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THE SCOTISH MUSICAL MUSEUM;

CONSISTING OF UPWARDS

OF SIX HUNDRED SONGS,

WITH

PROPER BASSES FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED

BY JAMES JOHNSON;

AND NOW ACCOMPANIED WITH

COPIOUS NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LYRIC
POETRY AND MUSIC OF SCOTLAND,

BY THE LATE WILLIAM STENHOUSE.

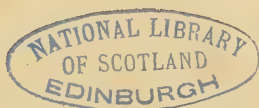
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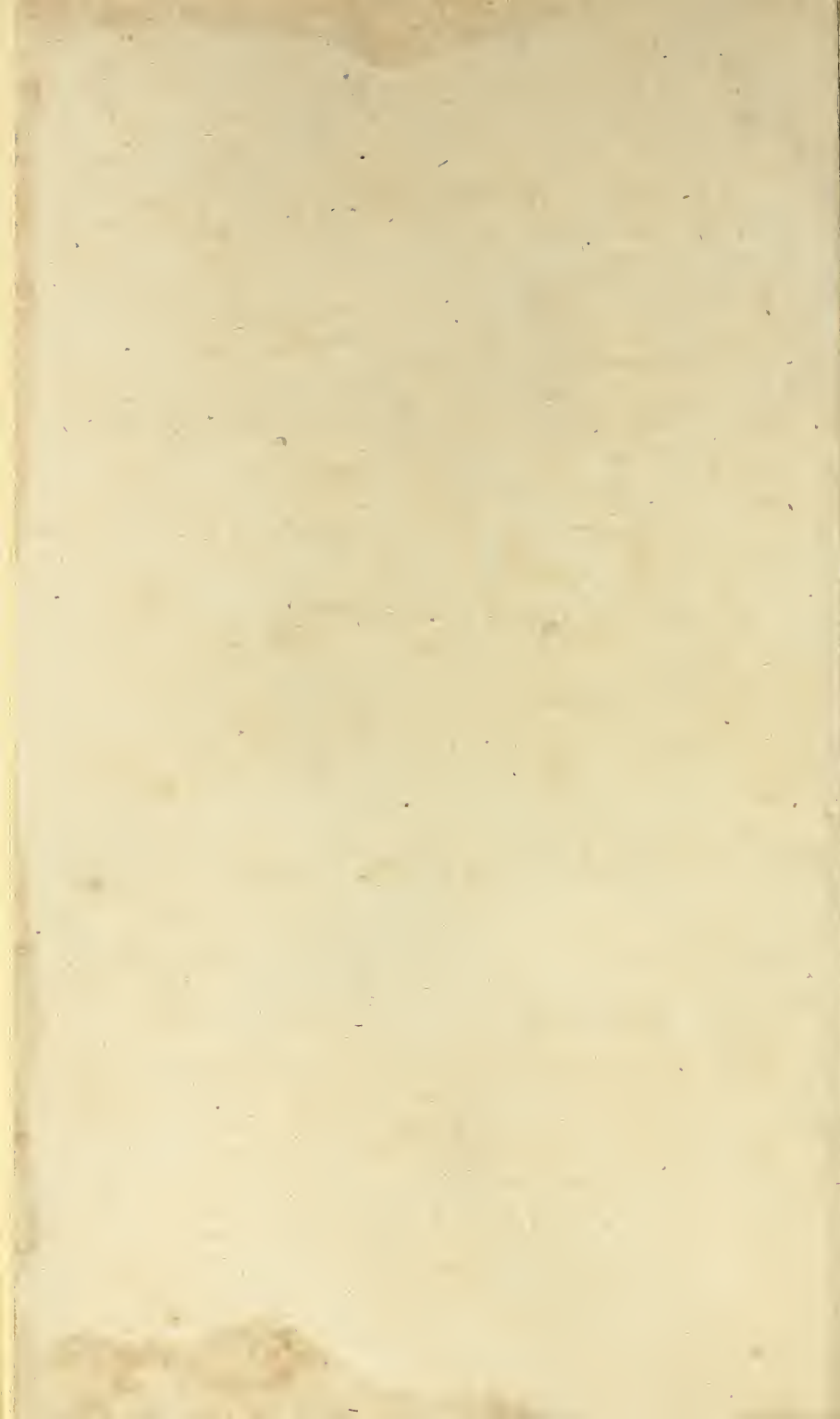
ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME VI.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH;
AND THOMAS CADELL, LONDON.

M.DCCC.XXXIX.





THE SCOT'S
Musical Museum
IN SIX VOLUMES.

Consisting of Six hundred Scots Songs
with proper Bases for the

PIANO FORTE &c.
Specially Dedicated
To the Society

OF
Antiquaries of Scotland
BY JAMES JOHNSON

In this publication the original simplicity of our
Ancient National Airs is retained unincumbered
with useless Accompaniments & graces depriving the
hearers of the sweet simplicity of their native melodies.

Volume VI. Pr. 7/6

Settlemant

Script.

Printed & Sold by JAMES JOHNSON Music Seller EDINBURGH to be had at
T. PRESTON N^o 97 Strand LONDON, M^cFADYEN GLASGOW, & at all the principal
Music Sellers.



P R E F A C E.

THE Editor now presents to the Public the Sixth Volume of the Scots Musical Museum; which in all probability will be the last.

These Volumes contain every Scottish Air and Song, which the exertions of the Editor, and those of his friends and numerous correspondents, have been able to procure during a period of sixteen years. He is therefore inclined to think that the Scots Musical Museum now contains almost every Scottish Song extant. However, as he wishes to make it as complete as possible, he will spare no pains in endeavouring to procure any which may hitherto have escaped his research; and if successful, they will be published at some future period.

Without wishing to over rate this publication, the Editor may be permitted to observe, that it unquestionably contains the greatest Collection of Scottish Vocal Music ever published, including many excellent Songs written for it by BURNS; He therefore flatters himself with the hope that the prediction of our celebrated BARD respecting it will be verified; and that "To future ages the Scots Musical Museum will be the Text Book and Standard of Scottish Song and Music."*

* See extract from BURNS'S Letter in the Preface to Volume 5th.

Edin^r June 4th 1803.

Entered in Stationers Hall.

IV I N D E X.

Nota, The Songs in the 5 preceding Volumes marked R. and B. the Editor is now at liberty to say are the production of Mr. BURNS — The Originals of Mr. BURNS'S writing are in his possession — They were written for this work, but being often sent the Editor on the spur of the moment, Mr. BURNS requested these marks only, and not his name should be added to them.

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My Peggy's face.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

N.^o 501

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form, The frost of hermit
age, might warm; My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind, Might
charm the first of human kind. 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.

Slowly

The lily's hue, the rose's die,
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.

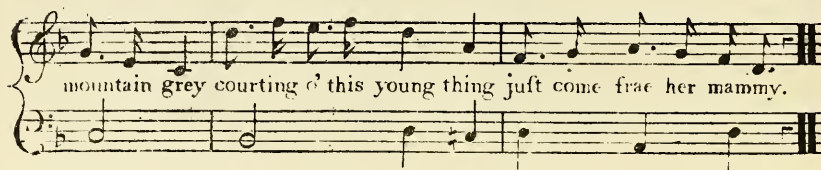
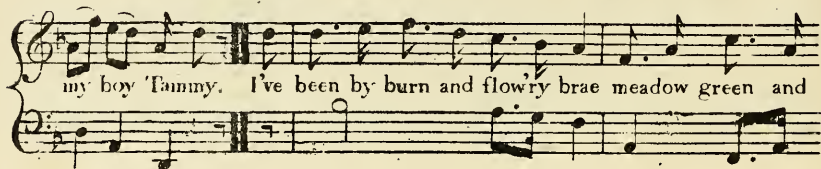
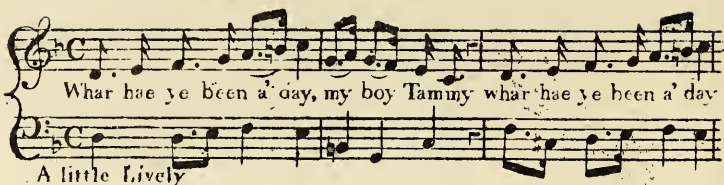
Dear M^r. Publisher,

I hope against I return, you will be able to tell me from Mr. CLARKE if these words will suit the tune. If they don't suit, I must think on some other Air; as I have a very strong private reason for wishing them in the 2^d Volume. — Don't forget to transcribe me the list of the Antiquarian Music. Farewell.

R. BURNS.

My boy Tammy.

502



And whar gat ye that young thing my boy Tammy?
 I gat her down in yonder how,
 Smiling on a broomy know,
 Herding ae wee Lamb and Ewe for her poor Mammy.

What said ye to the bonny bairn my boy Tammy?
 I prais'd her een fae lovely blue,
 Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou;
 I preed it aft as ye may true She said, she'd tell her Mammy.

I held her to my beating heart—"my young my smiling Lammy!
 "I hae a house—it cost me dear,
 "I've walth o' plenishan and geer;
 "Ye'll get it a' wa't ten times mair, gin ye will leave your Mammy."

The smile gade aff her bonny face—"I manna leave my Mammy.
 "She's gien me meat; she's gien me claife;
 "She's been my comfort a' my days—
 "My Father's death brought mony wae's—I canna leave my Mammy."

"We'll tak her hame and ma' her fain, my ain kind hearted Lammy!
 "We'll gee her meat; we'll gee her claife,
 "We'll be her comfort a' her days;"
 The wee thing gies her hand and says—"There! gang and ask my Mammy!"

Has she been to Kirk wi' thee my boy Tammy?
 She has been to Kirk wi' me,
 And the tear was in her ee,
 But Oh! she's but a young thing just come frae her Mammy!

Red gleams the fun.

503

* Red gleams the fun on yon hill tap the dew fits

Lively

on the gowan; Deep murmurs thro' her gleams the Spey, A -

round Kin - ra - ra rowan. Where art thou fairest, kindest

lafs! A - las wert thou but near me, Thy gen - tle

foul, thy mel - ting eye would ever ever cheer me.

The Lavrock sings among the clouds,

The Lambs they sport so cheery,

And I sit weeping by the birk;

O where art thou my dearie!

Aft may I meet the morning dew;

Lang greet till I be weary /

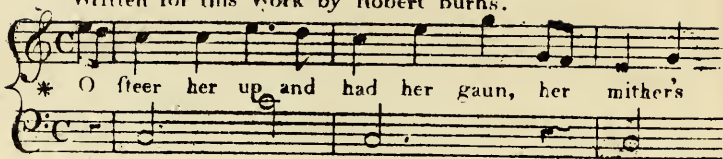
Thou canna, winna, gentle maid!

Thou canna be my deary.

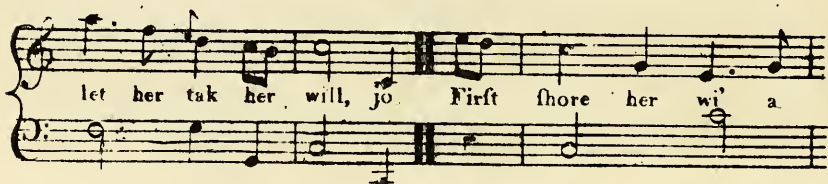
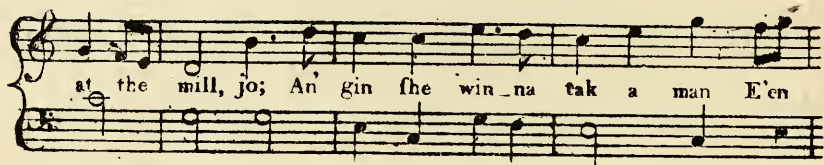
O steer her up and had her gaun

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

504



Brisk



O steer her up and be na blate,

An' gin she tak it ill, jo,

Then lea'e the lasie till her fate,

And time nae langer spill, jo:

Ne'er break your heart for ay rebute,

But think upon it still, jo,

That gin' the lasie winna do't,

Ye'll fin' anither will, jo.

When I gaed to the mill.

505. * When I gaed to the mill my lane, A^s for to grind my

Lively

maut The mill-er lad-die kist me I thought it

was nae faut. What tho' the lad-die kist

me When I was at the mill, A kifs is but a

touch and a touch can do nae ill.

O I loo the miller laddie!
 And my laddie loes me;
 He has sic a blyth look,
 And a bonnie blinking ee,
 What though the laddie kist me,
 When I was at the mill!
 A kifs is but a touch
 And a touch can do nae ill.

Whar' Esk its silver stream

506

* Whar' Esk its silver current leads mang greenwoods gay wi'

Slow

mony a flower I hied me aft to dewy meads in hap-py days and

built my bower. I call'd upon the birds to sing An' nestle in ilk

fragrant flower, While in the liv'ry of the spring I deck'd my sweet en

chanted bow'r.

'Twas there I found ah! happy time,
The sweetest flower, and sic a flower
I crop't it in its virgin prime
To deck my sweet, my shady bower
But soon the blast hould in the air
That robb'd me of this matchless flower
An' sorrow since and mony a care
Ha'e stript and withered a' my bower.


...***...
'Tho' for seven years.

507

x 'Tho' for seven years and mair honour shoud' reave me,


Moderately Slow

To fields where cannons rair thou need na grieve thee; For deep in ny

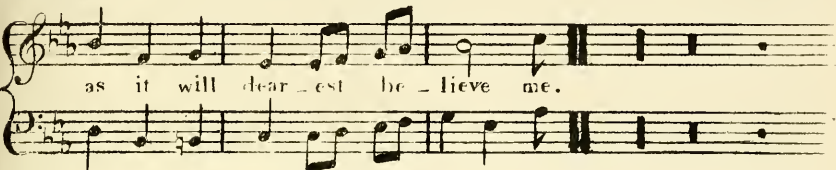


spirits thy sweets are indented, And love shall preserve ay what love has

Chorus



imprinted, Leave thee leave thee I'll never leave thee gang the world



as it will dear - est be - lieve me.

NELLY.

O Johnny! I'm jealous when'er ye discover
My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover;
And nought i' the world wad vex my heart sairer
If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer.
Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me!
A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

JOHNNY.

My Nelly, let never sick fancies oppress ye,
For while my blood's warm I'll kindly caress ye:
Your blooming saft beauties first beeted Love's fire,
Your virtue and wit make it ay flame the higher,
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

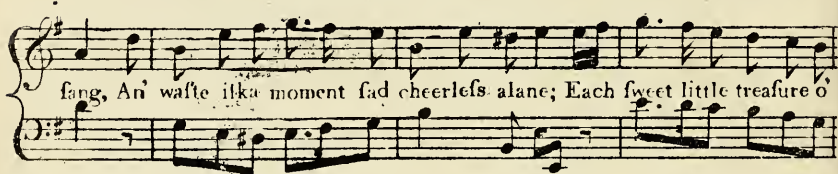
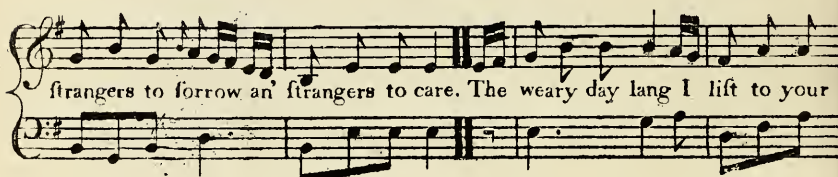
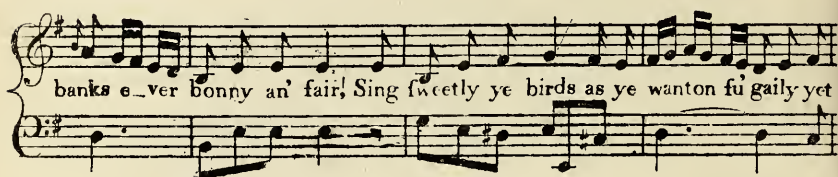
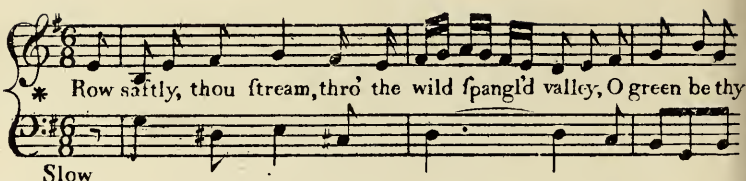
Then, Johnny, I frankly this minute allow ye
To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye;
And gin you prove false, to ye'sell be it said then;
Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrang a kind maiden.
Reave me, reave me, Heav'n's! it wad reave me
Of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me.

JOHNNY.

Bid iceshogles hammer red gads on the studdy,
And fair simmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy;
Bid Britons think ae gait, and when they obey ye,
But never till that time believe I'll betray ye.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
The starns shall gang withershins e'er I deceive thee.

Row softly, thou stream,

508



Fu' aft on thy banks hae we pu'd the wild gowan,
 An' twist'd a ringlet beneath the haw thorn!
 Ah! then each fond moment wi' pleasure was glowin'
 Sweet days o' delight which can never return!

Now ever, wae's me!

The tear fills mine e'e!

An' fair is my heart wi' the rigour o' pain!

Nae prospect returning

To gladden life's morning.

For green waves the willow o'er Captain O'Kaine!

As I went o'er &c.

509 * As I went o'er the highland hills to a farmer's house I can e The

A little Slow

night being dark and something wet, I ventur'd into the same. Where

I was kind-ly treated and a pret-ty maid I spy'd, Who

ask'd me if I had a wife but marriage I de-ny'd.

I courted her the lea long night,
Till near the dawning day
When frankly she to me did say,
Along with you I'll gae;
For Ireland is a fine country,
An' the Scots to you are kin,
So I will gae along with you,
My fortune to begin.

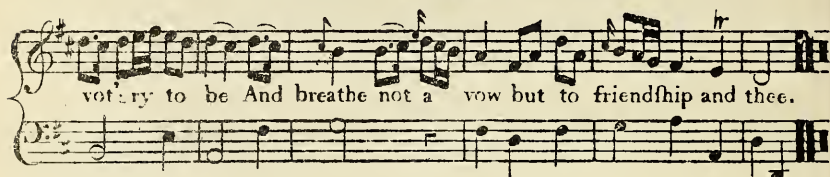
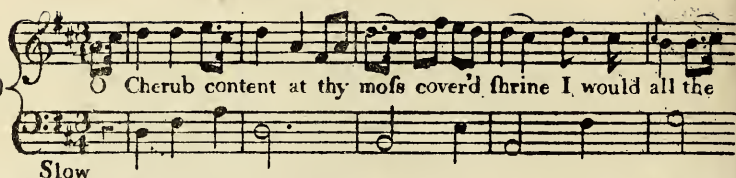
Your offer Sir! is very good,
An' I thank you: too: said I,
But I cannot be your son in law;
I'll tell you the reason why;
My business calleth me in haste
I'm the King's servant bound,
An' I must gae away this day,
Straight on, to Edinburgh town.

Day being come, an' breakfast o'er,
To parlour I was ta'en,
The goodman kindly ask'd me,
If I'd marry his daughter Jean;
Five hundred marks I'll give to thee,
Besides a piece of land,
But scarcely had he spoke the word,
Till I thought on Peggy Bawn.

O! Peggy Bawn thou art my own,
My heart lys in thy breast,
An' tho' we at a distance are,
Yet still I love thee best;
Altho' we at a distance be,
An' seas between us roar;
Yet I'll be constant, Peggy Bawn,
To thee, for ever more.

O Cherub Content.

510



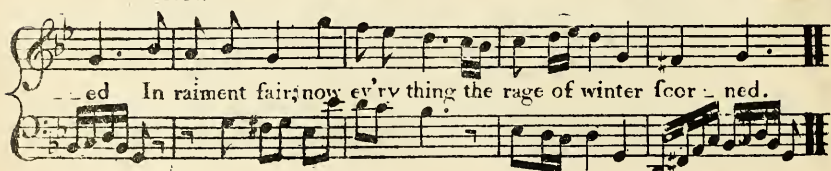
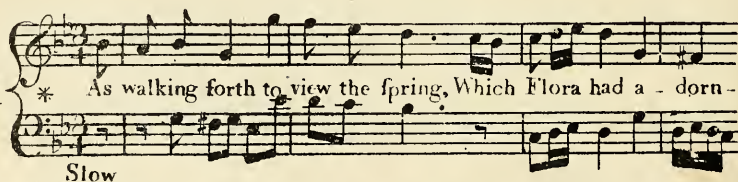
But thy presence appears from my pursuit to fly,
Like the gold colour'd cloud on the verge of the sky;
No lustre that hangs on the green willow tree
Is so short as the smile of thy favour to me.

In the pulse of my heart I have nourish'd a care
That forbids me thy sweet inspiration to share;
The noon of my youth slow departing I see;
But its years as they pass bring no tidings of thee.

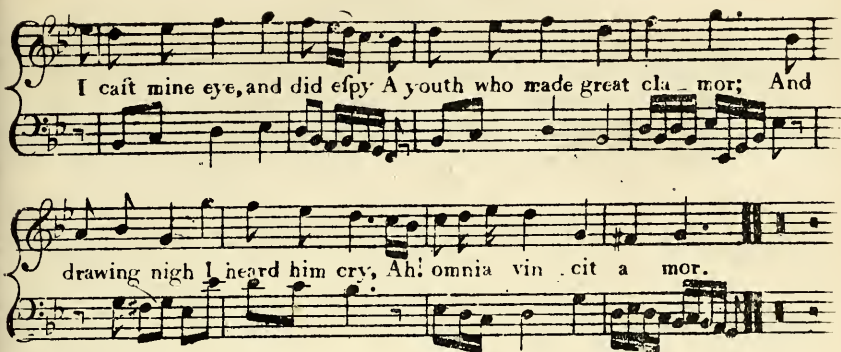
O Cherub content! at thy moss-cover'd shrine
I would offer my vows if Matilda were mine;
Could I call her my own whom enraptur'd I see,
I would breathe not a vow but to friendship and thee.

As walking forth.

511



Continued.



Upon his breast he lay along,
 Hard by a murmur'ing river,
 And mournfully his doleful song
 With sighs he did deliver;
 Ah! Jeany's face has comely grace,
 Her locks that shine like lammer,
 With burning rays have cut my days;
 For omnia vincit amor.

Her glancy aen like comets sheen,
 The morning-sun outshining,
 Have caught my heart in Cupid's net,
 And make me die with pining.
 Durst I complain, nature's to blame,
 So curiously to frame her,
 Whose beauties rare make me with care
 Cry, omnia vincit amor.

Ye crystal streams that swiftly glide,
 Be partners of my mourning,
 Ye fragrant fields and meadows wild,
 Condemn her for her scorning:
 Let every tree a witness be,
 How justly I may blame her;
 Ye chanting birds, note these my words,
 Ah! omnia vincit amor.

Had she been kind as she was fair,
 She long had been admired,
 And been ador'd for virtues rare,
 Wh' of life now makes me tired.

Thus said, his breath began to fail
 He could not speak, but stammer;
 He sigh'd full sore, and said no more,
 But omnia vincit amor.

When I observ'd him near to death,
 I run in haste to save him,
 But quickly he resign'd his breath,
 So deep the wound love gave him.
 Now for her sake this vow I'll make,
 My tongue shall ay defame her,
 While on his hearse I'll write this verse,
 Ah! omnia vincit amor.

Straight I consider'd in my mind
 Upon the matter rightly,
 And found tho' Cupid he be blind,
 He proves in pith most mighty.
 For warlike Mars, and thund'ring Jove,
 And Vulcan with his Hammer,
 Did ever prove the slaves of love
 For omnia vincit amor

Hence we may see th' effects of love,
 Which gods and men keep under,
 That nothing can his bonds remove,
 Or torments break afunder:
 Nor wise nor fool, need go to school,
 To learn this from his grammar;
 His heart's the book where he's to look,
 For omnia vincit amor.

The Battle of Harlaw.*

512 * Frae Dunidier as I cam through, Doun by the hill o' Banochie, A

Slow

...langst the lands of Garioch: Grit pitie 'twas to hear and see. The

noys and dulesum harmonie, That e'er that dreiry day did daw, Cry-

...and the Cory_noch on hie, A_las! alas! for the Harlaw.

