade,  
 Young Colin lay complaining ;  
 He sigh'd and seem'd to love a maid,  
 Without hopes of obtaining ;  
 For thus the swain indulg'd his grief,—  
 Tho' pity cannot move thee,  
 Tho' thy hard heart gives no relief,  
 Yet, Peggy, I must love thee.

Say, Peggy, what has Colin done,  
 That thus you cruelly use him ?  
 If love's a fault, 'tis that alone,  
 For which you should excuse him !  
 'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this flame,  
 This fire by which I languish ;  
 'Tis thou alone can quench the same,  
 And cool its scorching anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive plain,  
 Where every maid invites me ;  
 For thee, sole cause of all my pain,—  
 For thee that only slights me :  
 This love that fires my faithful heart,  
 By all but thee's commended :  
 Oh ! wouldst thou act so good a part,  
 My grief might soon be ended.

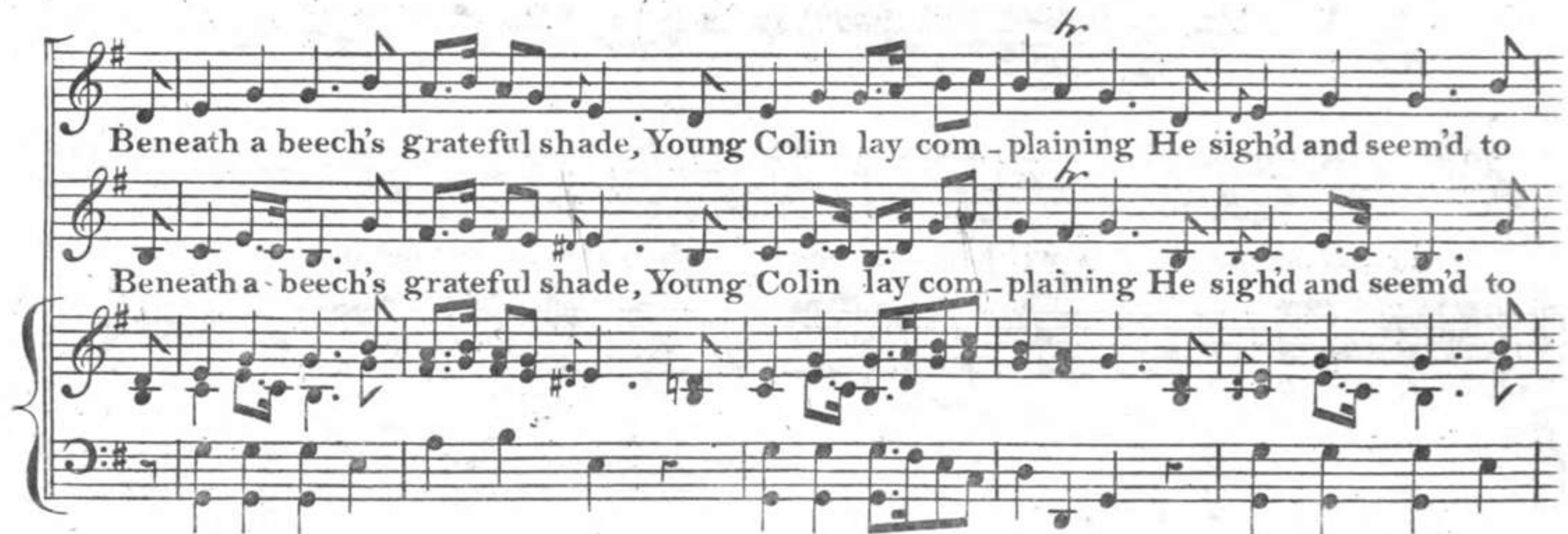
That beauteous breast, so soft to feel,  
 Seem'd tenderness all over ;  
 Yet it defends thy heart like steel,  
 'Gainst thy despairing lover.  
 Alas ! tho' should it ne'er relent,  
 Nor Colin's care e'er move thee,  
 Yet till life's latest breath is spent,  
 My Peggy, I must love thee.

---



124  
*Beneath a beech &c. Air, Peggy I must love thee.*

*Duet*  
*Andante.*



Beneath a beech's grateful shade, Young Colin lay com-plain-ing He sigh'd and seem'd to

Beneath a beech's grateful shade, Young Colin lay com-plain-ing He sigh'd and seem'd to



love a maid, With-out hopes of ob-tain-ing For thus the Swain indulg'd his grief, Tho'

love a maid, With-out hopes of ob-tain-ing For thus the Swain indulg'd his grief, Tho'



pi-ty cannot move thee Tho'thy hard heart gives no relief Yet Peggy I must love thee.

pi-ty cannot move thee Tho'thy hard heart gives no relief Yet Peggy I must love thee.





# Wha wad na be in love; Sir. Maggy Lauder.

*Allegretto  
spiritoso*

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It begins with a piano introduction marked *Allegretto spiritoso*. The piano part features a lively melody with frequent triplets in both hands. The vocal line enters with the lyrics: "Wha wad na be in love wi bonny Maggy Lauder; A piper met her gaun to Fife And speird what wad they ca'd her Right scornfully she answer'd him Begone you hallan shaker Jogg on your gate you bladder-skate My name is Maggie Lauder." The score includes a violin part (Vio.) that mirrors the piano's melodic lines. The piece concludes with a final piano flourish and a vocal cadence marked with an 'S'.

Wha wad na be in love wi bonny Maggy Lauder; A piper met her gaun to Fife And  
speird what wad they ca'd her Right scornfully she answer'd him Begone you hallan shaker Jogg  
on your gate you bladder-skate My name is Maggie Lauder.

Vio.



## WHA WADNA BE IN LOVE.

AIR—MAGGY LAUDER.

WHA wadna be in love  
 Wi' bonie Maggie Lauder?  
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,  
 And spier'd what was't they ca'd her?  
 Right scornfully she answered him,—  
 ' Begone you hallanshaker!  
 ' Jogg on your gate, you bladderskate,  
 ' My name is Maggy Lauder.'

' Piper,' quo' Meg, ' hae ye your bags,  
 ' Or is your drone in order?  
 ' If you be Rob, I've heard of you,—  
 ' Live you upo' the border?  
 ' The lasses a' baith far and near,  
 ' Have heard of Rob the Ranter;  
 ' I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,  
 ' Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.'

" Maggie," quo he, " and by my bags,  
 " I'm fidging fain to see thee!  
 " Sit down by me, my bonie bird,  
 " In troth I winna steer thee:  
 " For I'm a piper to my trade,  
 " My name is Rob the Ranter;  
 " The lasses loup as they were daft  
 " When I blaw up my chanter."

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,  
 About the drone he twisted;  
 Meg up, and wallop'd o'er the green,  
 For brawly could she frisk it.  
 " Weel done," quo' he—" Play up," quo she;  
 " Weel bobb'd," quo' Rob the Ranter;  
 " It's worth my while to play indeed,  
 " When I ha'e sic a dancer."

' Weel ha'e ye play'd your part, quo' Meg,  
 ' Your cheeks are like the crimson;  
 ' There's nane in Scotland plays so weel,  
 ' Since we lost Habby Simson.  
 ' I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,  
 ' These ten years and a quarter;  
 ' Gin ye should come to Anster fair,  
 ' Spier ye for Maggy Lauder.'



THE TROUBADOUR.

WRITTEN

By *SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart.*

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF THE PROPRIETORS.

---

THE AIR BY G. T.—THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS COMPOSED BY WEBER IN 1825.

**G**LOWING with love, on fire for fame,  
A Troubadour that hated sorrow,  
Beneath his lady's window came,  
And thus he sung his last good-morrow :  
“ My arm it is my country's right,  
“ My heart is in my true love's bower ;  
“ Gaily for love and fame to fight  
“ Befits the gallant Troubadour.”

And while he march'd with helm on head,  
And harp in hand, the descant rung,  
As, faithful to his favourite maid,  
The minstrel-burthen still he sung :  
“ My arm it is my country's right,  
“ My heart is in my lady's bower ;  
“ Resolv'd for love and fame to fight,  
“ I come, a gallant Troubadour.”

Even when the battle-roar was deep,  
With dauntless heart he hew'd his way,  
'Mid splintering lance and falchion-sweep,  
And still was heard his warrior lay !  
“ My life it is my country's right,  
“ My heart is in my lady's bower ;  
“ For love to die, for fame to fight,  
“ Becomes the valiant Troubadour.”

Alas ! upon the bloody field,  
He fell beneath the foeman's glaive,  
But still, reclining on his shield,  
Expiring sung the exulting stave :  
“ My life it is my country's right,  
“ My heart is in my lady's bower ;  
“ For love and fame to fall in fight  
“ Becomes the valiant Troubadour.”

---



# The Troubadour

2<sup>nd</sup> 125

The Sym<sup>y</sup> & Accom<sup>y</sup> Composed by Weber - 1825.

*Andante  
con moto  
ed  
anima*

*ff*

8<sup>va</sup>

Fl.  
Vio.  
Vco.

*Mf*

Glowing with love, on fire for fame, A Troubadour that

hat-ed sorrow; Be-neath his Lady's window came, And thus he sung his last good morrow.

My arm it is my coun-try's right, My heart is in my true Love's bow'r;

trem:

Gai-ly for love and fame to fight, Be-fits the gal-lant Trou-ba-dour.

Flauto.

trem:

8<sup>va</sup>



*Auld Robin Gray*

Haydn

*Andante espressivo*

OLD AIR.

When the sheep are in the fauld and the kye at hame, And  
a' the weary warld to rest are gane; The waes of my heart fa' in show'rs frae my e'e, While  
my gude man lies sound by me.

MODERN AIR.

*Affettuoso.* Young

JAMIE lo'ed me weel and sought me for his bride, But sa'ving a crown he had  
nae thing be side; To make the crown a pound my JAMIE gaed to sea, And the



crown and the pound were baith for me, He had na been gane but a year and a

day, When my father brake his arm and our cow was stown a way; My mother she fell

sick and my Jamie at the sea And auld Robin Gray came a court-ing me.

2

My father cou'd na work, and my mother cou'd na spin,  
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'd na win;  
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,  
 Said, Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me!  
 My heart it said Na; I look'd for Jamie back:  
 But the wind it blew hard, and the ship it was a wreck;  
 The ship it was a wreck—why did na Jenny die.  
 & why was she spard to cry, O Wae's me.

3

My father argu'd sair; my mother did na speak  
 But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break,  
 Sae I gae him my hand, tho' my heart was i' the sea;  
 And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.  
 I had na been a wife a week but only four,  
 When sitting sae mournfully ae night at the door,  
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'd na think it he,  
 Till he said, I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.

4

O sair did we greet and muckle did we say  
 We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away:  
 I wish that I were dead; but I'm no like to die:  
 How lang shall I live to cry, O wae's me.  
 I gang like a ghaist, and I dow na think to spin;  
 I dare na think on Jamie, for that would be a sin;  
 But I'll e'en do my best a gude wife to be,  
 For auld Robin Gray is ay kind to me.



# When Willy Pitt &c. - Air, Kilicrankie!

Violino.

*Maestoso*  
*non troppo*  
*Lento.*

When Willy Pitt as he thought fit Did rule and guide us a' man, And

furious war his i-ron car Drove o'er the Nations a' man Then Buo-naparte e'en

took a start to vi-sit A-fri-ca man The Mal-ta knights those feckless Wights, Re-

sis-tance made but sma' man.

Violino.



## WHEN WILLY PITT, AS HE THOUGHT FIT.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS GRANT.

AIR—KILLICRANKIE.

WHEN Willy Pitt, as he thought fit,  
Did rule and guide us a', man,  
And furious War his iron car  
Drove o'er the nations a', man;  
Then Buonaparte e'en took a start  
To visit Africa, man:—  
The Malta Knights, those feckless wights,  
Resistance made but sma', man.

While on their rocks, the Gallic cocks  
Did stoutly strut and crawl, man;  
The reaver band despoil'd the land,  
Took a' their gear awa', man;  
Wi' saints of gowd, in siller row'd,  
O wow but they were braw, man!  
The isles of Greece they next did fleece;  
Sic rugging ye ne'er saw, man.

But L'Orient's hulk had room and bulk,  
To haud and stow it a', man;  
To Egypt come, they beat their drum,  
Hoist up their flag and a', man;  
The Crocodile forsook the Nile,  
And fled wi' fear awa', man;  
The river horse beheld their force,  
And sair did snort and paw, man.

The Mussulmen forsook their den,  
And to the mosque did draw, man;  
Their prophet great they did entreat,  
And said a prayer or twa, man.  
But to be brief, the wily chief,  
Wha came from Corsica, man,  
Had gart them trow, I kenna how,  
He had nae creed at a', man;  
And gin they please, their minds to ease,  
He'd tak their prophet's law, man.

The mighty Turk dislik'd the work,  
Wi' rage his lip did gnaw, man,  
And tell'd our King, sae fause a thing  
He cou'd na bide at a', man:  
A renegade, that made a trade  
Of spulzieing friends and a', man,  
To set his foot, or raise his snout  
In Pharaoh's ancient ha', man.

Gie him a bield in that same field  
Where Israel gather'd straw, man,  
'Twas one to ten but he came ben  
As far as Mecca's wa', man.  
Our Monarch's nod, like Neptune's rod,  
That sways the ocean a', man,  
Sent out a fleet their ships to meet,  
Near Alexandria, man.

At Aboukir, withouten fear,  
As Nelson's line did draw, man,  
His hearts of oak their hawsers broke,  
They did na wait to jaw, man;  
Tri-colour'd flags came down like rags,  
Where Nelson's guns did ca', man,  
'Till glory's light sae drown'd his sight,  
'Twas utter darkness a', man!

They left the sea like Antony,  
And to the Nile did draw, man:—  
As rockets fly that mount the sky,  
When conquests glad us a', man,  
So L'Orient fair gaed through the air,  
Like shooting stars that fa' man;  
With dying cries they pierced the skies,  
And griev'd our heroes a', man.

The Mamelukes came frae their nooks,  
To see the low sae braw, man;  
On wings of flame, high mounted Fame,  
And loud her trump did blaw, man;  
'Till Gallic faith, and a' their skaith,  
Was kent in Asia, man;  
And Nelson's fame, and Britain's name  
Rejoic'd, and fear'd them a', man!

