A Collection of the Beſt old Scotch and Engliſh Songs

Set for the Voice with Accompaniments and Thorough-Baſs For the HARPSICHORD

Moſt humbly dedicated to HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE Princeſs Dowager of Wales

By

James Oswald

Chamber Compoſer to HIS MAJESTY.

J. Phillips Sculp.t

LONDON Printed for J. Oſwald and ſold at his Muſic Shop on the Pavement in St. Martin's Church Yard, where may be had a Variety of new Muſic, &c.

The Lafs of Peaty's Mill

Slow

The Lafs of *Peaty's* Mill, fa bonny blith' and gay, In fpite of a' my Skill Hath ftole my Heart a-way: When tedding of the Hay bare head – ed on the Green, Love 'midft her Locks did play and wanton'd in her Een.

For.

2

Her Arms white round and fmooth.
Breafts rifing in their Dawn
To Age it would give Youth
To prefs them with his Hand
Thro' all my Spirits ran
An Extacy of Blifs
When I fuch Sweetnefs faund
Wrapt in a balmy Kifs.

3

Without the help of Art
Like Flow'rs which grace the Wild
She did her Sweets impart
When e'er fhe fpoke or fmil'd
Her Looks they were fo mild
Free from affected Pride
She me to Love beguil'd
I wifh'd her for my Bride.

4

O had I all the Wealth,
Hoptouns high Mountains fill,
Infur'd long Life and Health,
And Pleafure at my Will
I'd promife and fulfill
That none but bonny She
The Lafs of *Peaty's* Mill
Shou'd fhare the fame wi' me.

Sae merry as we twa ha'e been

Slow

A Lafs that was loaden with Care, Sat heavily under a Thorn, I liften'd a while for to hear, When thus fhe be- gan for to mourn: When e'er my dear Shepherd was there, the Birds did melodiouſly ſing; And cold nipping Winter did wear, A Face that refembl'd the Spring: Sae merry as we twa ha'e been fae merry as we twa ha'e been, my Heart it is like to deſpair, When I think on the Days we have ſeen.

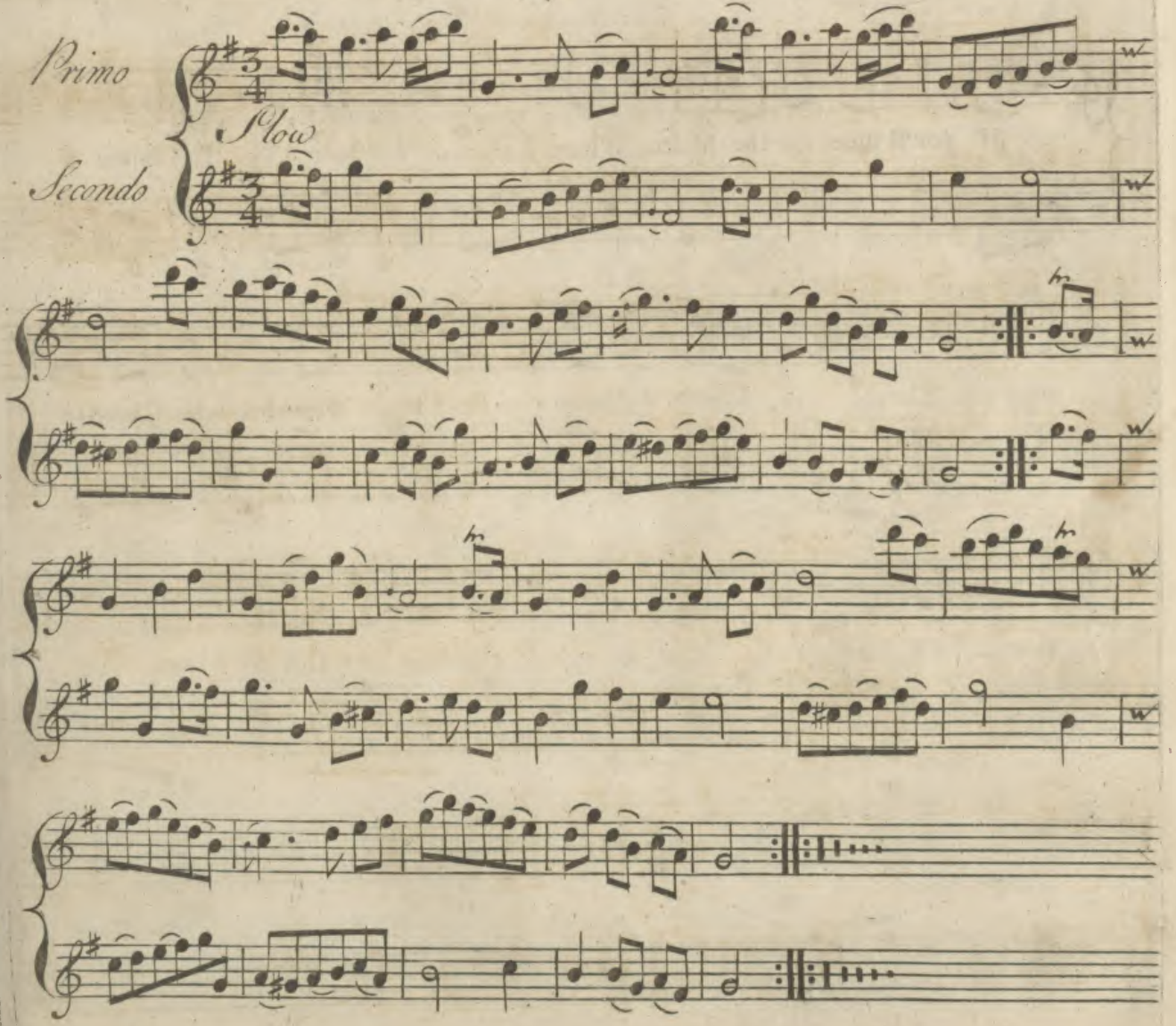
Sym.

2

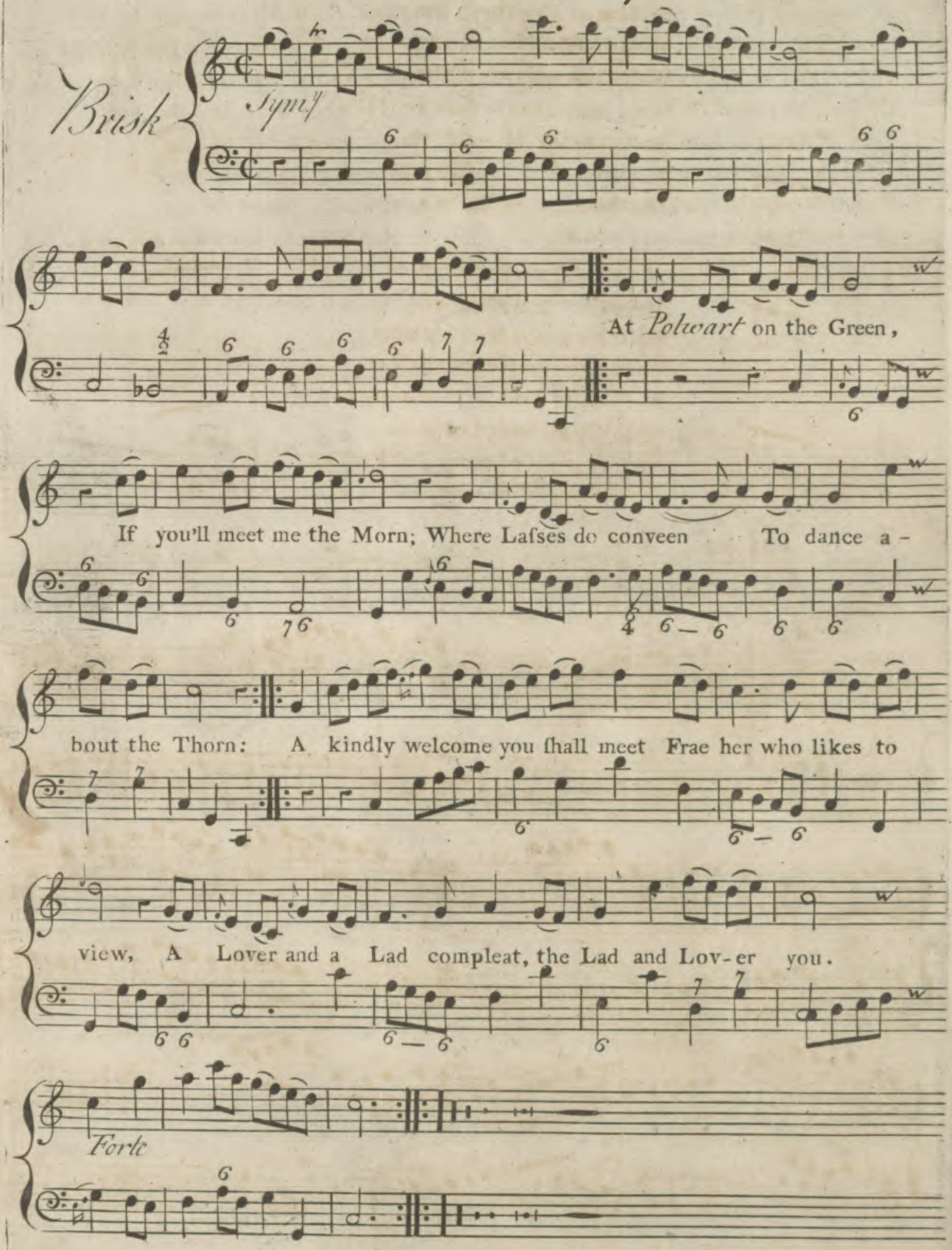
Our Flocks feeding close by his Side,
As he gently prefsed my Hand;
I view'd the wide World in its Pride,
And laugh'd at the Pomp of Command:
My Dear he wou'd oft to me fay,
What makes you hard hearted to me
Or why do you thus turn away
From him, who is dying for thee:
Sae merry as we twa hae been &c.

3

But now he is far from my Sight
Perhaps a new Miftrefs may prove
Which makes me lament Day & Night
That ever I granted him Love
At Eve when the reft of the Folk
Were merrily feated to fpin
I fat myfelf under that Oak
And heavily fighed for him
Sae merry as we twa hae been &c:



Polwart on the Green.