I marvelit quhat the matter meint,
 All folks war in a fiery fairy:
 I wist nocht qua was fae or friend;
 Zit quietly I did me carrie.
 But sen the days of auld king Hairie,
 Sic slaughter was not herde nor sene,
 And thair I had nae tyme to tairry,
 For bissiness in Aberdene.

Thus as I walkit on the way,
 To Inverury as I went,
 I met a man, and bad him stay,
 Requeisting him to make me quaint.
 Of the beginning and the event,
 That happenit thair at the Harlaw;
 Then he entrited me tak tent,
 And he the truth sould to me chaw.

Grit Donald of the Yles did claim,
 Unto the lands of Ross sum richt,
 And to the Governour * he came,
 Thaim for to haif gif that he nicht;
 Quha saw his interest was but slicht:
 And thairfore answert with disdain;
 He hastit hame baith day and nicht,
 And sent nae bodward back again.

But Donald richt impatient
 Of that answer Duke Robert gaif,
 He vowed to God omnipotent,
 All the hale lands of Ross to haif,
 Or ells he graithed in his graif.
 He wald not quat his richt for nocht,
 Nor be abusit lyk a shaft,
 That bargin sould be dearily bocht. &c.

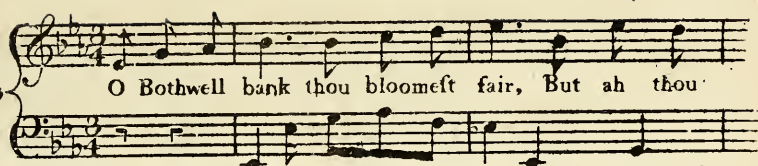
&c. &c.

* Fought upon Friday, July 24, 1411, against Donald of the Isles.

* Robert Duke of Albany, uncle to King James I. The account of this famous battle may be seen in our Scots histories.

O Bothwell bank.

513



O Bothwell bank thou bloomest fair, But ah thou

Slow

makst my heart fu' fair, For a' beneath thy woods fae green w

My love and I wad fit at een While daisies and primroses

milt wi' blue bells in my locks he fixt, O Bothwell

bank thou bloomest fair But ah thou makst my heart fu' fair.

Sad he left me ae dreary day,
 And haplie now sleeps in the clay,
 Without ae sigh his death to moan,
 Without ae flow'r his grave to crown.
 O whither is my lover gone,
 Alas I fear he'll ne'er return.
 O Bothwell bank thou bloomest fair,
 But ah thou mak'st my heart fu' fair.

Wee Willie Gray.
Written for this Work by R. Burns.

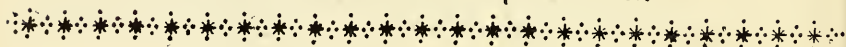
514

* Wee Willie Gray, an' his leather wallet; Peel a willie wand, to
A little Lively

be him boots and jacket. The rose upon the breer will be him trouse an'

doublet the rose upon the breer will be him trouse an' doublet.

Wee Willy Gray, and his leather wallet;
Twice a lily-flower will be him fark and cravat;
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.



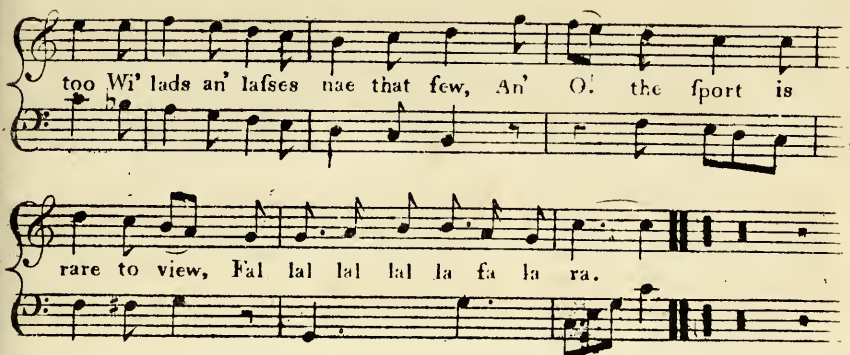
When the days they are lang.

515

* When the days they are lang, an' the fields they grow green,
Lively

Fal la! la! la! la fa la ra at Lammington ev'ry year may be

seen, Fal la! la! la! la fa la ra a fouth o' lairds an' la dies w



There's mony a filly come in on the score, Fál lál, &c.
Wi' galloping graith, clad ahint an' afore, Fál lál, &c.
Our ancient Wager for to win,
The Prize nae less than forty pun;
To see them is the best o' fun, Fál lál, &c.

The rout the town officers held at command, Fál lál, &c.
An' Baillies wi' halberts weel scour'd, in their hand, Fál lál, &c.
To clear the course, the cause was gude,
An' guide the rabble, wild an' rude,
For ilka ane on tip-tae stood, Fál lál, &c.

Now Kirkfield frae braw Lefmahago came, Fál lál, &c.
Our filler, nae doubt, for to tak wi' him hame Fál lál &c.
But tho' he cam wi' noise an' din,
The beast was unco laith to rin;
In short the lad was ahin, Fál lál &c.

An' Glentowin's horse, he was fairly out-worn. Fál lál &c.
That morning he gat a haill firlet o' corn, Fál lál &c.
His groom kept him but carelessly;
Tho', had he fed him soberly
'Twas thought he wad hae won the gree, Fál lál &c.

But Kingledore's mare, she brak aff at the first, Fál lál &c.
Sax paces an' mair afore a' the rest, Fál lál &c.
She was fae supple an' fae stout,
She led the lave a' round about,
An' cam in first—as she gade out, Fál lál &c.

Now Glentowin's horse, he could do nae mair, Fál lál &c.
An' Kirkfield's, O'er heavy to hac ony share, Fál lál &c.
Sae Kingledore's brown bonny mare,
Set aff wi' a' our dainty gear,
An' caper'd croufly thro' the fair Fál lál &c.

The banks of the Dee.

516

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of five systems of staves. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words in italics. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

'Twas summer and softly the breezes were blowing & sweetly
the nightingale sung from the tree at the foot of a rock where the river was
flowing I set myself down on the banks of the Dee. Flow on lovely Dee flow on thou
sweet river thy banks purest stream shall be dear to me ever for there I first
gain'd the affection and favour of Jamie the glory & pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me and left me thus mourning,
 To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he,
 And ah there's no hope of his speedy returning,
 To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
 He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring billows
 The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,
 And left me to stray mong'st these once loved willows,
 The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore him,
 Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me,
 And when he returns with such care I'll watch o'er him,
 He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
 The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying,
 The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing,
 While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,
 And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,

533

Written by R. Burns.

517

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure, Scenes that

Very Slow

for me! thoughts re-new; scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,

now a sad and last adieu. Bon-ny Doon, sac, sweet at

gloaming, Fare thee weel be-fore I gang Bon-ny Doon where

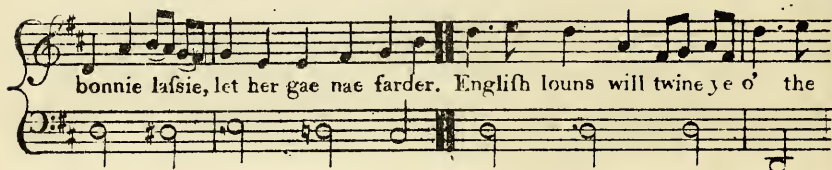
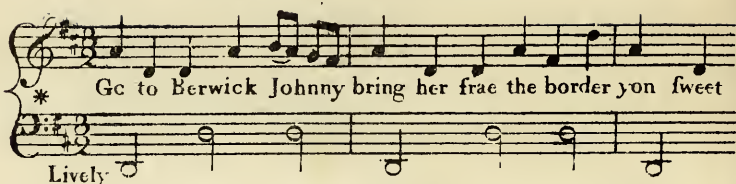
ear-ly roam-ing, First I weav'd the rus-tic sang.

Bowers adieu! where love decoying,
First enthral'd this heart o' mine,
There the softest sweets enjoying,
Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine.
Friends so near my bosom ever,
Ye hae render'd moments dear;
But alas! when forc'd to sever,
Then the stroke, O how severe!

Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
Tho' tis doubly dear to me;
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier wou'd I be.
Scenes of woe and Scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thought renew;
Scenes of woe and Scenes of pleasure
Now a sad and last adieu.

Go to Berwick Johnny.

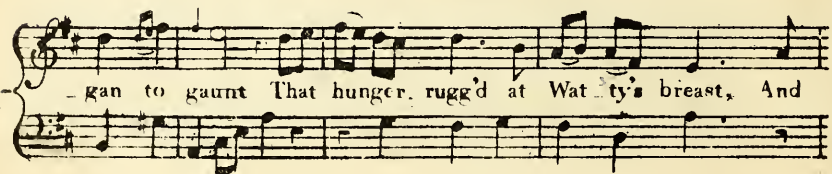
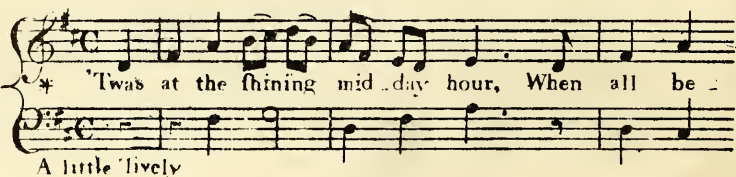
518

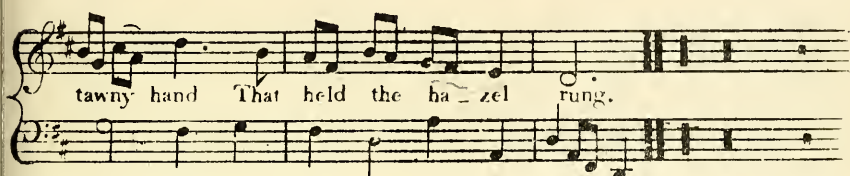
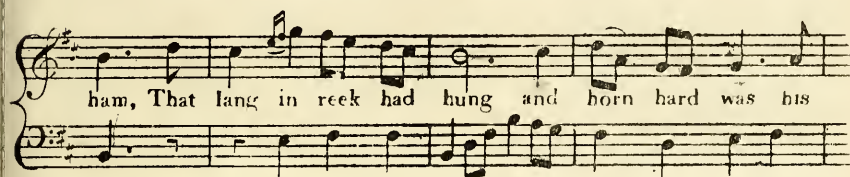
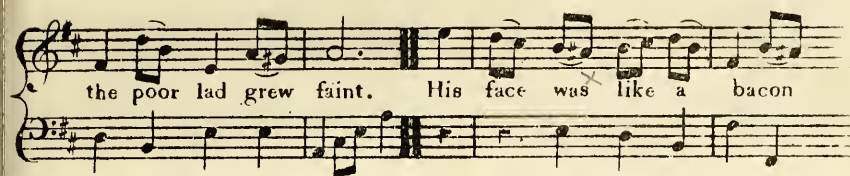


Go to Berwick Johnny,
 An' regain your honour
 Drive them o'er the Tweed,
 An' shaw our Scottish banner.
 I am Rab the King,
 An' ye are Jock my brither,
 But before we lose her,
 We'll a' there the gither.

'Twas at the shining mid-day hour.

519





So wad the softest face appear
 Of the maist dressy spark
 And such the hands that lords wad hae,
 Were they kept close at wark.
 His head was like a heathery bush
 Beneath his bonnet blue,
 On his braid cheeks frae lug to lug,
 His bairdy bristles grew.
 But hunger, like a gnawing worm,
 Gude rumbling thro' his kye,
 And nothing now but solid gear
 Could give his heart delyte.
 He to the kitchen ran with speed,
 To his lov'd Madge he ran,
 Sunk down into the chimney nook
 With visage four and wan.
 Get up, he cries, my crishy love,
 Support my sinking faul
 With something that is fit to chew,
 Be't either het or caul.
 This is the how and hungry hour,
 When the best cures for grief
 Are cogue-fous of thy lythy kail,
 And a good junt of beef.
 Oh Watty, Watty, Madge replies,
 I but o'er justly trow'd
 Your love was thowless and that ye
 For cakes and pudding wou'd.
 Bethink thee, Watty on that night,
 When all were fast asleep,

How ye kiss'd me frae cheek to cheek
 Now leave these cheeks to dreep,
 How could ye ea' my hurdies fat,
 And comfort of your sight?
 How could ye roose my dimpled hand,
 Now all my dimples flight?
 Why did you promise me a snood,
 To bind my locks sae brown?
 Why did you me fine garters height,
 Yet let my hose fa' down!
 O faithless Watty think how aft
 I mend your farks and hose!
 For you how many bannocks stown,
 How many cogues of brose!
 But hark! the kail bell rings and I
 Maun gae link aff the put;
 Come see, ye nash, how fair I sweat,
 To stegh your guts, ye sot,
 The grace was said, the Master serv'd,
 Fat Madge return'd again,
 Blyth Watty raise and rax'd himself,
 And sidg'd he was sae fain.
 He hy'd him to the savoury bench,
 Where a warm haggies stood,
 And gart his gooly thro' the bag
 Let out its fat heart's blood.
 And thrice he cry'd, come eat, dear Madge:
 Of this delicious fare;
 Syne claw'd it aff most cleverly,
 Till he could eat nae mair.

Have you any Pots or Pans,

See another set of this Tune Vol. 1.st Page 24

520

Have you any pots or pans, Or any broken chandlers? I

Lively

am a tinker to my trade And new - ly come frae Flanders. As

scant of siller as of grace, Dis - banded, we've a bad run; Gaug

tell the lady of the place, I'm come to clout her caldron.

Madam, if you have work for me.

I'll do't to your contentment.

And dinna care a single flie

For any man's resentment;

For lady fair, though I appear

To ev'ry ane a tinker,

Yet to yoursell I'm bauld to tell,

I am a gentle tinkler.

Love Jupiter into a swan

Turn'd for his lovely Leda;

He like a bull o'er meadows ran,

To carry aff Europa.

Then may not I, as well as he,

To cheat your Argus blinker,

And win your love like mighty Jove,

Thus hide me in a tinkler.

Sir, ye appear a cunningman,

But this fine plot you'll fail in,

For there is neither pot nor pan

Of mine you'll drive a nail in.

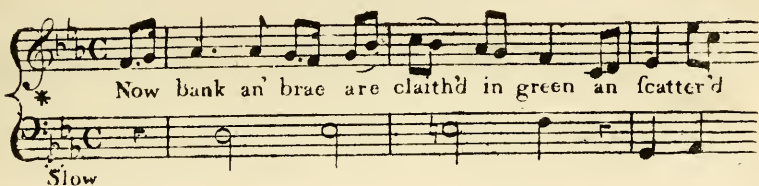
Then bind your budget on your back,

And nails up in your apron,

For I've a tinkler under tack

That's us'd to clout my caldron.

521



cow-lips, sweet-ly spring by Gir-van's fai ry haun'ted

stream the birdies flit on wanton wing To Caffillis banks when

evening fas there wi' my Ma-ry let me flee there catch her

il-ka glance o' love the bonnie blink o' Ma-ry's ee.

The child wha boasts o' warld's walth,
 Is aften laird o' meikle care;
 But Mary she is a' mine ain,
 Ah! Fortune canna gie me mair!
 Then let me range by Caffillis banks,
 Wi' her the lassie dear to me,
 And catch her ilka glance o' love,
 The bonny blink o' Mary's ee.

Ae day a braw wooer, &c.

By Burns.

522

Ae day a braw wooer came down the lang glen, And sair wi' his
Lively
love he did deave me; But I said there was naething I hated like
men, The deuce gae wi' him to be-lieve me believe me, The
deuce gae wi' him to be-lieve me.

A weel stocket mailen himsel o't the laird,
An' bridal aff han' was the proffer,
I never loot on, that I ken'd or I car'd,
But thought I might get a waur offer.

He spake o' the darts o' my bonny black een,
An' o for my love he was diein';
I said, he might die when he liket for Jean,
The gude forgiè me for liein'.

But what do ye think, in a fortnight or less,
(The diel's in his taste to gae near her)
He's down to the castle to black cousin Bess,
Think how the jade I could endure her.

An' a' the niest ouk as I freted wi' care,
I gade to the tryst o' Duglarlock;
An' wha but my bra' fickle wooer was there,
Wha glowr'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

Continued.

Out owre my left shouther I gie'd him a blink,
 Lest neighbour shou'd think I was saucy;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 An' vow'd that I was a dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthie an' sweet,
 An' if she'd recover'd her hearin';
 An' how my auld ☆ shoon fitted her shacheld feet
 Gude saf' us how he fell a swearin'.

He begg'd me for gudesake that I'd be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
 An' just to preserve the poor bodie in life,
 I think I will wed him to morrow.

☆ An old lover.

To the Foregoing Tune.

THE Queen o' the Lothians cam cruisin to Fife,
 Fal de ral, lal de ral, lairo, -

To see gin a wooer wad tak her for life,
 Sing hey, fal lal de ral, lal de ral, lal de ral,
 Hey, fal lal de ral, lairo.

She had na been lang at the brow o' the hill, Fal &c.
 Till Jockie cam down for to visit Lochneil, Sing hey, fal &c.
 He took the aunt to the neuk o' the ha', — Fal &c.
 Whare naeboddy heard, and whare nae body saw, — Sing hey, fal &c.
 Madam, he says, I've thought on your advice — Fal &c.
 I wad marry your niece, but I'm fley'd she'll be nice, — Sing hey fal
 Jockie, she says, the wark's done to your hand, — Fal &c.
 I've spoke to my niece, and she's at your command, — Sing hey fal &c.
 But troth, Madam, I canna woo, — Fal &c.
 For aft I hae tried it, and ay I fa' thro', — Sing hey fal &c.
 But, O dear Madam, and ye wad begin — Fal &c.
 For I'm as fley'd to do it, as it were a sin, — Sing hey fal &c.
 Jenny cam in, and Jockie ran out, — Fal &c.
 Madam, she says, what hae ye been about, — Sing hey fal &c.
 Jenny, she says, I've been workin for you, — Fal &c.
 For what do ye think, Jockie's come here to woo, — Sing hey fal &c.
 Now Jenny tak care, and dash na the lad, — Fal &c.
 For offers like him are na ay to be had, — Sing hey fal &c.
 Madam, I'll tak the advice o' the wise, — Fal &c.
 I ken the lad's worth, and I own he's a prize, — Sing hey fal &c.
 Then she cries but the house, Jockie come here, — Fal &c.
 Ye've neathing to do but the question to spier, — Sing hey fal &c.
 The question was spier'd, and the bargain was struck, — Fal &c.
 The neebors cam in, and wish'd them gude luck, — Sing hey fal &c.

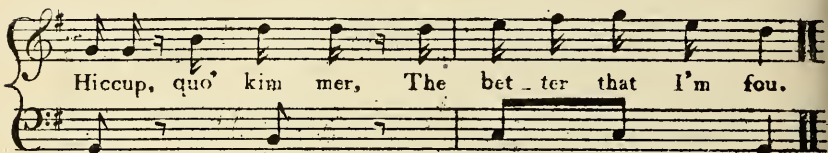
Gudeen to you kimmer.

Corrected by Burns.

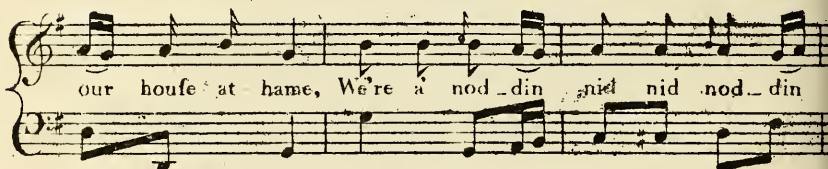
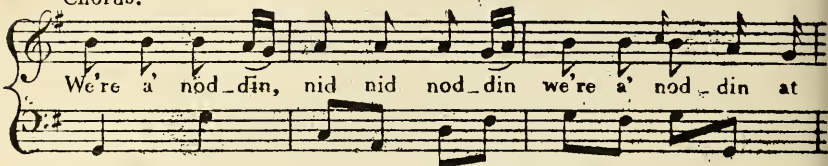
523



Canty



Chorus.



Kate fits i' the neuk,

Suppin hen broo;

Deil tak Kate

An' she be na noddin too!

We're a' noddin &c.

How's a' wi' you, Kimmer,

And how do ye fare?

Apint o' the best o't,

And twa pints mair.

We're a' noddin &c.

How's a' wi' you, kimmer,

And how do ye thrive;

How mony bairns hae ye?

Quo' kimmer, I hae five.

We're a' noddin &

Are they a' Johnny's?

Eh! atweel no:

Twa o' them were gotten

When Johnny was awa.

We're a' noddin &c.

Cats like milk

And dogs like broo;

Lads like lasses weel,

And lasses lads too.

We're a' noddin &c.

In Brechin did a wabster dwell.

524 * In Brechin did a wabster dwell, Who was a man o' fame o, He

Rather Slow

was the deacon o' his trade John Steinton was his name o. A

mare he had a lus - ty jade, Baith sturdy, stark, and strang o. A

lusty trusty skiegh young yad, An' he had spard her lang o.

The wabster bade his mare go work,
 Quoth she, I am not able,
 For neither get I corn nor hay,
 Nor stand I in a stable;
 But hunts me, and dunts me,
 And dings me from the town,
 And fells me, and tells me,
 I am not worth my room.

The wabster swore a bloody oath,
 And out he drew a knife,
 If one word come out of thy head,
 I vow I'll take thy life.
 The mare ay, for fear ay,
 Fell fainting to the ground,
 And groaning and moaning,
 Fell in a deadly swoon.

They clipped her, and nipped her,
 They took from her the skin;
 The haunches, and the paunches,
 They quickly brought them in:
 Make haste, dame, said he,
 And wash this grease, and dry't,
 For I will hazard on my life,
 The doctor's wife will buy't.

They rumbl'd her, they tumbl'd her,
 They shot her o'er the brae:
 With rumbling; and tumbling,
 She to the ground did gae.
 But the night being cauld,
 And the mare wanting her skin,
 And darkness came out o'er the land,
 And fain wou'd she been in. &c.
 &c. &c.

Willy's rare, and Willy's fair.

525 Willy's rare, and Willy's fair, And Willy's wond'rous

Slowish

bonnie; and Willy hegt to marry me gin e'er he marry'd

ony oh gin e'er he mar ry'd ony.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' brade,
The night I'll make it narrow;
For a' the live lang winter's night,
I lie twin'd of my marrow.

O came you by yon water side,
Pu'd you the rose or lily;

Or came you by yon meadow green,
Or saw you my sweet Willy?

She sought him east, she sought him west
She sought him brad and narrow:
Sine in the clifing of a craig,
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

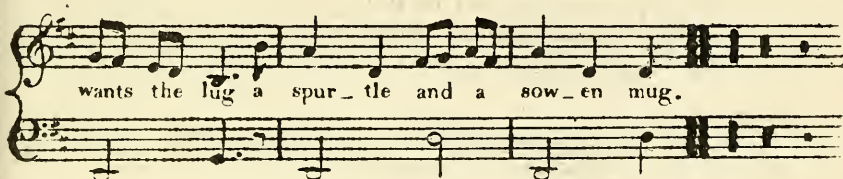
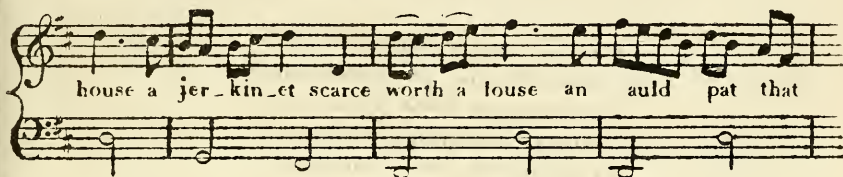
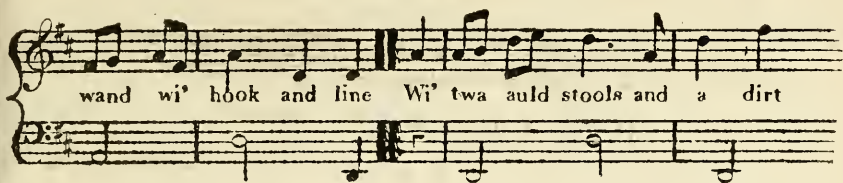
My Daddy left me &c.