## WHEN GUILDFORD GOOD, &amp;c.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

WHEN Guildford good our pilot stood, Burgoyne gade up, like spur and whip,  
And did our hellim thrav, man, 'Till Fraser brave did fa', man;  
Ae night, at tea, began a plea, Then lost his way, ae misty day,  
Within America, man: In Saratoga shaw, man.  
Then up they gat the maskin pat, Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,  
And in the sea did jaw, man, And did the buckskins claw, man;  
And did nae less, in full congress, But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save  
Than quite refuse our law, man. He hung it to the wa', man.

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes, Then Montague, and Guildford too,  
I wat he was na slaw, man; Began to fear a fa', man;  
Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn, And Sackville doure, wha stood the stoure,  
And Carleton did ca', man: The German chief to thrav, man:  
But yet, whatreck, he at Quebec, For Paddy Burke, like ony Turk,  
Montgomery-like, did fa', man: Nae mercy had at a', man;  
Wi' sword in hand, before his band, And Charlie Fox threw by the box,  
Among his en'mies a', man. And lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

Poor Tammy Gage within a cage, Then Rockingham took up the game,  
Was kept at Boston ha', man; 'Till death did on him ca', man;  
'Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe, When Shelburne meek held up his cheek  
For Philadelphia, man; Conform to gospel law, man:  
Wi' sword and gun he thought a sin, Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,  
Guid Christian blood to draw, man; They did his measures thrav, man;  
But at New York, wi' knife and fork, For North and Fox united stocks,  
Sir-loin he hacked sma', man. And bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs and hearts were Charlie's carts,  
He swept the stakes awa', man,  
'Till the Diamond's ace, of Indian race,  
Led him a sair *faux pas*, man:  
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,  
On Chatham's boy did ca', man;  
And Scotland drew her pipe and blew,  
"Up, Willie, waur them a', man."

Behind the throne then Grenville's gone,  
A secret word or twa, man;  
While sleet Dundas arous'd the class  
Benorth the Roman wa', man;  
And Chatham's wraith, in heavenly graith,  
(Inspired bardies saw, man),  
Wi' kindling eyes, cry'd, "Willie, rise!  
"Would I ha'e fear'd them a', man."

But word and blow, North, Fox, and Co.  
Gouff'd Willie like a ba', man,  
'Till Southren raise, and coost their claise  
Behind him in a raw, man;  
And Caledon threw by the drone,  
And did her whittle draw, man:  
And swore fu' rude, thro' dirt and blood,  
To make it gude in law, man.



## HOW BLYTHE ILK MORN WAS I TO SEE.

AIR—THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

**H**ow blythe ilk morn was I to see  
 My swain come o'er the hill !  
 He skipt the burn, and flew to me,  
 I met with him with good will.  
 O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
 The broom of Cowdenknows ;  
 I wish I were with my dear swain,  
 With his pipe and my ewes.

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

He tuned his pipe and reed sae sweet,  
 The birds stood list'ning by ;  
 E'en the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,  
 Charm'd with his melody.  
*O the broom, &c.*

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

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

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

My dogie, and my little kit,  
 That held my wee sowp whey,  
 My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,  
 May now lie useless by.  
*O the broom, &c.*

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu !  
 Farewel a' pleasures there !  
 Ye gods, restore me to my swain,  
 Is a' I crave or care !  
 O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
 The broom of Cowdenknows ;  
 I wish I were with my dear swain,  
 With his pipe and my ewes.

## WHEN SUMMER COMES, &c.

WRITTEN

By Mr CRAWFORD.

THE SAME AIR.

**W**HEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed  
 Sing their successful loves ;  
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,  
 And music fills the groves.

But my lov'd song is then the broom  
 So fair on Cowdenknows ;  
 For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom,  
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tuned his oaten reed,  
 And won my yielding heart ;  
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed  
 Could play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,  
 The hills and dales all round,  
 Of Leader-haughs, and Leader-side,—  
 Oh ! how I bless'd the sound !

Yet more delightful is the broom  
 So fair on Cowdenknows ;  
 For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom  
 Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Teviot braes, so green and gay,  
 May with this broom compare ;  
 Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,  
 Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowdenknows,  
 My peaceful happy home,  
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes,  
 At ev'n among the broom.

Ye Powers that haunt the woods and plains  
 Where Tweed with Teviot flows,  
 Convey me to the best of swains,  
 And my lov'd Cowdenknows !



*How Blythe &c. for The Broom of Cowdenknows.*

128

LARGHETTO

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time, marked 'LARGHETTO'. The introduction features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with a forte 'f' dynamic. The vocal entry is marked 'Dol.' (dolce). The lyrics are: 'How blythe the ilk morn was I to see My swain come o'er the hill He skipt the burn and flew to me I met him with good will'. This is followed by a chorus: 'O the broom the bonny bonny broom, The broom of the Cowden knows I wish I were with my dear swain, At hame to tend the ewes O the broom the bonny bonny broom'. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like 'f' and 'Dol.'. The piece concludes with a final piano accompaniment section marked 'Dol.' and 'f'.

*f* *Dol.*

*S.* How blythe the ilk morn was I to see My swain come

o'er the hill He skipt the burn and flew to me I met him with good will

O the broom the bonny bonny broom, The broom of the Cowden knows I wish I were with

O the broom the bonny bonny broom, The broom of the Cowden knows I wish I were with

my dear swain, At hame to tend the ewes O the broom the bonny bonny broom

my dear swain, At hame to tend the ewes O the broom the bonny bonny broom

*Dol.* *f* *S.*



*Argyle is my name. Sir, Bannocks o' barley meal.*

*Alllegretto.*

S. Ar-gyle is my name and you may think it strange To

live at a Court yet never to change; To faction or ty-ran-ny equal-ly foe The

good of the land's the sole motive I know The foes of my Country and King I have

fac'd; In Ci-ty or battle I ne'er was disgrac'd I've done what I could for my

S. Country's weel Now I'll feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.



## ARGYLE IS MY NAME;—OR, BANNOCKS O' BARLEY-MEAL.

AS ALTERED FOR THIS WORK

*By ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq:**OF AUCHINLECK.*

---

ARGYLE is my name,—and you may think it strange  
To live at a Court, and yet never to change :  
To faction, or tyranny, equally foe,—  
The good of the land's the sole motive I know.  
The foes of my Country and King I have faced,  
In city or battle I ne'er was disgraced ;  
I've done what I could for my Country's weal ;  
Now I'll feast upon bannocks o' barleymeal.

Ye riots and revels of London, adieu !  
And folly, ye foplings, I leave her to you !  
For Scotland, I mingled in bustle and strife ;  
For myself, I seek peace, and an innocent life :  
I'll haste to the Highlands, and visit each scene  
With Maggy, my Love, in her rockley o' green ;  
On the banks of Glenary what pleasure I'll feel,  
While she shares my bannock o' barleymeal !

And if it chance Maggie should bring me a son,  
He shall fight for his King, as his father has done ;  
I'll hang up my sword with an old soldier's pride—  
O ! may he be worthy to wear't on his side.  
I pant for the breeze of my lov'd native place ;  
I long for the smile of each welcoming face ;  
I'll aff to the Highlands as fast's I can reel,  
And feast upon bannocks o' barleymeal.

---



## 'T WAS AT THE HOUR OF DARK MIDNIGHT.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL GARDINER AT THE BATTLE OF PRESTON, IN 1745.

*By Sir GILBERT ELLIOT of Minto.*

AIR—BARBARA ALLAN.

*These pathetic Verses appear to the Editor better adapted to this fine Air than those with which it has hitherto been united. The old verses, however, are also subjoined, for the choice of the Singer.*

'T WAS at the hour of dark midnight,  
 Before the first cock's crowing,  
 When westland winds shook Stirling's tow'rs,  
 With hollow murmurs blowing;  
 When Fanny fair, all woe-begone,  
 Sad on her bed was lying,  
 And from the ruin'd tow'rs she heard  
 The boding screech-owl crying.

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

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

Aghast she started from her bed,  
 The fatal tidings dreading :  
 ' O speak,' she cried, ' my father's slain !  
 ' I see, I see him bleeding !  
 " A pale corpse on the sullen shore,  
 " At morn, fair maid, I left him ;  
 " Even at the threshold of his gate  
 " The foe of life bereft him.

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

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

## THE OLD SONG OF BARBARA ALLAN.

THE SAME AIR.

IT was in and about the Mart'mas time,  
 When the green leaves were a-falling,  
 That Sir John Græme, in the west countrie,  
 Fell in love with Barbara Allan.  
 He sent his man down thro' the town,  
 To the place where she was dwelling—  
 ' O haste, and come to my master dear,  
 ' Gin ye be Barbara Allan.'

O hooly, hooly gaed she up,  
 To the place where he was lying ;  
 And when she drew the curtain by,—  
 ' Young man, I think you're dying !'  
 " O it's I'm sick, and very very sick,  
 " And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan !"  
 ' O the better for me ye's never be,  
 ' Tho' your heart's blood were a-spilling !

O mother, mother, make my bed,  
 " O make it soft and narrow ;  
 " Since my Love died for me to-day,  
 " I'll die for him to-morrow !"

' O dinna ye mind, young man,' said she,  
 ' When ye in the tavern was drinking,  
 ' That ye made the healths gae round and round  
 ' And slighted Barbara Allan !'  
 He turn'd his face unto the wall,  
 And death was with him dealing :—  
 " Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,  
 " And be kind to Barbara Allan !"

And slowly, slowly raise she up,  
 And slowly, slowly left him :  
 And sighing said, " she could not stay,  
 " Since death of life had reft him.'  
 She had not gane a mile but twa,  
 When she heard the dead-bell ringing,  
 And ev'ry jow that the dead-bell gied,  
 It cried " Woe to Barbara Allan !"



*'Twas at the hour &c. Air. Barbara Allan.* 150

*Affettuoso.*

Vio. *p* Vio. *cres* Vio. *f* S.

'Twas at the hour of dark midnight, Before the first cock's crowing When west land

winds shook Stirlings tow'rs With hallow murmurs blowing When Fanny fair all

woe begone, Sad on her bed was lying, And from the ruin'd tow'rs she heard the

Vio. S.

boding screech owl crying.



*When Sappho tun'd the raptur'd strain. —Haydn*

*Ande  
espres.*

When Sappho tun'd the raptur'd strain, The list'ning wretch forgot his pain; With art di-vine the  
lyre she strung, Like thee she play'd like thee she sung: For while she struck the quiv'ring wire, The  
ea-ger breast was all on fire; And when she join'd the vo-cal lay, The  
cap-tive soul was charm'd a-way.

2nd

But had she added still to these,  
Thy softer chaster power to please;  
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,  
Thy native smiles of artless truth:  
She ne'er had pined beneath disdain,  
She ne'er had play'd and sung in vain;  
Despair her soul had ne'er possess'd,  
To dash on rocks the tender breast.

SMOLLETT.



# Sensibility - Haydn.

132

*Andante*  
*Affettuosa*

Sensi-bi-li-ty how

charming, Thou my friend canst truly tell; But dis-tress with horrors arming, Thou hast

*Pia:*

al-also known too well: Fairest flow'r behold the lily blooming in the sunny ray, Let the

blast sweep o'er the valley; See it prostrate on the clay, Let the blast sweep o'er the valley, See it

*p*

prostrate on the clay. clay.

1 2

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,  
Telling o'er his little joys;  
Hapless bird! a prey the surest,  
To each pirate of the skies:

2<sup>nd</sup>

Dearly bought the hidden treasure,  
Finer feelings can bestow!  
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,  
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

BURNS.



# Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled Air, Hey tutti tauti

*Maestoso  
e ben  
Marcato.*

S. Scots wha hae wi' Wal - lace bled

Scots wham Bruce has af - - ten led Welcome to your go-ry bed, Or to vic - to -

rie Now's the day and now's the hour See the front of bat - - tle hour

See approach proud Edwards pow'r, Chains and slave - - rie.

*ff*

In the former editions this Air was in the key of G, but is here raised to B, as better suited to Voices in general.



## THE ROYAL SCOT'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

### AIR—HEY TUTTI TAITI.

\* \* \* *The Poet originally intended this noble strain for the Air just mentioned; but, on a suggestion from the Editor of this Work, who then thought "Lewie Gordon" a fitter tune for the words, they were united together, and published in the preceding volume (p. 74.) The Editor, however, having since examined the Air "Hey tutti taiti" with more particular attention, frankly owns that he has changed his opinion, and that he thinks it much better adapted for giving energy to the Poetry than the Air of "Lewie Gordon." He therefore sent it to HAYDN, who has entered into the spirit of it with a felicity peculiar to himself; his inimitable Symphonies and Accompaniments render it completely martial, and highly characteristic of the heroic verses. It is worthy of remark, that this appears to be the oldest Scottish Air concerning which any thing like evidence is to be found. See Preface, p. 4.*

*By changing wha into who, hae into have, wham into whom, aften into often, and sae into so, the following song will be English.*

SCOTS, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled  
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victory!  
Now's the day and now's the hour,  
See the front of battle lour;  
See approach proud Edward's power—  
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?  
Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
Wha sae base as be a slave?  
Let him turn and flee!  
Wha for Scotland's king and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand or freeman fa',  
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!  
By your sons in servile chains!  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free!  
Lay the proud usurper low!  
Tyrants fall in every foe!  
Liberty's in every blow!  
Let us do, or die!

## THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

### THE SAME AIR.

*To be sung in a soft and plaintive manner. The Accompaniment should be touched very lightly, and the demi-semiquavers omitted. A quaver must be supplied for the first word of each verse. These simple and affecting verses came under the Editor's notice but very lately; he wished to give the name of the ingenious author, but his endeavours to find it out have not been successful.*

I'M wearing awa', John,  
Like snaw wreathes in thaw, John,  
I'm wearing awa'  
To the land o' the leal.  
There's nae sorrow there, John,  
There's neither cauld nor care, John,  
The day's ay fair  
I' the land o' the leal.

O dry your glist'ning e'e, John,  
My soul lang's to be free, John,  
And angels beckon me  
To the land o' the leal:  
Ye have been leal and true, John,  
Your task's near ended now, John,  
And I'll welcome you  
To the land o' the leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, John,  
She was baith gude and fair, John,  
And we grudg'd her sair  
To the land o' the leal:  
But sorrow's sell wears past, John,  
And joy's comin fast, John,  
The joy that's ay to last  
I' the land o' the leal.