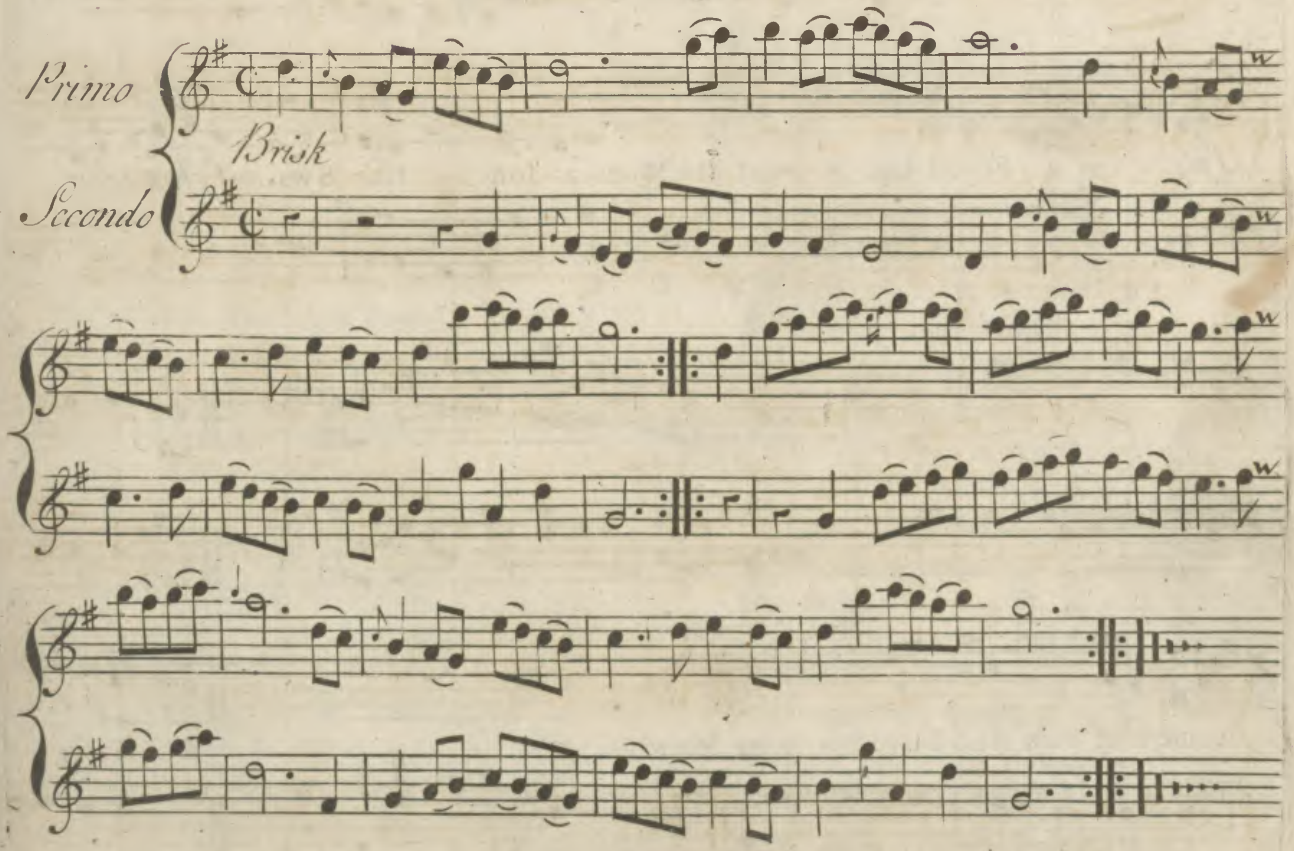


2

Let dorty Dames ſay na,
As lang as e'er they pleaſe,
Seem caulder than the Seas
While inwardly they bleez;
But I will frankly ſhaw my Mind
And yield my Heart to thee
Be ever to the Captive kind
That langs na to be free.

3

At *Polwart* on the Green
Among the new mawn Hay
With Sangs and Dancing keen
We'll paſs the Heartſome Day
At Night if Beds be o'erthrang laid
And thou be twin'd of thine
Thou ſhalt be welcome my dear Lad
To take a part of mine.



Pinky House

Vio. 1.mo

Vio. 2.do

Voce.

Basso

Slow

Pianissimo

As

Poco Forte

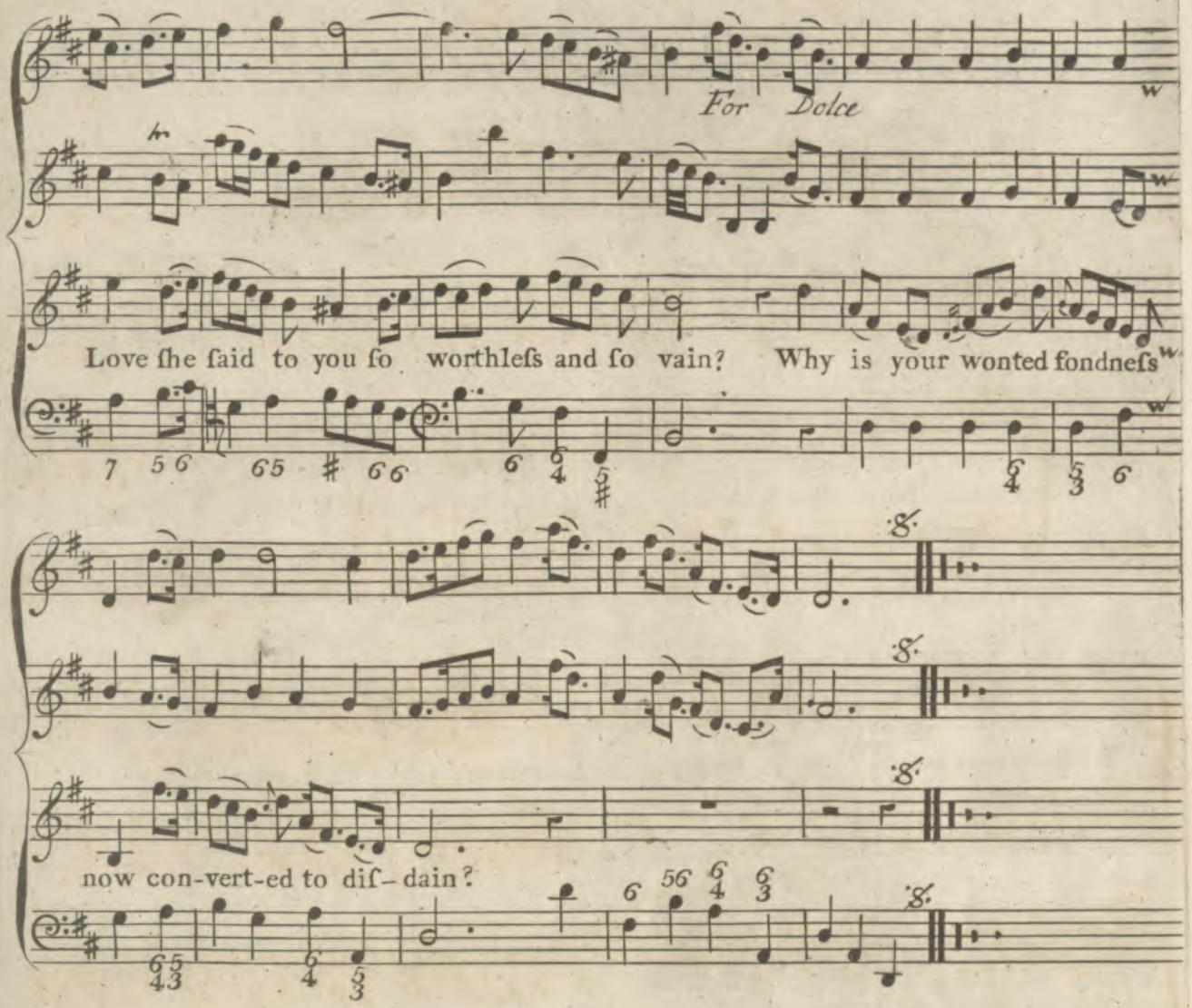
Pia.

Sylvia in a Forest lay, To vent her Woes a-lone Her Swain Sylvander

For

came that way, And heard her dying Moan. Ah! is my

For.



2

You vow'd the Light ſhou'd Darkneſs turn,
E'er you'd exchange your Love,
In Shades let now Creation mourn,
Sylvander faithleſs prove:
Was it for this I credit gave
To ev'ry Oath you ſwore?
But ah! I find they moſt deceive,
Who moſt our Charms adore.

3

'Tis plain your Drift was all Deceit,
The Practice of Mankind;
Alas I ſee it —— but too late!
My Love has made me blind;
What Cauſe *Sylvander* have I giv'n,
For Cruelty ſo great?
Yes for your ſake neglected Heav'n
And hugg'd you into Hate.

4

For you delighted I cou'd die,
But ah! with Grief I'm fill'd,
To think poor cred'lous conſtant I,
Should by your ſcorn be kill'd,
But what avails my ſad Complaint,
While you my Cauſe neglect
My wailing inward Sorrow vent,
Without the wiſh'd Effect.

5

This ſaid, all breathleſs ſick and pale,
Her Head upon her Hand,
She found her vital Spirits fail,
Her Senſes at a Stand;
Sylvander now begins to melt
But e'r the Word was giv'n
The heavy Hand of Death ſhe felt
And ſigh'd her Soul to Heav'n.

The Birks of Enderman.