526 * My daddy left me gear enough a cou.ter and an

Lively

auld beam plough a nebbed staff a nutting tyne a fishing

Continued.



| | |
|--|--|
| A hempen heckle, and a mell, | With an auld broken pan of brass, |
| A tar-horn, and a weather's bell, | With an auld sark that wants the arse. |
| A muck-fork, and an auld peet creel, | An auld-band, and a hoodling how, |
| The spakes of our auld spinning wheel. | I hope, my bairns, ye're a weil now. |
| A pair of branks, yea, and a saddle, | |
| With our auld brunt and broken laddle, | Aft have I borne ye on my back, |
| A whang-bit, and a sniffle-bit; | With a' this riff-raff in my pack; |
| Chear up, my bairns, and dance a fit. | And it wæs a' for want of gear, |

| | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| A flailing-staff and a timmer spit, | But now, my bairns, what ails ye now |
| An auld kirm and a hole in it, | For ye ha'e naigs enough to plow; |
| Yarn-winnles, and a reel, | And hose and shoon fit for your feet, |
| A fetter-lock, a trump of steel, | Chear up, my bairns, and dinna greet. |

| | |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| A whistle, and a tup horn spoon, | Then with mysel I did advise, |
| With an auld pair of clouted shoon, | My daddy's gear for to comprize; |
| A timmer spade, and a gleg shear, | Some neighbours I ca'd in to see |
| A bonnet for my bairns to wear. | What gear my daddy left to me. |
| | They sat three quarters of a year, |
| | Comprizing of my daddy's gear; |
| | And when they had gi'en a' their votes, |
| | 'Twas scarcely a' worth four pounds scot- |

A timmer tong, a broken cradle,
 The pillions of an auld car-saddle,
 A gullie-knife and a horse-wand,
 A mitten for the left hand,

Stern winter has left us

527 Stern winter has left us, the trees are in bloom, & cowslips & vi'lets the meadows perfume; While kids are disporting, & birds fill the spray, I wait for my Jocky to hail the new May.

Slowish

Jacky Among the young lilies, my Jenny, I've stray'd,
Pinks, daisies, and woodbines I bring to my maid;
Here's thyme sweetly smelling, and lavender gay,
A posy to form for my Queen of the May.

Jenny Ah! Jocky, I fear you intend to beguile,
When seated with Molly last night on a stile,
You swore that you'd love her for ever and ay,
Forgetting poor Jenny, your Queen of the May.

Jocky Young Willy is handsome in shepherd's green dress,
He gave you these ribbons that hang at your breast,
Besides three sweet kisses upon the new hay;
Was that done like Jenny, the Queen of the May?

Jenny This garland of roses no longer I prize,
Since Jocky, false hearted, his passion denies:
Ye flowers so blooming, this instant decay,
For Jenny's no longer the Queen of the May.

Jocky Believe me, dear maiden, your lover you wrong,
Your name is for ever the theme of my song;
From the dews of pale eve to the dawning of day,
I sing but of Jenny, my Queen of the May.

Jenny Again, balmy comfort with transport I view,
My fears are all vanish'd since Jocky is true;
Then to our blyth shepherds the news I'll convey,
That Jenny alone you've crown'd Queen of the May.

Jocky Come all ye young lovers, I pray you draw near,
Avoid all suspicion, what're may appear;
Believe not your eyes, lest your peace they betray.
Then come, my dear Jenny, and hail the new May.

Jenny.

528

* Stern win-ter has left us, the trees are in

Slowish

bloom, And cowslips, and vi'lets the meadows per-fume; While

kids are dis-porting, and birds fill the spray I wait for my

Jocky.

Jocky to hail the new May. A-mong the young lil-ies my

Jen-ny I've stray'd, Pinks, daisies, and woodbines I bring to my

maid; Here's thyme sweet-ly smelling, and la-ven-der gay A

po-ey to form for my Queen of the May.

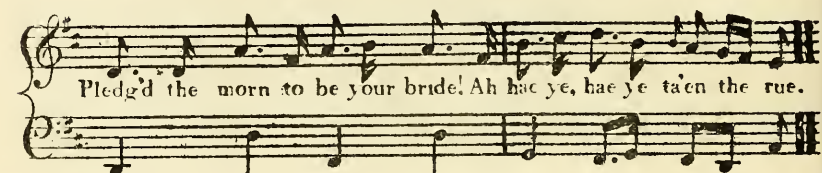
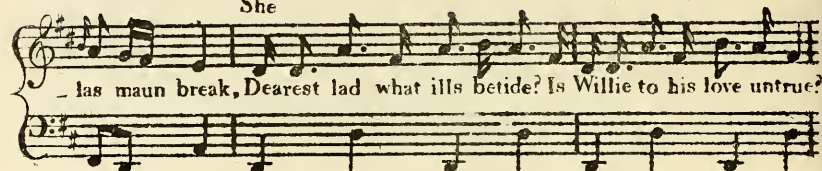
Ah Mary sweetest maid.

He

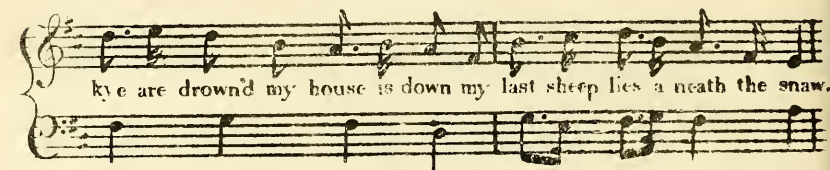
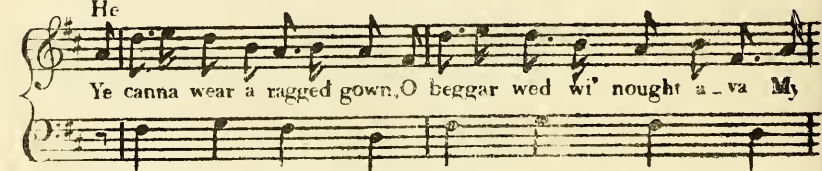
529



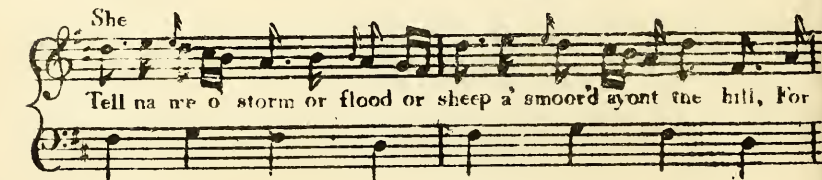
She

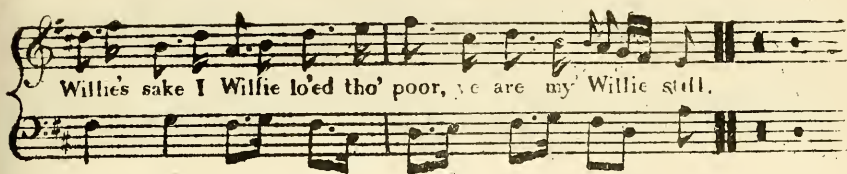


He



She





Willie's sake I Willie lo'd tho' poor, ye are my Willie still.

He

Ye canna thole the wind and rain,
Nor wander friendless far frae hame:
Cheer cheer your heart some richer swain,
Will soon blot out lost Willie's name.

He

Pardon love! 'twas a' a snare
The flocks are safe — we needna part:
I'd forfeit them and ten times mair,
To clasp thee, Mary, to my heart.

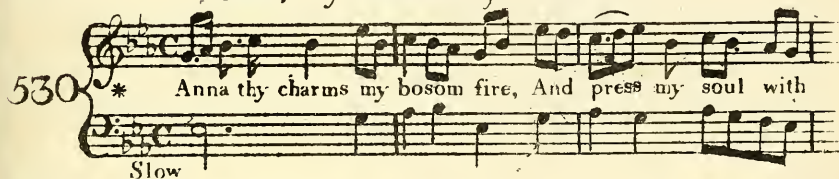
She

I'll tak my bundle in my hand
And wipe the dew-drap frae my ee;
I'll wander wi' ye o'er the land,
I'll venture wi' ye o'er the sea.

She

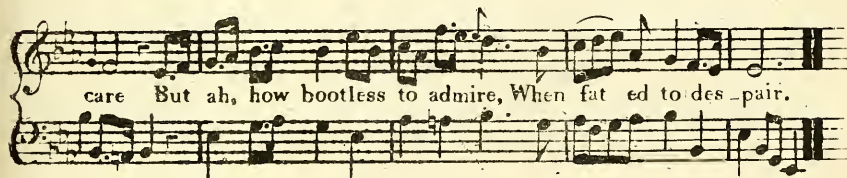
Could ye wi' my feelings sport,
Or doubt a heart sae warm and true?
I should wish mischief on ye for't,
But canna wish ought ill to you.

Anna, thy Charms my bosom fire.

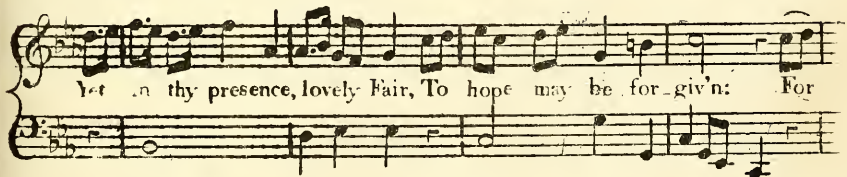


530 * Anna thy charms my bosom fire, And press my soul with

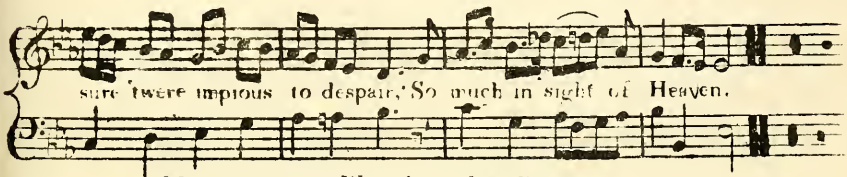
Slow



care But ah, how bootless to admire, When fat ed to des-pair.



Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair, To hope may be for-giv'n: For



sure 'twere impious to despair, So much in sight of Heaven.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

Thy cheek is o' the roses hue,

531

Thy cheek is o' the roses hue, My on-ly joe and

Slow

dearie O, Thy neck is like the sil-ler dew up-on the

bank sac brier-ie O; Thy teeth are o' the i-vo-ry, O

sweets the twink-le o' thine ee, Nae joy nae pleasure

blinks on me, My on-ly joe and dear-ie O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
 It's sang o' joy fu' cheerie, O!
 Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
 Nae care to mak' it eerie O!
 But little kens the sangster sweet
 Aught o' the care I hae to meet,
 That gars my restless bosom beat,
 My only joe and dearie, O!

When we war bairnies on yon brae,
 And youth was blinkin' bony O!
 Aft we wad daff the feelang day,
 Our joys fu' sweet and monie O!

Aft I wad chace thee o'er the lee,
 And round about the thornie tree,
 Or pu' the wild-flowers a' for thee,
 My only joe and dearie O!

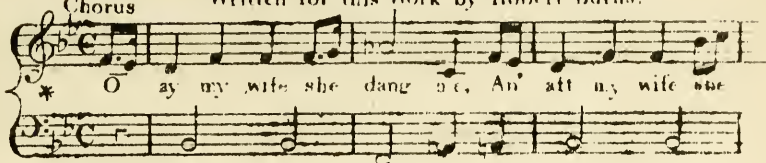
I hae a wish I canna tine
 'Mang a' the cares that grieve me O.
 A wish that thou wert ever mine,
 And never mair to leave me O.
 Then I wad daut thee night and day,
 Nor ither war'ly care wad hae
 Till life's warm stream forgot to play,
 My only joe and dearie O!

O ay my wife she dang me.

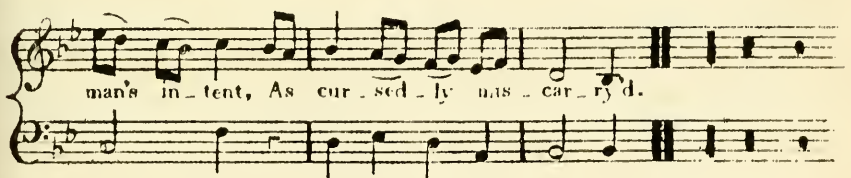
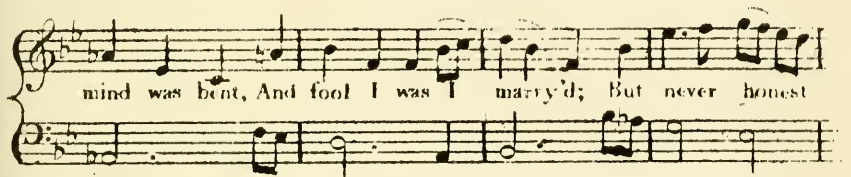
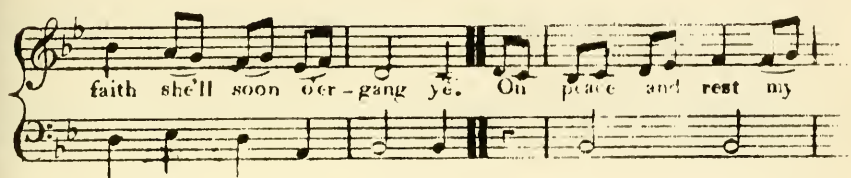
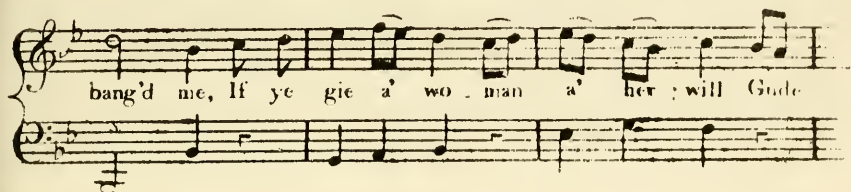
Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

Chorus

532



A little lively



Some sairie comfort still at last,

When a' thir days are done, man,

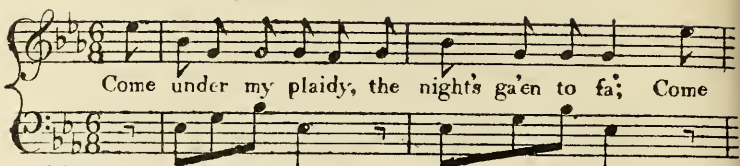
My pains o' hell on earth is past,

I'm sure o' bliss aboon man

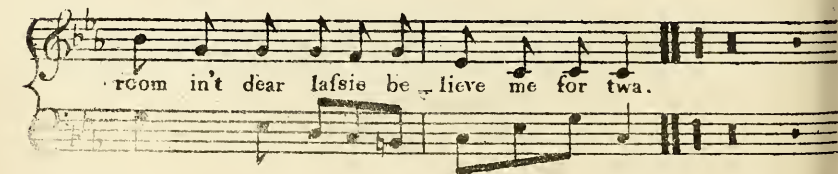
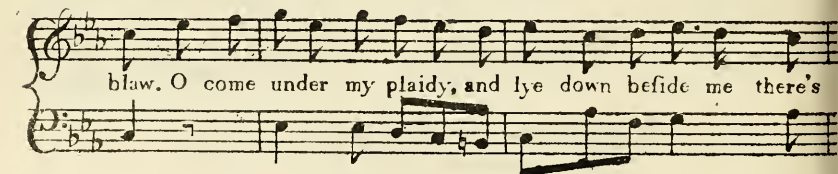
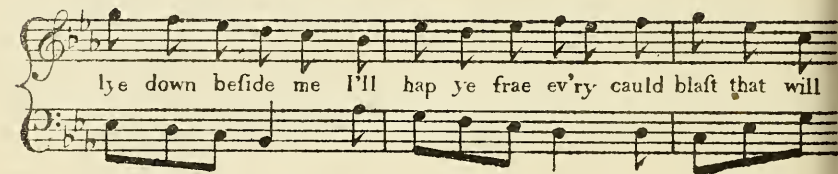
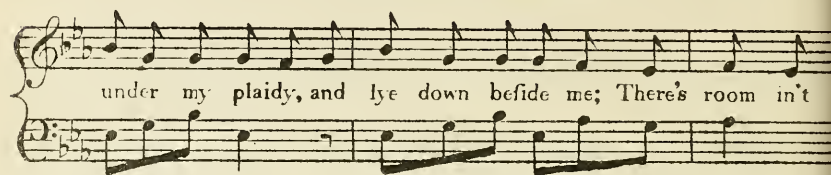
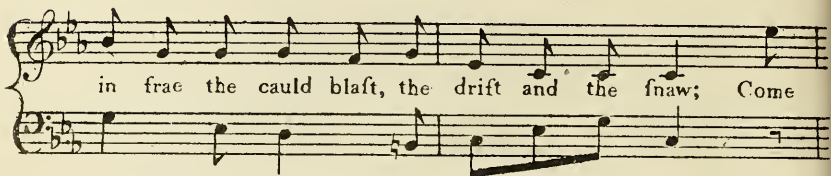
O ay my wife she &c.

Come under my plaidy.

533



Lively



Continued.

'Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald gae' wa!
 'I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw.
 'Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! I'll no lye beside ye,
 'Ye may be my gutchard, auld Donald gae' wa.
 'I'm ga'en to meet Johnny, he's young and he's bonny,
 'He's been at Meg's bridal, fou trig and fou brawl!
 'O there's nane dance fae lightly, fae gracefu', fae tightly,
 'His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw.

"Dear Marion let that flee stick fast to the wa,
 "Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava,
 "The hail o' his pack he has now on his back,
 "He's thretty, and I'm but threescore and twa.
 "Be frank now and kindly, I'll busk you aye finely;
 "At kirk or at market they'll few gang fae braw;
 "A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
 "And flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye ca'.

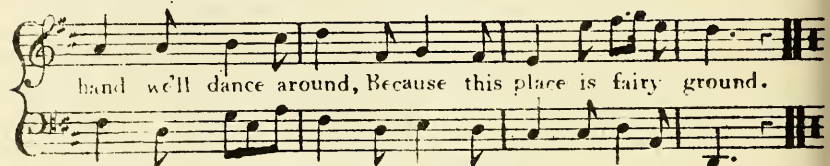
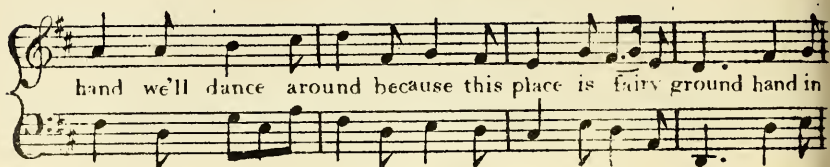
'My father's ay tell'd me, my mither and a',
 'Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me ay braw,
 'It's true I-loo Johnny he's gude and he's bonny,
 'But waes me! ye ken he has naething ava!
 'I hae little tocher, you've made a gude offer,
 'I'm now mair than twenty, my time is but sma'
 'Sae gi'e me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye,
 'I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa.

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa'
 Whar Johnny was list'ning and heard her tell a',
 The day was appointed, his proud heart it dunted,
 And strack gainst his side as if bursting in twa.
 He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary!
 And thowless, he tint his gate deep 'mang the snaw,
 The Howlet was screaming, while Johnny cried, "Women
 "Wa'd marry auld nick if he'd keep them ay bra'.

"O the deef's in the lasses! they gang now fae bra',
 "They'll ly-down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa,
 "The hail o' their marriage, is gowd and a' carriage,
 "Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw!
 "But lo'e them I canna nor marry I winna
 "Wi' ony daft lassie, tho' fair as a Queen,
 "Till love hae a share o't, the never a' hair o't
 "Shall gang in my wallet at morning or e'en."

Come follow, follow me.

534



When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in th'ir nest;
Unheed, and unesp'y'd,
Through key holes we do glide,
Over tables, stools and shelves,
We trip it with our Fairy elves.

And if the house be foul,
With platter, dish or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep:
Then we pinch their arms and thighs:
None us hears, and none us spies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And surely she is paid:
Every night before we go,
We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread,
A grain of rye or wheat,

The diet that we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brain of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snails,
Between twocockles stew'd,
Is meat that's eas'ly chew'd,
And brains of worms & marrow of mice
Do make a feast that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy.
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile;
But if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed

O'er tops of dewy grass
So nimbly we do pass,
The young and tender stalk;
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen,
Where we the Night before have been.

Lord Thomas and fair Annet.

535

* Lord Thomas and fair Annet Sat a day on a hill Whan

Slow

night was come and the fun was set, They had not talk'd their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
 Fair Annet took it ill;
 A. I will never wed a wife
 Against my ain friends will.

Ife rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,
 And let the browne bride alane,
 Left ye sould sigh, and say, Alas
 What is this we brought hame?

Gif ye will never wed a wife,
 A wife will ne'er wed yee.
 Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
 'An' kneld upon his knee:

No, I will tak my mither's counsel,
 And marrie me out o' hand,
 And I will tak the nut-browne bride,
 Fair Annet may leave the land.

O rede, O rede, mither, he says,
 A gude rede gie to me.
 O fall I tak the nut-browne bride,
 And let fair Annet be?

Up then rose fair Annet's father
 Twa hours or it were day,
 And he is gane into the bower
 Wherein fair Annet lay

The nut-browne bride has gowd & gear,
 Fair Annet she's gat nane,
 And the little bewtie fair Annet has,
 O it will soon be gane.

Rise up, rise up, fair Annet, he says,
 Put on your silken sheene,
 Let us gae to St Marica kirk,
 And see that rich wedden.

And he has to his brither gane,
 Now, brither, rede ye me,
 A. fall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
 And let fair Annet be?

My maids gae to my dressing-room,
 And dress to me my hair,
 Whair-ere ye laid a plait before,
 See ye lay ten times mair.

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother, My maids, gae to my dressing-room.
 The nut-browne bride has kye, And dress to me my finock,
 I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride, The one half is o' the holland fine,
 And cast fair Annet by. The other o' needle-work.

Her oxen may dye i' the house, Billie,
 And her kye into the byre,
 And I fall hae naething to mysell
 But a fat fadge by the fyre.

The horse fair Annet rade upon,
 He amblit like the wind,
 Wi' filler he was shod before,
 Wi' burning gowd behind.

And he has till his sister gane:
 Now, sister, rede ye me,
 O fall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
 And set fair Annet free?

Four-and-twenty filler bells
 Were a tied till his mane,
 Wi' yae tist o' the norland wind,
 They tinkied ane by ane.

Over

Continued.

Four-and-twenty gay gude knights
Rade by fair Annet's side,
And four-and-twenty fair ladies,
As gin she had bin a bride.

And whan she cam to Marie's kirke,
She sat on Marie's stean,
The cleading that fair Annet had on
It skinkled in their een.

And whan she cam into the kirke,
She skimmer'd like the sun,
The belt that was aboute her waift
Was a wi' pearles bedone.

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
And her een they wer sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clear forgat the bride,
When fair Annet drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
He gae it kises three,
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on fair Annet's knee.

Up then spak the nut browne brîde,
She spak wi' meikle spite,
And whair gat ye that rose-water
That does mak yee sae white?

O I did get the rose-water
Whair ye wull neir get nane,

For I did get that very rose-water
Into my mither's wame.

The brîde she drew a long bodkin
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And strake fair Annet unto the heart,
That word spak never mair.

Lord Thomas saw fair Annet wax pale,
And marvelit what mote bee,
But whan he saw her dear hearts blude,
A' wood wroth wexed hee.

He drew his dagger that was sae sharp,
That was sae sharp and meet,
And drave it in to the nut browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

Now stay for me, dear Annet, he said,
Now stay, my dear, he cryd;
Then strake the dagger until his heart,
And fell deid by his side.

Lord Thomas was bury'd without kirk-wa
Fair Annet within the quiere;
And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grow, and ay they throw,
As they wad faine be neare,
And by this ye may ken right weil,
They wer twa lovers deare.