Our friends are a' gane, John,  
We've lang been left alane, John,  
We'll a' meet again  
I' the land o' the leal.

Then fare ye weel, my ain John,  
This world's cares are vain, John,  
We'll meet and ay be fain  
I' the land o' the leal.

## THE JACOBITE WORDS OF THE SAME AIR.

WEEL may we a' be,  
Ill may we never see;  
God bless the king  
And the good company.  
Fill, fill a bumper high;  
Drain, drain, your glasses dry;  
Out upon him, fie! fie!  
That winna do't again.

Here's to the king, boys!  
Ye ken wha I mean, boys;  
And to every honest man,  
That will do't again. *Fill, fill, &c.*  
Here's to the chieftains  
Of the gallant Scottish clans;  
They ha'e done it mair than ance;  
And they'll do't again! *Fill, fill, &c.*

When the pipes begin to play  
Tutti taiti to the drum,  
Out claymore, and down the gun,  
And to the knaves again!  
Fill, fill a bumper high;  
Drain, drain, your glasses dry;  
Out upon him, fie! fie!  
That winna do't again!



# HOW SWEET THIS LONE VALE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By THE HON. ANDREW ERSKINE OF KELLIE.

## HIGHLAND AIR.

How sweet this lone vale, and how soothing to feeling  
Yon nightingale's notes, which in melody melt!  
Oblivion of woe o'er my mind gently stealing,—  
A pause from keen anguish a moment is felt.  
The moon's yellow light on the still lake is sleeping;  
Ah! near the sad spot Mary sleeps in her tomb!  
Again the heart swells, the eye flows with weeping;  
And the sweets of the vale are all shadow'd with gloom.

# HOW PLEASANT THE BANKS, &c.

Written in 1787, on a young Lady, residing on the banks of the river Devon, in Clackmananshire, but whose infant years were spent in Ayrshire.

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR,  
*In a more lively style.*

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,  
With green spreading bushes, and flow'rs blooming fair;  
But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon,  
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

O mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,  
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew;  
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,  
That steals on the evening, each leaf to renew.

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,  
With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn:  
And far be thou distant thou reptile that seizest  
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn.

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,  
And England, triumphant, display her proud rose;—  
A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,  
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meand'ring flows.



# How sweet this lone vale — Haydn

*Andante*  
*Affettuoso*

How sweet this lone vale and how soothing to feel-ing Yon night-in-gales  
notes which in me-lo-dy melt; Ob-li-vion of woe o'er my mind gently steal-ing, A pause from keen  
anguish a mo-ment is felt. The Moon's yellow light on the still lake is sleep-ing Ah!  
near yon sad spot Mary sleeps in her tomb. A-gain the heart swells The eye flows with  
weeping, And the sweets of the vale are all co-ver'd with gloom.



*Where tell me: Air: The Blue bell of Scotland.*

*Andante  
Crescendo*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a single staff with lyrics underneath. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the dynamics are 'Crescendo'. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: 'O where tell me where is your highland laddie gone O where tell me where is your highland laddie gone He's gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are done And my sad heart will tremble 'till he come safely home He's gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are done And my sad heart will tremble 'till he come safely home.' The score is divided into six systems, each with a piano part and a vocal part. The vocal part has a 's.' marking above the first note of each line, indicating a solo or a specific vocal quality. The piano part has a 'Crescendo' marking at the beginning of the first system.

O where tell me where is your highland laddie gone O

where tell me where is your highland laddie gone He's gone with streaming banners where

noble deeds are done And my sad heart will tremble 'till he come safely home He's

gone with streaming banners where noble deeds are done And my sad heart will tremble 'till

he come safely home.



## O WHERE, TELL ME WHERE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

ON THE

MARQUIS OF HUNTLY'S

DEPARTURE FOR THE CONTINENT WITH HIS REGIMENT, IN 1799,

*By Mrs GRANT.*

AIR—THE BLUE BELL OF SCOTLAND.

- ‘ O H where, tell me where, is your Highland Laddie gone ?  
 ‘ O where, tell me where, is your Highland Laddie gone ?  
 “ He’s gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,  
 “ And my sad heart will tremble till he come safely home.  
 “ He’s gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,  
 “ And my sad heart will tremble, till he come safely home.”
- ‘ O where, tell me where, did your Highland Laddie stay ?  
 ‘ O where, tell me where, did your Highland Laddie stay ?  
 “ He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid Spey,  
 “ And many a blessing follow’d him the day he went away ;  
 “ He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid Spey,  
 “ And many a blessing follow’d him the day he went away.”
- ‘ O what, tell me what, does your Highland Laddie wear ?  
 ‘ O what, tell me what, does your Highland Laddie wear ?  
 “ A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,  
 “ And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star ;  
 “ A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,  
 “ And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star.”
- ‘ Suppose, ah suppose, that some cruel, cruel wound  
 ‘ Should pierce your Highland Laddie, and all your hopes confound !  
 “ The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,  
 “ The spirit of a Highland Chief would lighten in his eye !  
 “ The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,  
 “ And for his King and Country dear with pleasure he would die !
- “ But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland’s bonny bounds,  
 “ But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland’s bonny bounds,  
 “ His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,  
 “ While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name resounds,  
 “ His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,  
 “ While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name resounds.”



# BONIE LASSIE, WILL YE GO.

WRITTEN

By *BURNS.*

## AIR—THE BIRKS OF ABERGELDIE.

**B**ONIE lassie, will ye go,  
 Will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonie lassie, will ye go  
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?  
 Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,  
 And o'er the chrystal streamlet plays;  
 Come, let us spend the lightsome days  
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,  
 Will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonie lassie, will ye go  
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?  
 The little birdies blythely sing,  
 While o'er their heads the hazels hing,  
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing  
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,  
 Will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonie lassie, will ye go  
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,  
 The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,  
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,  
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,  
 Will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonie lassie, will ye go  
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?  
 The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,  
 White o'er the linns the burnie pours,  
 And rising, weets wi' misty showers  
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonie lassie, will ye go,  
 Will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonie lassie, will ye go  
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?  
 Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,  
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,  
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee  
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.\*

\* This is written in the same measure with the old Song, "The Birks of Abergeldie," from which nothing is borrowed but the first four lines.



*Bonny lassie &c. &c. The birks of Abergeldie*

ALLEGRETTO



S.  
Bonny lassie will ye go will ye go will ye go

The first system of the song features a vocal line (Soprano) and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a rest followed by the lyrics 'Bonny lassie will ye go will ye go will ye go'. The piano accompaniment continues the lively melody from the introduction.

Bonny lassie will ye go to the birks of A - ber - fel - die Now simmer blinks on

The second system continues the song. The vocal line has the lyrics 'Bonny lassie will ye go to the birks of A - ber - fel - die Now simmer blinks on'. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern.

flow'ry braes And o'er the chrystal streamlet plays Come let us spend the

The third system continues the song. The vocal line has the lyrics 'flow'ry braes And o'er the chrystal streamlet plays Come let us spend the'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melody.

S.  
lightsome days In the birks of A - ber - fel - die.

The fourth system concludes the song. The vocal line has the lyrics 'lightsome days In the birks of A - ber - fel - die.' and ends with a final note. The piano accompaniment also concludes with a final chord.



*Again rejoicing &c. Air. Wish my love were in a wire.*

ANDANT  
AFFETTUOSO

A gain re - joicing Na - ture sees her robe as - sume its ver - nal hues, Her

lea - fy locks wave in the breeze, All fresh - ly steep'd in morning dews. In

vain to me the cowslips blaw, In vain to me the vi - lets spring In vain to

me in glen or shaw, The ma - vis and the lint-white sing.

\* If the upper notes are too high, take the under ones.



## AGAIN REJOICING NATURE SEES.

WRITTEN

By *BURNS.*

AIR—I WISH MY LOVE WERE IN A MYRE.

**A**gain rejoicing Nature sees  
 Her robe assume its vernal hues,  
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze  
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.  
 In vain to me the cowslips blaw,  
 In vain to me the vi'lets spring,  
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,  
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,  
 Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks ;  
 But life to me's a weary dream,  
 A dream of ane that never wauks.  
 The sheep-herd seeks his faulding slap,  
 And o'er the moorlands whistles shill ;  
 Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,  
 I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,  
 Blythe waukens by the daisie's side,  
 And mounts and sings, on flitt'ring wings,  
 A wae-worn ghaist I hameward glide.  
 Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,  
 And raging bend the naked tree ;  
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,  
 When Nature all is sad like me.

*Note—It may be proper to mention, that, for the sake of even stanzas to suit the air, four lines of the song, as originally written, are omitted in the above. The lines are,*

*“ The wanton coot the water skims,  
 “ Among the reeds the ducklings cry ;  
 “ The stately swan majestic swims,  
 “ And every thing is blest but I.”*

## BLESS'D AS TH' IMMORTAL GODS IS HE.

A TRANSLATION FROM SAPPHO,

By *AMBROSE PHILIPS, Esq.*

THE SAME AIR.

**B**less'd as th' immortal gods is he,  
 The youth who fondly sits by thee,  
 And hears and sees thee all the while  
 Softly speak, and sweetly smile.  
 'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,  
 And rais'd such tumults in my breast ;  
 For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,  
 My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd,—the subtile flame  
 Ran quick through all my vital frame ;  
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,  
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung.  
 With dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,  
 My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd ;  
 My feeble pulse forgot to play—  
 I fainted, sunk, and died away !



## BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT PRESENTED BY THE AUTHOR TO THE EDITOR,

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED, 1824.

*The Song is founded on the following tradition, given in the Statistical Account of the Parish of Methven, Perthshire.*

*"BESSY BELL was the daughter of the Laird of Kinvaid, and Mary Gray daughter of the Laird of Lednock. Being near neighbours, a great intimacy subsisted between the young ladies. When they were together at Lednock, in 1645, the plague broke out; to avoid which they retired to a romantic spot called BURN BRAES, where they lived for some time, but afterwards caught the infection from a young gentleman, an admirer of both, who came to visit them in their solitude. Here they died, and were buried at some distance from their bower, near a beautiful bank of the Almond. MAJOR BERRY, the late proprietor of Lednock, inclosed, with pious care, the spot of ground, and consecrated it to the memory of these famed and amiable friends."*

*The romantic spot thus hallowed by the Muse, the Editor had the satisfaction of visiting some years ago. The name, Lednock, was changed to Lyndoch by its present owner, the gallant General who won and wears that now baronial title.*

*The Author has retained the first four lines only of ALLAN RAMSAY'S Bessy Bell, which lines are supposed to have been part of an Old Song, now irrecoverable. If it existed in RAMSAY'S days, it is to be regretted that he did not preserve it, instead of substituting one of the poorest of his own compositions. It is more than probable that the Old Song related to the above-mentioned tradition, and in the following Verses the Author aims at a re-production of the supposed ancient Song.*

O BESSY BELL, and Mary Gray,  
They were twa bonny lasses;  
They biggit a bower on yon burn brae,  
And theekit it o'er wi' rashes.  
"Frae town and plague we're far away,  
There's naething now to fear us,  
On our ain Almond's broomy brae  
Nae ill thing dare come near us."

All night beneath the bower they bade,—  
The lee lang day they wander'd  
In green Glen-Almond's forest shade,  
Or by the burnie daunder'd.  
The dew their footsteps scarcely shook  
From off the morning heather;  
The moon they gazed on in the brook  
Was not more pure than either.

He came—one short sweet hour he staid,  
Beneath the bower of rashes,  
And mony a gentle word was said  
'Twixt him and these fair lasses.  
They brought him all their best of cheer—  
Nor malvoisie nor sherris,  
But water from the fountain clear,  
And wilding mountain-berries.

Three hearts were heavy when he turn'd  
From them and their lone shealing;  
Alas! within each bosom burn'd  
Twa ills that knew no healing:  
For love was there, that flower'd in joy,  
But must have grown in sorrow,—  
And pestilence came with the boy,  
And death came on the morrow.

Cold lies he in proud Hunting-tower,  
That bore the plague-spot thither,  
And cold lie they within their bower,  
Hand link'd in hand together.  
The burn runs clear their pillow near,  
And the auld thorn tree is shady—  
Dig deep, dig deep, but let them sleep  
Still row'd in the same plaidie.