Slow Symphony

The ſmiling Morn, the breathing Spring, in-vites the tuneful Birds to ſing; and

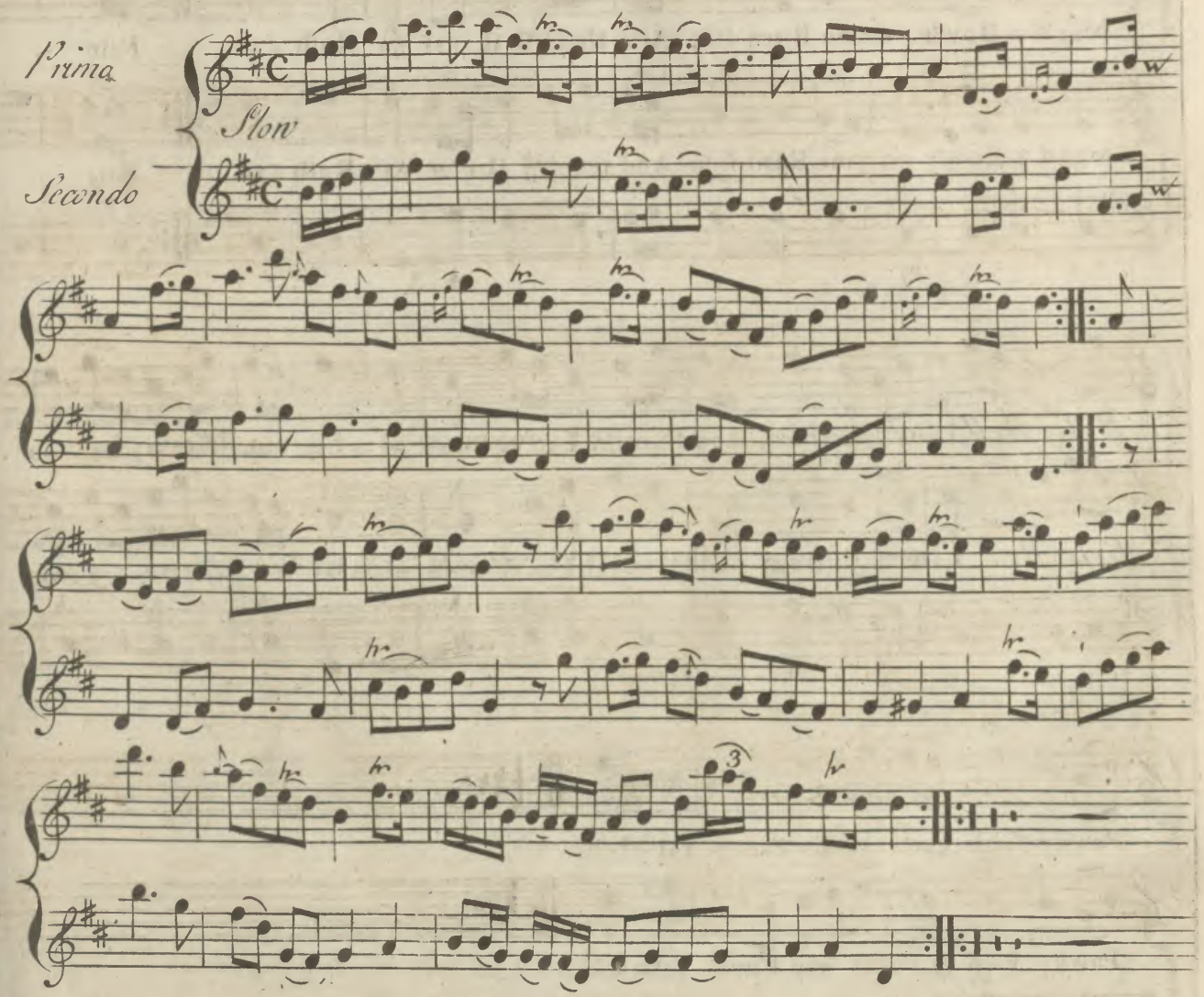
while they warble from each Spray, Love melts the u — ni — verſal Lay.

Let us *Amanda* time-ly wiſe, like them, im-prove the Hour that

flies, and in ſoft Rap-tures waſte the Day, a — mongthe Birks of

En — der-may. *Sym*

Soon wears the Summer of the Year,
And Love like Winter will appear,
Like this your lively Bloom will fade,
As that will ſtrip the verdant Shade,
Our Taſte for Pleaſure then is o'er
The feather'd Songſters charm no more
And when they droop and we decay
Adieu the Birks of Endermay.



Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

Primo

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray they are twa bonny Lass-es They

Secondo

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray they are twa bonny Lass-es They

Basso

bigg'd a Bow'r on yon Burn side And theck'd it o'er wi' Rash-es Fair

bigg'd a Bow'r on yon Burn side And theck'd it o'er wi' Rash-es Fair

Bessy Bell I lov'd yestreen, And thought I ne'er cou'd al-ter but Mary Gray twa

Bessy Bell I lov'd yestreen And thought I ne'er cou'd al-ter but Mary Gray twa

Pawky Een gar'd a' my Fancy fal-ter.

Pawky Een gar'd a' my Fancy fal-ter.

2

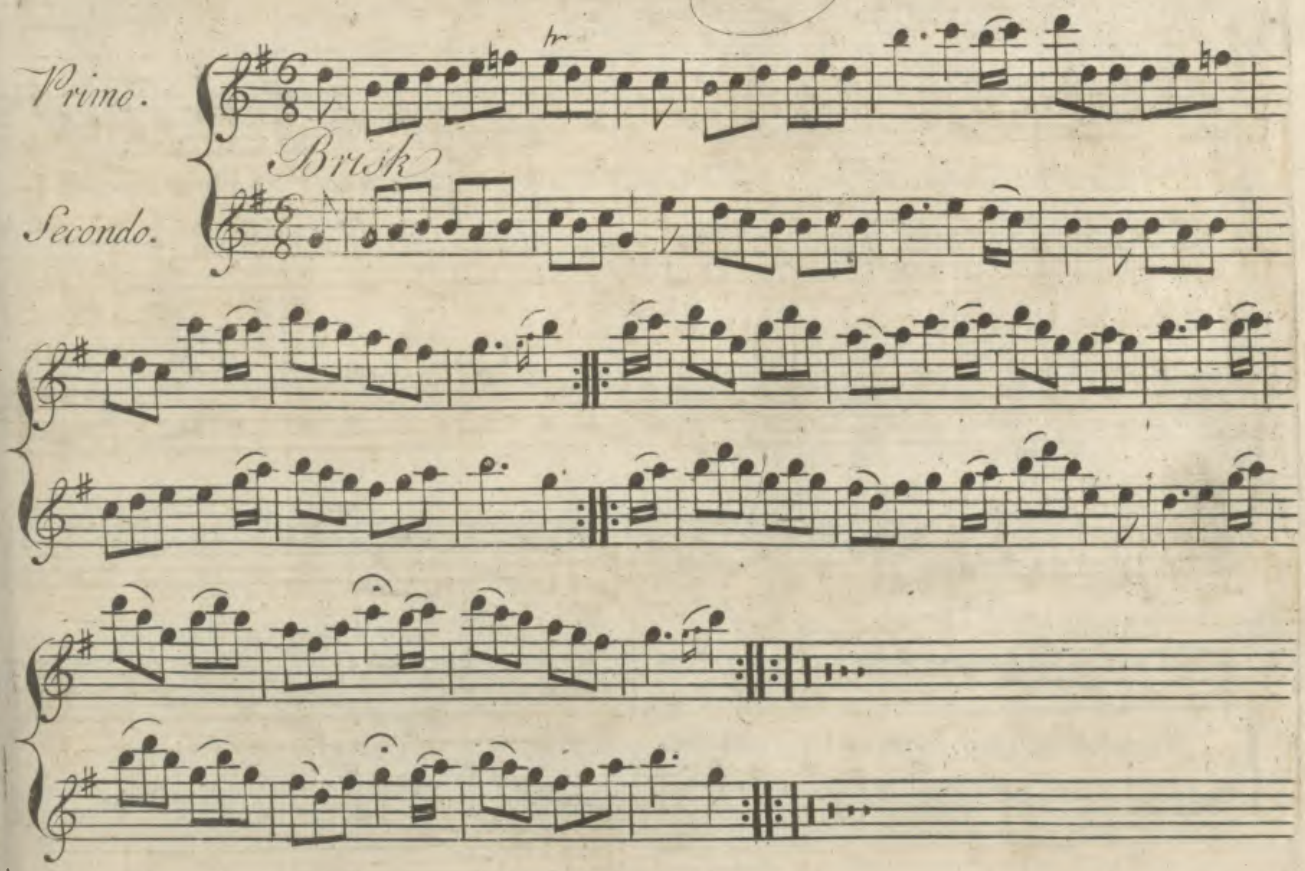
Now *Beſsy's* Hair is like a Lint Tap,
She ſmiles like a May Morning,
When Phœbus ſtarts frae Thetis Lap,
The Hills with Rays adorning
White is her Neck, ſaft is her Hand,
Her Waſte and Feet ſa genty
With ilka Grace ſhe can command
Her Lips I vow they're dainty.

3

And *Mary's* Locks are like a Craw,
Her Eyes like Diamonds Glances,
She's ay ſae clean, redd up & braw,
She kills whene'er ſhe dances
Blyth as a Kid, with Wit at Will,
She blooming tight and tall is
And guides her Air ſa graceſu' ſtill
O *Jove!* ſhe's like thy Pallas.

4

Dear *Beſsy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
Ye unco fair oppreſs us
Our Fancies jee between you twa
Ye are ſic bonny Laſses;
Wae's me for baith I canna get,
To ane by Law we're ſtinted
Then I'll draw Cuts and take my Fate,
And be with ane contented.



The last time I came o'er the Moor.

Vio. Primo — Sympy — Piano

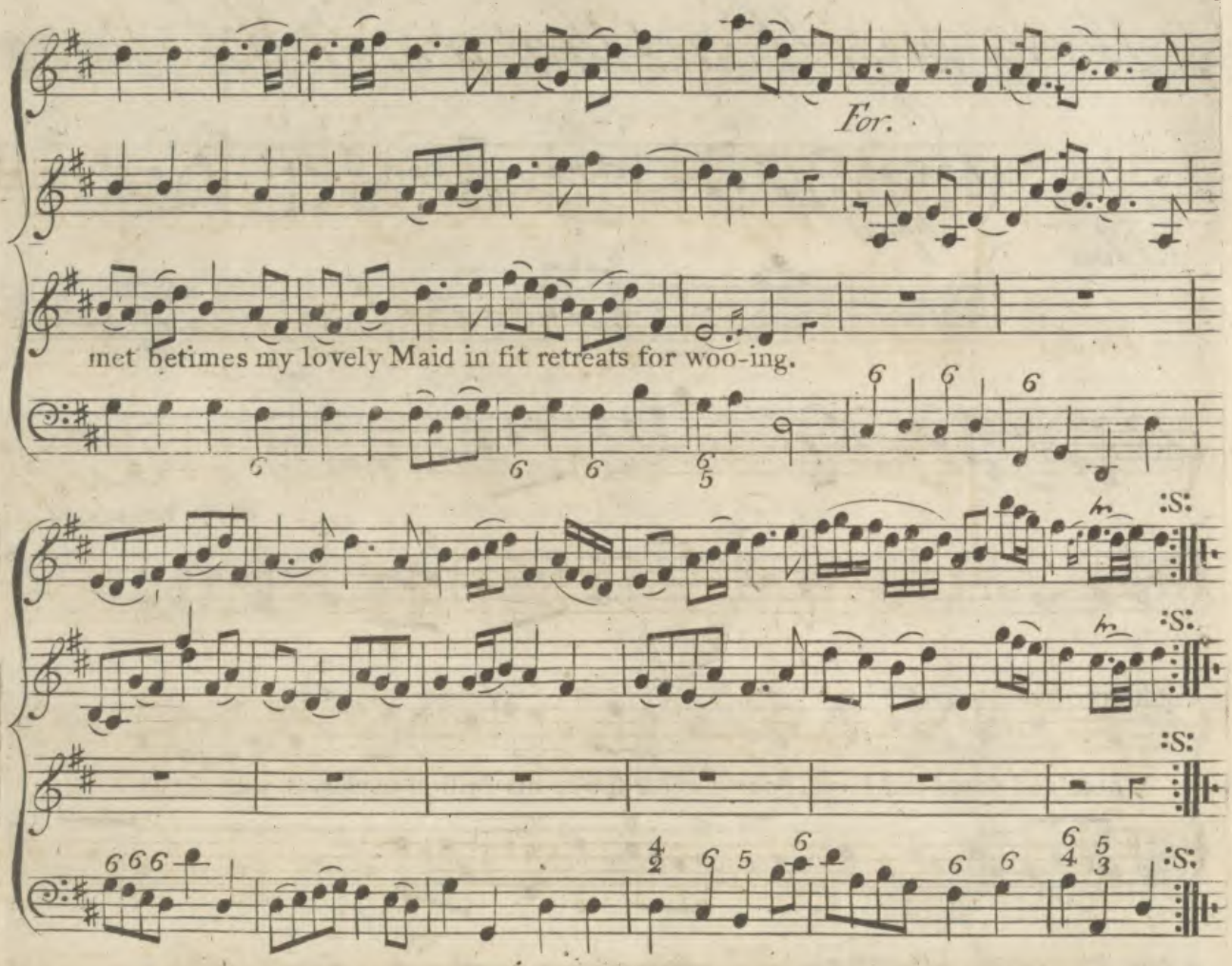
Vio. Secondo — Slow — Piano

Voce. — The last time I cam

Basso.