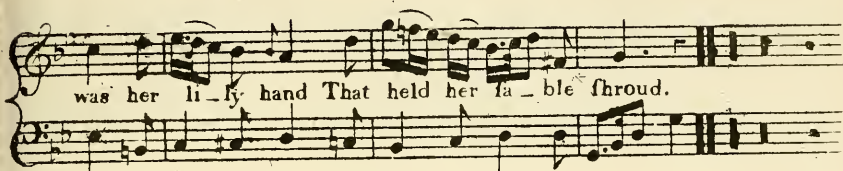
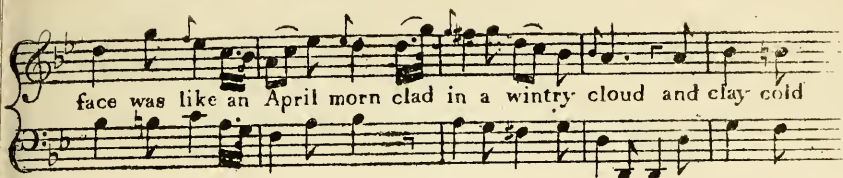
William and Margaret.

536

Slow

meet; In glided Marg'rets grimly ghost and stood at Williams feet Her

Continued.



So shall the fairest face appear
 When youth and years are flown,
 Such is the robe that Kings must wear
 When Death has reft their crown.
 Her bloom was like the springing flower
 That sips the silver dew;
 The rose was budded in her cheek,
 Just opening to the view.

But love had, like a canker-worm,
 Consum'd her early prime.
 The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
 She dy'd before her time.
 "Awake!" she cry'd, "thy true love calls,
 Come from her midnight grave;
 Now let thy pity hear the maid
 Thy love refus'd to save.

"This is the dumb and dreary hour
 When injur'd ghosts complain,
 When yawning graves give up their dead
 To haunt the faithless swain.
 "Bethink thee, William! of thy fault,
 Thy pledge and broken oath,
 And give me back my maiden vow,
 And give me back my troth.

"Why did you promise love to me,
 And not that promise keep?
 "Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
 Yet leave those eyes to weep?
 "How could you say my face was fair,
 And yet that face forsake?
 "How could you win my virgin heart,
 Yet leave that heart to break.

"Why did you say my lips was sweet,
 And made the scarlet pale?
 "And why did I, young witless maid!
 Believe the flattering tale?
 "That face, alas! no more is fair,
 Those lips no longer red;
 "Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
 And every charm is fled.

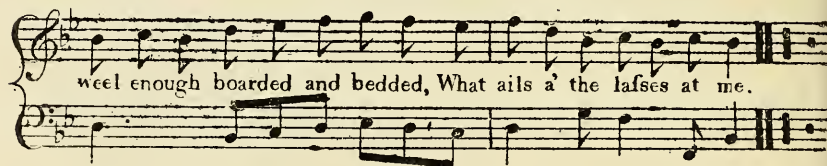
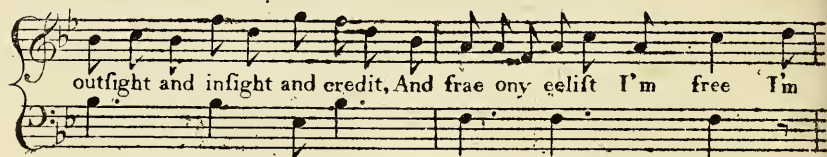
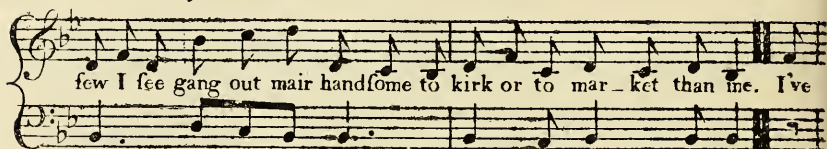
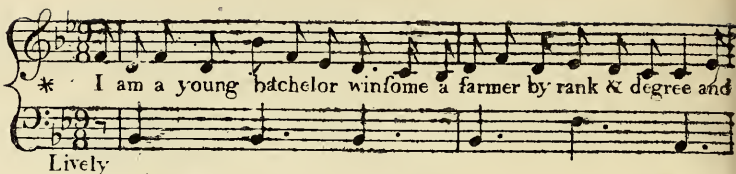
"The hungry worm my sister is;
 This winding sheet I wear;
 "And cold and weary lasts our night,
 Till that last morn appear. (hence;
 "But, hark! the cock has warn'd me
 A long and late adieu!
 "Come see, false man! how low she lies
 Who dy'd for love of you."

The lark sung loud, the morning smil'd
 With beams of rosy red;
 Pale William quak'd in every limb,
 And raving left his bed.
 He hy'd him to the fatal place
 Where Marg'ret's body lay, (turf
 And stretch'd him on the green-grass
 That wrapp'd her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
 And thrice he wept full sore;
 Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
 And word spoke never more.
 Such be the fate of vows unpaid,
 And pledge of sacred love!
 Tho' they may tempt the yielding maid,
 They're register'd above!

What ails the lasses at me.

537



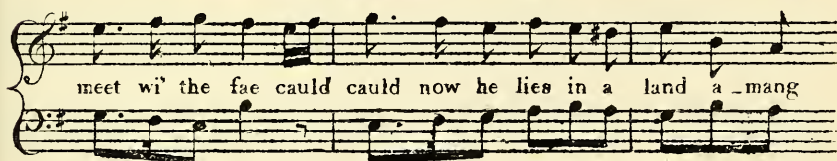
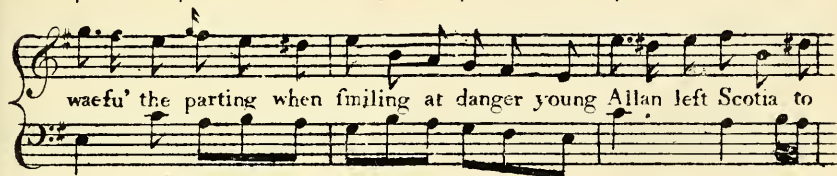
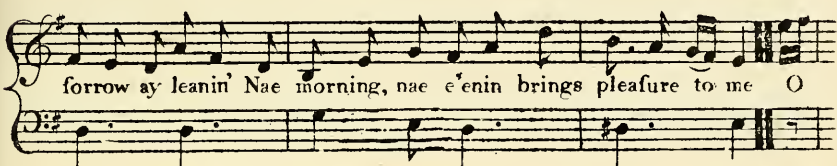
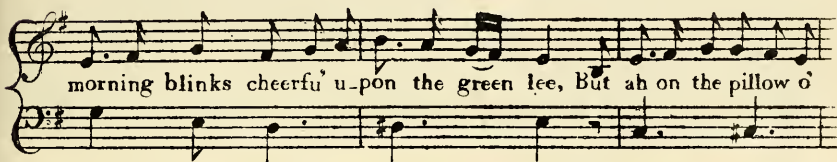
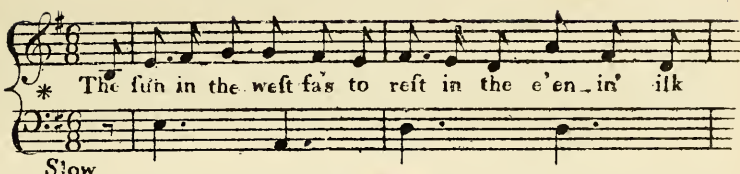
| | |
|---|--|
| My bughts of good store are no scanty, | O, if I kend how but to gain them, |
| My byres are well stocked wi' kye, | How fond of the knack wad I be. |
| Of meal i' my girnells is plenty, | Or what an address could obtain them, |
| An' twa' or three easments forby, | It should be twice welcome to me. |
| An' horse to ride out when they're weary, | If kissing an' clapping wad please them, |
| An' cock with the best they can see, | That trade I should drive till I die; |
| An' then be ca'd dawty and deary, | But, however I study to ease them, |
| I feirly what ails them at me. | They've still an exception at me. |

| | |
|---|--|
| Behind backs, afore fouk I've woo'd them, | There's wratacks, an' cripples, an' cranshake, |
| An' a' the gates o't that I ken, | An' a' the wandoghts that I ken, |
| An' when they laugh o' me I trow'd them, | No sooner they speak to the wenches, |
| An' thought I had won, but what then; | But they are ta'en far enough ben; |
| When I speak of matters they grumble, | But when I speak to them, that's stately |
| Nor are condescending and free, | I find them ay ta'en with the gee, |
| But at my proposals ay stumble, | An' get the denial right flatly; |
| I wonder what ails them at me. | What, think ye, can ail them at me. |

| | |
|--|--|
| I've try'd them baith highland & lowland, | I have yet but ae offer to mak' them, |
| Where I a good bargain could see, | If they wad but hearken to me, |
| But nane o' them fand I wad fall in, | And that is, I'm willing to tak them, |
| Or say they wad buckle wi' me. | If they their consent wad but gee; |
| With jooks an' wi' scraps I've address'd them, | Let her that's content write a billet, |
| Been with them baith modest and free, | An' get it transmitted to me, |
| But whatever way I carefs'd them, | I hereby engage to fulfil it, |
| There's something still ails them at me. | Tho' cripple, tho' blind she fud be. |

The sun in the west.

538

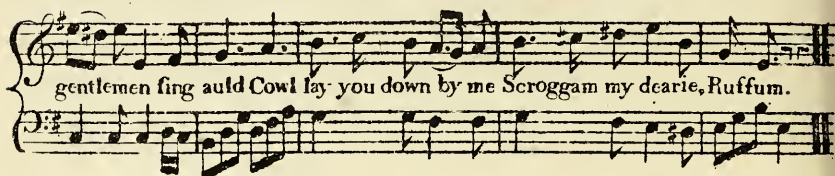
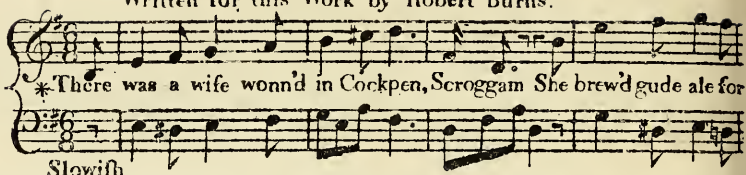


As the aik on the mountain resists the blast rain,
 Sae did he the brunt o' the battle sustain,
 Till treach'ry arrested his courage fae darin,
 And laid him pale, lifeless upon the drear plain,
 Could winter the flower divests o' its cleidin',
 In simmer again it blooms bonny to see;
 But naething, alas! can hale my heart bleidin',
 Drear winter remaining for ever wi' me.

Scroggam

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

539

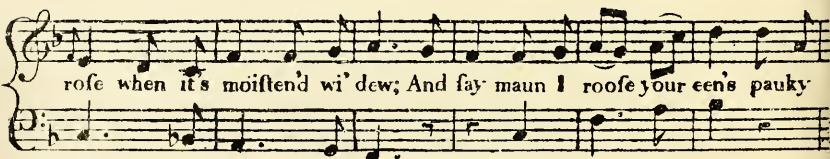
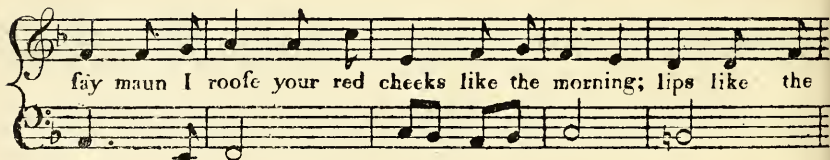
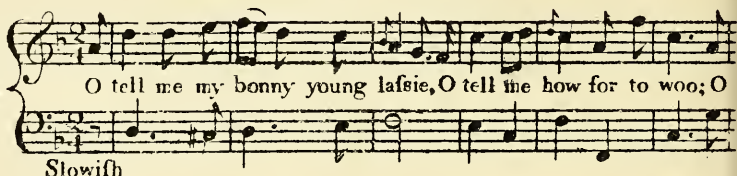


The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever, They laid the twa i' the bed thegither,
 Scroggam; Scroggam, (-tither

The priest o' the parish fell in anither, That the heat o' the tane might cool the
 Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me, Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
 Scroggam, my Dearie, ruffum. Scroggam, my Dearie, ruffum. B.

(O Tell me my bonny &c.

540





O far hae I wander'd dear lalsie,
 To see thee fail'd the falt sea,
 I've travell'd o'er muirland an' mountain,
 An' housetops lain cauld on the lea;
 I never hae try'd yet, to mak' love to ony,
 Never loe'd ony, till ance I loe'd you,
 An' now we're alane in the greenwood fae bonny,
 Now, tell me dear lalsie the way for to woo.

What care I, for your wandering, laddie,
 Or yet for your failing the sea,
 It was na for nought ye left Peggy,
 My tocher it brought ye to me;
 An' say, hae ye goud for to busk me ay gaudy,
 Ribbons an' pearlin's an' breastknots enow,
 A house that is canty, wi' plenishin' plenty,
 Without them, ye never need come for to woo.

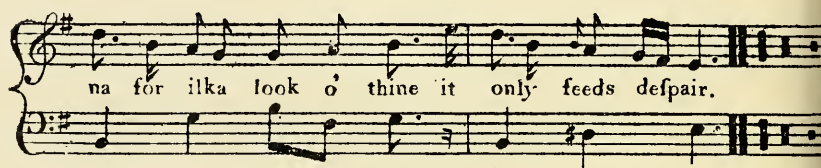
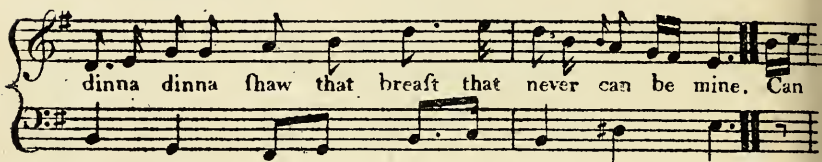
I hae nae goud to busk ye ay gaudy,
 Nor yet, buy ribbons enow,
 I brag not o' house or o' plenty,
 But, I hae a heart that is true;
 I came na for tocher, I ne'er heard of ony,
 Never loe'd Peggy, nor e'er brak my vow;
 I've wander'd, poor fool, for a face fause as bonny;
 I little thought this was the way for to woo.

Hae na ye roof'd my cheeks like the morning,
 An' roof'd my cherry red mow,
 Ye've come o'er the Sea, Muir, and Mountain,
 What mair Johnny need ye to woo;
 An' far hae ye wander'd I ken, my dear laddie,
 Now ye hae found me, ye've nae cause to rue,
 Wi' health we'll hae plenty, I'll never gang gaudy,
 I ne'er wish'd for mair than a heart that is true.

She hid her fair face in his bosom,
 The tear fill'd ilk lover's ee,
 An' sabb'd by the side o' the burnie,
 While the mavis sang sweet on the tree;
 He clasp'd her, he press'd her an' cad her his honey,
 Look'd in her face wi' a heart leel an' true,
 As aften she sigh'd an' said, my dear Johnny,
 Nae body need tell ye the way for to woo.

O Mary turn awa

541



Then Mary, turn awa'
That bonny face o' thine;
O dinna, dinna shaw that breast
That never can be mine!
Wi' love's severest pangs
My heart is laden fair, (grow
An' o'er my breast the grass maun
E're I am free frae care!

Same Tune

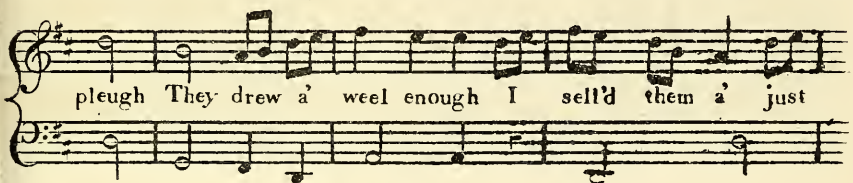
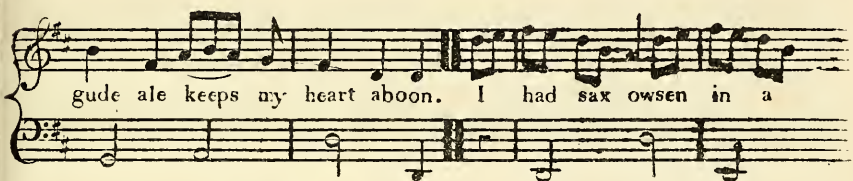
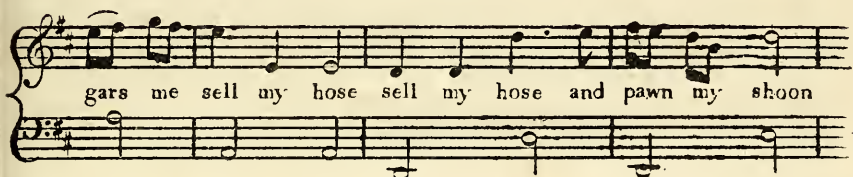
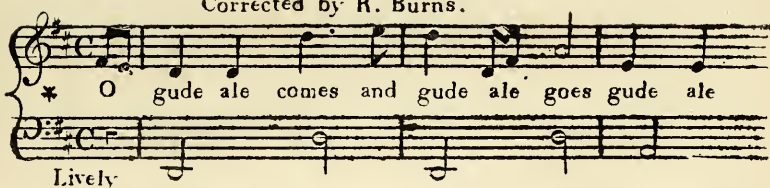
WHAT ails this heart of mine?
What ails this watry ee?
What gars me ay turn cald as death,
Whan I tak' leave o' thee?
When thou art far awa'
Thou'lt dearer grow to me,
But change o' fouk an' change o' place,
May gar thy fancy jee.

Then I'll sit down and moan,
Just by yon spreadin' tree,
An' gin a leaf fa' in my lap,
I'll ca't a word frae thee!
Syne I'll gang to the bower,
Which thou wi' roses tied,
'Twas there by mony a blushing bud
I strove my love to hide.

I'll doat on ilka spot
Whar I ha'e been wi' thee
I'll ca' to mind some fond love tale
By ev'ry burn an' tree.
'Tis hope that cheers the mind,
Tho' lovers absent be;
An' when I think I see thee still,
I think I'm still wi' thee.

O gude ale comes &c.
Corrected by R. Burns.

542

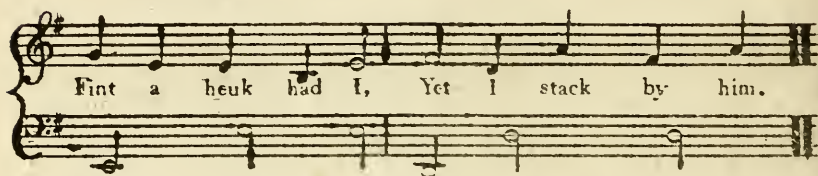
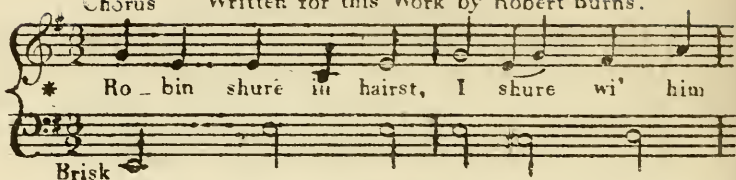


Gude ale hauds me bare and busy,
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,
Stand i' the stool when I hae done,
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.
O gude ale comes and gude ale goes,
Gude ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon.

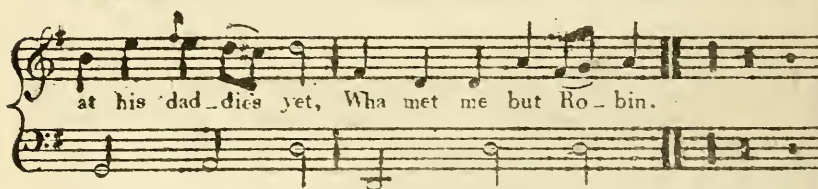
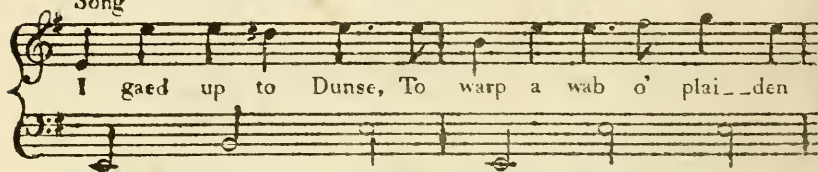
Robin shure in hairst.

Chorus Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

543



Song



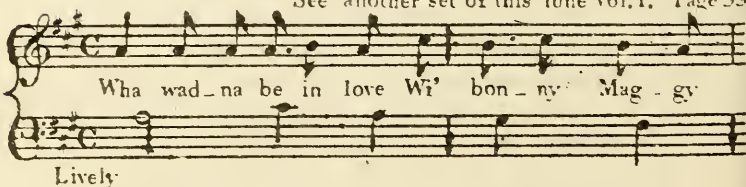
Was na Robin bauld,
 Tho' I was a cotter,
 Play'd me sic a trick
 And me the Eller's dochter?
 Robin shure &c.

Robin promis'd me
 A' my winter vittle;
 Fient haet he had but three
 Goos feathers and whittle.
 Robin shure &c.

Wha wadna be in love &c.

See another set of this Tune Vol. 1st Page 99

544



Law-der a pip-er met her gaun to Fife, And
 spier'd what was't they ca'd her. right scorn fully she
 answer'd him, be-gone, you hallanshaker; Jog on your gate, you
 blad-der-skate, My name is Mag-gy Law-der.

Maggy, quoth he, and by my bags,
 I'm fidging fain to see you;
 Sit down by me, my bonny 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.

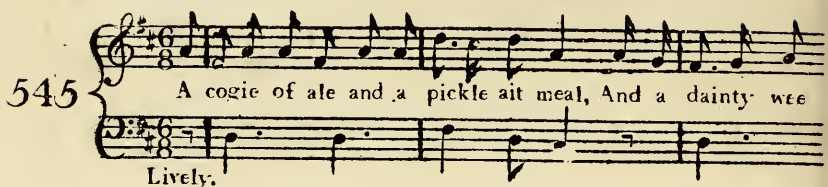
Then to his bags he flew with speed,
 About the drone he twisted,
 Meg up, and wallop'd o'er the green,
 For brawly could she frisk it.
 Weel done, quoth he; Play up, quoth she
 Weel bob'd, quoth Rob the Ranter
 'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
 When I hae sic a dancer.

Piper, quoth Meg, hae you 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 shak my foot wi' right good will,
 Gif you'll blaw up my chanter.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth Meg
 Your cheeks are like the crimson;
 There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
 Since we lost Habby Simpson.
 I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter;
 Gin you should come to Enster fair,
 Spier ye for Maggy Lawder.

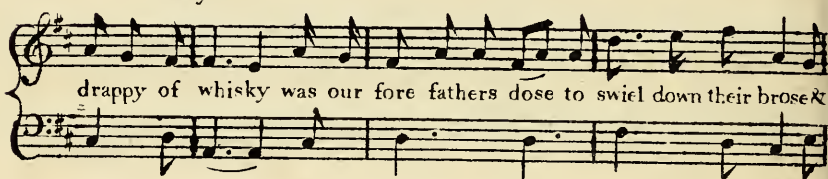
A Cogie of ale, and a pickle ait meal.

545

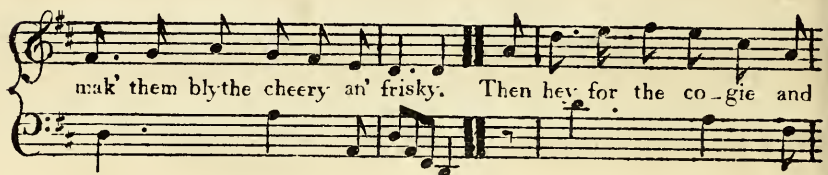


A cogie of ale and a pickle ait meal, And a dainty wee

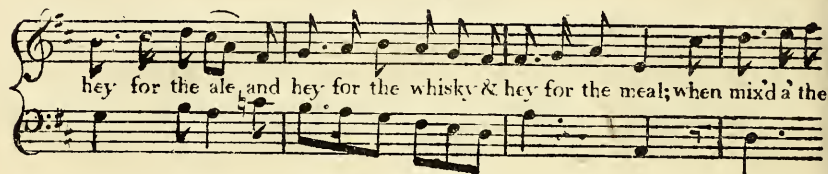
Lively.