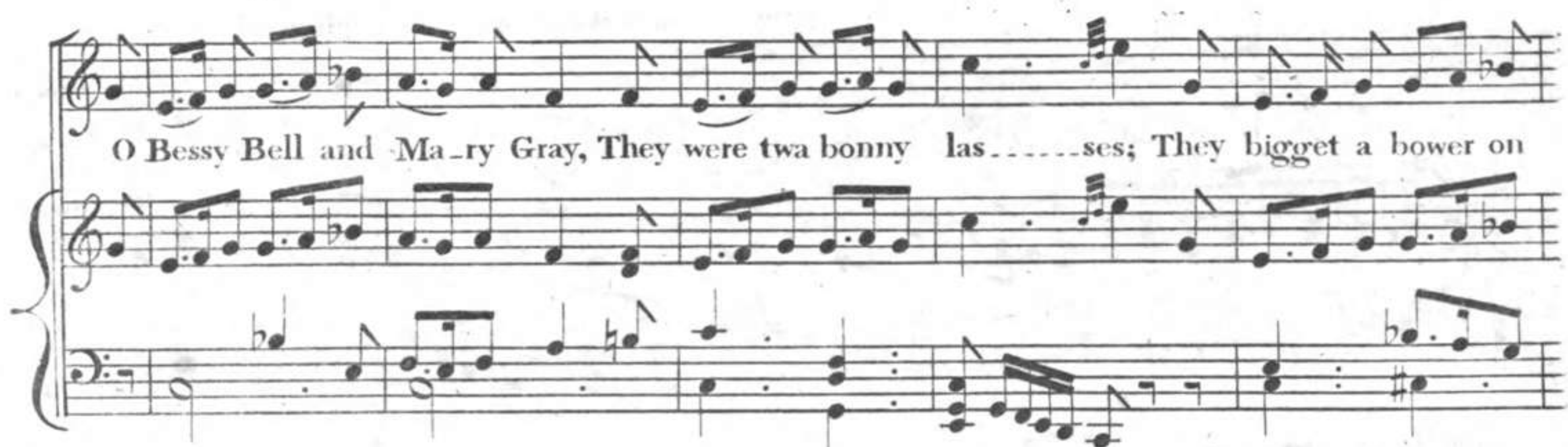
*O Bessy Bell & Mary Gray. - Haydn.*  
*With new Verses. 1824.*

138

*Andante*  
*quasi*  
*Allegretto*



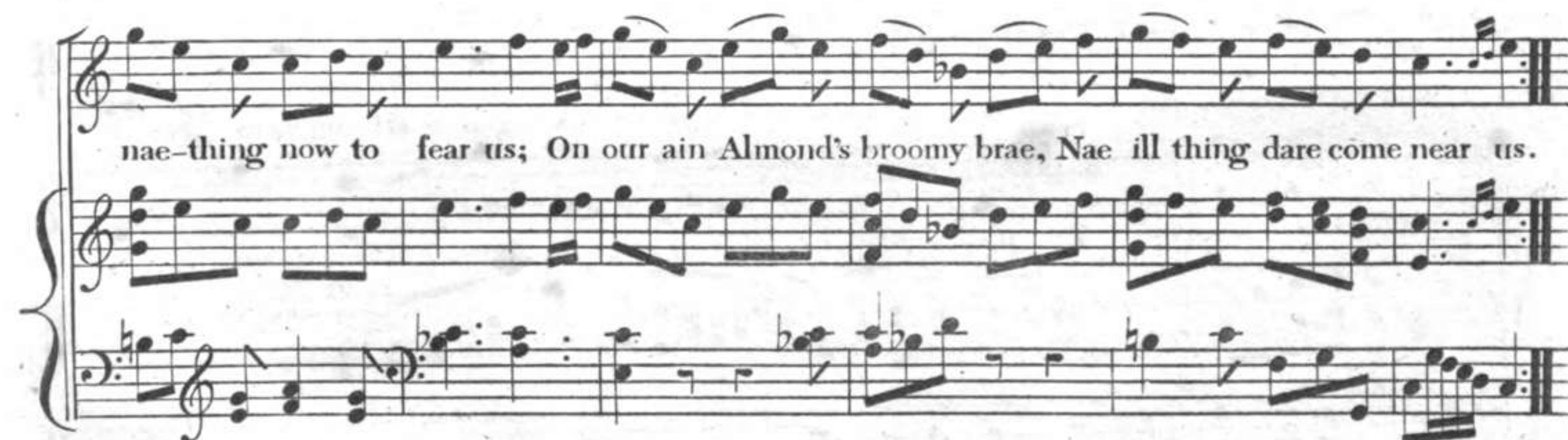
O Bessy Bell and Ma-ry Gray, They were twa bonny las.....ses; They bigget a bower on



yon burn brae, And theeket it o'er wi' ra.....shes. Frae town and plague we're far a way, There's



nae-thing now to fear us; On our ain Almond's broomy brae, Nae ill thing dare come near us.

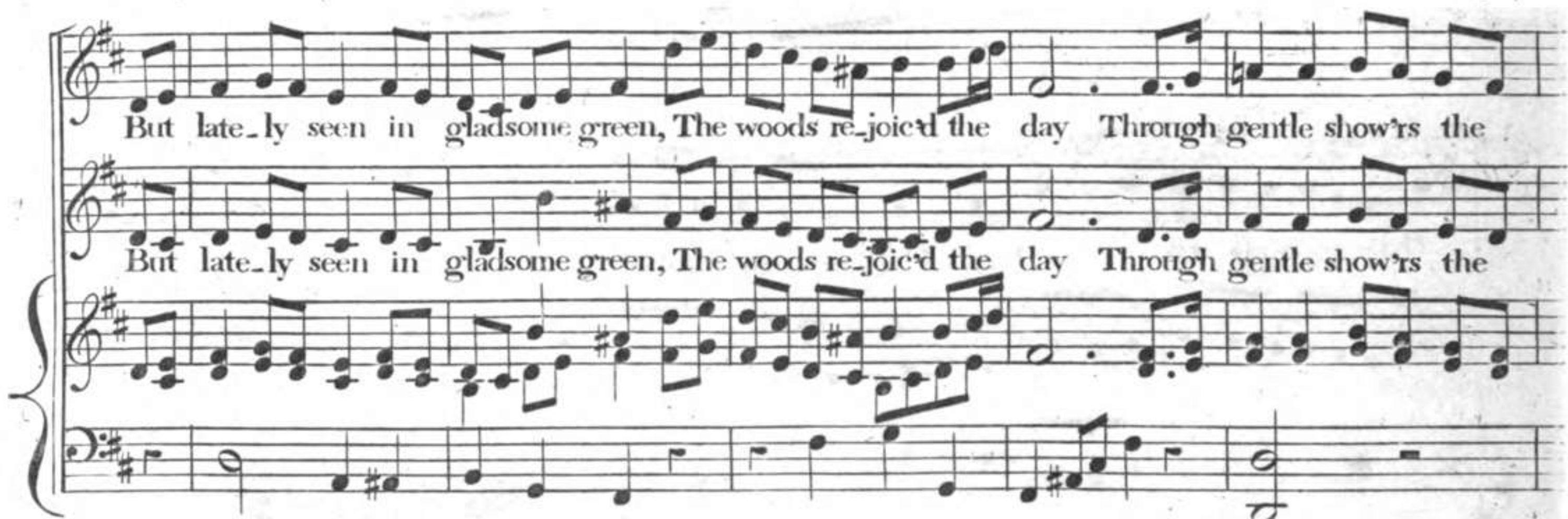




*But lately seen &c. - Air. The death of the Linnet*

DUET

Andantino





BUT LATELY SEEN, IN GLADSOME GREEN.

WRITTEN.

By BURNS.

---

AIR—THE DEATH OF THE LINNET.

**B**UT lately seen, in gladsome green,  
The woods rejoic'd the day,  
Thro' gentle showers, the laughing flowers  
In double pride were gay.  
Tho' now all Nature's sweets are fled \*  
On winter blasts awa';  
Yet maiden May, in rich array,  
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white powe, nae kindly thowe  
Shall melt the snaws of age;  
My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,  
Sinks in Time's wintry rage.  
Oh! age has weary, weary days,  
And nights o' sleepless pain!  
Thou golden time o' youthful prime,  
Why com'st thou not again!

\* In the Author's copy, the 5th line of this stanza is, "But now our joys are fled," which being too short for the Air, the Editor has taken the liberty of altering as above.

---

WHEN DAMON LANGUISH'D AT MY FEET.

WRITTEN

By MR MOORE.

---

THE SAME AIR.

**W**HEN Damon languish'd at my feet,  
And I believ'd him true,  
The moments of delight how sweet!  
But ah, how swift they flew!  
The sunny hill, the flow'ry vale,  
The garden and the grove,  
Have echo'd to his ardent tale,  
And vows of endless love.

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize,  
He left her to complain;  
To talk of joy with weeping eyes,  
And measure time by pain.  
But Heav'n will take the mourner's part,  
In pity to despair;  
And the last sigh that rends the heart  
Shall waft the spirit there.



WELL, I AGREE, YE'RE SURE OF ME.

WRITTEN

By *ALLAN RAMSAY*.

---

AIR—O'ER BOGIE.

**W**ELL, I agree, ye're sure of me,  
 Next to my father gae ;  
 Make him content to give consent,  
 He'll hardly sae you nay ;  
 For ye have what he wou'd be at,  
 And will commend ye weel ;  
 Since parents auld think love grows cauld,  
 Where bairns want milk and meal.

Should he deny, I carena by,  
 He'd contradict in vain ;  
 Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,  
 But thee I will have nane.  
 Then never range, nor learn to change,  
 Like those in high degree ;  
 And if you faithful prove in love  
 You'll find nae fault in me.

---

NO MORE MY HEART, &c.

---

THE SAME AIR.

**N**o more my heart shall loosely rove  
 In search of novel charms :  
 My fancy's fix'd, resistless love  
 My glowing bosom warms.  
 A blushing cheek, a lip, an eye,  
 A shape, an air, a voice,  
 Oft rais'd a wish, or forc'd a sigh,  
 But ne'er could fix my choice.

For soon I shook off beauty's chains,  
 Impatient of controul,—  
 The object chang'd, no trace remains  
 Imprinted on the soul.  
 The charms that gild a lovely mind,  
 Can conquer that alone ;  
 My fancy's fix'd, convinc'd I find  
 Variety in one.

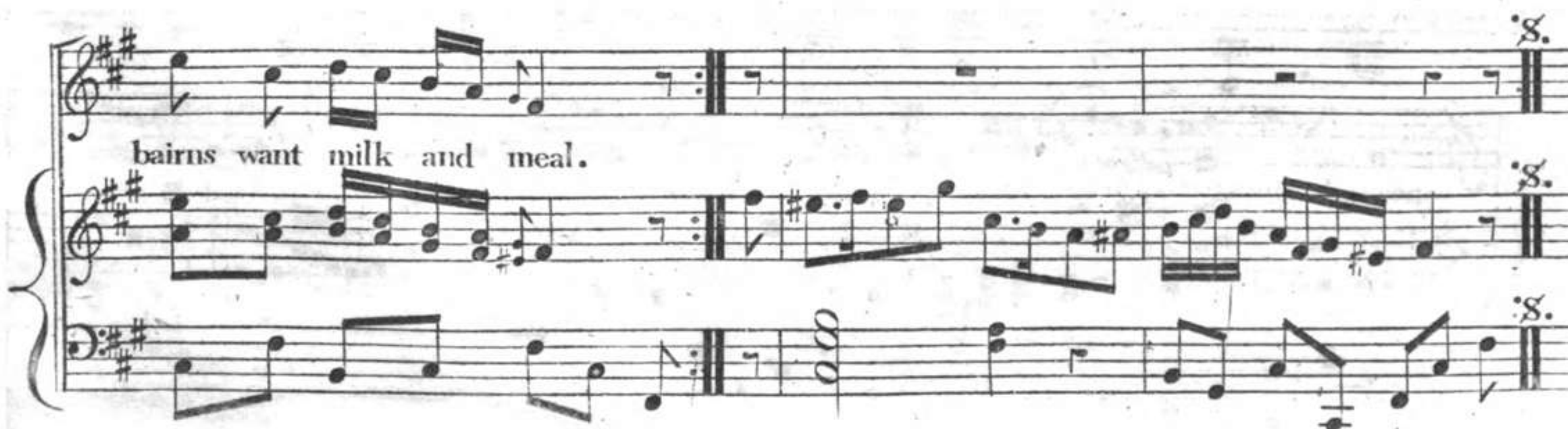
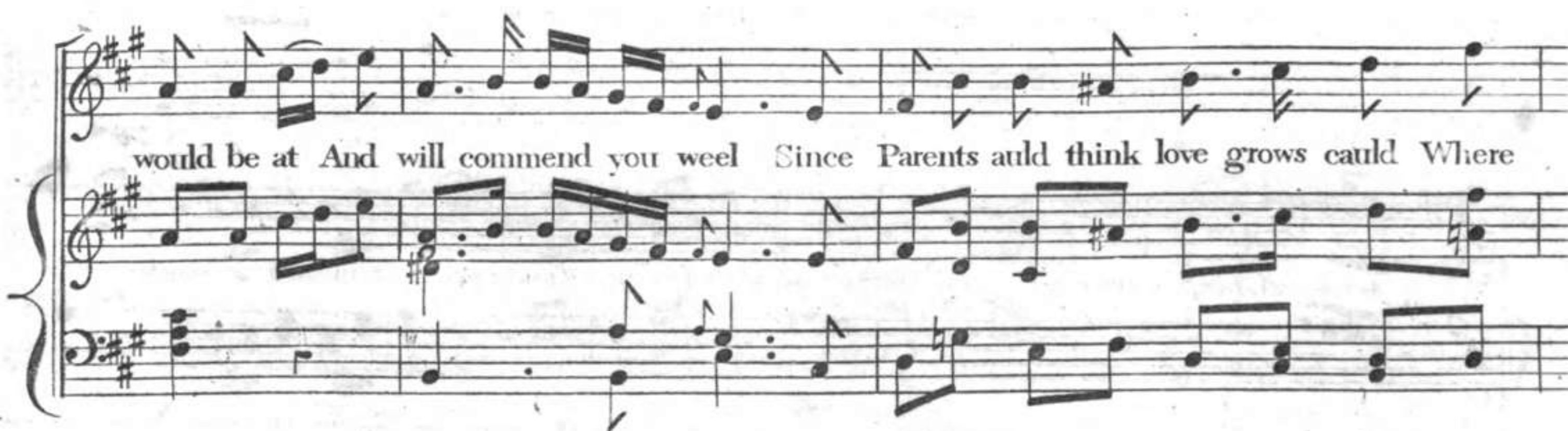
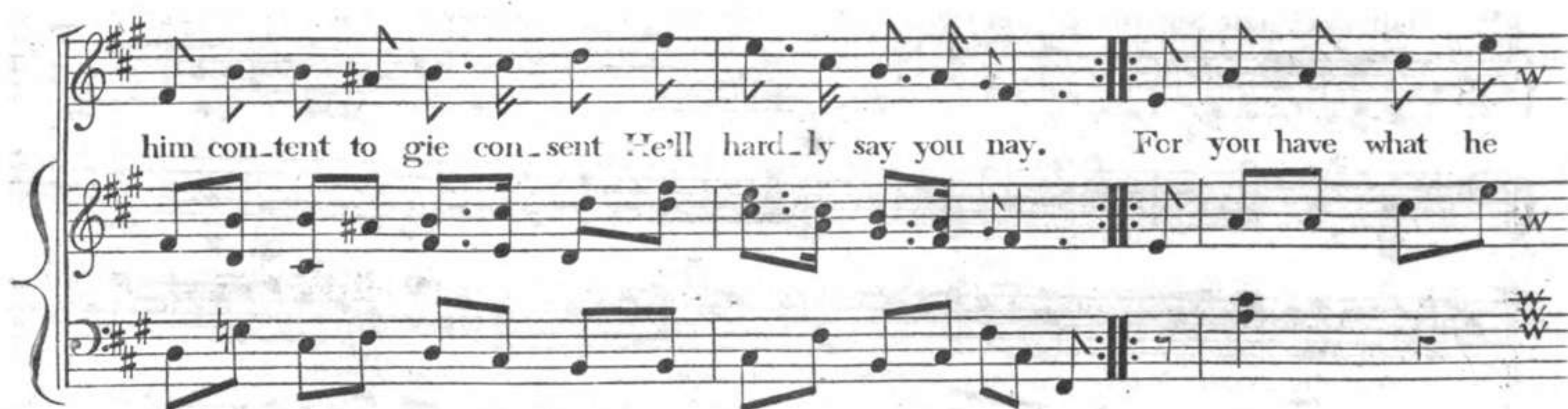
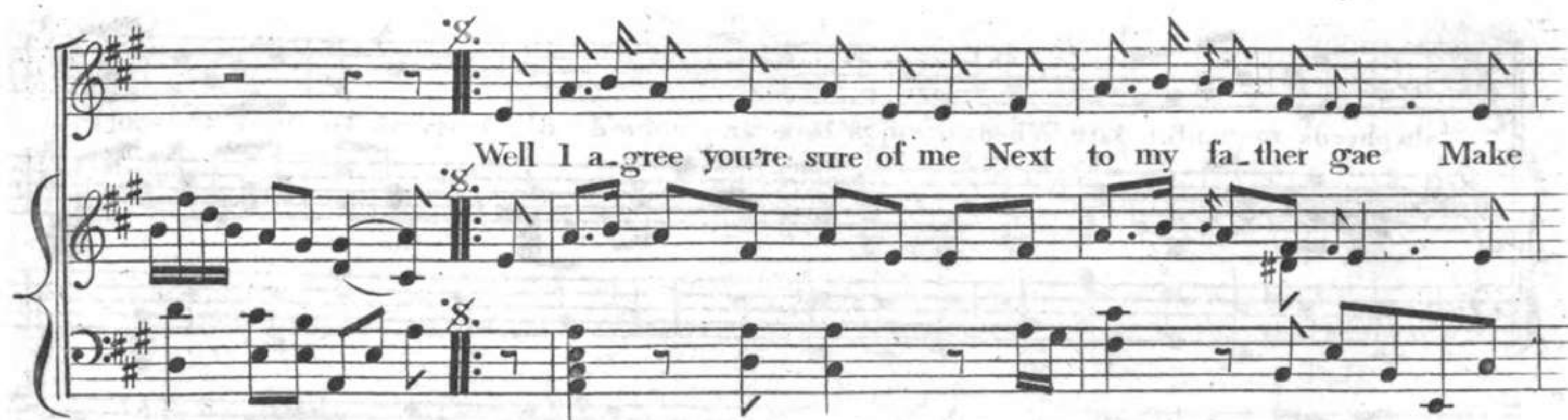
---