o'er the Moor I left my Love behind me, Ye Pow'rs what Pain do I endure, when soft I-

de-as mind me, Soon as the ruddy Morn display'd the beaming Day en-fu-ing I



(2)

Beneath a cooling Shade we lay,
Gazing, and chaſtly ſporting,
We kiſs'd and promiſ'd Time away,
'Till Night ſpread her black Curtain,
I pitied all beneath the Skies
Ev'n Kings, when ſhe was nigh me,
In Raptures I beheld her Eyes
Which could but ill deny me.

(3)

Should I be call'd where Cannons roar,
Where mortal Steel may wound me,
Or caſt upon ſome foreign Shore,
Where Dangers may ſurround me
Yet hopes again, to ſee my Love,
To feaſt on glowing Kiſſes,
Shall make my Cares at diſtance move
In Proſpect of ſuch Bliſſes.

(4)

In all my Soul there's not one Place,
To let a Rival enter;
Since She excells in ev'ry Grace,
In her my Love ſhall center:
Sooner the Seas ſhall ceaſe to flow
Their Waves the Alps ſhall cover,
On Greenland Ice, ſhall Roſes grow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

(5)

The next time I go o'er the Moor,
She ſhall a Lover find me,
And that my Faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me;
Then *Hymen's* ſacred Bonds ſhall chain,
My Heart to her fair Boſom,
There, while my Being does remain,
My Love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

Woe's my Heart that we shou'd sunder

Slow

Sym.

With broken

Words and down caſt Eyes, Poor *Colin* ſpoke his Paſſion tender, at parting with his

Grisy cries, Ah! woe's my Heart that we ſhould ſunder; To others I am cold as

Snow, But kindle with thine Eyes like Tinder, From thee alas! I'm forc'd to go, It

breaks my Heart that we ſhould ſunder.

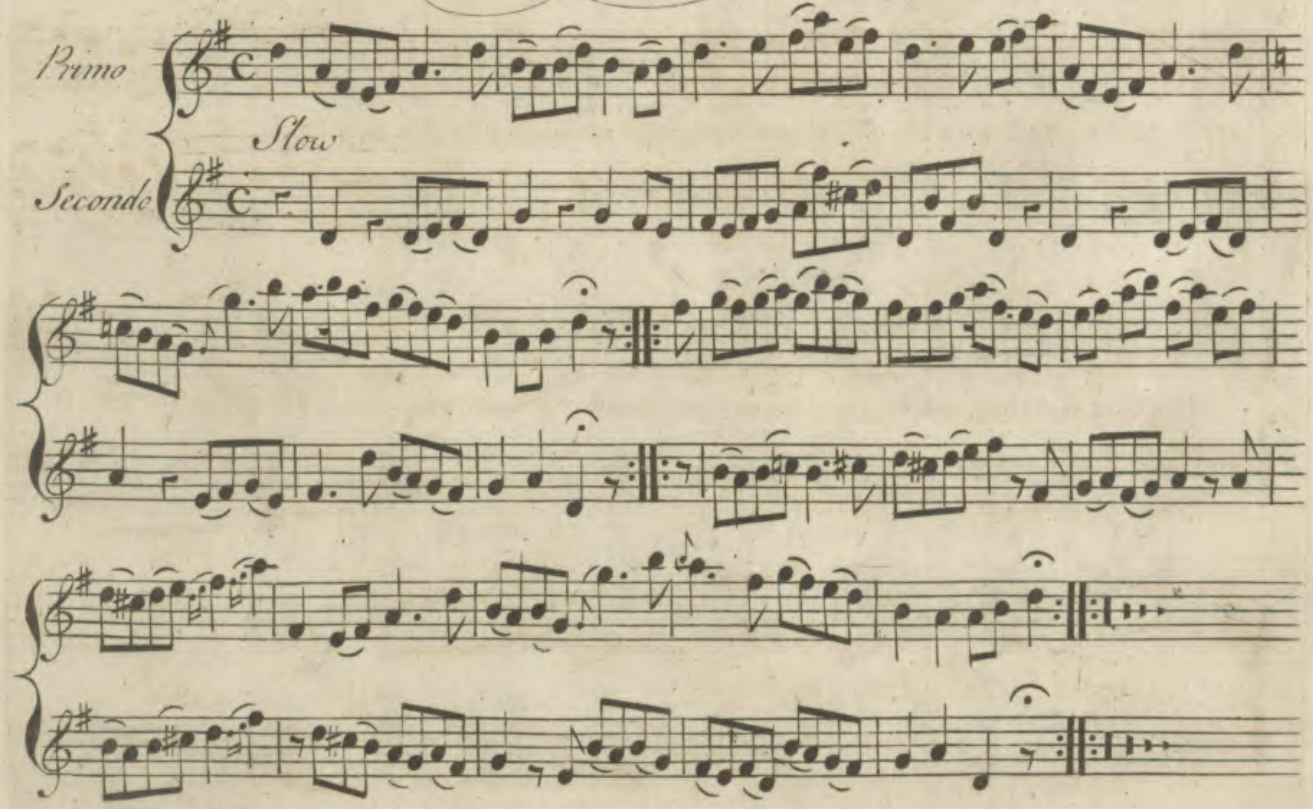
For.

2

Chain'd to thy Charms, I can not range,
No Beauty new my Love ſhall hinder,
Nor Time, nor Place, ſhall ever change,
My Vows, tho' we're oblig'd to ſunder,
The Image of thy graceful Air,
And Beauties which invites our wonder,
Thy lively Wit, and Prudence rare,
Shall ſtill be preſent tho' we ſunder.

3

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.



Rosline Castle

Slow

Sym.

'Twas in that ſeaſon of the Year, when all things gay and ſweet appear; that

Colin with the morning Ray, a – roſe and ſung his ru – ral Lay: Of

Nanny's Charms the Shepherd ſung, the Hills and Dales with *Nanny* rung, while

Rosline Caſtle heard the Swain, and eccho'd back the chearful Strain

Sym

2

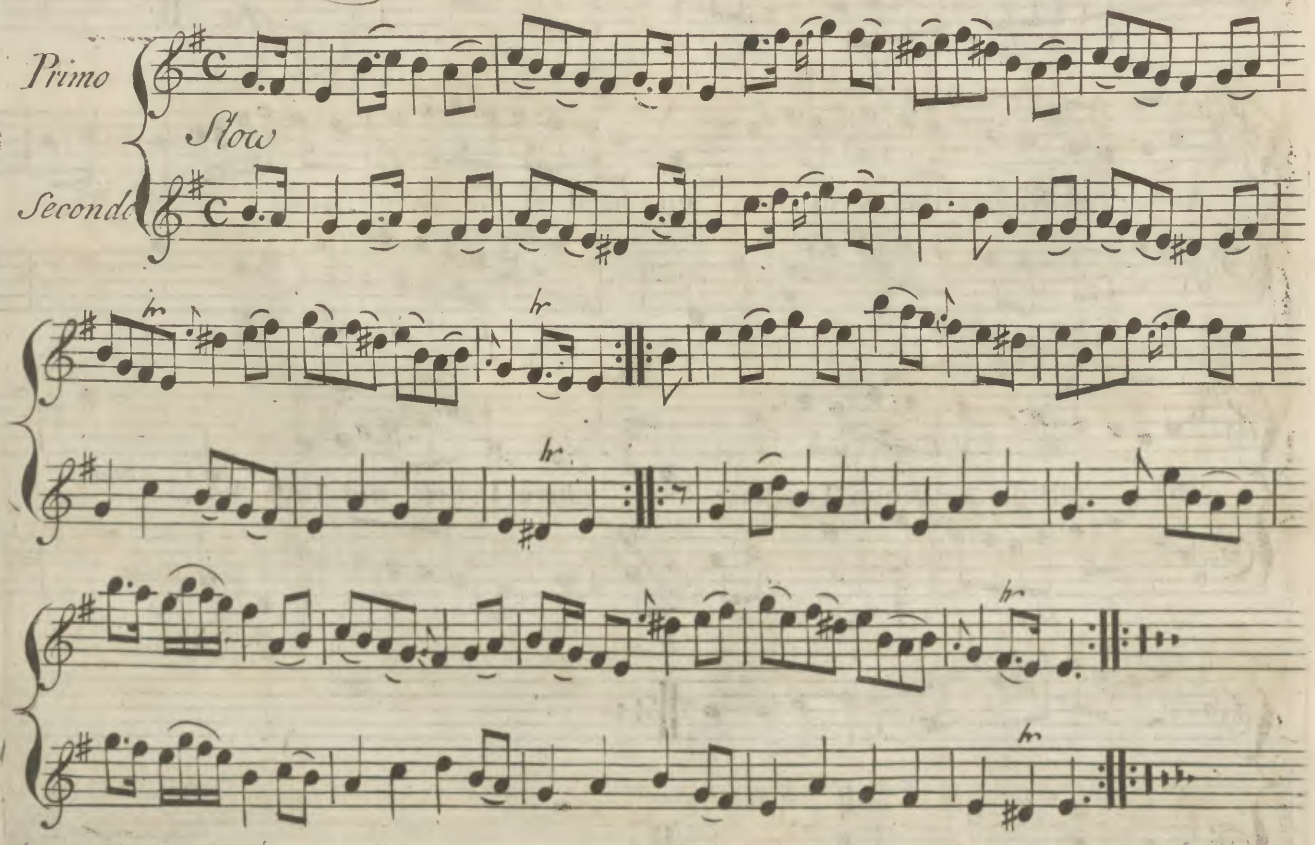
Awake, ſweet Muſe! the breathing Spring
With Rapture warms; awake and ſing,
Awake and join the vocal Throng,
Who hail the Morning with a Song:
To *Nanny* raiſe the chearful Lay,
O bid her haſte and come away;
In ſweeteſt ſmiles herſelf adorn,
And add new Graces to the Morn.