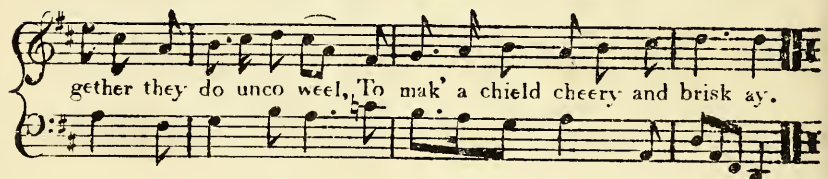
drappy of whisky was our fore fathers dose to swiel down their brose &



mak' them blythe cheery an' frisky. Then hey for the co-gie and



hey for the ale and hey for the whisky & hey for the meal; when mix'd a the



gether they do unco weel, To mak' a chield cheery and brisk ay.

As I view our Scots lads, in their kilts and cockades,
A' blooming and fresh as a rose, man;
I think wi' mysel', O' the meal and the ale,
And the fruits of our Scottish kail brose, man.

Then hey for the cogie &c.

When our brave highland blades, wi' their claymores and plaids,
In the field, drive, like sheep, a' our foes, man;
Their courage and pow'r, spring frae this, to be sure,
They're the noble effects of the brose, man.

Then hey for the cogie &c.

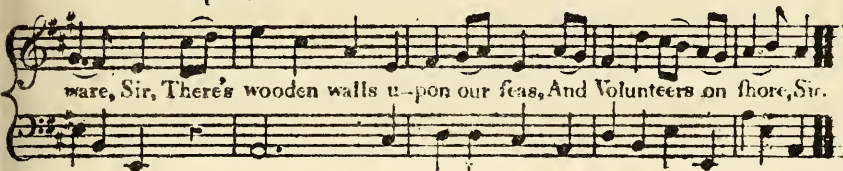
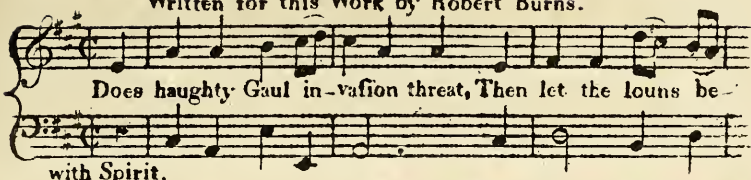
But your spindie shank'd sparks, wha but ill set their sarks,
And your pale visag'd milksops, and beaus, man,
I think when I see them, 'twere kindness to gie them,
A cogie of ale and of brose, man.

Then hey for the cogie &c.

The Dumfries Volunteers.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

546



O let us not, like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided,
Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung decide it:
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang ourselfs united:
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted.
For never but &c.

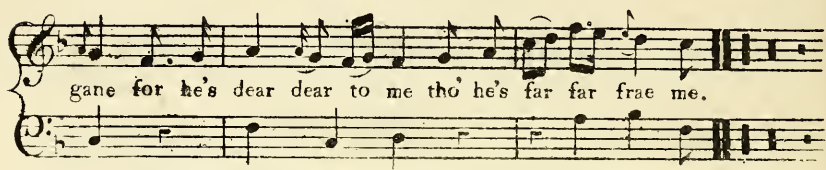
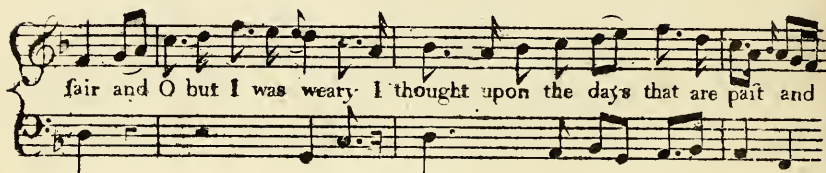
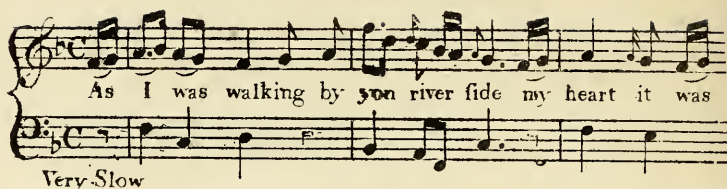
The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in't:
Our fathers blude the kettle bought.

And wha wad dare to spoil it,
By Heavens, the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!
By Heavens, &c.

The wretch that would a Tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true sworn brother,
Who would set the Mob above the throne,
May they be damn'd together.
Who will not sing, God save the king;
Shall hang as high's the steeple;
But while we sing, God save the king,
We'll ne'er forget the People.
But while we sing &c.

He's dear dear to me &c.

547



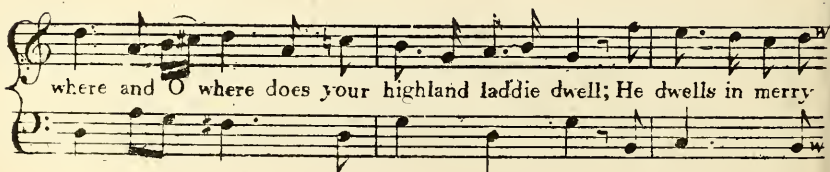
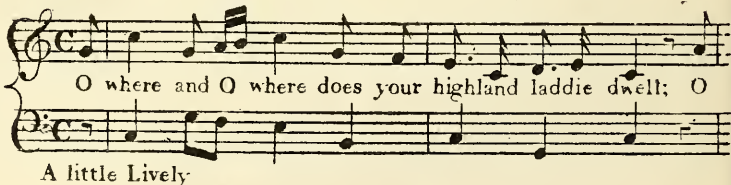
I've been in the lowlands where they shear the sheep,
 An' up in the highlands where they pu' the heather,
 I ken a bonny ladie that lo'es me weel,
 But he's far far awa' that I lo'e far better.

But I'll write a letter, an' send it to him,
 An' tell him he's dearer to me then ony,
 An' that I've ay been forry, sen' he gae'd awa',
 Tho' he's far far away, yet he's dear dear to me.

If winter war' past, an' the simmer come in,
 When daisies an' roses spring fae fresh an' bonny,
 Then I will change my filks for a plaidin coat,
 An' awa' to the lad that is dear dear to me.

The blue bells of Scotland.

548



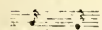


O what ladsie what does your highland laddie wear,
 O what ladsie what does your highland laddie wear,
 A scarlet coat and bonnet blue with bonny yellow hair,
 And none in the world can with my love compare.

O where and O where is your highland laddie gone,
 O where and O where is your highland laddie gone,
 He's gone to fight for George our King, and left me all alone,
 For noble and brave's my loyal highlandman.

O what ladsie what if your highland lad be slain,
 O what ladsie what if your highland lad be slain
 O no true love will be his guard and bring him safe again,
 For I never could live without my highlandman.

O when and O when will your highland lad come hame,
 O when and O when will your highland lad come hame,
 When e'er the war is over he'll return to me with fame,



And I'll plait a wreath of flow'rs for my lovely highlandman.

O what will you claim for your constancy to him,
 O what will you claim for your constancy to him,
 I'll claim a Priest to marry us, a Clerk to say Amen,
 And ne'er part again from my bonny highlandman.

Colin Clout

549 Chanticleer, wi' noisy whistle bids the house-wife
A little Lively
rise in haste; Co-lin Clout be gins to hir-she flaw-ly
frae his sleep-les nest. Love that raises sic a cla-mour,
driv-in' lads an' las-ses mad; Ah waes my heart had
coost his glammir o'er poor Colin luck-les lad.

Cruel Jenny, lack a daisey!
Lang had gart him greet an grane,
Colin's pate was hafflins crazy,
Jenny laugh'd at Colin's pain,
Slawly up his duds he gathers,
Slawly, slawly trudges out,
An' frae the fauld he drives his wedders
Happier far than Colin Clout.

Now the fun, rais'd frae his nappie,
Set the Orient in a low,
Drinkin, ilka glancin' drappie,
I' the field, an' a' the knowe.
Many a birdie, sweetly singin,
Flafler'd briskly round about;
An' mony a dainty flow'rie springin,
A' were blythe but Colin Clout.

What is this? cries Colin glow'rin',
Glaiked-like, a'round about,
Jenny, this is past endurin';
Death main ease poor Colin Clout.
A' the night I tofs an' tumble,
Never can I close an' e'e
An' a' the day I grane an' grummie,
Jenny, this is a' for thee.

Ye'll hae nane but farmer Patie,
Cause the fallow's rich I trow,
Ablins, tho' he shoud na cheat ye,
Jenny, ye'll hae cause to rue.
Auld, an' gley'd, an' crooked-backed,
Siller bought at sic a price,
Ah! Jenny, gin ye lout to-tak' it,
Folk will say ye're no o'er nice. &c. &c.

550 * 'Tis nae very lang finfyne, That I had a lad o' my ain, But

Lively

now he's awa to anither, And left me a' my lane. The lafs he is

courting has filler an' I hae nane at a; Its nought but the

love o' the tocher That's taen my lad - die a - wa.

But I'm blyth, that my heart's my ain,
And I'll keep it a' my life,
Until that I meet wi' a lad
Wha has sence to wale a good wife.
For though I say't myfell,

That shoud nae say't, tis true,
The lad that gets me for a wife,
He'll ne'er hae occasion to rue:

I gang ay fou clean and fou tosh,
As a' the neighbours can tell;
Though I've seldom a gown on my back
But sic as I spin myfell,
And when I am clad in my couthee,
I think myfell as braw
As Susie, wi' a' her pearling
That's tane my laddie awa'.

But I with they were buckled together,
And may they live happy for life;
Tho' Willie does flight me, and's left me,
The chield he deserves a good wife.

But, O! I'm blyth that I've mis'd him,
As blyth as I weel can be;
For ane that's sae keen o' the filler
Will never agree wi' me.

But as the truth is, I'm hearty,
I hate to be scrimpit or scant;
The wie thing I hae, I'll mak use o't,
And nae ane about me shall want.
For I'm a good guide o' the warld,
I ken when to ha'd and to gie;
For whinging and cringing for filler
Will never agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
An' he wha has that has enough;
The master is seldom sae happy
As Robin that drives the plough.
But if a young lad woud cast up,
To mak me his partner for life;
If the chield has the sence to be happy,
He'll sa on his feet for a wife.

O once I lov'd

551



Slowly



An bonnie lasses I hae seen,
And wony full as braw,
But for a modest gracefu' mein
The like I never saw.

She dresses ay fac clean and neat,
Both decent and genteel;
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony drefs look weel.

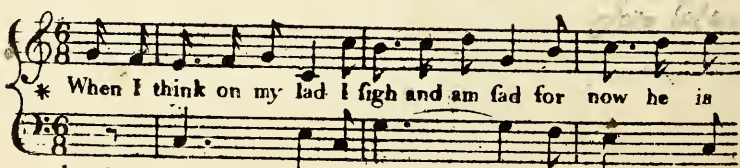
A bonny lass I will confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e,
But without some better qualities
She's no a lass for me.

A gaudy drefs and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart,
But its innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart.

But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet, 'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
And what is best of a', 'Tis this enchants my soul;
Her reputation is compleat, For absolutely in my breast
And fair without a flaw; She reigns without controul.

When I think on my lad.

552



Lively

Continued.

far frae me, my daddy was harsh, My minny was warse that gart him ga
yont the sea. Without an estate, That made him look blate: And
yet a brave lad is he gin safe he come hame, In spite of my
dame, He'll e-ver be wel-come to me.

Love speers na advice
Of parents o'er wise,
That have but ae bairn like me,
That looks upon cash,
As naething but trash,
That shackles what should be free.
And tho' my dear lad
No ae penny had,
Since qualities better has he;
A'beit I'm an Heiress,
I think it but fair is,
To love him since he loves me.

Then, my dear Jamie,
To thy kind Jeanie,
Haste, haste thee in o'er the sea,
To her wha can find
Nae ease in her mind,
Without a blyth sight of thee.

Tho' my daddy forbad,
And my minny forbad,
Forbidden I will not be;
For since thou alone
My favour hast won,
Nane else shall e'er get it for me.

Yet them I'll not grieve,
Or without their leave,
Gie my hand as a wife to thee:
Be content with a heart,
That can never desert,
Till they cease to oppose or be.
My parents may prove
Yet friend to our love,
When our firm resolves they see:
Then I with pleasure
Will yield up my treasure,
And a' that love orders to thee.

Return hameward.

553 * Return hameward my heart again an' bide where thou was wont to

Slowly

be thou art a fool to suffer pain for love o' ane that loves not thee.

My heart let be sic fantasie, Love only where thou hast good cause; Since

scorn and liking ne'er agree, The fient a crum o' thee she faws.

To what effect should thou be thrall?

Be happy in thine ain free will,
My heart, be never bestial,

But ken wha does thee good or ill,
At hame with me then tarry still,

And see wha can best play their paws,
And let the silly fling her fill,

For fient a crum of thee she faws,

Tho' she be fair I will not fenzie.

She's o' a kind with mony mae;
For why they are a fellon menzie

That seemeth good and are not sae.
My heart, take neither sturt nor wae

For Meg, for Marjory, or Maufe,
But be thou blyth, and let her gae,

For fient a crum of thee she faws.

Remember, how that Medea

Wild for a sight of Jason yied,
Remember how that young Creffida

Last Troilus for Diomed

Remember Helen as we read,

Brought Troy from blifs unto bare wae;
Then let her gae where she may speed

For fient a crum of thee she faws.

Because she said I took it ill,

For her depart my heart was fair,
But, was beguild; gae where she will.

Beshrew the heart that first takes care,
But be thou merry late and air,

This is the final end and claufe,
And let her feed and foully fair

For fient a crum of thee she faws.

Ne'er dunt again within my breast,

Ne'er let her flights thy courage spill,
Nor gie a sob altho' she sneest,

She's fairest paid that get's her will,
She's geck as gif I mean'd her ill,

When she glaicks paughty in her braws:
Now let her snirt and fyke her fill,

For fient a crum of thee she faws.

My Lady's gown there's gairs upon't.

Chorus

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

554

* My Lady's gown there's gairs upon't And gowden flowers sae

Lively

rare u_pont; But Jen_ny's jimps and jir_kinet My Lord thinks

meikle mair upon't. My Lord a hunting he is gane, But

hounds or hawks wi' him are nane By Colin's cot'tage

lies his game, If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My Lady's white, my Lady's red
And kith and kin o' Cassillis blude,
But her tenpund lands o' tocher gude
Were a' the charms his Lordship lo'd,
My Lady's gown &c.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music-notes o' Lovers hymns;
The diamond-dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.
My Lady's gown &c.

Out o'er yon moor, out o'er yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.
My Lady's gown &c.

My Lady's dink, my Lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the Lassie that man loes best,
O that's the Lass to mak him blest.
My Lady's gown &c.

May Morning.

555 * The Nymphs and shepherds are met on the green With garlands to

Slow

deck the fair brows of their Queen. The rosy Aurora a-wakes from her

bed To illumine the dew drops that Vesper had shed.

Dinna think bonie Lalsie I'm gaun to leave you.

556 O dinna think bonie Lalsie I'm gaun to leave you, Dinna think

Brisk

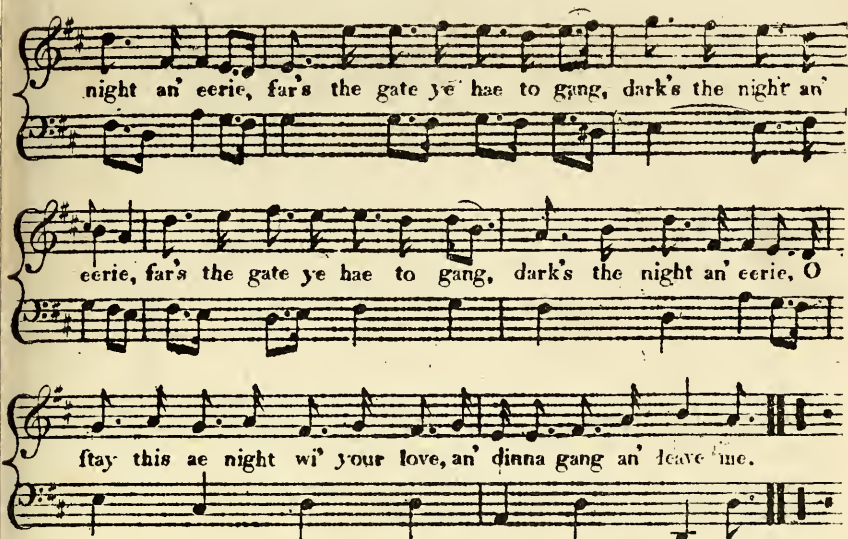
bonie Lalsie I'm gaun to leave you, Dinna think bonie lalsie I'm

gaun to leave you; I'll tak' a stick in to my hand an' come a-

Slow

gain an' see you. Far's the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the

Continued.



night an' eerie, far's the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the night an'
 eerie, far's the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the night an' eerie, O
 stay this ae night wi' your love, an' dinna gang an' leave me.

Brisk. It's but a night an' ha'f a day that I'll leave my dearie,
 But a night an' ha'f a day that I'll leave my dearie,
 But a night an' ha'f a day that I'll leave my dearie,
 When e'er the sun gaes west the loch, I'll come again an' see thee;
Slow. Dinna gang my bonie lad, dinna gang an' leave me,
 Dinna gang my bonie lad, dinna gang an' leave me,
 When the lave are sound asleep I am dull an' eerie,
 An' a' the lee lang night I'm sad, wi' thinkin' on my dearie.

Brisk. O Dinna think bonie lassie I'm gaun to leave you,
 Dinna think bonie lassie I'm gaun to leave you,
 Dinna think bonie lassie I'm gaun to leave you,
 When e'er the sun gaes out o' sight I'll come again an' see you,
Slow. Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds bla loud an' fear me,
 Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds bla loud an' fear me,
 While the waves an' winds do roar, I am wae an' dreary,
 An' gin ye loe me as ye say, ye winna gae an' leave me.



Brisk. O Never mair bonie lassie will I gang an' leave thee,
 Never mair bonie lassie will I gang an' leave thee,
 Never mair bonie lassie will I gang an' leave thee,
 E'en let the world gae as it will, I'll stay at hame an' cheer thee;
Slow. Frae his hand he coost the stick, I winna gang an' leave thee,
 Threw his plaid into the neuk, never can I grieve thee,
 Drew his boots an' flang them by, cry'd my lass be cheerie,
 I'll kiss the tear frae aff thy cheek, an' never leave my dearie.

O gin I were fairly shot o' her.

Chorus

557

* O gin I were fairly shot o' her fairly fairly fairly shot o' her.

Lively

O gin I were fair-ly shot o' her if she were dead I wad

dance on the tap o' her. 'Till we were married I could na see light till her

for a month after a' thing ay gaed right wi' her but these ten years I hae

pray'd for a wright to her O gin I were fair-ly shot o' her.

Nane o' her relations or frien's cou'd stay wi' her
The neighbours and bairns are fain to fly frae her,
An' I my ain sell is forc't to gie way till her
O gin I were fairly &c.

She gangs aye sae braw, she's sae mickle pride in her
There's no a goodwife in the haill country side like her
Wi' dress an' wi' drink the d-l wadna bide wi' her
O gin I were fairly &c.

If the time wou'd but come that to the kirk gate wi' her
An' into the yerd I'd mak my sell quit o' her
I'd then be as blyth as first when I met wi' her
O gin I were fairly &c.

Hey my kitten my kitten.

558

* Hey! my kitten my kitten, An' hey my kitten a dearie sic a sweet

Lively

pet as this is nei-ther far nor nearie. Now we gae up up

up An' here we gang down down downy, Here we gae

backwards and forward And here round round a roundy.

Chicky, cockow, my lily cock;
 See, see, sic a downy;
 Gallop a trot, trot, trot,
 And hey for Dublin towny.
 This pig went to the market;
 Squeek mouse, mouse, mousy;
 Shoe, shoe, shoe the wild colt,
 And hear thy own dol doufy.

Where was a jewel and petty,
 Where was a fugar and spicy;
 Hush a baba in a cradle,
 And we'll go abroad in a tricy,
 Did a papa torment it?
 Did e vex his own baby? did e?
 Hush a baba in a bosie;
 Take ous own fucky: did e?

Good-morrow, a pudding is broke;
 Slavers a thread o' crystal,
 Now the sweet posset comes up;
 Who said my child was piss all?
 Come water my chickens, come clock
 Leave off or he'll crawl you, he'll crawl you;
 Come, gie me your hand, ane I'll beat him;
 Wha was it vexed my baby?

Where was a laugh and a craw;
 Where was a gigling honey?
 Goody, good child shall be fed
 But naughty child shall get nony
 Get ye gone, raw-head and bloody bones
 Here is a child that wont fear ye.
 Come pissy, pissy, my jewel,
 And ik, ik ay, my deary.

Sweetest May.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

559

* Sweetest May let love inspire thee; Take a heart which he designs thee;

Slowish

As thy constant slave regard it; for its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to Birth or Money,
 Not the wealthy, but the bonie;
 Not high-born, but noble-minded,
 In Love's silken band can bind it.

Argyll is my name.

560

Argyll is my name, and you may think it strange, To live at a

Lively

court, and never to change all falsehood and flattery I do dis-dain In

my secret thoughts nae guile does remain. My King and my countrys foes I

have faced in city or battle I neer was disgrac'd I do ev'ry thing for my



Adieu to the courtie of London town,
 For to my ain country I will gang down;
 At the sight of Kirkcaldy-ance again,
 I'll cock up my bonnet, and march amain.
 O the muckle de'il tak a' your noise and strife,
 I'm fully resolv'd for a country life,
 Where a' the bra' lasses, wha kens me well,
 Will feed me wi' bannocks o' barley-meal.

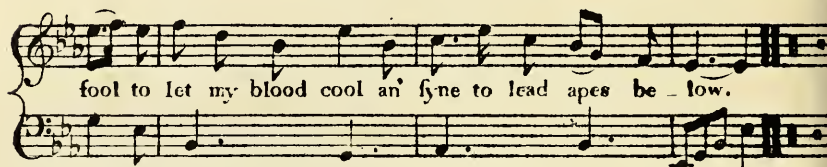
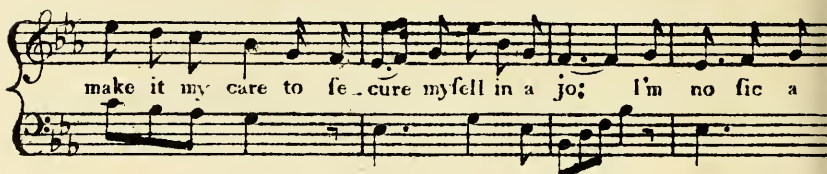
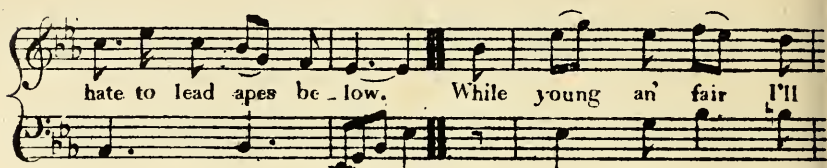
I'll quickly lay down my sword and my gun,
 And I'll put my plaid and my bonnet on,
 Wi' my plaiding stockings and leather-heel'd shoon;
 They'll mak me appear a fine sprightly loon.
 And when I am drest thus frae tap to tae,
 Hame to my Maggie I think for to gae,
 Wi' my claymòre hanging down to my heel,
 To whang at the bannocks o' barley-meal.

I'll buy a fine present to bring to my dear,
 A pair of fine garters for Maggie to wear;
 And some pretty things else, I do declare,
 When she gangs wi' me to Paisley fair.
 And whan we are married we'll keep a cow,
 My Maggie sall milk her, and I will plow:
 We'll live a' the winter on beef and lang-kail,
 And whang at the bannocks o' barley-meal.

If my Maggie shoud' chance to bring me a son,
 He's fight for his King, as his daddy has done;
 I'll send him to Flanders some breeding to learn,
 Syne hame into Scotland and keep a farm.
 And thus we'll live and industrious be,
 And wha'll be sae great as my Maggie and me;
 We'll soon grow as fat as a Norway seal,
 Wi' feeding on bannocks o' barley-meal. &c. &c. &c.

An' I'll awa to bonny Tweed-side.