# Well I agree &c. - Air, Oir Boggie

140

Allegretto  
piu tosto  
Vivace





*Al the Shepherd's mournful fate Air. Galashiels.*

*Affettuoso*

S. Ah the poor

shepherd's mournful fate, When doom'd to love and doom'd to languish, To bear the scornful

fair ones hate Nor dare disclose his anguish. Yet ea-ger looks and dy-ing sighs my se-cret

soul dis-cover While rapture trembling through mine eyes, re-veals how much I love her: The

tender glance, the red'ning cheek, o'erspread with rising blushes, A thousand various ways they

Violino

Speak, A thousand various wishes.

S. S. S.



## AH THE SHEPHERD'S MOURNFUL FATE.

WRITTEN

*By WILLIAM HAMILTON, Esq.*OF BANGOUR.

---

AIR—GALLASHIELS.

**A**H the shepherd's mournful fate,  
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,  
To bear the scornful fair-one's hate,  
Nor dare disclose his anguish.

Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,  
My secret soul discover ;  
While rapture, trembling thro' mine eyes,  
Reveals how much I love her.

The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,  
O'erspread with rising blushes,  
A thousand various ways they speak  
A thousand various wishes.

For oh ! that form so heav'nly fair,  
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,  
That artless blush, and modest air,  
So fatally beguiling.

Thy every look, and every grace,  
So charm whene'er I view thee,—  
Till death o'ertake me in the chace  
Still will my hopes pursue thee.

Then when my tedious hours are past,  
Be this last blessing given,—  
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,  
And die in sight of heaven !

---



## IN WINTER WHEN THE RAIN RAIN'D CAULD.

AIR—TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

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

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

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

' In days when our King Robert rang,  
 ' His trews they cost but half-a-crown ;  
 ' He said they were a groat o'er dear,  
 ' And call'd the tailor thief and loun.

' He was the King that wore a crown,  
 ' And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,—  
 ' 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,  
 ' Sae tak' thy auld cloak about thee.'

" Every land has its ain laugh,  
 " Ilk kind of corn it has its hool ;  
 " I think the warld is a' run wrang,  
 " When ilka wife her man would rule.  
 " Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,  
 " As they are girded gallantly,  
 " While I sit hurklen in the ase ?—  
 " I'll ha'e a new cloak about me !"

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

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

## WHEN DAISIES PY'D, AND VIOLETS BLUE.

WRITTEN

By *SHAKESPEARE.*

THE SAME AIR.

**W**HEN daisies py'd, and violets blue,  
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,  
 And lady-smocks all silver white,  
 Do paint the meadows with delight ;  
 The cuckoo then, on ev'ry tree,  
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he—  
 Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! O word of fear,  
 Unpleasing to a married ear !

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
 And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks ;  
 When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,  
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks :  
 The cuckoo then, on ev'ry tree,  
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he—  
 Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! O word of fear,  
 Unpleasing to a married ear !

When icicles hang by the wall,  
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
 And milk comes frozen home in pail ;  
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
 Tu-whit tu-whoo, a merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

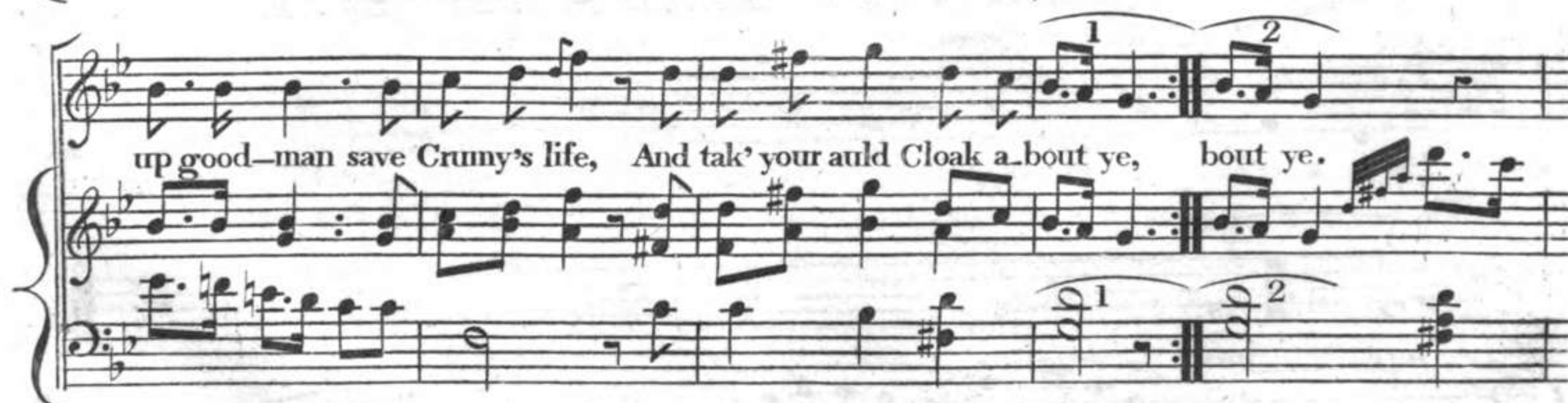
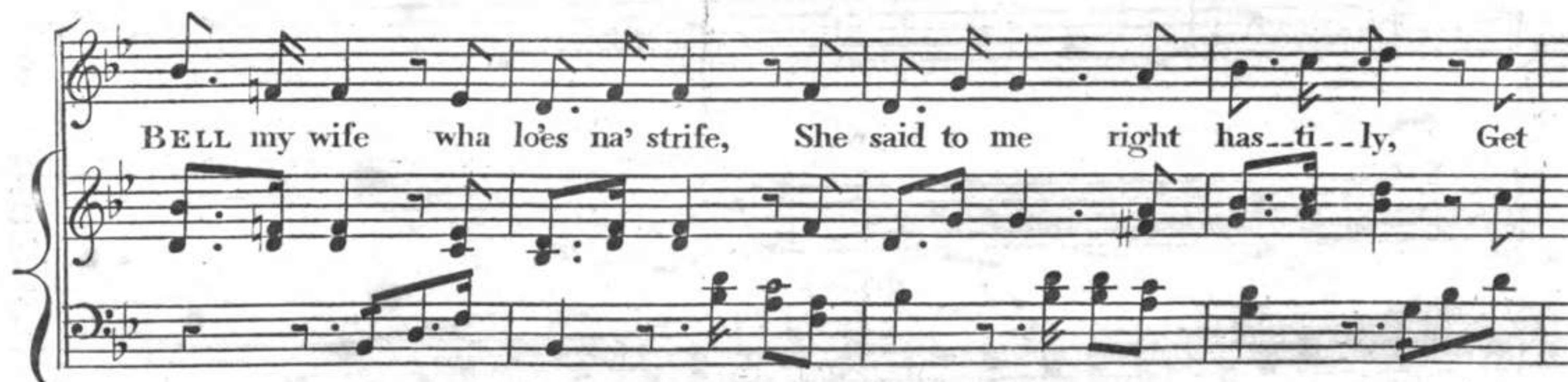
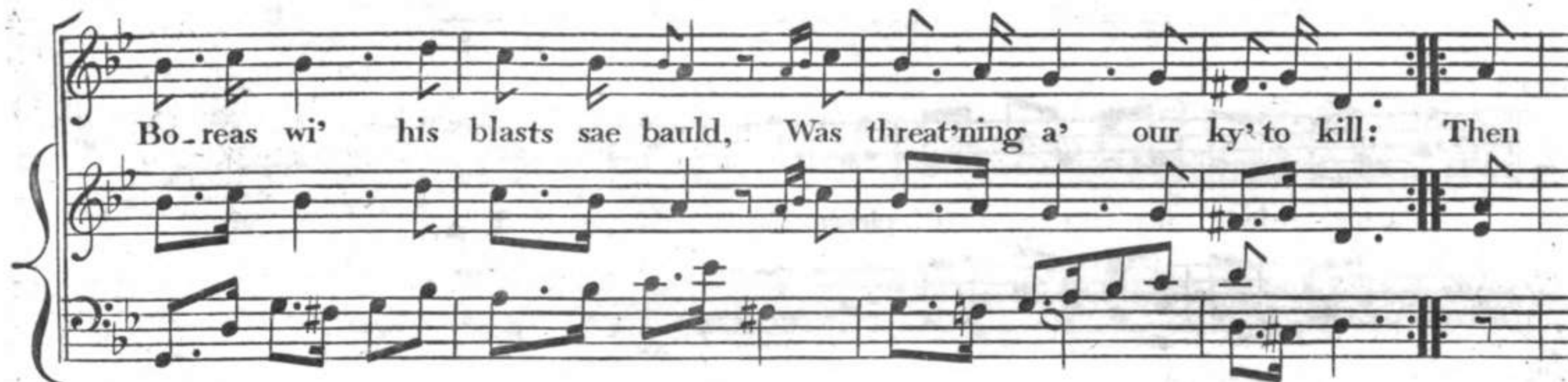
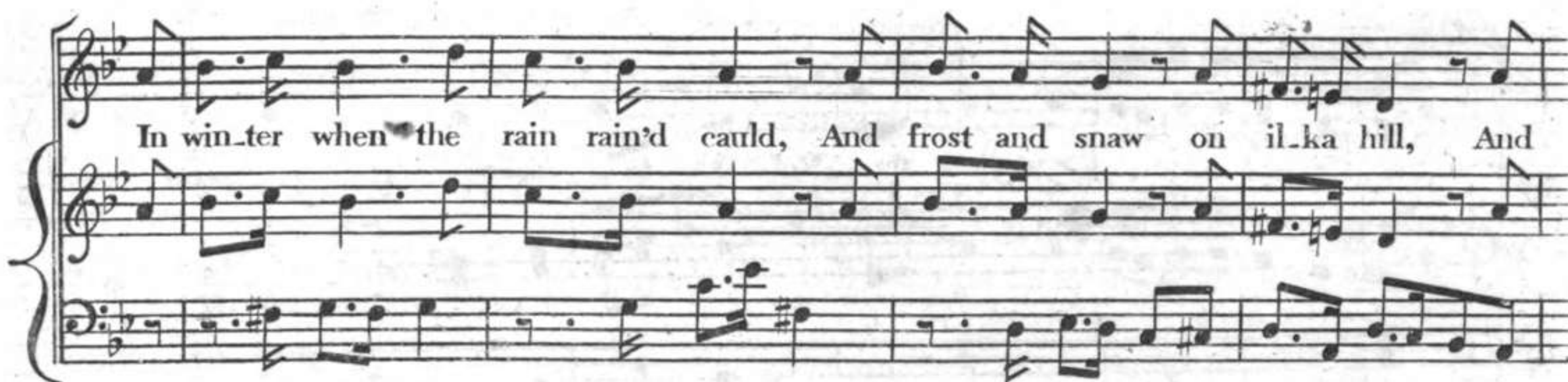
When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And Marion's nose looks red and raw ;  
 Then roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
 And nightly sings the staring owl,  
 Tu-whit tu-whoo, a merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.



*In winter Ye. Air. Tak your auld cloak about ye.*

142

ANDANTINO  
UN POCO  
VIVACE.





# *O Sandy &c. - Air. Through the wood laddie*

Andante

O San--dy why leav'st thou thy Nel--ly to mourn Thy pre--sence cou'd

ease me when nae--thing can please me Now do--wie I sigh on the

bank of the burn Or through the wood lad--die un--till thou re--

turn. turn.

\*When the Voice cannot reach the higher notes the lower ones may be substituted.



## O SANDY, WHY LEAV'ST THOU THY NELLY TO MOURN.

WRITTEN

By *ALLAN RAMSAY*.