3

O hark, my Love! on ev'ry Spray,
Each feather'd Warbler tunes his Lay;
'Tis Beauty fires the raviſh'd Throng;
And Love inſpires the melting Song:
Then let my raptur'd Notes ariſe,
For Beauty darts from *Nanny* Eyes;
And Love my riſing Boſom warms,
And fills my Soul with ſweet alarms.

4

O! come, my Love! thy *Colin's* Lay
With Rapture calls, O come away!
Come, while the Muſe this Wreath ſhall twine
Around that modeſt Brow of thine!
O! hither haſte, and with thee bring
That Beauty blooming like the Spring
Thoſe Graces that divinely ſhine,
And charm this raviſh'd Breaſt of mine.



The Bush aboon Traquair

Symph.

Slow

Hear me ye Nymphs and ev-'ry Swain I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me, Tho'

thus I languiſh, thus complain, a las ſhe ne'er be-lieves me. My

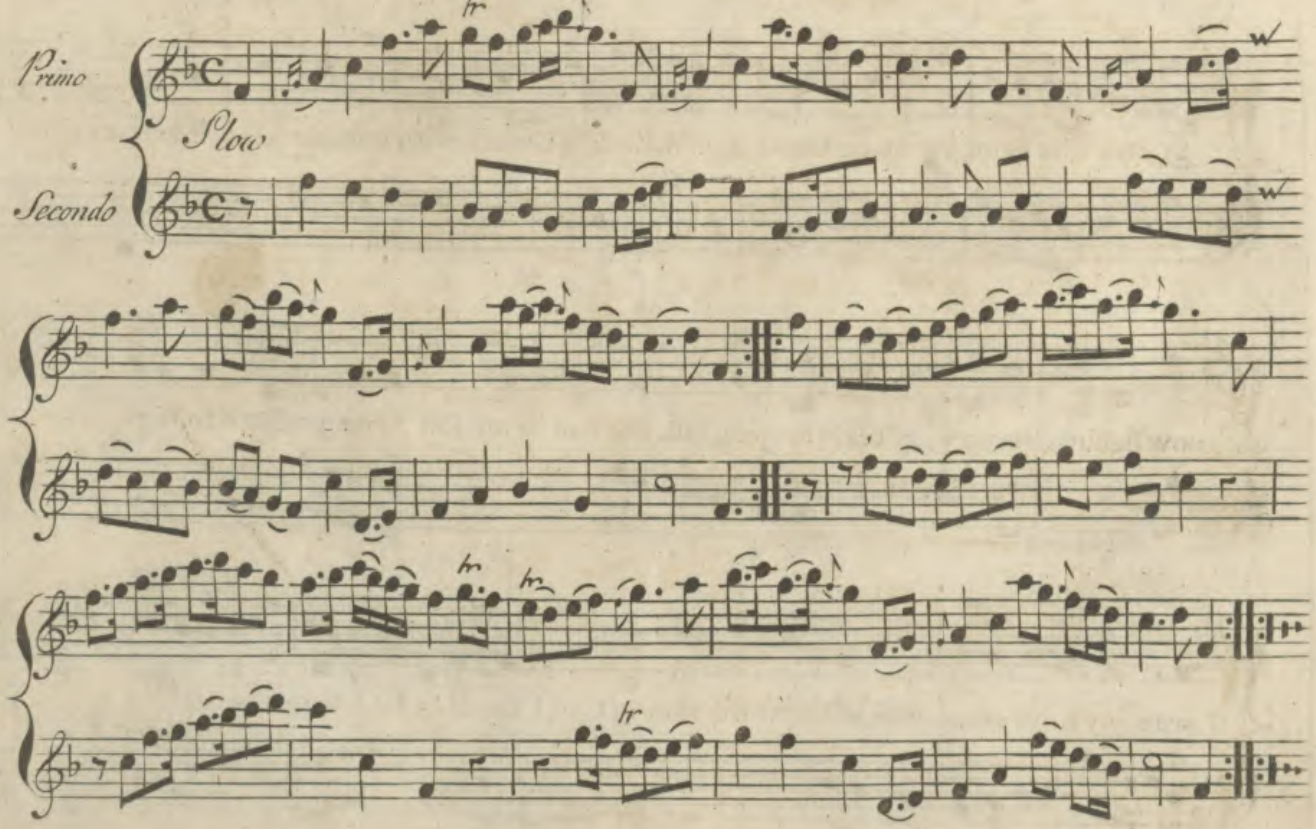
Vows and Sighs, like ſilent Air, un-heed-ed ne-ver move her The

bon-ny Buſh a boon Traquair Was where I firſt did love her. *Sym.*

That Day ſhe ſmil'd and made me glad,
No Maid ſeem'd ever kinder;
I thought myſelf the luckieſt Lad,
So ſweetly there to find her.
I try'd to ſooth my am'rous Flame,
In Words that I thought tender,
If more there paſs'd I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now ſhe ſcornful flees the Plain
The Fields we then frequented,
If e'er we meet, ſhe ſhews diſdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted;
The bonny Buſh bloom'd fair in May
Its ſweets I'll ay remember,
But now her Frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural Pow'rs, who hear my Strains,
Why thus ſhould *Peggy* grieve me
Oh! make her Partner in my Pains
Then let her Smiles relieve me:
If not my Love will turn Diſpair,
My Paſſion no more tender;
I'll leave the Buſh aboon Traquair.
To lonely Wilds I'll wander.



De'el take the Warr

De'el take the Warr that hurri'd *Willy* from me who to love me juſt had ſworn,

They made him Captain ſure to undoe me waa is me he'll ne'er re turn; A thouſand Loons a-

broad will fight him, he from thouſands ne'er will run Day and Night I did in-vite him

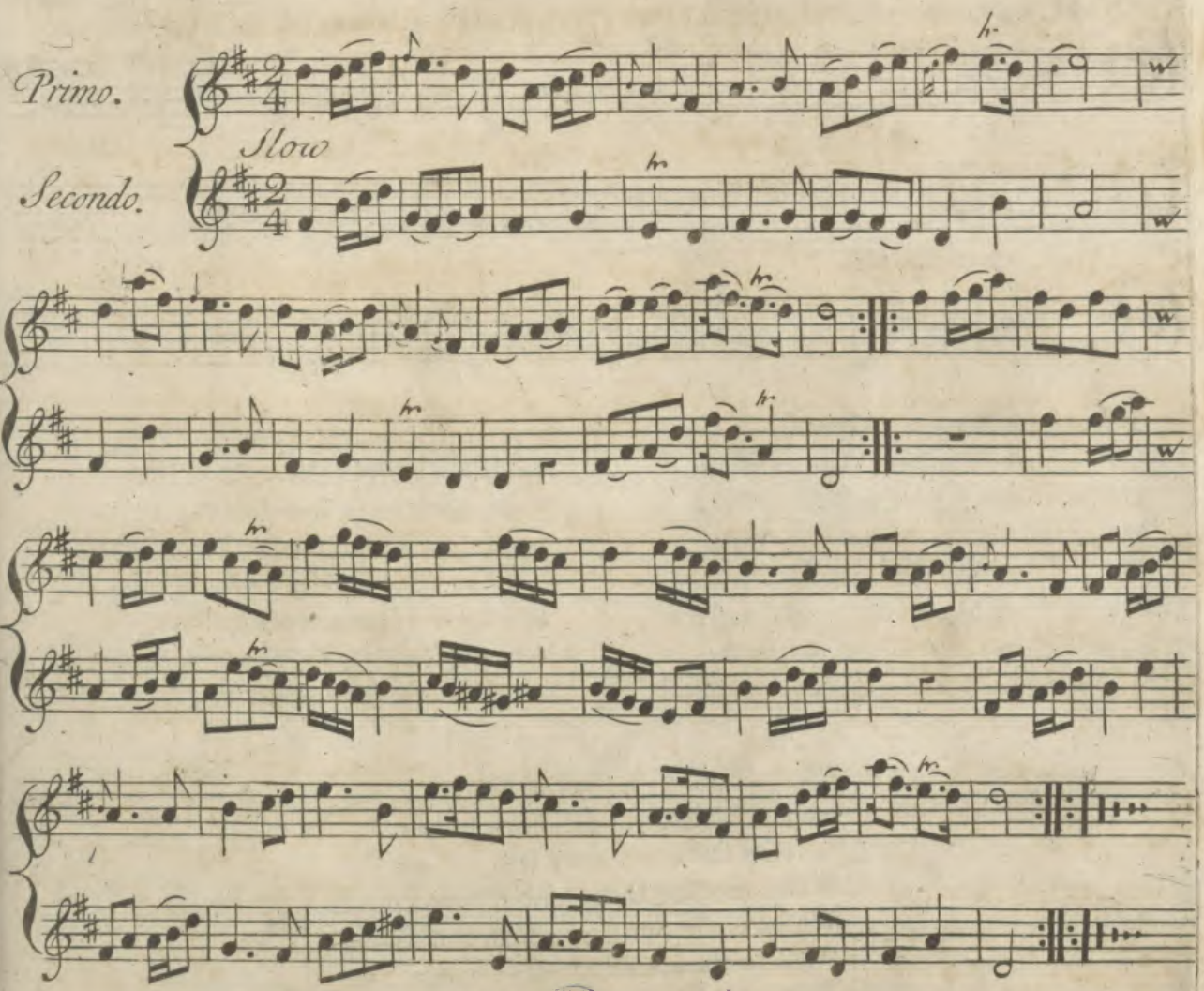
to ſtay ſafe from Sword or Gun: I uſ'd alluring Graces with muckle kind Embraces

now ſighing, then crying Tears droping fall, and had he my ſoft Arms preferr'd to Wars al-

arms my Love grows mad, without the Man of Gad, I fear in my Fit I had granted all.

(2)

I wash'd and patch'd to make me look provoking
Snares that they told me wou'd catch the Men;
And on my Head a huge Commode sat cocking,
Which made me shew as tall agen:
For a new Gown too I paid muckle Money,
Which with golden Flowers did shine;
My Love well might think me gay & bonny,
No *Scotch* Lass was e'er so fine.
My Petticoat I spotted,
Fringe too with Thread I knotted;
Lace Shoos & silken Hose garter'd over Knee;
But oh! the fatal thought,
To *Willy* these are nought
Who rid to Towns and rifled with Dragoones.
When he silly Loon might have plunder'd me.



The Young Laird.