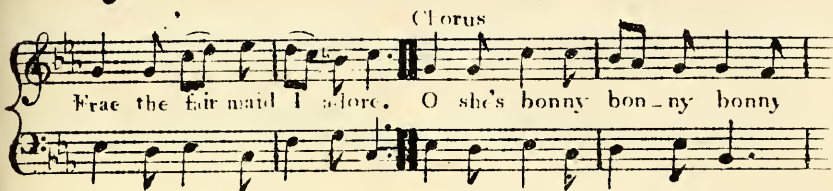
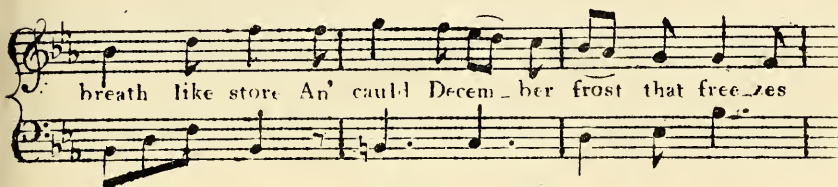
561



Few words bonny lad
Will eithly persuade,
Tho' blushing I daftly say no
Gae on with your strain
And doubt not to gain,
For I hate to lead apes below.
Unty'd to a man,
Do whate'er we can,
We never can thrive or dow,
Then I will do well,
Do better what will,
And let them lead apes below.

Our time is precious,
And gods are gracious
That beauties upon us bestow
'Tis not to be thought
We got them for nought
Or to be set up for a show.
'Tis carried by votes,
Come kilt up your coats
And let us to Edinburgh go,
Where she that's bonny
May catch a Johny,
And never lead apes below.

562



Frae winter's scourge, the simmer torrent Red's her cheek, and sweets her feature
 Hoarymists that point the air Glancin' en like diamonds bright
 Frae grief o' mind that aft does foment Handsomeshape, the choicé o' nature
 Making life a dreary care Wonder o' the day and night
 O she's bonny &c. O she's bonny &c.

For she's as the new blawn rose If, but this bud and bonny blossom
 That's nourish'd with the simmer's sun I could say 'twere only mine
 Her smiles is like the sweet repose I'd plant it deep within my bosom
 Man seeks when his last sand is run An' round my heart I'd it entwine
 O she's bonny &c. O she's bonny &c.

In yon garden &c.

563 * In yon garden fine an' gay, Picking lilies a' the day

Slow

gath'ring flow'rs of il-ka hue, I wist na then what love could do.

Where love is planted there it grows,
 It buds and blows like any rose
 It has a sweet and pleasant smell,
 No flow'r on earth can it excel.

I put my hand into the bush,
 And thought the sweetest rose to find,
 But prick'd my finger to the bone,
 And left the sweetest rose behind.

The poor Pedlar.

564 There was a noble lady so fair looking out of her window so

Lively

high And there she spy'd a poor Pedlar coming singing out o'er the

lee lee lee coming sing-ing out o'er the lee.

Continued.

She call'd upon her servant man,
 Her servant that on her did wait,
 "Gae open the yetts, both braid and wide,
 "And let the poor pedlar in in in,
 "And let the poor pedlar in.
 He set the yetts, both braid and wide,
 And let the poor pedlar in;
 And then she took him by the coat neuks,
 And she led him from room to room room room,

And she led him &c.
 Till he came to my lady's room,
 My lady's room where she lay;
 "I wad gie a' my pack he said,
 "For the night of a gay lady, lady;

"For the night &c.
 "Wilt thou gie me my pack again,
 "My pack, and my pack pinn,
 "An' thou gie me my pack he said,
 "I'll gie thee both broach and ring, ring ring,

"I'll gie thee both &c.
 "I'll no gie thee thy pack again,
 "Thy pack nor thy pack pinn;
 "I'll no gie thee thy pack she said.
 "Tho' thou wad greet till thine eyes gae blin' gae blin'.

"Tho' thou wad &c.
 Out then spak the noble lord,
 Out of his bow'r within,
 "O who is this into my house
 "That makes such a noise and dinn dinn dinn.
 "That makes &c.

"As I came through your garden Sir,
 "I pull'd some of your flowers;
 "A box of spice was in my pack,
 "And I borrowed a mortar of yours of yours.
 "And I borrowed &c.

"Gie the poor pedlar his pack again,
 "His pack and his pack pinn,
 "Keep nathing frae a poor pedlar,
 "Who has a' his living to win to win.
 "Who has &c.

She took the pack by the twa neuks,
 And she flang it out o'er the wa',
 "Upo' my sooth, quo the poor pedlar,
 "My pack it has gotten a fa' fa' fa'.
 "My pack &c.

He took the pack upon his back,
 Went singing out o'er the lee,
 "O I ha'e gotten my pack again,
 "And the kifs of a gay lady lady.
 "And the kifs &c.

You ask me charming fair.

565 * You ask me charming fair Why thus I pensive go, From

Slow

whence proceeds, my care What nourishes my woe. Why

seek'st the cause to find of ills that I en-dure Ah!

why so vainly kind un-less re-solv'd to cure.

It needs no magic art,
To know whence my alarms,
Examine your own heart,
Go read them in your charms.
Whene'er the youthful quoir,
Along the vafe advance,
To raise, at your desire,
The lay, or form the dance.

Benevolent to each,
You some kind grace afford,
Gentle in deed or speech,
A smile or friendly word.
Whilst on my love you put
No value; On the same,
As if my fire was but
Some paltry village flame.

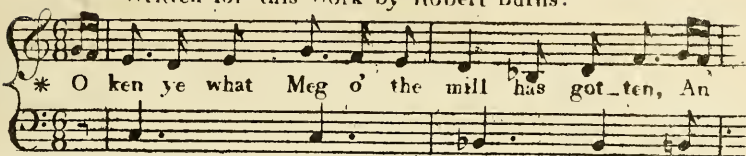
At this my colour flies,
My breast with sorrow heaves,
The pain I would disguise,
Nor man nor maid deceives.
My love stands all display'd,
Too strong for art to hide,
How soon the hearts betray'd
With such a clue to guide!

How cruel is my fate,
Affronts I could have born,
Found comfort in your hate,
Or triumph'd in your scorn.
But whilst I thus adore,
I'm driv'n to wild despair;
Indifference is more
Than raging love can bear.

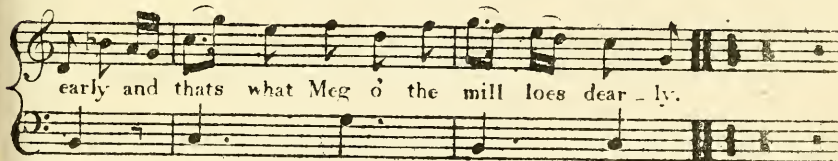
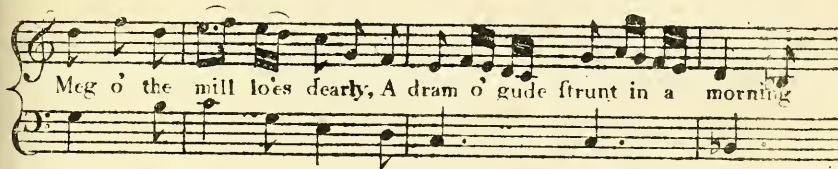
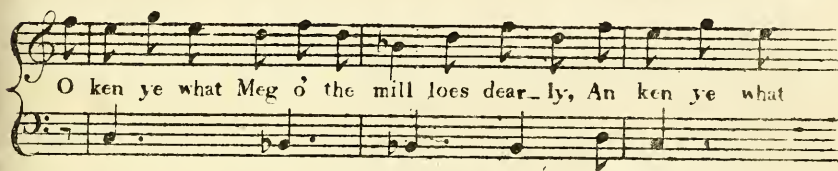
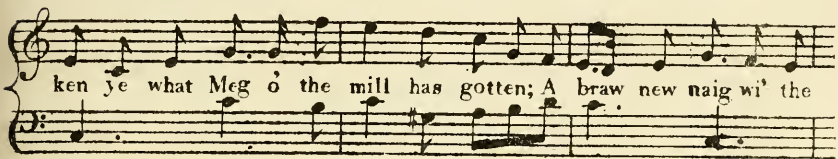
O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

566



A little Lively



O ken ye how Meg o' the mill was married,
 And ken ye how Meg o' the mill was married;
 The Priest he was oxter'd, the Clerk he was carried,
 And that's how Meg o' the mill was married
 O ken ye how Meg o' the mill was bedded,
 An ken ye how Meg o' the mill was bedded;
 The groom gat fae fu' he fell awald beside it,
 And that's how Meg o' the mill was bedded.

How sweet is the scene.

567

* How sweet is the scene at the dawning o' morning, How
 Slowish
 fair il ka object that lives in the view dame nature the valley an
 hillock adorning, the primrose an' blue bells yet wet wi' the dew.
 How sweet in the morning o' life is my Anna her smile like the
 sunbeam that glents o'er the lee To wan-der and leave her, dear
 lalsie, I canna, frae love an' frae beauty I never can flee.

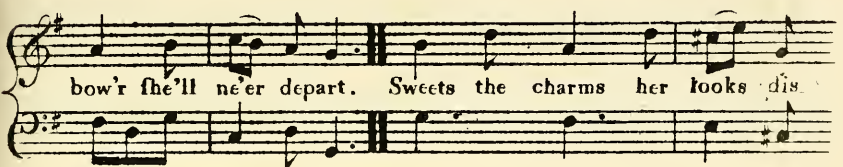
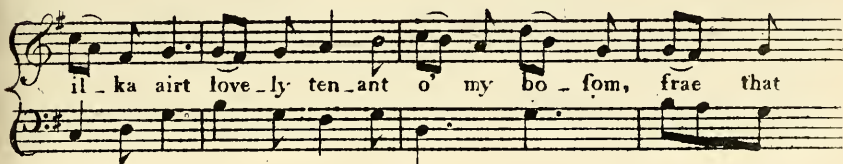
O lang ha'e I lo'd, her an' loe, her fu' dearly,
 An' aft ha'e I preed o' her bonny sweet mow!
 An' aft ha'e I read in her e'e blinkin' clearly,
 A language that bade me be constant an' true!
 Then others may doat on their fond war'ly treasure,
 For pelf, silly pelf, they may brave the rude sea;
 To love my sweet lalsie be mine the dear pleasure
 Wi' her let me live — and wi' her let me die!

Sure my Jean.

568



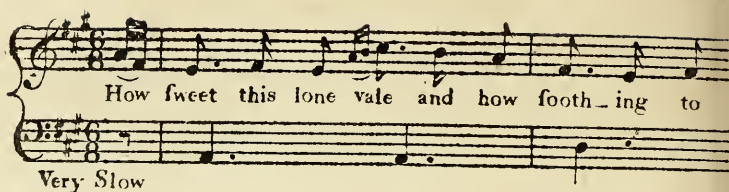
Lively



I ha'e seen the floweret springin'
 Gaily on the sunny lea;
 I ha'e heard the mavis fingin'
 Sweetly on the hawthorn tree;
 But my Jeanie, peerless dearie,
 She's the flower attracts mine ee;
 Whan she tunes her voice sae cheerie,
 She's the mavis dear to me!

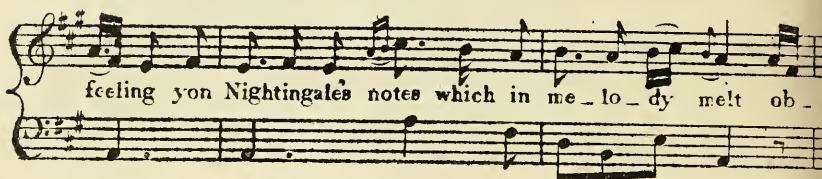
How sweet this lone vale.

569

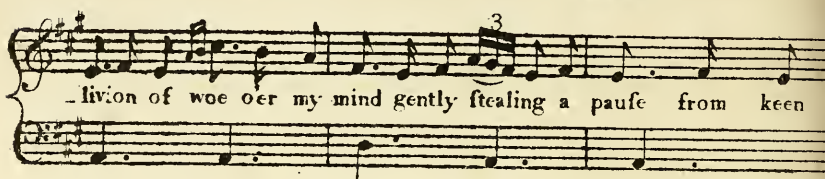


How sweet this lone vale and how soothing to

Very Slow



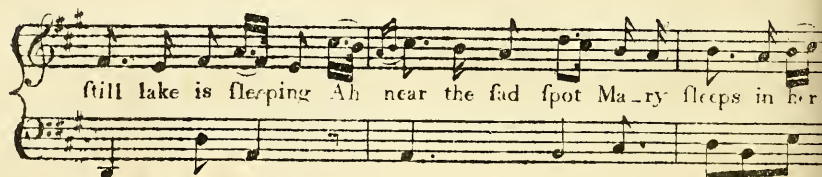
feeling yon Nightingales notes which in melody melt ob-



-livion of woe o'er my mind gently stealing a pause from keen



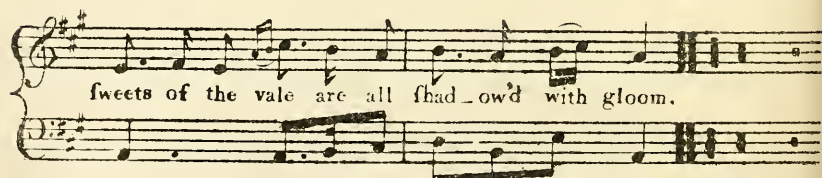
anguish a moment is felt. The moon's yellow light o'er the



still lake is sleeping Ah near the sad spot Ma-ry sleeps in her



tomb a - gain the heart swells, the eye flows with weeping and the

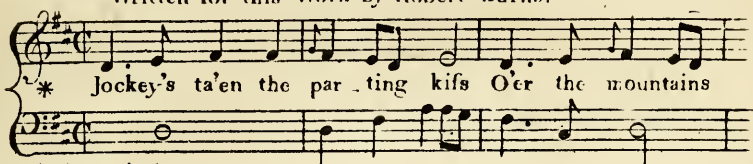


sweets of the vale are all shadow'd with gloom.

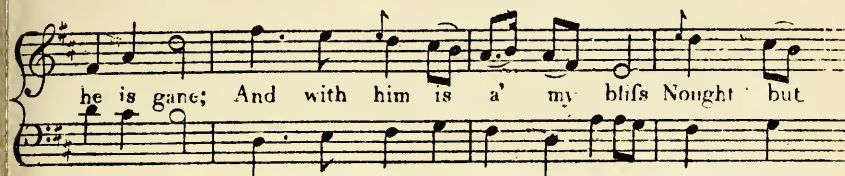
Jockey's ta'en the parting kifs.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

570



A little lively



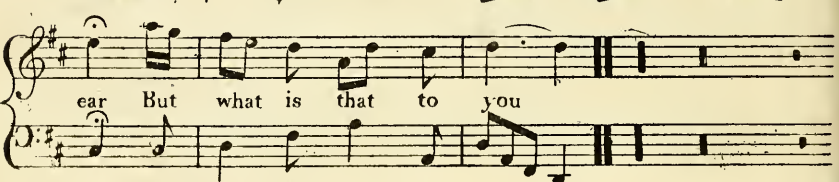
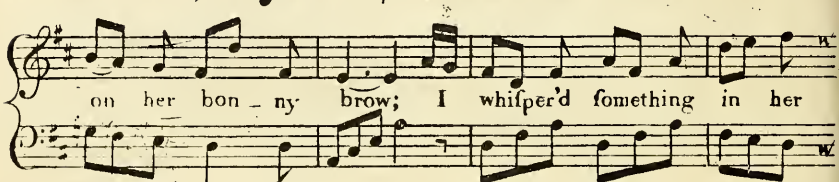
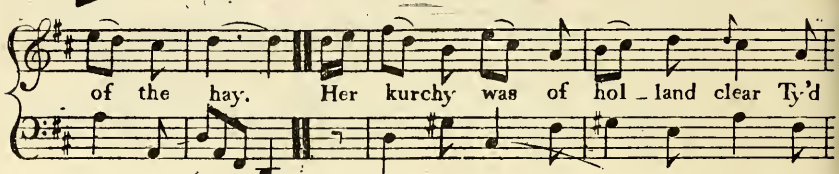
When the shades of evening creep
 O'er the day's fair, glad some e'e,
 Sound and safely may he sleep,
 Sweetly blythe his waukening be.
 He will think on her he loves,
 Fondly he'll repeat her name;
 For whare'er he distant roves
 Jockey's heart is still at hame.

What's that to you.

571



A little Lively



Her stockings were of Kerfy green,
 As tight as ony silk:
 O tick a leg was never seen,
 Her skin was white as milk;
 Her hair was black as ane could wish,
 And sweet sweet was her mou;
 Oh, Jeany daintily can kifs,
 But what's that to you?

The rose and lily baith combine
 To make my Jeany fair,
 There is no bennison like mine,
 I have amaisht nae care;
 Only I fear my Jeany's face
 May cause mae men to rue,
 And that may gar me fay, Alas!
 But hat's that to you?

Conceal thy beauties if thou can,
 Hide that sweet face of thine,
 That I may only be the man
 Enjoys these looks divine.
 O do not prostitute, my dear,
 Wonders to common view,
 And I, with faithful heart, shall swear
 For ever to be true.

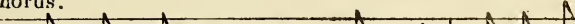
King Solomon had wives enew,
 And mony a concubine;
 But I enjoy a blifs mair true;
 His joys were short of mine:
 And Jeany's happier than they,
 She seldom wants her due;
 All debts of love to her I'll pay,
 And what's that to you?

Little wat ye wha's coming.

Chorus.

572

Chorus.



* Lit - tle wat ye wha's com - ing little wat ye

Brick

wha's coming little wat ye wha's coming Jock and Tam and

a's com - ing. Dun - can's com - ing Don - ald's com - ing

Co - lin's com - ing Ron - ald's coming Dougald's coming

Lauch-lan's com-ing A-lif-ter and a's coming.

Borland and his men's coming,
The Camerons and M^cLeans coming,
The Gordons and M^cGregors coming
A' the Dunywasfl'es' coming
Little wat ye, &c.
M^cGilvrey of Drumglafs is coming.

The Laird of M^cIntosh is coming,
M^cCrabie and M^cDonald's coming,
The M^cKenzie's and M^cPherson's coming,
A' the wild M^cCraws' coming,
Little wat ye, &c.
Donald Gun and a's coming.

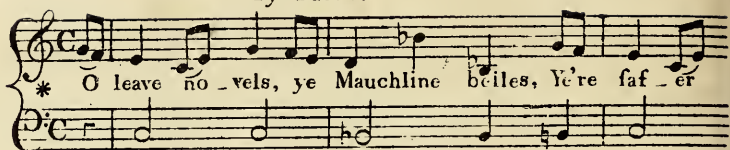
Wigton's coming, Nithsdale's coming,
Carnwath's coming, Kenmure's coming,
Derwentwater and Foster's coming
Withrington and Nairn's coming
Little wat ye, &c.
Blyth Cowhill and a's coming.

They gloom, they glower, they look ^{big,} fæ,
At ilka stroke they'll fell a Whig;
They'll fright the fuds of the Pockpuck
For mony a buttock bare's coming.
Little wat ye, &c.

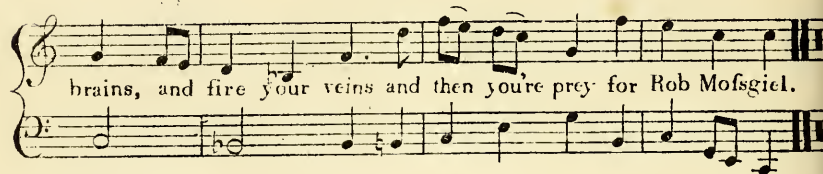
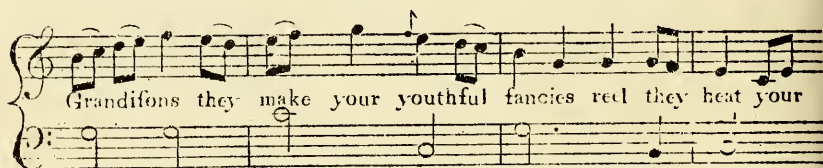
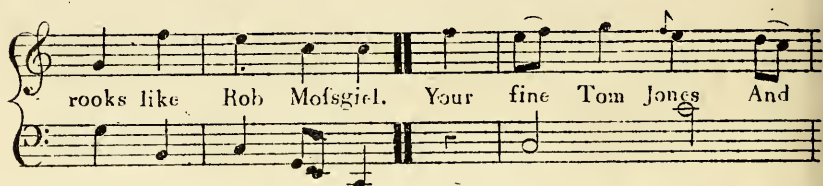
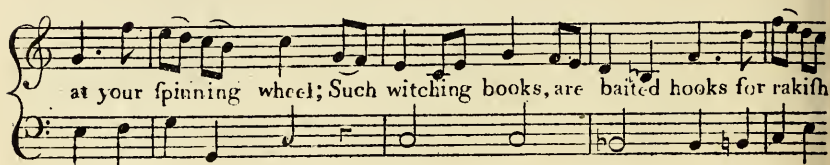
O leave novels &c.

By Burns.

573.



Lively



Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung;

A heart that warmly seems to feel;

That feelin heart but acks a part,

'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.

The frank address, the soft caress,

Are worse than poisoned darts of steel,

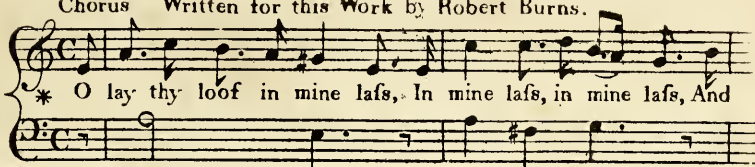
The frank address, and politesse,

Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

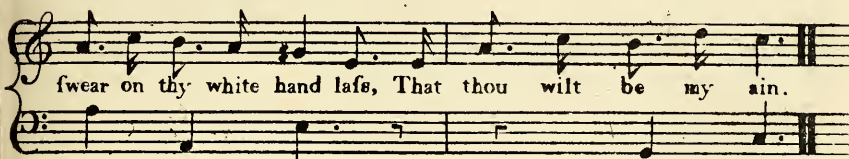
O lay thy loof in mine lafs.

Chorus Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

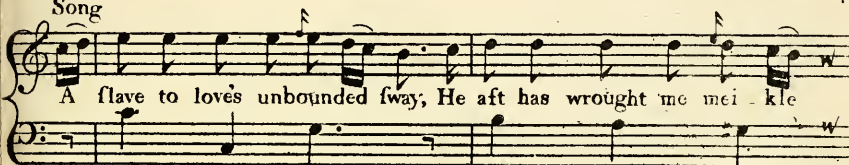
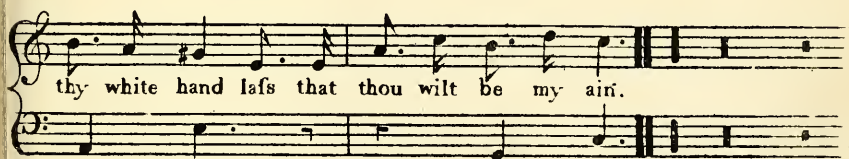
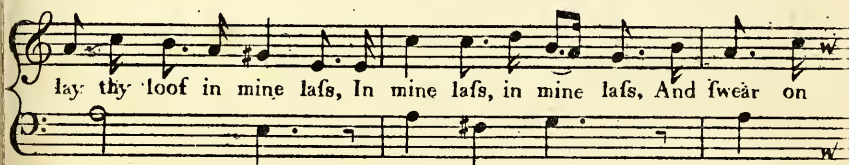
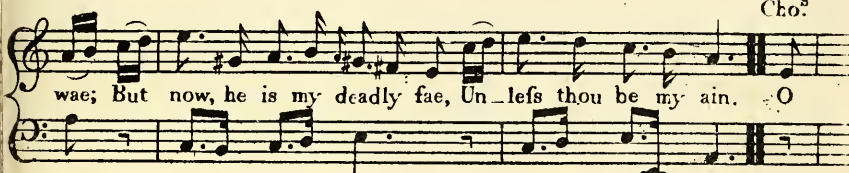
574



A little lively.



Song

Cho.^s

There's monie a lafs has broke my rest,
 That for a blink I hae lo'ed best;
 But thou art queen within my breast
 For ever to remain.

O lay thy loof &c.

Saw ye the Thane &c.

575 * Saw ye the Thane o' meikle pride, Red anger in his

Slow

ee? I saw him not nor care he cry'd Red anger frights na me.