AIR—THRO' THE WOOD, LADDIE.

<p><b>O</b> SANDY, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn,          Thy presence could ease me,          When naething can please me :          Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,          Or thro' the wood, laddie, until thou return.</p> <p>Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,          While lav'rocks are singing,          And primroses springing,          Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,          When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.</p>	<p>That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell ;          I'm fash'd wi their scorning,          Baith evening and morning ;          Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,          When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.</p> <p>Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,          But quick as an arrow          Haste here to thy marrow,          Wha's living in languor till that happy day,          When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing, and play.</p>
---	--

## ALAS! I PERCEIVE ALL MY WISHES ARE VAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *PETER PINDAR*.

THE SAME AIR.

<p><b>A</b>LAS! I perceive all my wishes are vain,          That Fortune, too cruel, condemns me to pine ;          Yet of Julia I will not, I dare not complain,          But of Folly that whisper'd the nymph would be mine.</p> <p>For another (how happy!) the virgin is fair :          Too happy the swain who possesses her charms ;          Yet I'll praise e'en a <i>rival</i>, amid my despair,          Since his worth must be great that can merit <i>her</i> arms.</p> <p>Tho' slighted, her name will I carve on the tree,          And lonely I'll sit on the sod in the grove,          Where fondly I thought that she loiter'd for <i>me</i>,          And fancied each word and each smile to be love.</p>	<p>Ah! the heart is too ready <i>itself</i> to deceive ;          Too often it leads the poor shepherd astray !          What we ardently wish, we too fondly believe,          And Winter is often mistaken for May !</p> <p>Wild Hope dreams of nought but possession and joy,          And cheated, sees nothing but sunshine around :          She dreams not of tempests so prone to destroy,          And shake the gay blossoms of love to the ground.</p> <p>But Hope shall no longer my bosom beguile ;          With sorrow I'll think of the change thro' the year;          Yes, I'll think on the day that has op'd with a smile,          And often deceitful has clos'd with a <i>tear</i>.</p>
--	--



## FAREWEL, YE DUNGEONS DARK AND STRONG.

WRITTEN

By BURNS,

THE FIRST STANZA AND THE CHORUS EXCEPTED.

## AIR—MACPHERSON'S FAREWEL.

*This noted Freebooter was executed at Inverness about the beginning of the last century. When he came to the fatal tree, he played the tune to which he has bequeathed his name, upon a favourite violin, and holding up the instrument, offered it to any one of his clan who would undertake to play the tune over his body at his lyke-wake; as none answered, he dashed it to pieces on the executioner's head, and flung himself from the ladder. The following are the wild stanzas, grounded, however, upon some traditional remains\*, which BURNS has put into the mouth of this desperado.*

FAREWEL, ye dungeons dark and strong,  
The wretch's destinie!  
M'Pherson's time will not be long,—  
On yonder gallows-tree.

*Chorus.*—Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,  
Sae dauntingly gaed he;  
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,  
Below the gallows-tree.

O what is death but parting breath?—  
On many a bloody plain  
I've dar'd his face, and in this place  
I scorn him yet again!—*Sae rantingly, &c.*

Untie these bands from off my hands,  
And bring to me my sword;  
And there's no a man in all Scotland,  
But I'll brave him at a word.—*Sae rantingly, &c.*

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife,  
I die by treacherie;  
It burns my heart I must depart  
And not avenged be.—*Sae rantingly, &c.*

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,  
And all beneath the sky!  
May coward shame distain his name,  
The wretch that dares not die!—*Sae rantingly, &c.*

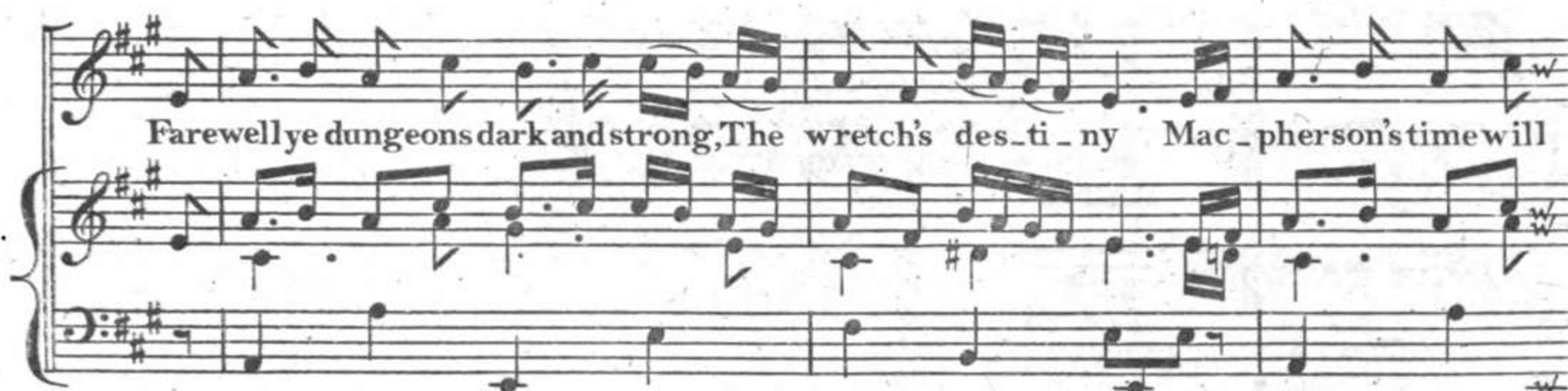
\* We have heard some of those recited, particularly one, which begins,

Now farewell house, and farewell friends,  
And farewell wife and bairns;  
There's nae repentance in my heart,  
The fiddle's in my arms.



144  
*Farewell ye dungeons. Air. Macpherson's farewell.*

*Andante  
risoluto.*



**CHORUS** *con molto spirito*



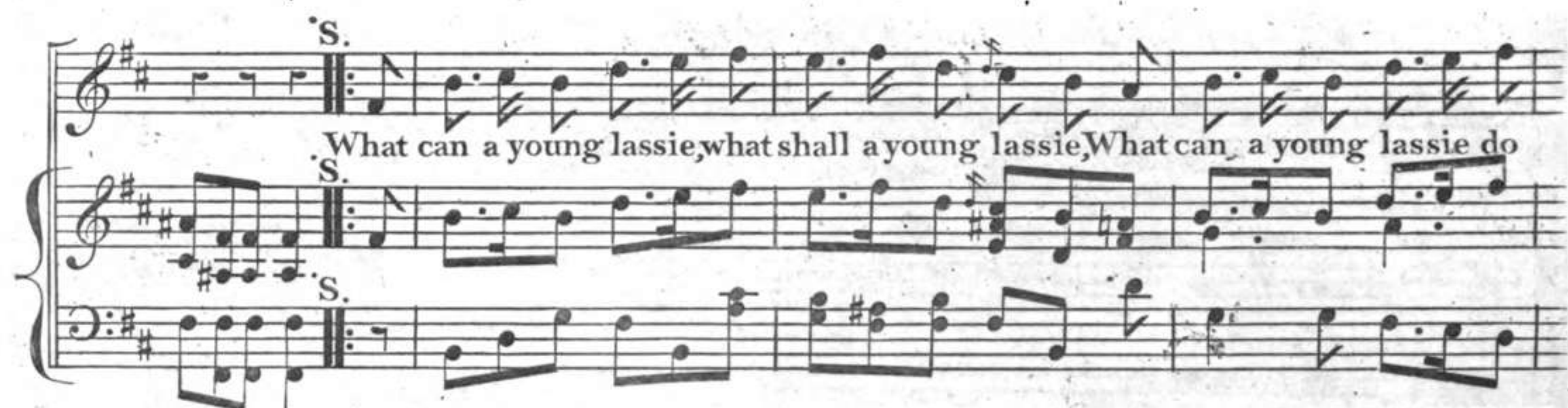


145  
*What can a young Lassie dowi' an auld man.*

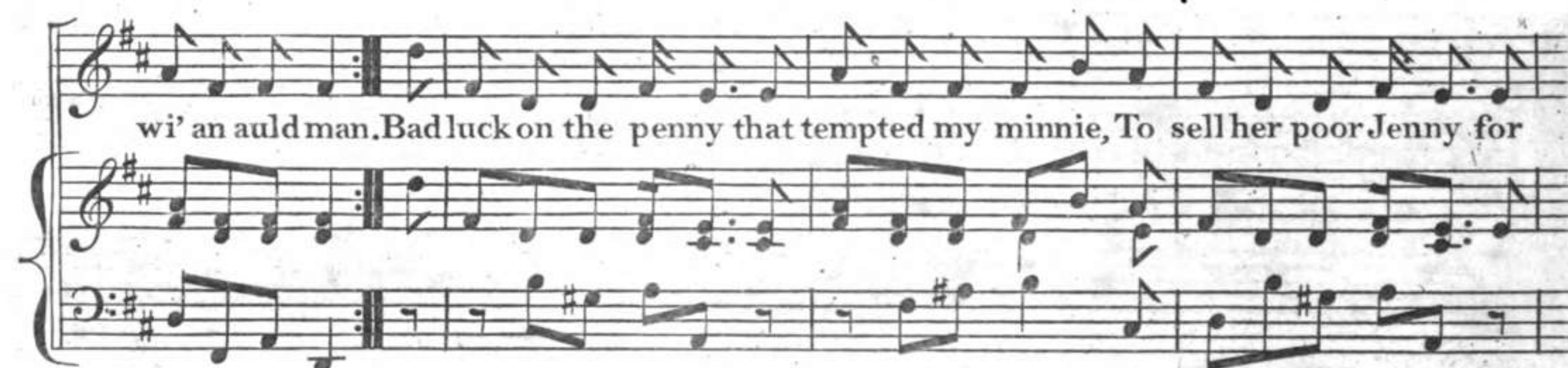
*Allegretto*



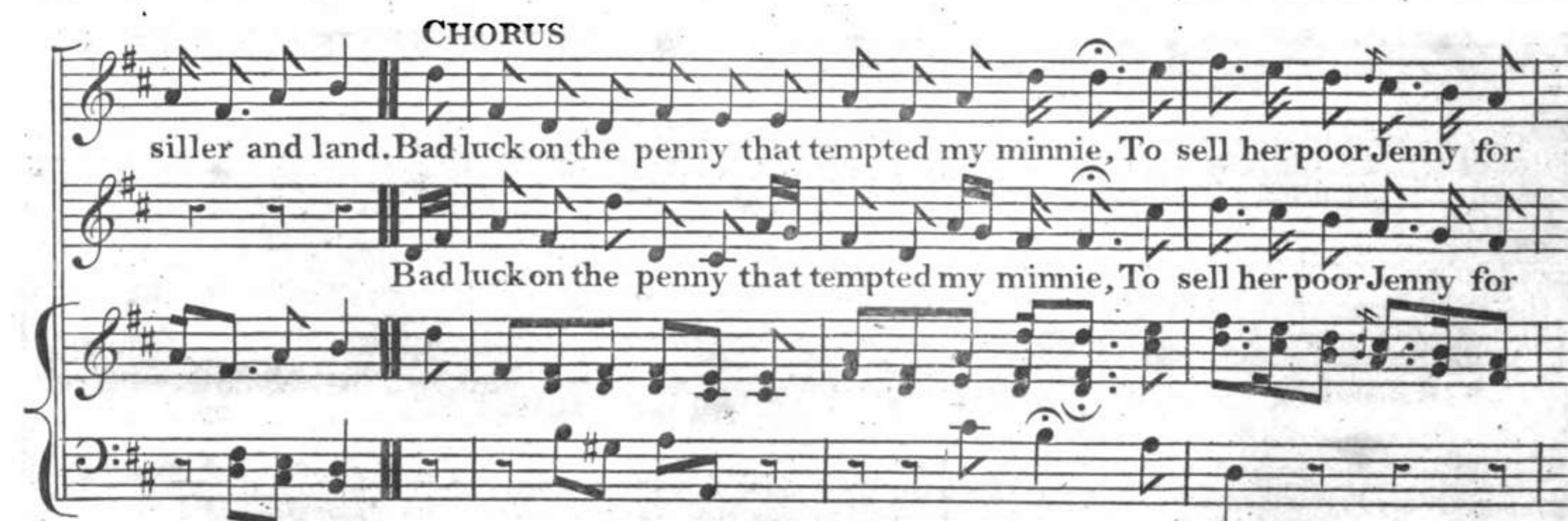
S.  
What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie, What can a young lassie do



wi' an auld man. Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie, To sell her poor Jenny for



**CHORUS**  
siller and land. Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie, To sell her poor Jenny for  
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie, To sell her poor Jenny for



siller and land.

siller and land.





## WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

AIR—WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN.

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,  
 What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?  
 Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minny  
 To sell her poor Jenny for siller an lan'.  
*Bad luck, &c.*

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,  
 I never can please him, do a' that I can;  
 He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows,  
 O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!  
*He's peevish, &c.*

He's always compleenin frae mornin to e'enin,  
 He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang;  
 He's doyl't and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,  
 O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!  
*He's doyl't, &c.*

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,  
 I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;  
 I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,  
 And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan!  
*I'll cross him, &c.*

## SINCE WEDLOCK'S IN VOGUE, &amp;c.

WRITTEN

By CUNINGHAME.

THE SAME AIR.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins despis'd,  
 To all bachelors greeting, these lines are premis'd;  
 I'm a maid that would marry—ah! could I but find  
 (I care not for fortune) a man to my mind!  
*I'm a maid, &c.*

Not the ruby-fac'd sot, who topos world without end;  
 Nor the drone who can't relish his bottle and friend;  
 Nor the fool that's too fond; nor the churl that's unkind;  
 Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.  
*Nor the fool, &c.*

Not the fair-weather fop, fond of fashion and dress,  
 Not the squire, who can relish no joys but the chace;  
 Nor the free-thinking rake, whom no morals can bind;  
 Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.  
*Nor the free, &c.*

Not the wretch with full bags, without breeding or merit,  
 Nor the flash, that's all fury without any spirit;  
 Nor the fine Master Fribble, the scorn of mankind;  
 Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.  
*Nor the fine, &c.*

But the youth whom good sense and good nature inspire;  
 Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair should admire;  
 In whose heart love and truth are with honour conjoin'd  
 This—this, and no other's the man to my mind.  
*In whose heart, &c.*



## BY PINKY HOUSE OFT LET ME WALK.

WRITTEN

*By J. MITCHELL.*

---

## AIR—PINKY HOUSE.

**B**y Pinky House oft let me walk,  
While circled in my arms,  
I hear my Nelly sweetly talk,  
And gaze o'er all her charms.  
O let me ever fond behold  
Those graces void of art ;  
Those cheerful smiles, that sweetly hold  
In willing chains my heart !