Now wat ye wha I met yeſt'reen, Coming down the Street my Jo, my Miſtriſs in her

Tartan Screen Fow bonny braw and ſweet, my Jo, My Dear quoth I, Thanks to the

Night, That never whiſt a Lover ill, Since ye're out of your Mither's Sight, Let's take a

Walk up to the Hill. *Sym.*

(2)

O *Katie* wiltie gang wi' me,
And leave the dinſome Town a while,
The Bloſom's ſprouting frae the Tree,
And a' the Summer's gawn to ſmile,
The Mauis, Nightingale and Lark
The bleating Lambs and whiſtling Hynd
In ilka Dale, Green Shaw, and Park,
Will nouriſh Health and glad ye're Mind

(3)

Soon as the clear Goodman of Day,
Bends his morning Draught of Dew,
We'll gae to ſome Burnſide & play
And gather Flow'rs to buſk your Brow,
We'll pow the Dayſes on the Green,
The lucken Gowans frae the Bog
Between Hands now & then we'll lean
And ſport upo' the velvet Fog

(4)

There's up into a pleaſant Glen,
A wee Place frae my Father's Tow'r
A eanny ſaft and flow'ry Den
Which circling Birks have form'd a Bow'r
Whene'er the Sun graws high and warms
We'll to the cooler Shades remove
There will I lock thee in mine Arms
And love & kiſs and kiſs & love

Believe my Sighs.

Primo

Secondo

Be-lieve my Sighs my Tears my Dear Re-lieve the Heart you've

won; Be lieve my Vows to you ſin cere, or *Mog-gy* I'm un-done. You

ſay I'm fickle, apt to change to ev-'ry Face that's new, But of all the Girls I

e-ver ſaw I ne'er lov'd one like you

My Heart was like a lump of Ice.
'Till warm'd by your bright Eye;
But then it kindled in a trice,
A Flame that ne'er can die:
Then take me try me and you'll find
That I've a Heart that's true
For of all the Girls I ever ſaw
I ne'er lov'd one like you.

Tender

The Banks of Forth.

by J. Oswald.

Slow

Sym.

Ye Silvan Pow'rs that rule the Plain, where fweet-ly wind - ing *Fortha* glides, Con-

duct me to her Banks again, Since there my charming *Mol - ly* bides: Thefe

Banks that breath their vernal Sweets, where ev'-ry fmil - ing Beau- - ty

meets, where *Molly's* Charms adorn the Plain, and chear the Heart of

ev'- - - ry Swain. *For.*

2

Thrice happy were theſe golden Days
When I, amidſt the rural Throng,
On *Fortha's* Meadows breath'd my Lays,
And *Molly's* Charms were all my Song:
While ſhe was preſent all were gay
No Sorrow did our Mirth allay,
We ſung of Pleaſure ſung of Love
And Muſick breath'd in ev'ry Grove

3

O then was I the happieſt Swain!
No adverſe Fortune marr'd my Joy,
The Shepherds ſigh'd for her in vain,
On me ſhe ſmil'd, to them was coy;
O'er *Fortha's* mazy Banks we ſtray'd,
I woo'd, I lov'd the beauteous Maid,
The beauteous Maid my Love return'd
And both with equal Ardour burn'd.

4

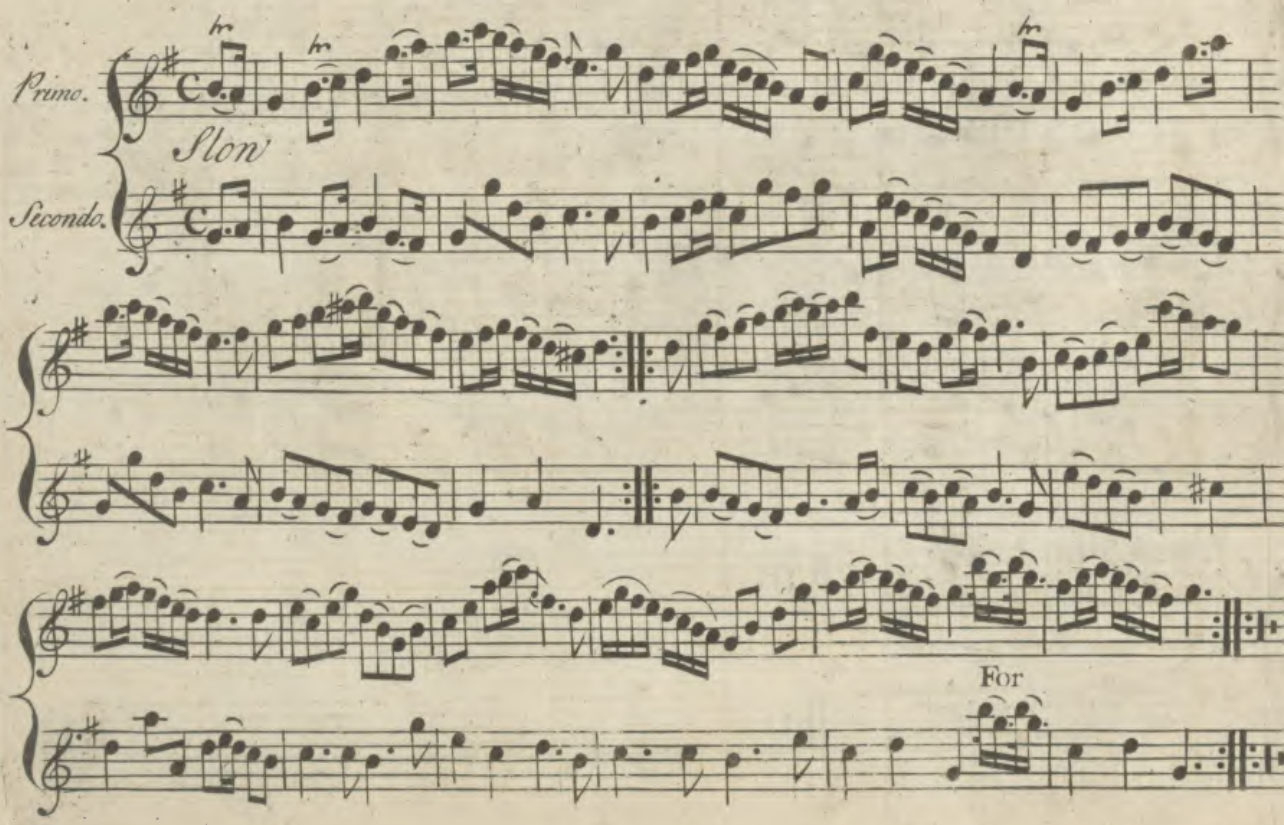
Oft in the graſſy Bank reclin'd
Where *Forth* flow'd by in Murmurs deep
It was my happy Chance to find
The charming *Molly* lull'd aſleep;
My Heart then leap'd with inward Bliſs,
I ſoftly ſtoop'd and ſtole a Kiſs;
She wak'd, ſhe bluſh'd, to chide me fell,
But ſmil'd as if ſhe lik'd it well.

5

Oft in the thick embow'ring Grove
Where Birds their Muſick chirp'd aloud
Alternately we ſung our Loves.
And *Fortha's* fair Meanders view'd,
The Meadows wore a gen'ral Smile
Love was our Banquet all the while
The lovely Proſpect charm'd the Eye
To where the Ocean met the Sky.

6

Ye Silvan Pow'rs, ye rural Gods,
To whom we Swains our Cares impart
Reſtore me to theſe bleſt Abodes;
And eaſe, Oh! eaſe my Loveſick Heart,
Theſe happy Days again reſtore
When *Moll* and I ſhall part no more
When ſhe ſhall fill theſe longing Arms
And crown my Bliſs with all her Charms.



Saw ye nae my Peggy

Saw ye nae my *Peggy*, saw ye nae my *Peggy*, saw ye nae my *Peggy*,

Coming o'r the Lee: Sure a fi ner Creature, ne'er was form'd by Nature, So com-

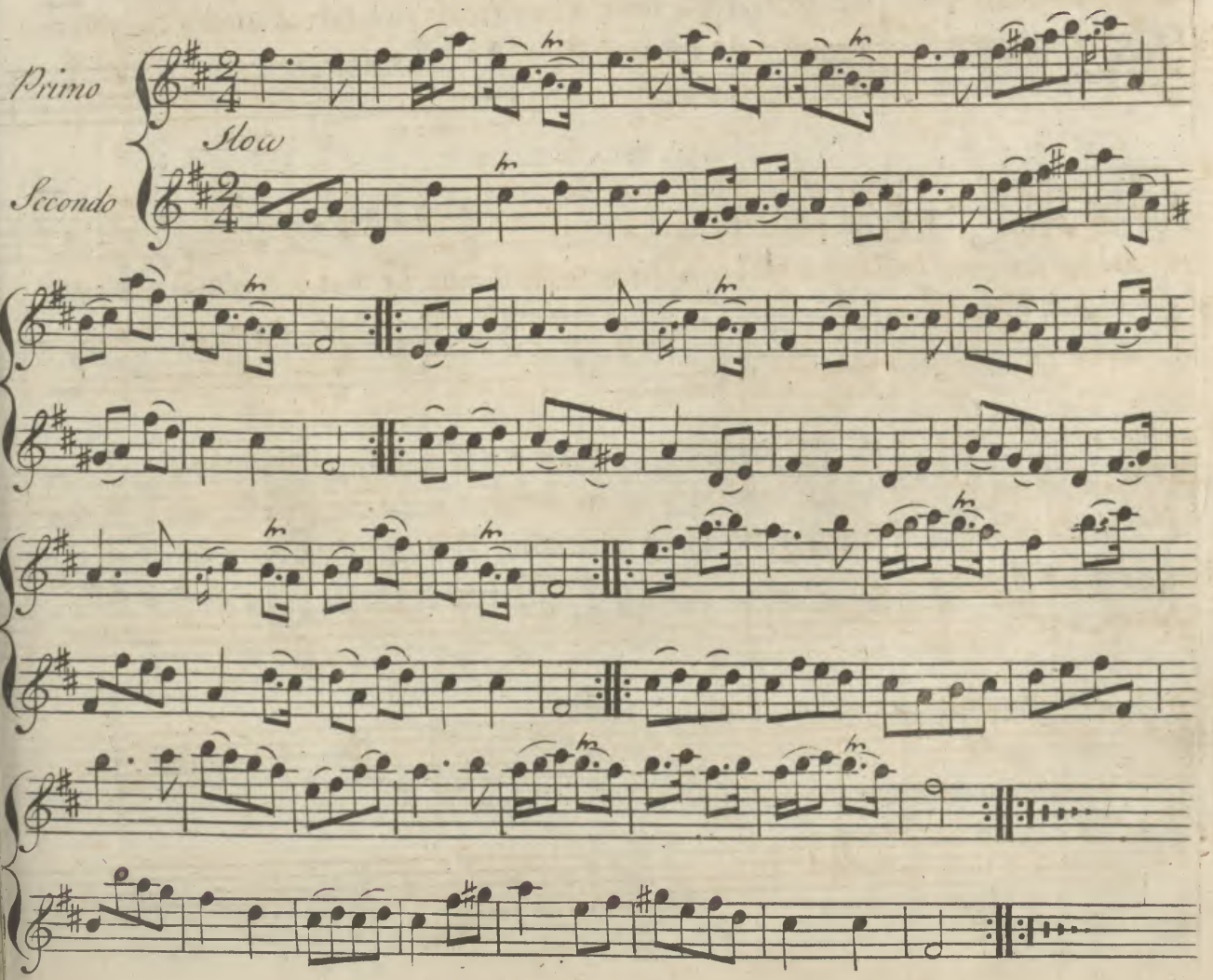
pleat each Feature So di-vine is ſhe. O how *Peggy* charms me ev'ry Look ſtill

warms me ev 'ry thought a larms me leſt ſhe love not me. *Peggy* doth dif-

cov-er nought but Charms all o- ver Na-ture bids me love her

that's a Law to me.