For I have stood whar honour bade, Tho' death trod on his heel; Mean

is the crest that stoops to fear, nae sic may Duncan feel.

Hark! hark! or was it but the wind, Restore again that blooming rose,
That through the ha' did sing; Your rude hand pluckt awa';
Hark! hark! agen, a warlike sound, Restore again his Mary fair,
The black woods round do ring. Or you shall rue his fa'.

'Tis na for naught, bauld Duncan cry'd,
Sic shouting on the wind. Three strides the gallant Duncan tuk,
Syn'e up he started frae his seat, He struck his forward spear:
A throng of spears behind. Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,
We are nae wont to fear.

Haste, haste, my valiant hearts, he said, He comes na on a wassail rout,
Ane mair to follow me; Of revel, sport, and play;
We'll meet you shouters by the burn, Our swords gart Fame proclaim us men,
I guess wha they may be. Lang ere this ruefu' day.

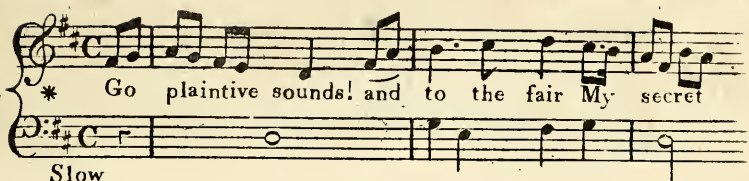
But wha is he that speids sae fast,
Frae the slaw marching thrang? The rose I pluckt o' right is mine,
Sae frae the mirk cloud shoots a beam, Our hearts together grew,
The sky's blue face alang. Like twa sweet roses on ae stak

Some messenger it is, mayhap,
Then not at peace I trow. Frae hate to love she flew.
My master, Duncan bade me rin, Swift as a winged shaft he sped;
And say these words to you. Bald Duncan said in jeer,
Gae tell thy master, beardless youth, We are nae wont to fear. &c &c &c

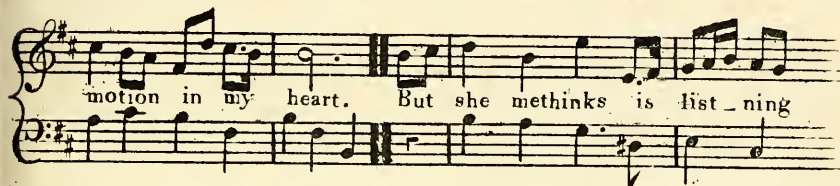
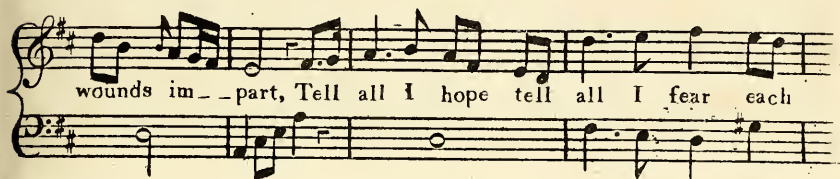
Go plaintive sounds.

595

576



Slow



Yes, plaintive sounds, yet, yet delay,

How'er my love repine,

Let that gay minute pass away,

The next perhaps is thine.

Yes plaintive sounds, no longer crost,

Your griefs shall soon be o'er,

Her cheek undimpled now, has lost

The smile it lately wore.

Yes, plaintive sounds, she now is yours, I

'Tis now your time to move;

Essay to soften all her pow'rs,

And be that softness, love.

Cease plaintive sounds, your task is done

That anxious tender air

Proves o'er her heart the conquest won,

I see you melting there.

Return ye smiles return again,

Return each sprightly grace,

I yield up to your charming reign,

All that enchanting face.

I take no outward shew amiss,

Rove where they will, her eyes,

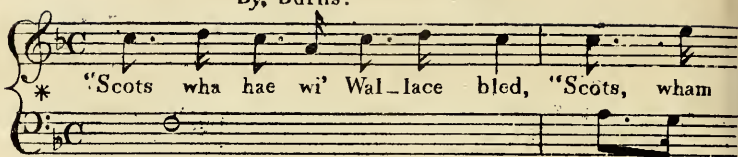
Still let her smiles each shepherd bless,

So she but hear my sighs.

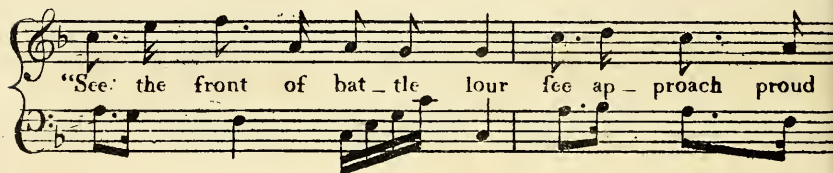
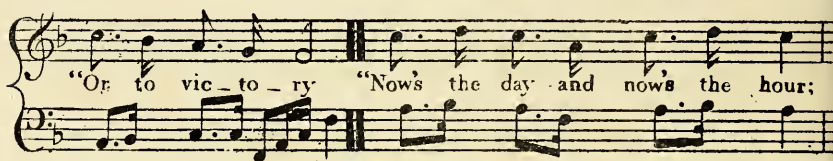
Bruce's address to his Army.

By, Burns.

577



With energy



"Wha will be a traitor knave?

"Wha can fill a coward's grave?

"Wha sae bafe as be a slave?

"Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

"By oppression's woes and pains!

"By your sons in servile chains!

"We will drain our dearest veins,

"But they shall be—shall be free!

"Wha for Scotland's king and law

"Freedom's sword will strongly draw,

"Free-man stand, or free-man fa',

"Caledonian! on wi' me!

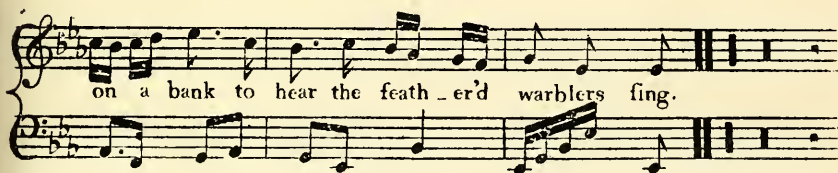
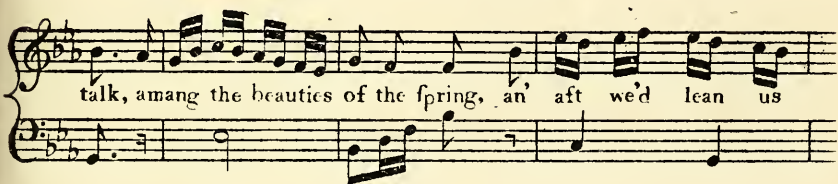
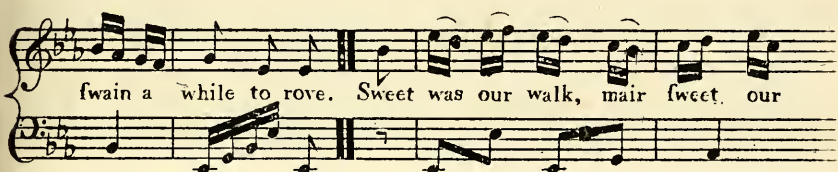
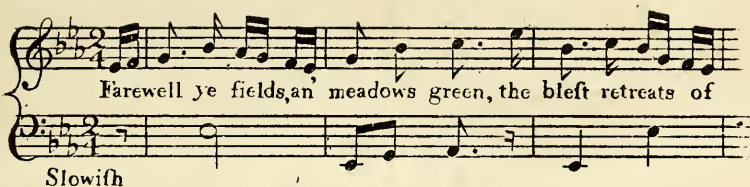
"Lay the proud usurpers low!

"Tyrants fall in every foe;

"Liberty's in every blow!

"Forward! let us do, or die!"

578



The azure sky the hills around,
 Gave double beauty to the scene
 The lofty spires of Banff in view,
 On every side the waving grain:
 The tales of love my Jamie told,
 In such a fast an' moving strain,
 Have so engag'd my tender heart,
 I'm loth to leave the place again.

But if the Fates will be so kind,
 As favour my return once more,
 For to enjoy the peace o' mind,
 In those retreats I had before:
 Now, farewell! Banff! the nimble steeds.
 Do bear me hence, I must away,
 Yet time perhaps may bring me back,
 To part nae mair from scenes so gay.

O heard ye e'er of a silly blind Harper,

579

O heard ye of a silly Harper, Liv'd long in Loch-wa-ben

A little Lively

town, How he did gang to fair England, To steal King Henry's wanton brown?

How he did gang to fair England To steal King Henry's wanton brown.

But first he gaed to his gude-wife
Wi' a' the speed that he could thole;
This wark, quo' he, will never work,
Without a mare that has a foal.
This wark, &c.

Quo' she, thou has a gude grey mare,
That'll rin o'er hills baith low & hie;
Gae tak' the grey mare in thy hand,
And leave the foal at hame wi' me.
Gae tak', &c.

And tak' a halter in thy hose,
And o' thy purpose'dinna fail;
But wap it o'er the wanton's nose;
And tie her to the grey mare's tail:
But wap, &c.

Syne ca' her out at yon back yeate,
O'er moss and muir and ilka dale,
For she'll ne'er let the wanton bite,

Till she come hame to her ain foal.
For she'll, &c.

So he is up to England gane,
Even as fast as he can hie,
Till he came to King Henry's yeate;
And wha' was there but King Henry?
Till he, &c.

Come in, quo' he, thou silly blind Harper;
And of thy harping let me hear.
O! by my sooth, quo' the silly blind Harp
I'd rather hae stabling for my mare.
O! by my, &c.

The King looks o'er his left shoulder,
And says unto his stable groom,
Gae tak the silly poor Harper's mare,
And tie her 'side my wanton brown.
Gae tak, &c.

And ay he harped, and ay he carpit, Let in thy master and his mare.
Till a' the Lords gaed through the floor, Rise, quo' &c.

They thought the music was sae sweet,

That they forgat the stable door.

They thought, &c.

And ay he harpit, and ay he carpit,

Till a' the nobles were sound asleep,

Than quickly he took aff his shoon,

And saftly down the stair did creep.

Than quickly &c.

Syne to the stable door he hies,

Wi' tread as light as light cou'd be,

And whan he open'd and gaed in,

There he fand thirty good steeds & three. The neighbours too that heard the noise,

And whan &c.

He took the halter frae his hose,

And of his purpose did na' fail;

He slipt it o'er the Wanton's nose,

And tied it to his grey mare's tail.

He slipt &c.

He ca'd her out at yon back yeate,

O'er moss and muir & ilka dale,

And she loot ne'er the wanton bite,

But held her still gaun at her tail.

And she &c.

The grey mare was right swift o' fit,

And did na fail to find the way,

For she was at Lochmaben yeate,

Fu' lang three hours ere it was day.

For she &c.

When she came to the Harper's door,

There she gae mony a nicker and snear,

Rise, quo' the wife, thou lazy lass,

Then up she raise, pat on her claes,

And lookit out through the lock hole;

O! by my sooth then quoth the lass,

Our mare has gotten a braw big foal.

O! by my &c.

Come haud thy peace, then foplish lass,

The moon's but glancing in thy ee,

I'll wad my hailf fee 'gainst a groat,

It's bigger than e'er our foal will be

I'll wad &c.

Cried to the wife to put her in,

By my sooth, then quoth the wife,

She's better than ever he rade on.

By my &c.

But on the morn at fair day light,

When they had ended a' their clear,

King Henry's wanton brown was stawn,

And eke the poor old Harper's mare.

King Henry's &c.

Alace! alace! says the silly blind Harper,

Alace! alace! that I came here,

In Scotland I've tint a braw cowte foal,

In England they've stawn my guid grey-

In Scotland &c.

(mare.

(per

Come had thy tongue, thou silly blind har

And of thy alacing let me be,

For thou shall get a better mare,

And weel paid shall thy cowte foal be.

For thou shall get a better mare,

And weel paid shall thy cowte foal be.

My Nannie O.

By Burns.

580

Behind yon hills where rivlets row, Are moors an' mosses
many O; The win'try fun the day has clof'd, An' I'll away to Nannie
O: The westlin winds blaws loud an' shrill, The night's baith mirk an'
rainy O; I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal, An' o'er the hill to Nannie O, To
Nannie O to Nannie O; I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal, An' o'er the hill to Nannie O

| | |
|---|---|
| My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young, | My riches a's my penny fee, |
| Nae artfu' wiles to win ye O; | And I maun guide it cannie O; |
| May ill befa' the flattering tongue, | But world's gear ne'er troubles me, |
| That wad beguile my Nannie O: | My thoughts are a', my Nannie O. |
| Her face is fair, her heart is true, | |
| As spotless as she's bonnie O; | Our auld guidman delights to view, |
| The op'ning gowan wat wi' dew, | His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie O; |
| Nae purer is than Nannie O. | But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh |
| | An' has nae care but Nannie O; |
| A country lad is my degree, | Come well, come woe, I care na by, |
| And few there be that ken me O; | I'll tak' what Heav'n will fend me O; |
| But what care I how few they be, | Nae ither care in life have I, |
| I'm welcome aye to Nannie O: | But live, and love my Nannie O. |

The rain rins down &c.

582

The rain rins down thro' Mirry-land toun, Sae does it down the

Slow

Pa: Sae does the lads of Mirry-land town, When they play at the

ba. Sae does the lads of Mirry-land town When they play at the ba.

Then cut and cam the Jew's dochter,
Said, will ye com in and dine!
I winnae cum in, I winnae cum in,
Without my play feres nine.

When bells wer rung, and mass was sung
And every lady went hame:
Than ilk lady had her young son,
But Lady Helen had nane.

She pow'd an apple reid and white.
To intice the young thing in:
She pow'd an apple white and reid,
And that the sweet bairn did win.

She row'd her mantil her about,
And sair sair gan she weep:
And she ran into the Jew's castle,
When they wer all asleep.

And she has taine out a little pen-knife, My bonny Sir Hew, my pretty Sir Hew,
And low down by her gair, I pray thee to me speak:
She has twin'd the young thing o' his life, "O lady rinn to the deep draw well
A word he ne'er spake mair. "Gin ye your son wad seek."

And out and cam the thick thick bluid, Lady Helen ran to the deep draw well,
And out and cam the thin; And knelt upon her knee,
And out and cam the bonny herts bluid; My bonny Sir Hew, an ye be here,
Thair was nae life left in. I pray thee speak to me.

She laid him on a dressing borde,
And drest him like a swine,
And laughing said, gae now and play
With your sweet play feres nine.

The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,
The well is wondrous deep,
A keen pen-knife sticks in my hert,
A word I downae speak.

She row'd him in a cake of lead,
Bade him ly still and sleep.
She cast him in a deep draw well,
Was fifty fathom deep.

Gae hame, gae hame, my mother dear,
Fetch me my winding-sheet,
And at the back o' Mirry-land toun,
Its there we twa sall meet.

Cauld is the e'enin blast.

Written for this Work By Robert Burns.

583

Cauld is the e'en - in blast O' Boras o'er the

A little Lively

pool, And daw - in it is dreary, When birks are bare at Yule O

cauld blows the e'en - in blast When bitter bites the frost. And

in the mirk and dreary drift The hills and glens are lost,

Ne'er sae murky blew the night That drifted o'er the hill, But

bonie Peg a Ram - sey Gat grist to her mill.

O turn away those cruel eyes.

584 O turn a-way those cru-el eyes, The stars of my un-

A little Lively

-do-ing Or death, in such a bright dis-guise, May

tempt a se-cond woo-ing. Pun-ish their blind-ly

impious pride, Who dare contemn thy glo-ry; It was my

fall that de-i-fy'd Thy name and seal'd thy sto-ry.

Yet no new sufferings can prepare
 A higher praise to crown thee;
 Tho' my first death proclaim thee fair,
 My second will dethrone thee.
 Lovers will doubt thou canst entice
 No other for thy fuel;
 And if thou burn'st one victim twice,
 Think thee both poor and cruel.

O Mary ye's be clad in silk.

585

O Ma-ry ye's be clad in silk, And dia-monds.

Slow

in your hair, Gin ye'll con-sent to be my bride Nor

think on Ar-thur mair. Oh wha wad wear a silken gown, Wi'

tears blind-ing their ee, Be-fore I'll 'break my

true love's heart, I'll lay me down and die..

For I have pledg'd my virgin troth,

Brave Arthur's fate to share,

And he has gien to me his heart

Wi' a' its virtues rare.

The mind whase every wish is pure,

Far dearer is to me,

And e'er I'm forced to break my faith

I'll lay me down and di-

So trust me when I swear to thee,

By a' that is on high,

Though ye had a' this world's gear,

My heart ye could na buy;

For langest life can ne'er repay,

The love he bears to me;

And e'er I'm forc'd to break my troth,

I'll lay me down and die.

There was a bonie lass.

By R. Burns.

586

There was a bonie lass, and a bonie, bonie lass, And she

Rather Stow

lo'd her bonie lad-die dear; Till wars loud a-larms tore her

lad-die frae her arms, Wi' mo-nie a sigh and a tear

O-ver sea, o-ver shore, where the can-nons loud-ly roar; He

still was a strang-er to fear: And nocht could him quail, or his

bosom assail, But the bo-nie lass he lo'd sae dear.

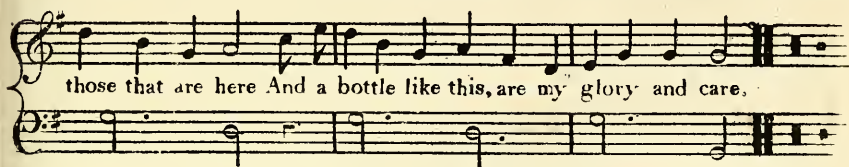
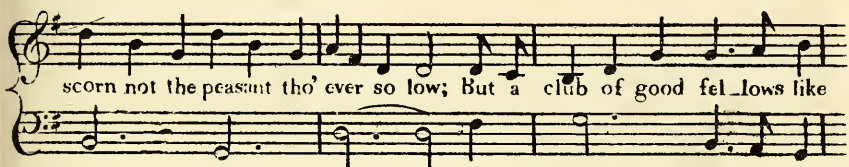
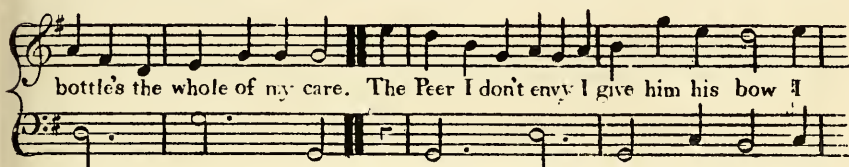
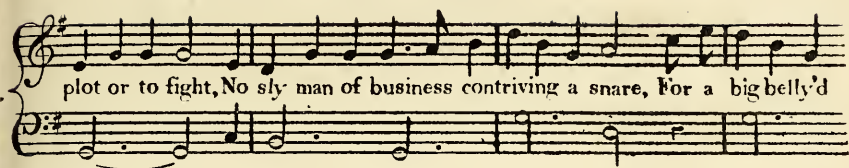
No Churchman am I,

By R. Burns

587

No Churchman am I for to rail and to write, No statesman nor soldier to

Lively



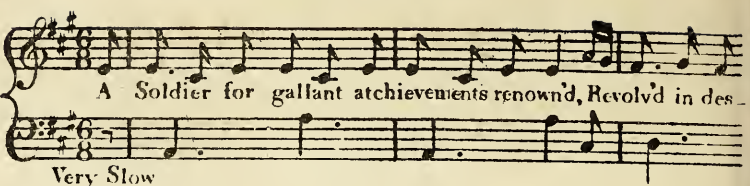
Here passes the Squire on his brother's horse,
 There Centum per Centum, the Cit with his purse;
 But see you the Crown how it waves in the air,
 There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.
 The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
 For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
 I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
 That a big belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make,
 A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
 But the pury old landlord just waddled up stairs,
 With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.
 'Life's cares they are comforts' — a maxim laid down
 By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown,
 And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
 For a big belly'd bottle's a heav'n of care.

A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge:
 Then fill up a bumper and make it overflow,
 And honours Masonic prepare for to throw;
 May every true brother of th' Compass and Square
 Have a big belly'd bottle when harass'd with care.

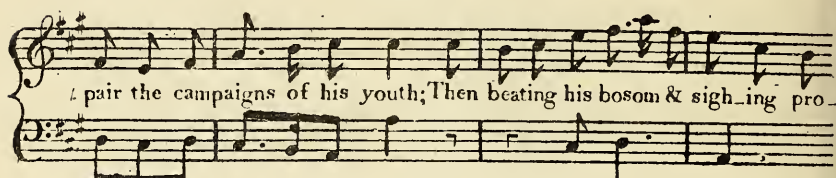
The Highlander's lament

588

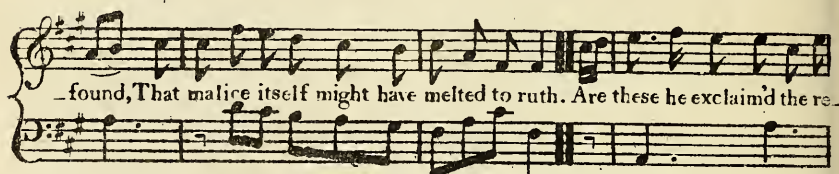


A Soldier for gallant achievements renown'd, Revolv'd in des-

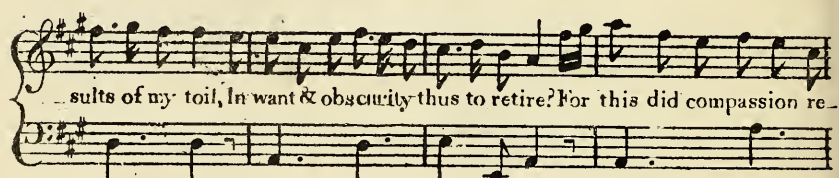
Very Slow



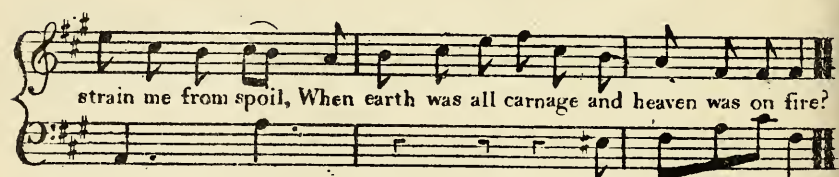
pair the campaigns of his youth; Then beating his bosom & sigh-ing pro-



found, That malice itself might have melted to ruth. Are these he exclaim'd the re-



sults of my toil, In want & obscurity thus to retire? For this did compassion re-



strain me from spoil, When earth was all carnage and heaven was on fire?

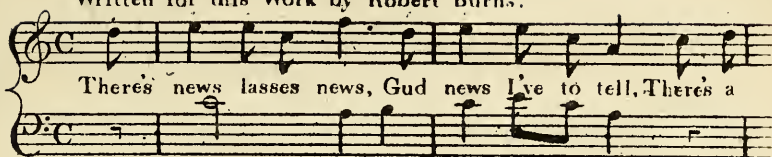
☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

The sun's bright effulgence, the fragrance of air
 The vari'd horizon henceforth I abhor,
 Give me death the sole boon of a wretch in despair,
 Which fortune can offer or nature implore.
 To madness impell'd by his griefs as he spoke,
 And darting around him a look of disdain,
 Down headlong he leapt from a heaven t'wring rock,
 And sleeps where the wretched forbear to complain.

Supposed to have been written in the year 1746

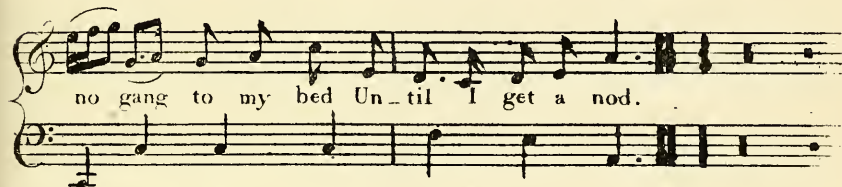
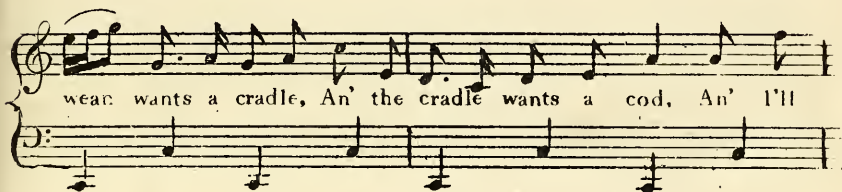
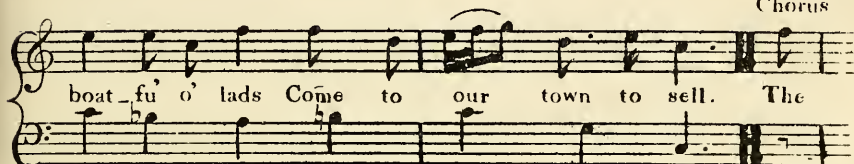
Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

589



A little lively.