O come, my Love ! and bring a-new  
That gentle turn of mind ;  
That gracefulness of air, in you,  
By Nature's hand design'd ;  
That beauty, like the blushing rose,  
First lighted up this flame,  
Which, like the sun, for ever glows  
Within my breast the same !

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

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

---



*By Pinkey house oft let me walk* 146

Andante

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time, marked 'Andante'. The introduction consists of two staves of piano music. The vocal melody enters in the second system with the lyrics 'By Pin-key house oft let me walk, While cir-cled in my arms, I'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line. The lyrics continue: 'hear my Nel-ly sweet-ly talk, And gaze o'er all her charms. O let me e-ver fond be-hold Those gra-cies void of art! Those cheer-ful smiles that sweet-ly hold In wil-ling chains my heart.' The score concludes with a final piano section marked with a double bar line and repeat signs. The key signature remains G major throughout.

By Pin-key house oft let me walk, While cir-cled in my arms, I

hear my Nel-ly sweet-ly talk, And gaze o'er all her charms. O

let me e-ver fond be-hold Those gra-cies void of art! Those

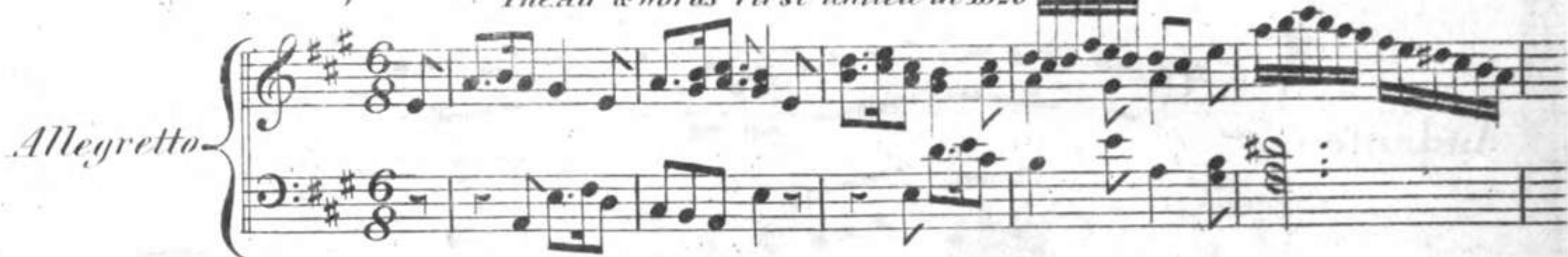
cheer-ful smiles that sweet-ly hold In wil-ling chains my heart.



# *My Peggys face my Peggys form. - Haydn.*

*The Air & Words first united in 1826*

*Allegretto*



My PEGGY'S face, my PEGGY'S form, The frost of her mit age might warm, My



PEGGY'S worth, my PEGGY'S mind, Might charm the first of hu-mankind, I



love my PEGGY'S an-gel air, Her face so tru-ly heaven-ly fair, Her



na-tive grace so void of art, But I a-dore my PEGGY'S heart.





MY PEGGY'S FACE, MY PEGGY'S FORM.

WRITTEN

*By* BURNS.

---

AIR—THE AULD GUDEMAN.

**M**y Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,  
 The frost of hermit age might warm ;  
 My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,  
 Might charm the first of human kind.  
 I love my Peggy's angel air,  
 Her face so truly heavenly fair,  
 Her native grace so void of art ;  
 But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,  
 The kindling lustre of an eye—  
 Who but owns their magic sway ? —  
 Who but knows they all decay ?  
 The tender thrill, the pitying tear,  
 The generous purpose, nobly dear,  
 The gentle look that rage disarms,—  
 These are all immortal charms.

---



## NANSIE'S TO THE GREENWOOD GANE.

WITH NEW VERSES,

HERE FIRST UNITED TO THE MUSIC,—1825.

## NO FLATTERY.

I never said thy face was fair,  
Thy cheek with beauty glowing ;  
Nor whisper'd that thy woodland air  
With grace was over-flowing.  
I never said thy teeth so white,  
In hue were snow excelling ;  
Nor called thine eye so blue, so bright,  
Young Love's celestial dwelling.

I never said thy voice was soft,  
Soft heart but ill concealing ;  
Nor prais'd thy sparkling glance, so oft,  
So well thy thoughts revealing.  
I never said thy taper form  
Was, Nancy, more than handsome :  
Nor said thy heart so young, so warm,  
Was worth a monarch's ransom.

I never said, that gentle breast  
Contain'd a gen'rous spirit,  
Or that the youth were doubly blest,  
Who those soft smiles could merit.  
I never said to young or old,  
I felt no joy without thee :  
No, Nancy, no—I never told—  
A single lie about thee.

## THE OLD SONG TO THE SAME AIR.

*This is one of the very pleasant songs of the olden time which has come down to us by means of Allan Ramsay, in whose Tea-Table Miscellany it first appeared. Willie's account of his own descent, contrasted with that of Souple Sandy, his rival, who had pass'd his infancy on his mother's back as a mendicant, is highly comic and natural. The humour of the whole song, indeed, is lively, characteristic, and amusing: but lest it be thought by some rather homely for the modern drawing-room, the Editor has given the above little song to be sung there with the music.*

NANSY's to the greenwood gane,  
To hear the gowdspinks chatt'ring,  
And Willy he has followed her,  
To gain her love by flatt'ring ;  
But a' that he could say or do,  
She geck'd and scorned at him ;  
And ay when he began to woo,  
She bade him mind wha gat him.

' What ails you at my dad,' quoth he,  
' My minnie, or my aunty ?  
' With crowdy-moudy they fed me,  
' Lang-kail and ranty-tanty ;  
' With bannocks of good barley-meal,  
' Of thae there was right plenty,  
' With chapped castocks butter'd weel,  
' And was not that right dainty ?

' Altho' my father was nae laird,  
' 'Tis daffin to be vaunty,  
' He keepet ay a good kail-yard,  
' A ha' house and a pantry ;  
' A good blue bonnet on his head,  
' An owrlay 'bout his craigy ;  
' And ay, until the day he died,  
' He rade on gude shanks' nagy.'

" Now wae and wonder on your snout,  
" Wad ye ha'e bonny Nansy ?  
" Wad ye compare yoursel' to me?—  
" A docken till a tansy ?

" I ha'e a wooer of my ain,  
" They ca' him Souple Sandy,  
" And weel I wat his bonny mou'  
" Is sweet like sugar-candy."

Wow, Nansy, what needs a' this din ?  
' Do I not ken this Sandy ?  
' I'm sure the chief of a' his kin  
' Was Rab the beggar randy ;  
' His minnie, Meg, upon her back  
' Bare baith him and his billy :  
' Will ye compare a nasty pack  
' To me, your winsome Willy ?

' My gutchar left a guid braid sword,  
' Tho' it be auld and rusty,  
' Yet ye may tak' it on my word,  
' It is baith stout and trusty ;  
' And if I can but get it drawn,  
' Which will be right uneasy,  
' I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,  
' That he shall get a heezy.'

Then Nansy turned her round about,  
And said " Did Sandy hear ye,  
" Ye wadna miss to get a clout,  
" I ken he disna fear ye :  
" Sae ha'd your tongue, and say nae mair,  
" Set somewhere else your fancy ;  
" For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,  
" Ye never shall get Nansy."



*Ways to the greenwood lane*

*With new Verses. - 1825.*

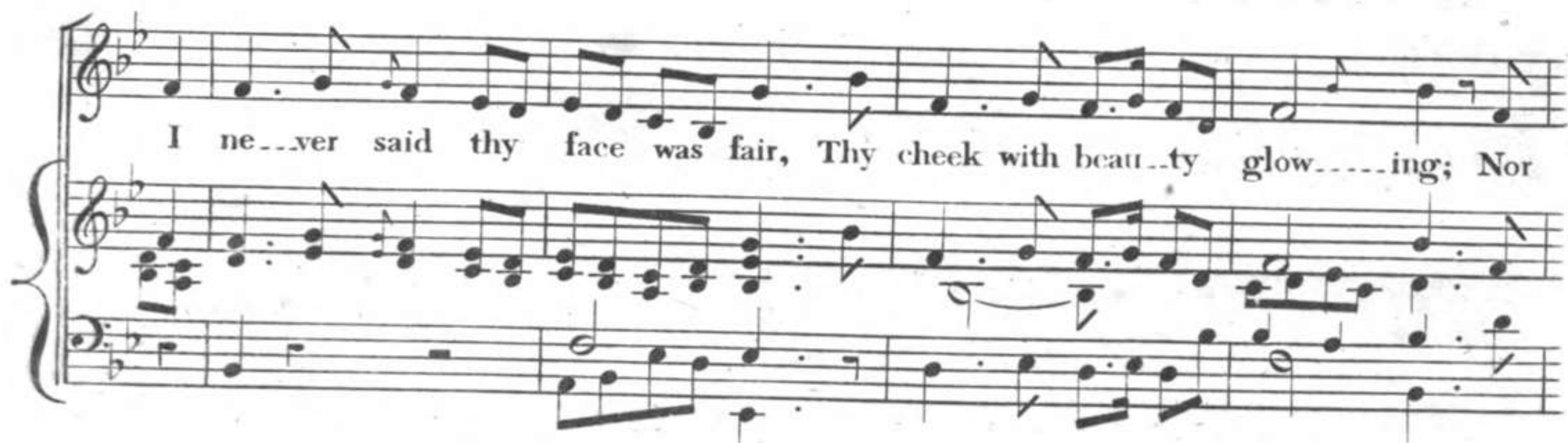
148

*Andante*  
*quasi*  
*Allegretto.*



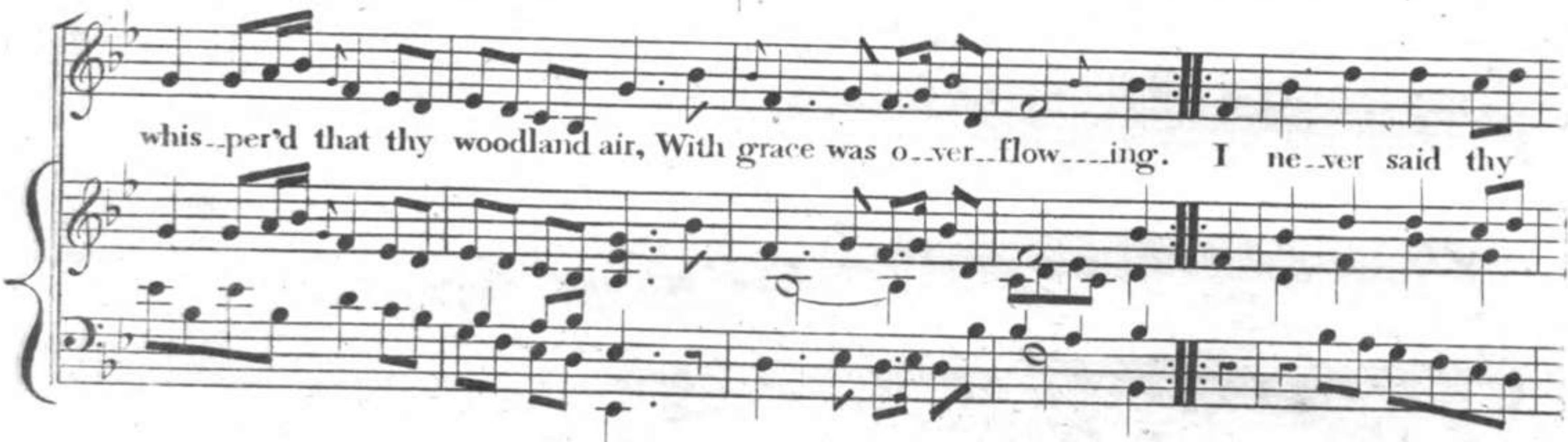
The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes in a descending sequence, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The tempo markings 'Andante', 'quasi', and 'Allegretto.' are written to the left of the staves.

I ne...ver said thy face was fair, Thy cheek with beau...ty glow....ing; Nor



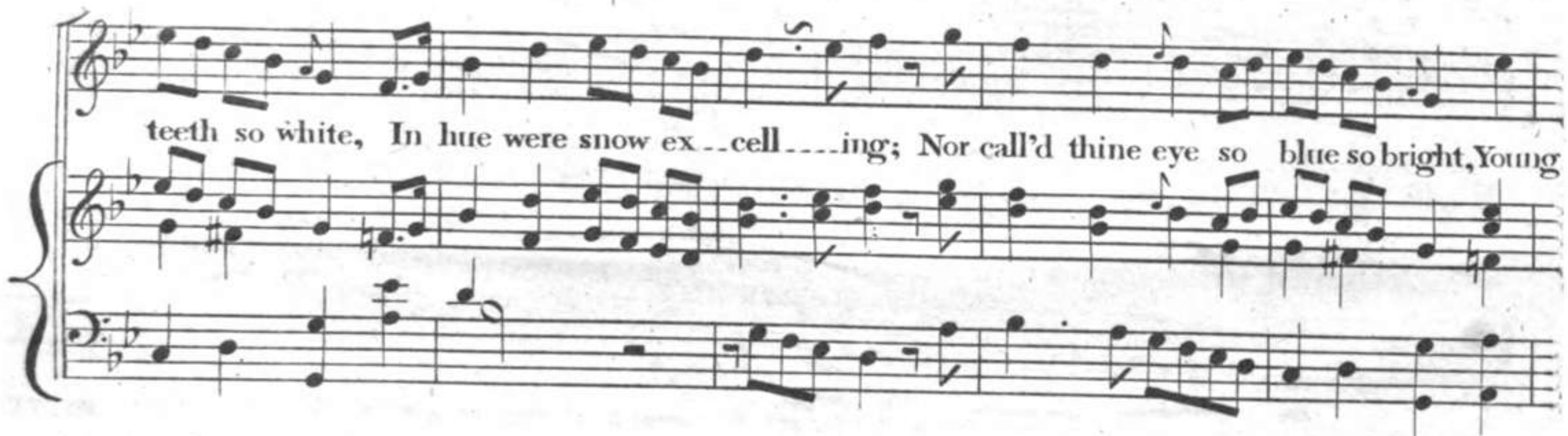
The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics 'I ne...ver said thy face was fair, Thy cheek with beau...ty glow....ing; Nor' are written below the vocal staff.

whis...per'd that thy woodland air, With grace was o...ver...flow....ing. I ne...ver said thy



The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'whis...per'd that thy woodland air, With grace was o...ver...flow....ing. I ne...ver said thy' are written below the vocal staff.

teeth so white, In hue were snow ex...cell....ing; Nor call'd thine eye so blue so bright, Young



The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'teeth so white, In hue were snow ex...cell....ing; Nor call'd thine eye so blue so bright, Young' are written below the vocal staff.