Who would leave a Lover
To become a Rover
No I'll ne'er give over
'Till I happy be;
For ſince Love inſpires me
As her Beauty fires me
And her abſence tires me
Nought can pleaſe but She:
When I hope to gain her
Fate ſeems to detain her
Cou'd I but obtain her
Happy wou'd I be;
I'll lie down before her
Bleſs, ſigh, and adore her
With faint Looks implore her
'Till ſhe pity me.



Nanny-o

While ſome for Pleaſure pawn their Health, 'Twixt La— is and the

Bagni o, I'll ſave my ſelf, and without ſtealth, Kiſs and careſs my *Nanny-o*.

She bids more fair to'ngage a *Jove*, Than *Leda* did fair *Danae-o*, Were

I to paint the Queen of Love, None elſe ſhould ſit but *Nan-ny o*, My

bon-ny bonny *Nanny-o*, my lovely charming *Nanny-o*, I care not tho' the

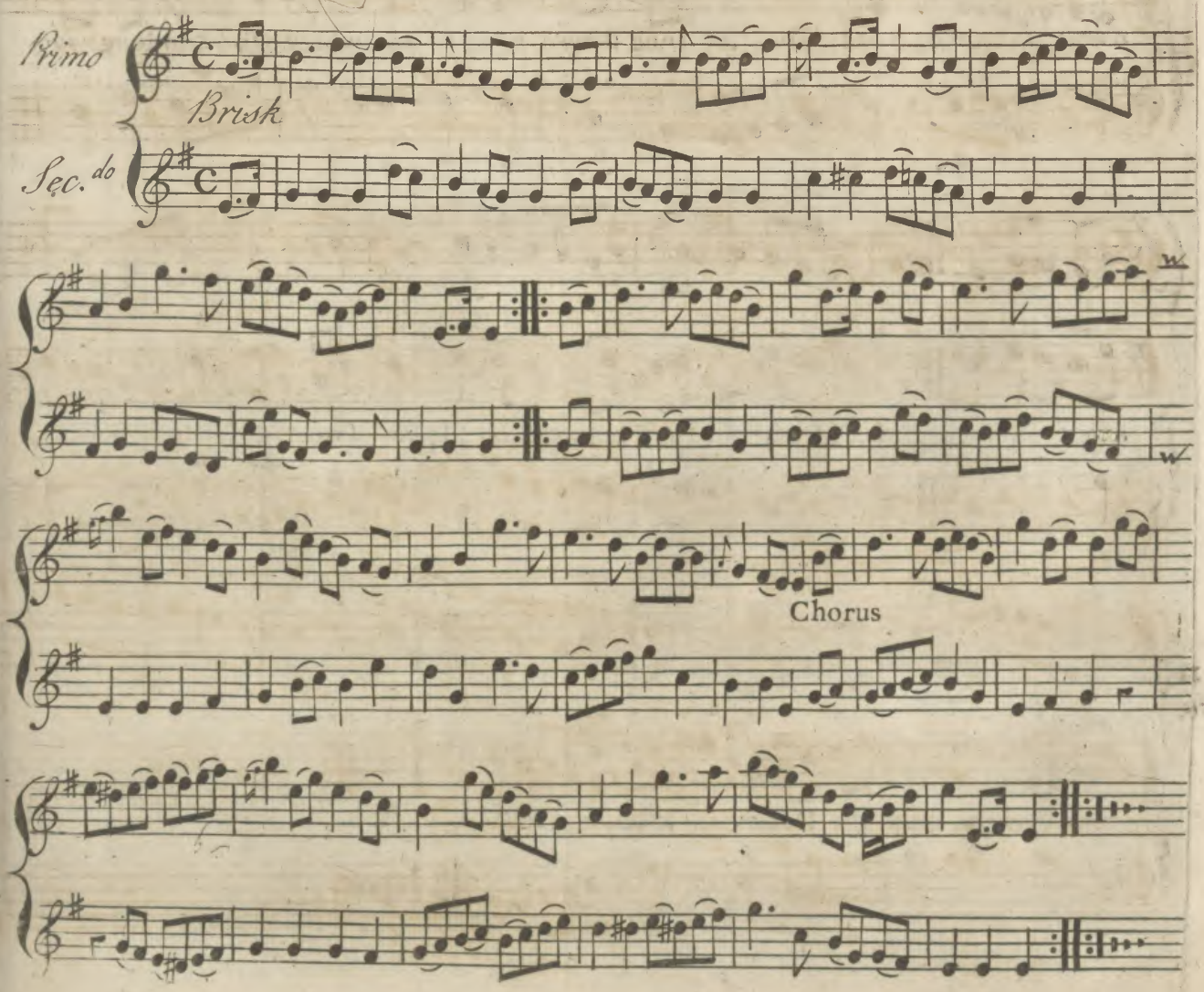
World ſhould know, How dearly I love *Nanny-o*.

2

How joyfully my Spirits rise
When dancing she moves finely O,
I guess what Heav'n is, by her Eyes
Which sparkles so divinely O,
Attend my Vow, ye Gods, while I,
Breathe in the blest Britannia,
None's Happiness I shall envy,
As long's Ye grant my *Nanny-O*

CHORUS.

My bonny bonny *Nanny-O*.
My lovely charming *Nanny-O*
I care not tho' the World should know
How dearly I love *Nanny-O*



The Message

First Violin with the Voice

Slow

Send home my long ſtray'd Eyes to me, which Oh! too long have

dwelt on thee: Send home my long ſtray'd Eyes to me, which Oh! too long have

dwelt on thee. But if from you they learnt ſuch ill, to ſweetly ſmile and

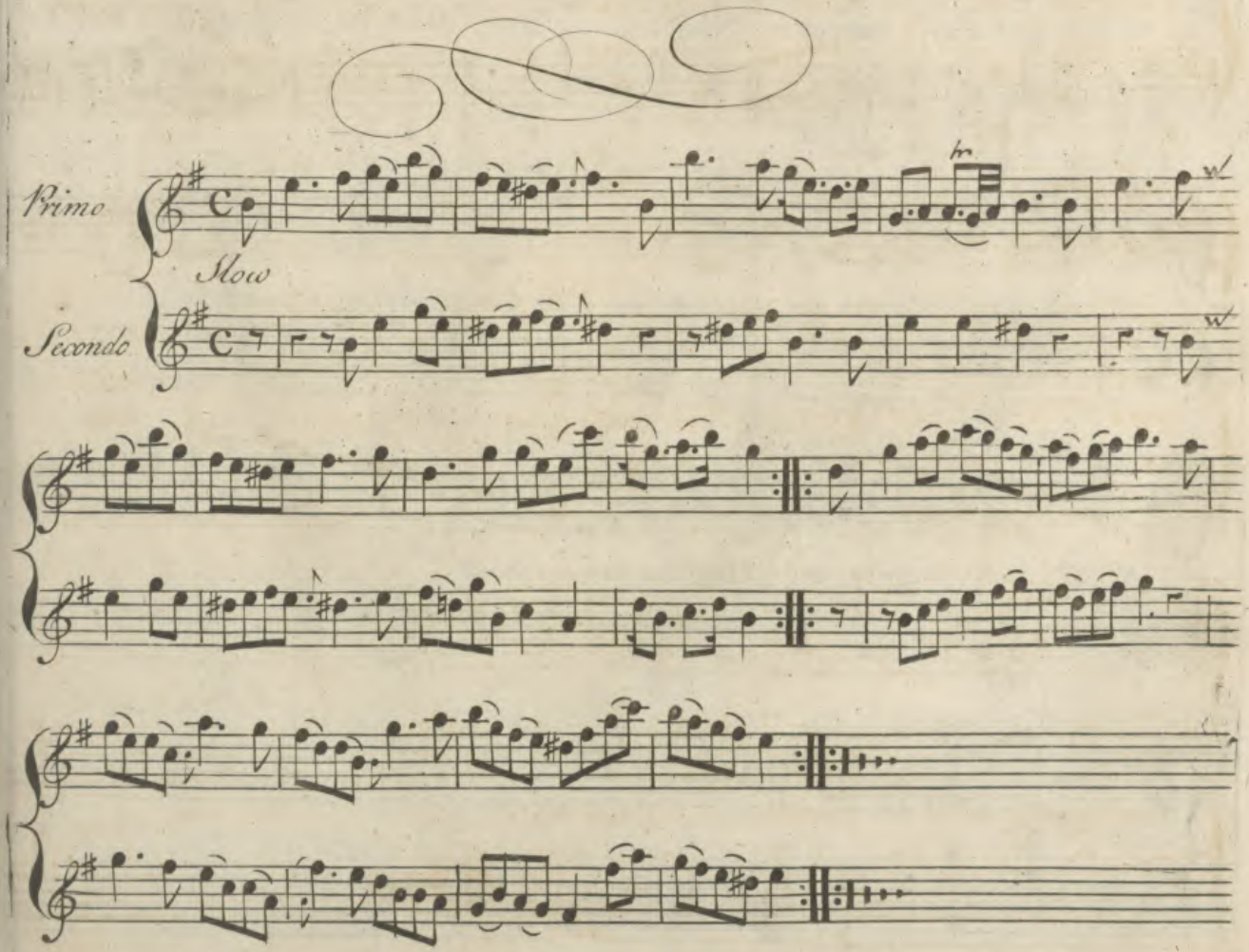
then beguile, keep the Deceivers keep 'em ſtill.

2

Send home my harmleſs Heart again,
Which no unworthy Thought cou'd ſtain
Send home my harmleſs Heart again
Which no unworthy Thought cou'd ſtain,
But if it has been taught by thine
To forfeit both
It's Word and Oath,
Keep it for then 'tis none of mine.