Chorus



Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she,

Do what ye can,

I'll no gang to my bed

Till I get a man.

The wean &c.

I hae as gude a craft rig

As made o' yird and stane;

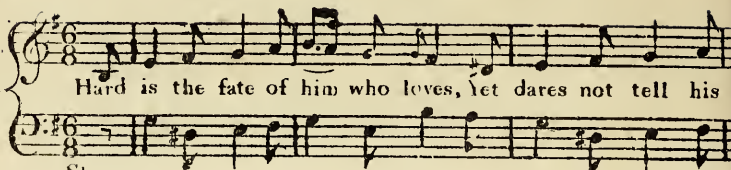
And waly fa' the ley-crap .

For I maun till'd again.

The wean &c.

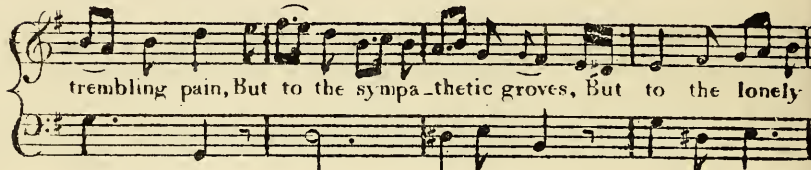
Hard is the fate of him who loves.

590

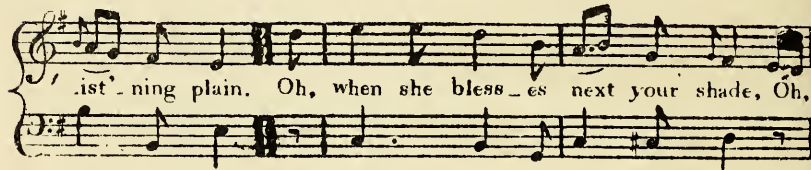


Hard is the fate of him who loves, yet dares not tell his

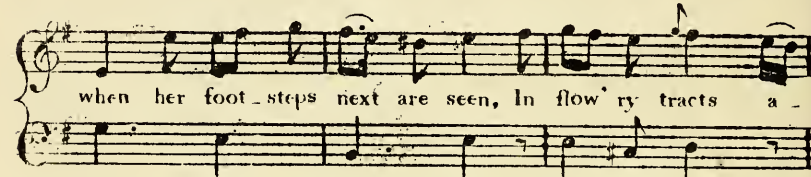
Slow



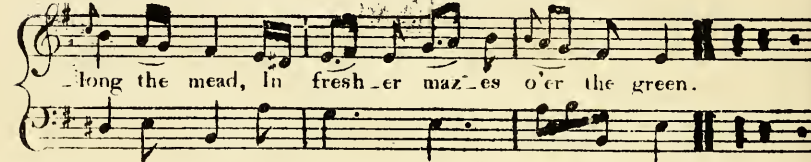
trembling pain, But to the sympa-thetic groves, But to the lonely



ist'ning plain. Oh, when she bless-es next your shade, Oh,



when her foot-steps next are seen, In flow'ry tracts a -



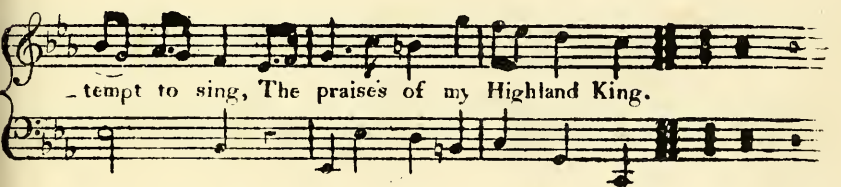
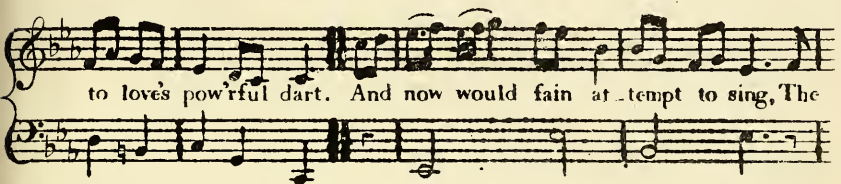
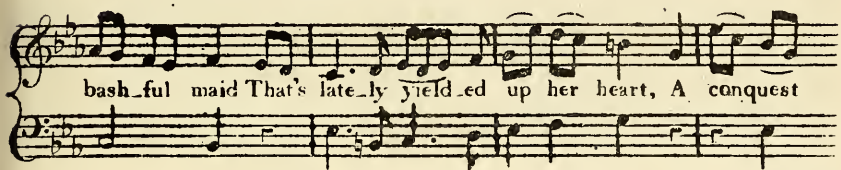
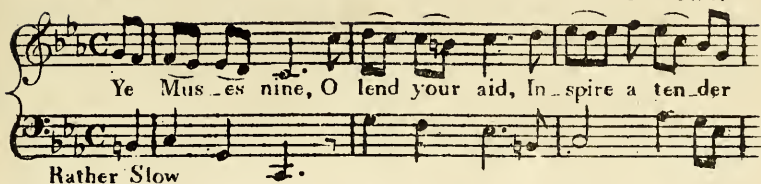
long the mead, In fresh-er maz-es o'er the green.

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And sigh thy sorrows in her ear.
O, tell her what she cannot blame,
Tho' fear my tongue must ever bind;
Oh, tell her, that my virtuous flame
Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaster tenderness his care,
Not purer her own wishes rise,
Not holier her own sighs in pray'r.
But if, at first, her virgin fear
Should start at love's suspected name,
With that of friendship soothe her ear;
True love and friendship are the same.

Ye Muses nine, O lend your aid. See P. 1st Vol. 1st

591



Jamie, the pride of all the green,
Is just my age, e'en gay fifteen:
When first I saw him, 'twas the day,
That ushers in the sprightly May;
When first I felt love's pow'rful sting,
And sigh'd for my dear Highland King.

With him for beauty, shape, and air,
No other shepherd I can compare;
Good nature, honesty, and truth,

Adorn the dear, the matchless youth;
And graces, more than I can sing,
Bedeck my charming Highland King.

Would once the dearest boy but say,
"Tis you I love; come come away,
Unto the kirk, my love, let's hy;
Oh me in rapture, I'd comply!
And I should then have cause to sing
The praises of my Highland King.

Nelly's Dream.

592 * Bright the 'moon a-boon yon mountain, Upwards tow'ring

Slow

shed her light, Nothing heard but fal-ling waters, Thro' the

shades of si-lent night. Nel-ly on her couch re-clin-ing

fet-ter'd in the arms of sleep whilst in dreams the wand'ring

Fan-cy fights for William on the deep.

Loud she hears the tempest howling,
High she sees the billows roll,
Lightnings flash and thunders roaring,
Spreading terror to each Pole.
On the sea-beach this beholding,
Trembling dreads her William, lost,
Yes, she cries, he comes I see him,
O how pale, 'tis William's Ghost.

Sighs and tears, and wild distraction,
Rend the maiden's tender breast,
William! why my William shun me,
O my heart is sore oppress'd.
Oft you swore you lov'd me dearly,
How have I your favour lost
Bear me to him, rolling billows
Let me clasp my William's Ghost.

Nelly's mind thus wildly raving,
Deeply drown'd in sleep the while,
William in the harbour landing,
Went to meet his Nelly's smile,
At her window gently calling,
Wake my love, 'tis day almost,
Yes, she cry'd I'll come to thee,
Yes, I'll follow William's Ghost.

Clear at length the sun was shining,
Sleep forsook her death-like throne,
Nelly started from her slumbring,
Glad her dream and night was gone.
Fair and spotless as the lily,
Laden with the morning dew,
Nelly ran to meet her William,
With a heart both kind and true.

O that I had ne'er been Married.

Corrected by R. Burns.

593

O that I had ne'er been married, I wad ne-ver

A little Lively

had nae care, Now I've got ten wife and bairns An'

they cry crow-die ever mair. Ance crow-die twice crowdie

Three times crow-die in a day; Gin ye crow-die

o-ny mair Ye'll crow-die a' my meal a-way.

Added by BURNS.

Waefu' Want and Hunger fley me,

Glowrin by the hallan en;

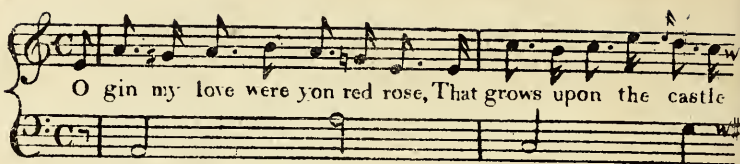
Sair I fecht them at the door,

But ay I'm eerie they come ben.

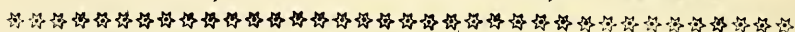
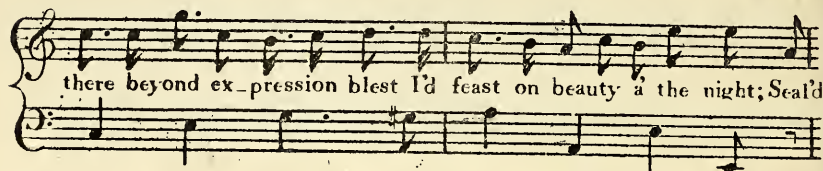
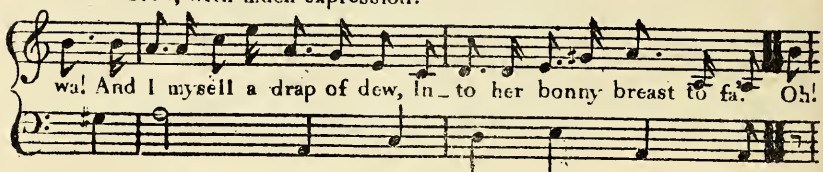
Ance crowdie &c.

O gin my love were yon red rose.

594

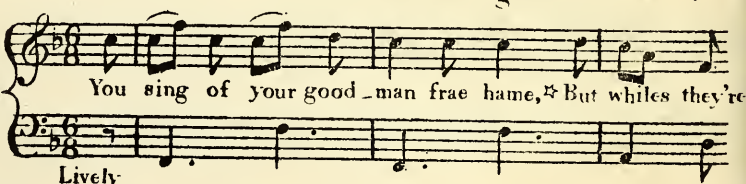


Slow, with much expression.

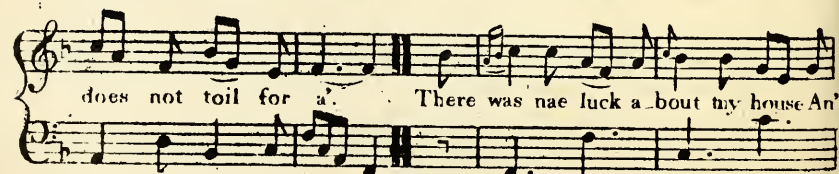


Nae luck about the house when our goodwife's awa.

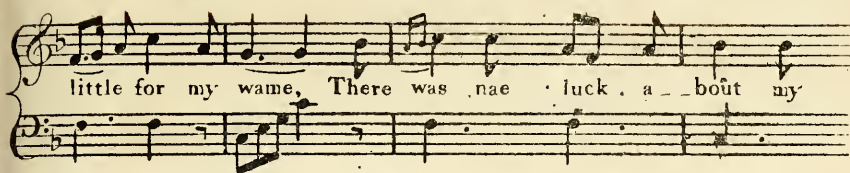
595



Lively



Continued.



For first the bairns raise frae their bed, The hens went to the neighbour's house,
 And for a piece did ca', And there they laid their eggs,
 Then how could I attend my work, When simple John reprovd them for't,
 Who had to answer a' They broke poor chuckies legs.
 There was nae luck, &c. There was nae luck, &c.

Their hands and faces was to wash, He little thought of Maggy's toil,
 And coaties to put on, As she was by the fire,
 When every dud lay here and there, But when he got a trial o't,
 Which vexed honest John. He soon began to tire.
 There was nae luck, &c. There was nae luck, &c.

He made the pottage wanting salt, First when he got the task in hand,
 The kail sing'd in the pot, He thought all would go right,
 The cutties lay under his feet, But O he little wages had,
 And cogs they seem'd to rot. On Saturday at night.
 There was nae luck, &c. There was nae luck, &c.

The hen and birds went to the fields, He had no gain from wheel or reel,
 The glaid she whipt up twa, Nör varn had he to sell,
 The cow wanting her chaff and stra', He wish'd for Maggy hame again,
 Stood routing thro' the wa'. Being out of money and meal.
 There was nae luck, &c. There was nae luck, &c.

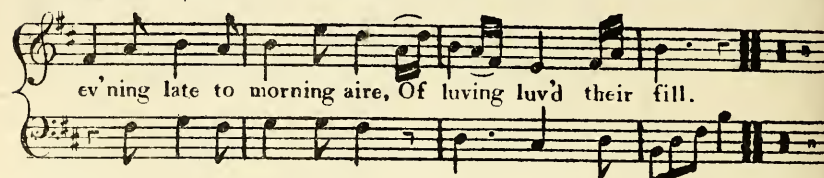
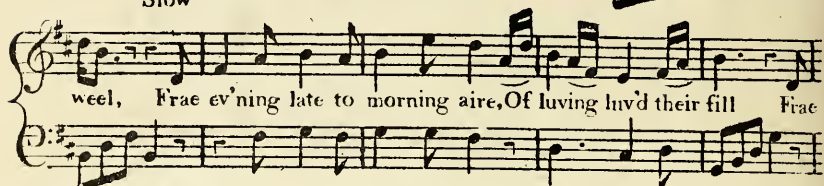
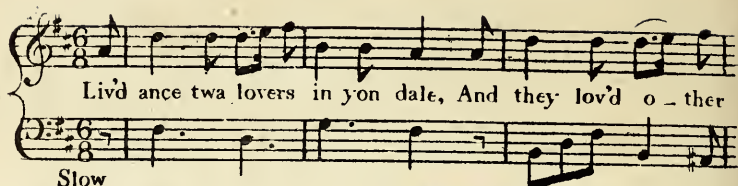
The bairns fought upon the floor, The deil gade o'er Jock Wabster,
 And on the fire did fa'; His loss he could not tell.
 Which vex'd the heart o' honest John, But when he wanted Maggy's help,
 When Maggy was awa'. He did nae good himsell.
 There was nae luck, &c. There was nae luck, &c.

With bitten fingers and cutted thumbs, Another want I do not name,
 And screech which piercd the skies, A' night he got no ease,
 Which drove his patience to an end, But tumbld grumbld in his bed,
 Wish'd death to close their eyes. A fighting wi' the flaes.
 There was nae luck, &c. There was nae luck, &c.

Then went to please them with a scone, Wishing for Maggy's muckle hips,
 And so he burnt it black, Whereon the flaes might feast,
 Ran to the well with twa new cans, And for to be goodwife again,
 But none of them came back. He swore it was nae jest.
 There was nae luck, &c. There was nae luck, &c.

Liv'd ance twa lovers in yon dale.

596



"Now, Willie, gif you love me weel,
As sae it seems to me,
Gar build, gar build a bonny ship,
Gar build it speedilie.

And we will sail the sea sae green,
Unto some far countrie,
Or we'll sail to some bonie isle
Stands fanely midst the sea."

But lang or ere the ship was built,
Or deck'd, or rigged out,
Came sick a pain in Annet's back,
That down she cou'd na lout,

"Now, Willie, gif ye love me weel,
As sae it seems to me,
O haste, haste, bring me to my bow'r,
And my bow'r maidens three."

He's taen her in his arms twa,
And kiss'd her cheek and chin;
He's brocht her to her ain sweet bow'r,
But nae bow'r-maid was in.

"Now, leave my bower, Willie, she said, O set my saddle saft, Willie,
Now leave me to my lane;

Was neverman in a lady's bower
When she was travelling?"

He's stepped three steps down the stair,
Upon the marble stane:
Sae loud's he heard his young son's greet,
But and his lady's mane!

"Now come, now come, Willie, she said,
Tak your young son frae me,
And hie him to your mother's bower
With speed and privacie."

He's taen his young son in his arms,
He's kiss'd him cheek and chin,
He's hied him to his mother's bower
By the ae light of the moon.

And with him came the bold Baron.
And he spake up wi' pride,

"Gar seek, gar seek the bower maidens,
Gar busk, gar busk the bride.

"My maidens, easy with my back,
And easy with my side.

O set my saddle saft, Willie,
I am a tender bride."

O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet.

Chorus

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

597

O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet, Mally's modest and discreet

A little Lively

Mally's rare Mal-ly's fair, Mal-ly's ev'ry way compleat. As

I was walking up the street, A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet, But

O the road was ve-ry hard, For that fair maiden's tender feet.

Chorus, Mally's meek &c.

It were mair meet, that those fine feet
Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon,
And twere more fit that she should sit,
Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

Chorus, Mally's meek &c.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling down her swan white neck,
And her two eyes like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

Tell me Jessy tell me why

598 * Tell me Jessy tell me why My fond suit you

Slow

still de-ny Is your bo-som cold as snow did you

ne-ver feel for woe. Can you hear with-out a sigh

Him com-plain who for you could die, If you e-ver

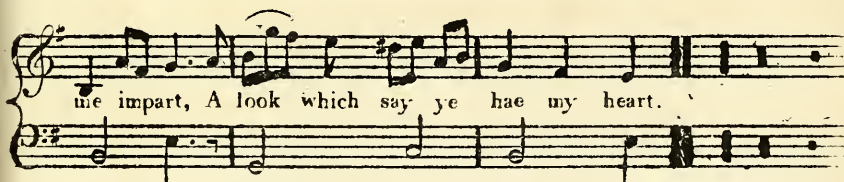
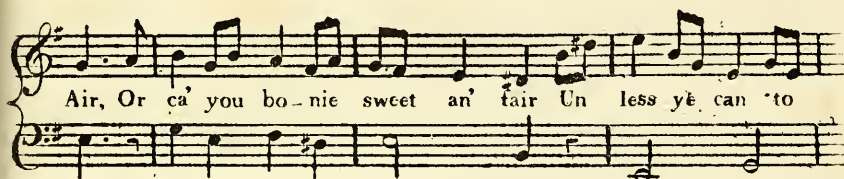
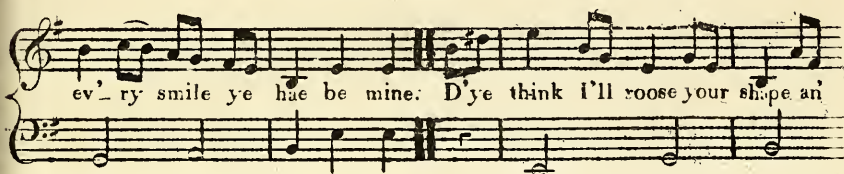
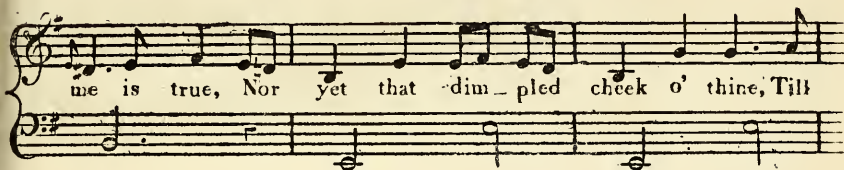
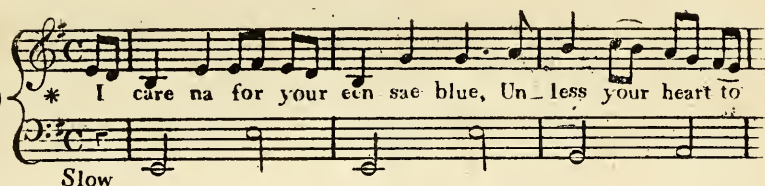
shed a tear Hear me Jes-sy hear O hear.

Life to me is not more dear,
 Than the hour brings Jessy here,
 Death so much I do not fear
 As the parting moment near.
 Summer smiles is not so sweet,
 As the bloom upon your cheek,
 Nor the chrystal dew so clear,
 As your eyes to me appear.

These are part of Jessy's charms
 Which the bosom ever warms
 But the charms by which I'm stung,
 Comes, O Jessy, from thy tongue.
 Jessy be no longer coy,
 Let me taste a lover's joy,
 With your hand remove the dart
 And heal the wound that's in my heart.

I care na for your een sae blue.

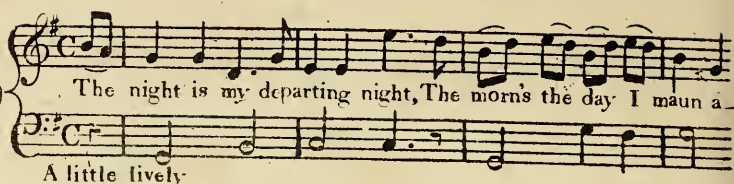
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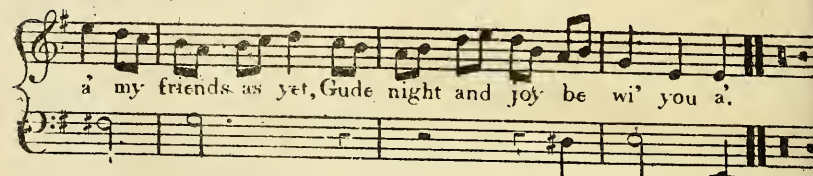
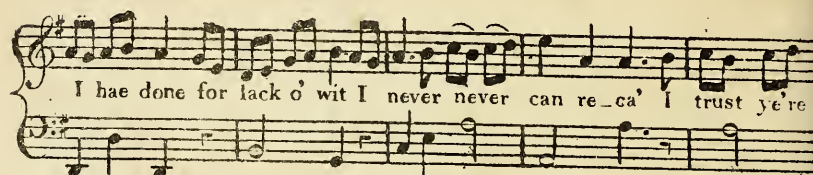
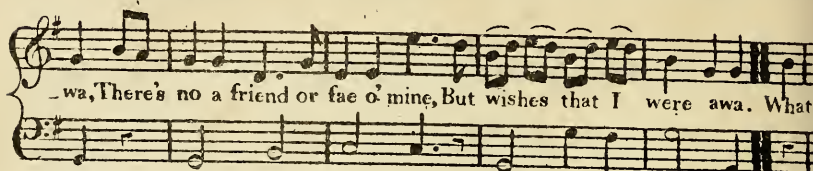
I care na for your witching tongue,
Which pleases a' an' pierces some,
Until I hear that tongue declare
Nane but mysel your heart shall share
An' gin that saft an' melting ee,
Doth beam on me an' only me
My fate is seal'd, then I am thine
An' let me die when I repine

Good night and joy be wi' you a'.

600



A little lively-



By Burns.

A DIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu! May Freedom, Harmony, and Love.
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie! Unite you in the grand Design,
 Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd Few, Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,
 Companions of my social joy! The glorious Architect Divine!
 Tho' I to foreign lands must hie, That you may keep th' unerring line,
 Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba', Still rising by the plummet's law,
 With melting heart, and brimful eye, Till Order bright completely shine,
 I'll mind you still, tho' far awa', Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

Oft have, I met your social Band, And You, farewell! whose merits claim,
 And spent the cheerful, festive night; Justly that highest badge to wear!
 Oft, honour'd with supreme command, Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble Name,
 Presided o'er the Sons of light: To Masonry and Scotia dear!
 And by that Hieroglyphic bright, A last request permit me, here,
 Which none but Craftsmen ever saw! When yearly ye assemble a',
 Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write One round, I ask it with a tear,
 Those happy scenes when far awa'! To him, the Bard that's far awa'.

F I N I S.