Love's celestial dwell....ing.



The fourth system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'Love's celestial dwell....ing.' are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.



*A youth adorn'd with every art.*

*Larghetto*

A youth adorn'd with ev'ry art, To warm and win the coldest heart In  
 se-cret mine possest; The morning bud that fair-est blows, The ver-nal  
 Oak that straitest grows, His shape and face ex- - prest his shape and face ex-  
 - - prest.

\* Either the F or D.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef for the piano accompaniment, and a single treble clef for the voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo marking is 'Larghetto'. The score consists of six systems of music. The first system is an instrumental introduction. The second system begins the vocal melody with the lyrics 'A youth adorn'd with ev'ry art, To warm and win the coldest heart In'. The third system continues the vocal melody with 'se-cret mine possest; The morning bud that fair-est blows, The ver-nal'. The fourth system continues with 'Oak that straitest grows, His shape and face ex- - prest his shape and face ex-'. The fifth system continues with '- - prest.' and includes a fermata over the piano accompaniment. The sixth system concludes the piece. There are several trills and ornaments indicated by 'S.' and 'W.' symbols. A footnote at the bottom indicates '\* Either the F or D.'.



A YOUTH, ADORN'D WITH EVERY ART.

WRITTEN

By MALLET.

---

AIR—TEARS THAT MUST EVER FALL.

A YOUTH, adorned with ev'ry art  
To warm and win the coldest heart,

In secret mine possest :—  
The morning bud that fairest blows,  
The vernal oak that straitest grows,  
His face and shape exprest.

In moving sounds he told his tale,  
Soft as the sighings of the gale  
That wakes the flowery year.  
What wonder he could charm with ease,  
Whom happy Nature form'd to please,  
Whom Love had made sincere.

At morn he left me,—fought and fell,  
The fatal evening heard his knell,  
And saw the tears I shed !  
Tears that must ever, ever fall ;  
For, ah ! no sighs the past recall,  
No cries awake the dead !

---



## THE BRIDE SHE IS WINSOME AND BONNIE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK IN 1822,

By JOANNA BAILLIE.

## AIR—WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

*The Editor is happy in being enabled by the Poet to present the Public with a new version of Woo'd and married and a', instead of the "The bride came out o' the byre," which, tho' by no means deficient in humour, is too vulgar, and smells too much of the byre, to be acceptable to any Singer who has access to the admirable Song which follows.*

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

The mother then hastily spak,  
" The lassie is glaiket wi' pride,  
" In my pouches I hadna a plack  
" The day that I was a bride.  
" E'en tak' to your wheel and be clever,  
" And draw out your thread in the sun ;  
" The gear that is gifted, it never  
" Will last like the gear that is won.

" Woo'd and married and a',  
" Tocher and havings sae sma',  
" I think ye are very weel aff  
" To be woo'd and married and a'.  
" Toot, toot," quo' the grey-headed father,  
" She's less of a bride than a bairn ;  
" She's ta'en like a cowl frae the heather,  
" Wi' sense and discretion to learn.  
" Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,  
" As humour inconstantly leans,  
" A chiel maun be patient and steady  
" That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.  
" Kerchief to cover sae neat,  
" Locks the wind used to blaw !  
" I'm baith like to laugh and to greet.  
" When I think o' her married at a'."

Then out spak the wily bridegroom,  
Weel waled were his wordies, I ween :  
" I'm rich though my coffer be toom,  
" Wi' the blinks o' your bonny blue een :

" I'm prouder o' thee by my side,  
" Though thy ruffles or ribbons be few,  
" Than if Kate o' the craft were my bride,  
" Wi' purples and pearlins enew.  
" Dear and dearest of ony,  
" Ye're woo'd and booket and a',  
" And do ye think scorn o' your Johnie,  
" And grieve to be married at a'."

She turned, and she blush'd, and she smiled,  
And she looket sae bashfully down ;  
The pride o' her heart was beguiled,  
And she play'd wi' the sleeve o' her gown ;  
She twirled the tag o' her lace,  
And she nippit her boddice sae blue ;  
Syne blinkit sae sweet in his face,  
And aff like a mawkin she flew.  
Woo'd and married and a'  
Married and carried awa' ;  
She thinks herself very weel aff  
To be woo' and married and a'.

## JOCKIE SAID TO JEANIE.

THE SAME AIR,

*Tho' the following Song of the olden time, so full of naiveté and humour, is of a measure different from that of the preceding Song, yet, to any intelligent Singer, the union of the words with the music opposite, is perfectly easy. Each line, it will be observed, takes the music which goes to two lines of the preceding Song :—what is sometimes called a starting note at the beginning of each line, that is, the note before the bar, is to be omitted :—and to the first and third syllables of each line, two quavers, joined together, must be sung.*

JOCKIE said to Jeanie,—Jeanie wilt thou do't ?  
Ne'er a fit, quo' Jeanie, for my tocher good,  
For my tocher good, I winna marry thee ;—  
E'en's ye like, quo' Jockie, ye may let me be.  
Fal la la la la la, &c.

I ha'e gowd and gear, I ha'e land eneugh ;  
I ha'e seven good owsen ganging in a pleugh,  
Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lea ;  
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.  
Fal la la, &c.

I ha'e a good ha'-house, a barn and a byre,  
A stack afore the door, I'll make a ranting fire,—  
I'll make a rantin fire, and merry shall we be,  
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.  
Fal la la, &c.

Jeanie said to Jockie, gin ye winna tell,  
Ye shall be the lad,—I'll be the lass mysel ;  
Ye're a bonnie lad, and I'm a lassie free,—  
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.  
Fal la la, &c.

EDINBURGH :

Printed by John Moir, Royal Bank Close,

FOR THE PROPRIETOR, GEORGE THOMSON,  
TRUSTEES OFFICE.

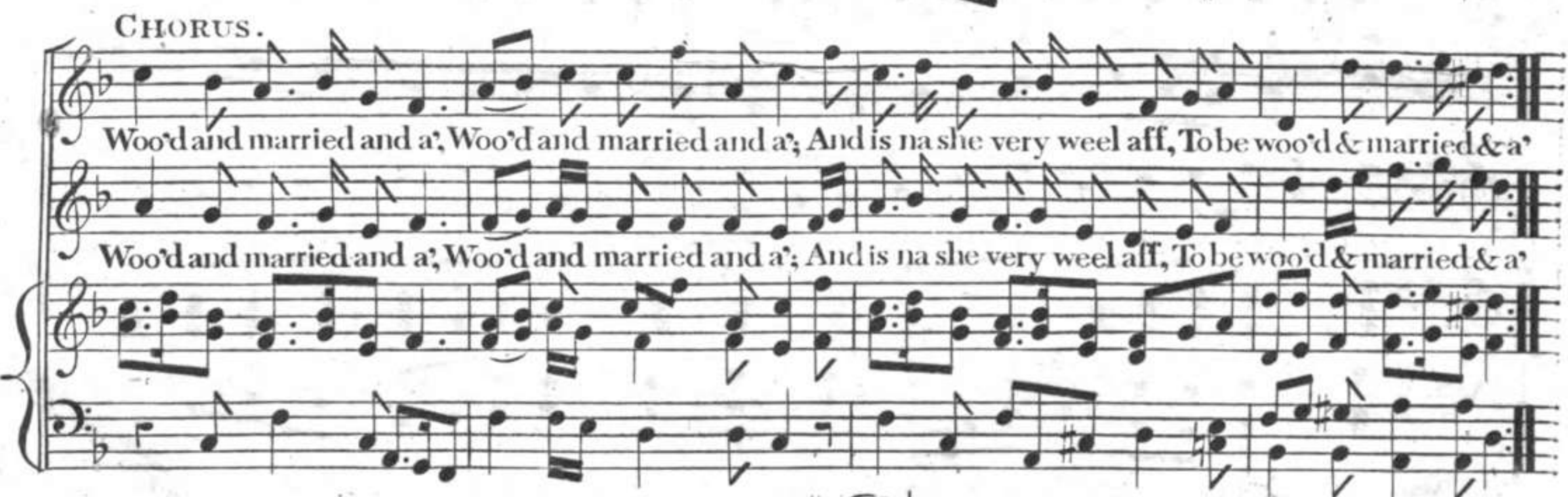
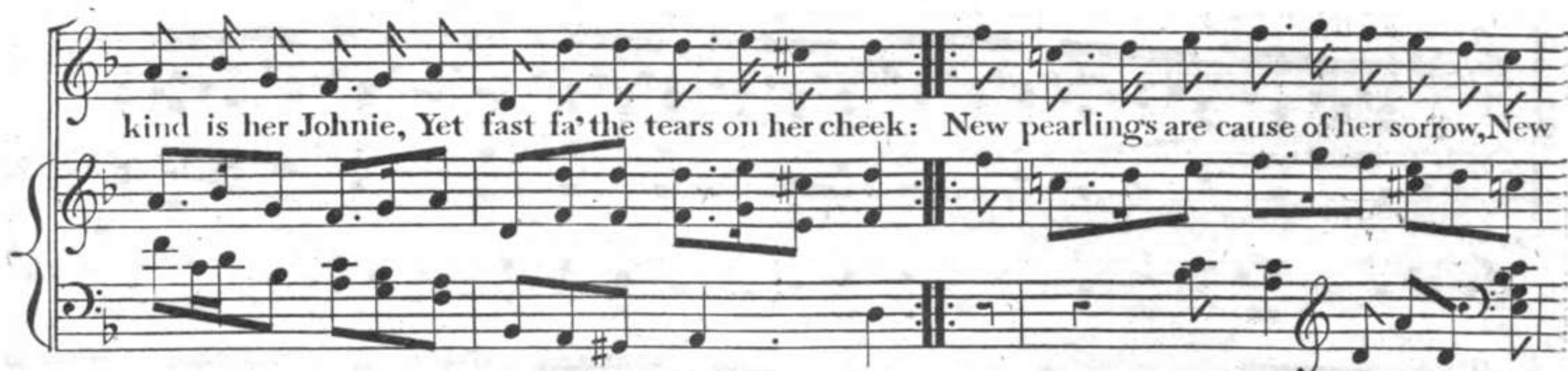
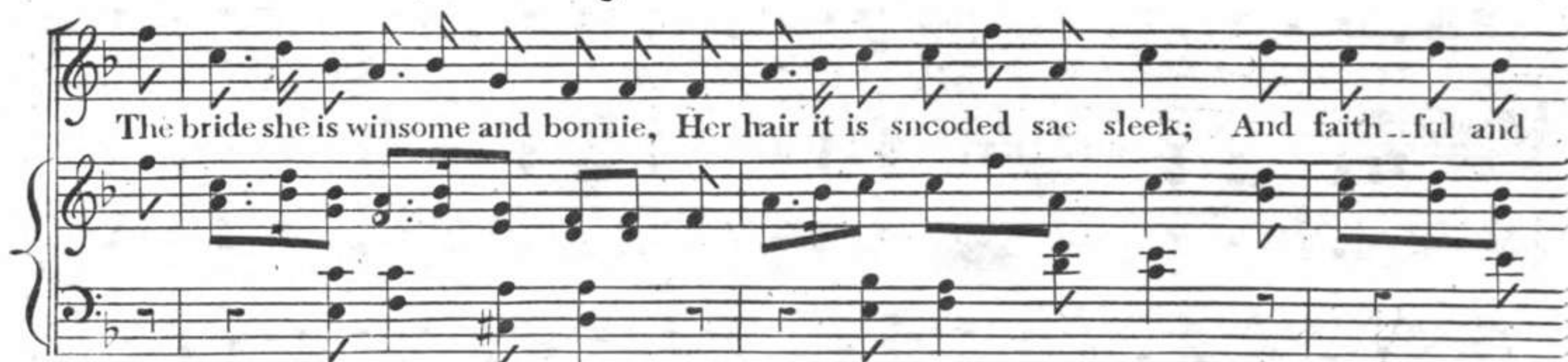
1826.



# Wood & married & a: Haydn.

150

With new Verses, written for this work in 1822.





# The lament of Flora Macdonald.

Written by the Eltrick Shepherd. The Sym. & Acc. by N. Gow Junr.  
And here pub. by permission of N. Gow & Son. 1822.

*And.  
con  
espres.*

Far o-ver yon hills of the heath-er so green, And down by the Cor-rei that sings to the sea, The  
bon-ny young Flo-ra sat sigh-ing her lane, The dew on her plaid and the tear in her ee. She  
look'd at a boat with the breezes that swung A-way on the wave, like a bird of the main, And  
ay as it lessen'd she sigh'd and she sung, Fare-weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a-gain; Fare-  
weel to my he-ro, the gal-lant and young, Fare-weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a-gain.

*Dol.*

The Moorecock that craws on the brows o' Ben-Connal,  
He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;  
The Eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan-Ronald  
Unawed and unhunted his eiry can claim;  
The Solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore,  
The Cormorant roost on his rock of the sea,  
But Oh! there is ane whose hard fate I deplore,  
Nor house, ha', nor hame in his country has he;  
The conflict is past, and our name is no more,  
There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me!

The target is torn from the arms of the just,  
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,  
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,  
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave:  
The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud  
Have trode o'er the plumes in the bonnet of blue:  
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud  
When tyranny revelled in blood of the true;  
Farewell my young hero, the gallant and good!  
The crown of thy Fathers is torn from thy brow.