3

Yet ſend me home my Heart and Eyes,
That I may ſee, and know thy Lyes;
Yet ſend me home my Heart and Eyes,
That I may ſee and know thy Lyes;
That I one Day may laugh when thou
Shall grieve for one
Thy Love will ſcorn
And prove as falſe as thou art now.



Tweed Side

Slow

What Beauties does *Flora* dif-close, How fweet are her

Smiles up-on Tweed, Yet *Mary's* ftill fweeter than thofe, Both

Nature and Fancy exceed. Nor Dai-fy nor fweet blufhing Rofe, Nor

all the gay Flow'rs of the Field, Nor Tweed gliding gent-ly thro'

thofe, fuch Beauty and Pleafure does yield. *for.*

2

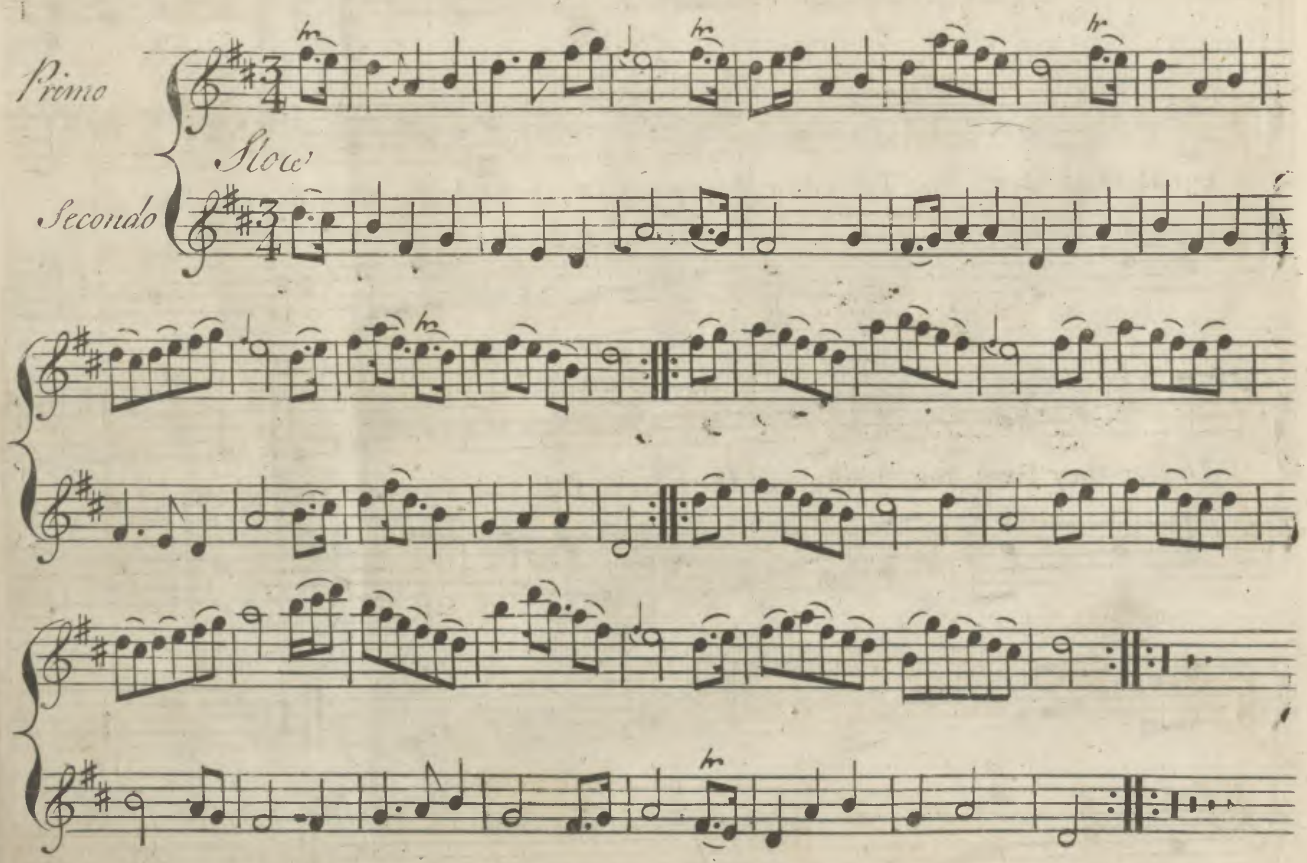
The Warblers are heard in the Grove,
The Linnet, the Lark, and the Thrush,
The Black Bird and sweet cooing Dove
With Musick enchant ev'ry Bush
Come let us go forth to the Mead,
Let us see how the Primroses spring
We'll lodge in some Village on Tweed
And love while the feather'd Flocks sing.

3

How does my Love pass the long Day?
Does *Mary* not 'tend a few Sheep?
Do they never carelesly stray
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's Murmurs should lull her to Rest,
Kind Nature indulging my Bliss;
To relieve the soft Pains of my Breast
I'd steal an Ambrosial Kiss.

4

'Tis she does all Virgins excell,
No Beauty with her may compare
Love's Graces all round her do dwell,
She's fairest where Thousands are fair:
Say Charmer, where do thy Flocks stray,
Oh! tell me at Noon where they feed
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay
Or the pleasanter Banks of the Tweed.



Ianthe the Lovely

Sym

Slow

S.

I-anthe the Lovely the Joy of the Swain, By *Iphis* was lov'd and lov'd

Iphis again, She liv'd in the youth, and the youth in the Fair, Their Pleasure was equal &

equal their Care: No Time, nor Enjoyment, their Dotage with-drew, But the

longer they liv'd, but the longer they liv'd, still the fon-der they grew.

Sym.

S.

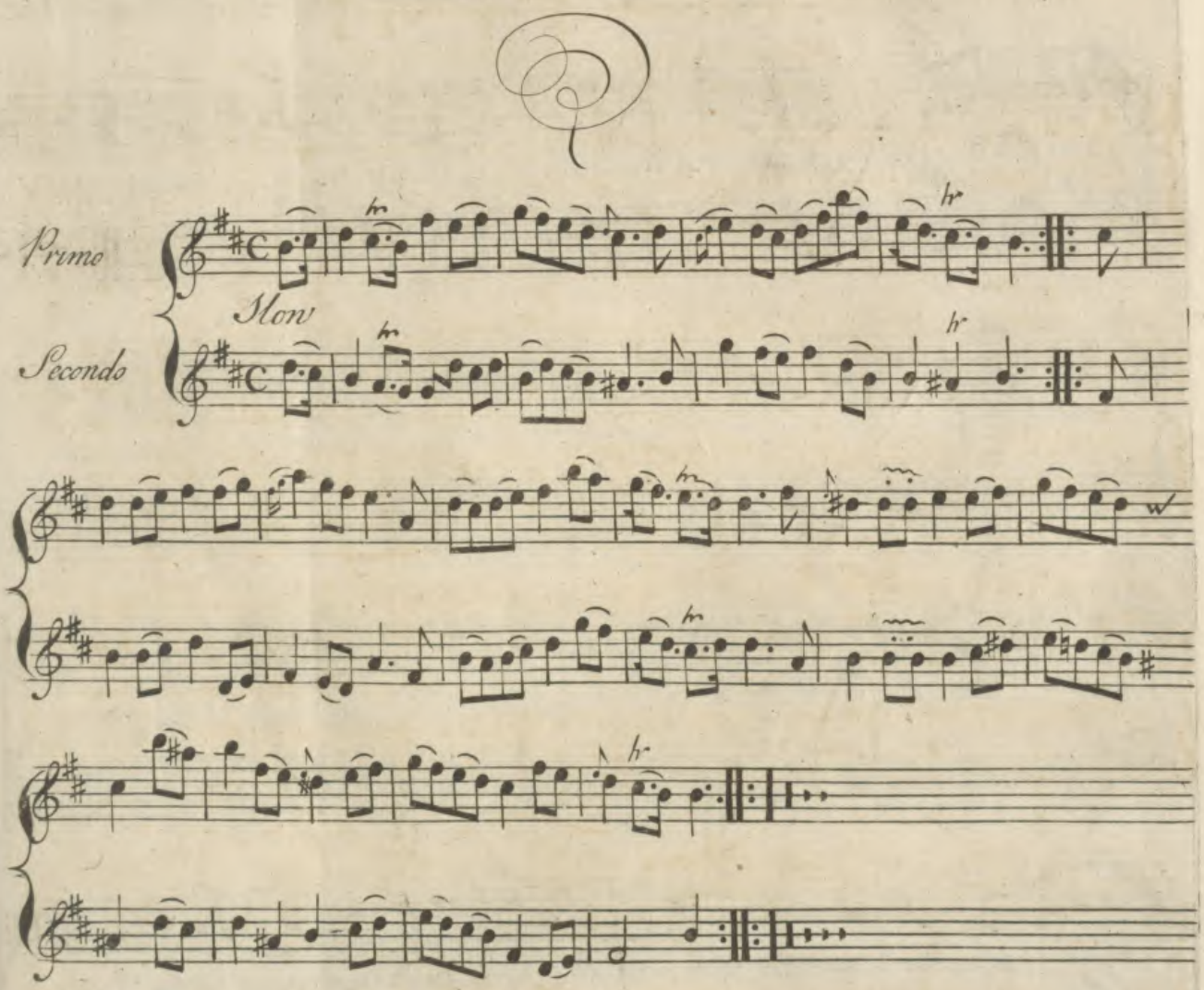
S.

2

A Paſſion ſo happy alarm'd all the Plain,
Some envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd the Swain;
Some ſwore 'twould be pity their Loves to invade,
That the Lovers alone, for each other were made,
But all have conſented, that none ever knew
A Nymph, yet ſo kind, or a Shepherd ſo true.

3

Love ſaw them with Pleaſure, and vow'd to take Care
Of the faithful, the tender the innocent Pair;
What either did want, he bid either to move,
But they wanted nothing, but ever to love;
Said 'twas all that to bleſs them, his Godhead could do
That they ſtill might be kind, and they ſtill might be true.



Lovesick Jockey

A bonny Northern Lad, as ever walk'd the Street of Edinbugh Town or wore a silken

Plad, or daughty Dagger by his Side, Forlorn and wretched mad by *Maggy's* cold dif-

dain & killing Frown, upon a Bank was laid close by the pleasant River Tweed Ah

cruel Love poor *Jockey* cry'd, of joy thou rob'st my Life, whilst *Maggy* runs away and

frowns & will not be my Wife In vain the Shepherds pipe & sing, in vain too smiles the

Flow'ry Spring, Such Love can now no Comfort bring, sweet Death come end the Strife.