

X (2)

Davidson's  
Musical Miracles.

---

ONE HUNDRED  
AND FIFTY  
SCOTCH SONGS,  
MUSIC AND WORDS,  
FOR A SHILLING.

---

London:

DAVIDSON, PETER'S HILL,  
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# DAVIDSON'S GEMS

## OF

### SCOTTISH MINSTRELSY.

#### AULD ROBIN GRAY.

*Recitative.*

When the sheep are in the fauld, and a' the kyeat hame, And a' the weary world to sleep are  
gane, The waes o' my heart fall in showers from my e'e, While my gude  
man sleeps sound by me. Young Ja - miel'ed me weel, And sought me for his bride, But  
sav-ing a crown he had naithing else be-side: To mak' the crown a pound, my Jamie went to  
sea, And the crown and the pound were baith for me. He had nae been gane a  
year and a day, When my Faither brake his arm, and our cow was stole away; My Mither she fell  
sick, and Ja-mie at the sea, And auld Robin Gray cam' a court-ing to me.

My faither cou'd na wark, my mither cou'd na spin;  
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I could na  
win; [his ee,  
Auld Rob maintain'd 'em baith, and wi' tears in  
said, 'Jennie, for their sakes, oh marry me.'  
My heart it said nay, for I look'd for Jamie back,  
But the wind it blew hard, and the ship was a wrack—  
'The ship was a wrack, why did na Jamie dee?  
Or why was I spared to cry, Wae's me!

My faither urg'd me sair, my mither did na speak,  
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to  
break: [sea,—  
'They gi'ed him my hand, though my heart was at

So Auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me!  
I had na been a wife a week but four,  
When, sitting sae mournfully out a' my door,  
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'd na think it he,  
Till he said, 'I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.'  
Sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say,—  
We took but ae kiss, and tare oursels away:  
I wish I were dead, but I am na lik' to dee,—  
Oh, why was I born to say, Wae's me!  
I gang like a ghaist, and I care not to spin;  
I dare na think on Jamie, for that wou'd be a sin,  
So I will do my best a gude wife to be,  
For Auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

## O! WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME.

Words by Robert Burns.

*Andante con espressione.*

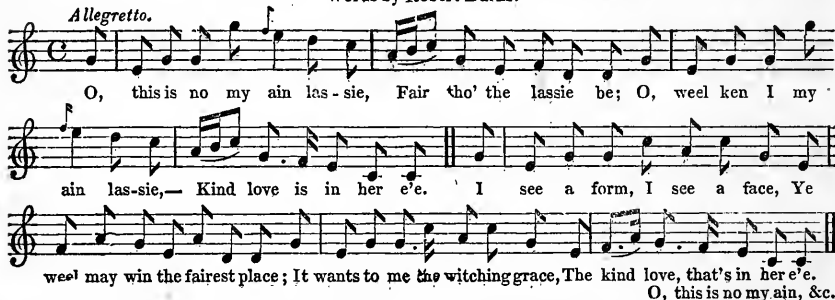
If thou shalt meet a lassie  
In grace and beauty charming,  
That e'en thy chosen lassie,  
Erewhile thy breast sae warming,  
Had ne'er sic powers alarming,  
O, that's the lassie, &c.

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

If thou hast met this fair one,  
When frae her thou hast parted,  
If every other fair one  
But her thou hast deserted,  
And thou art broken-hearted,  
O, that's the lassie, &c.

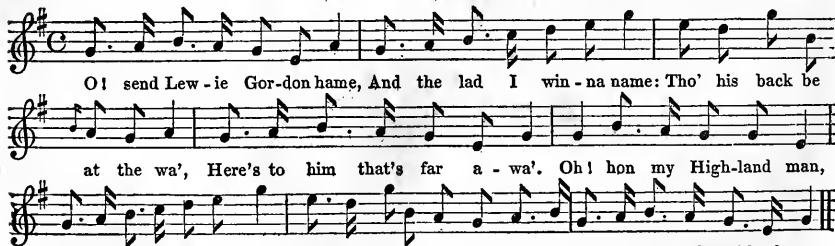
## O, THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

Words by Robert Burns.

*Allegretto.*

She's bonny, blooming, straight, & tall, A thief sae pawkie is my Jean, It may escape the courtly sparks,  
And lang has had my heart in thrall, She'll steal a blink by a' unseen, It may escape the learned clerks,  
And aye it charms my vera saul, But gleg as light are lovers' e'en, But weel the watching lover marks  
The kind love that's in her e'e. When kind love is in the e'e. The kind love that's in her e'e.  
O, this is no my ain, &c. O, this is no my ain, &c. O, this is no my ain, &c.

## LEWIE GORDON.



The princely youth that I do mean,  
Is fitted for to be a king:  
On his breast he wears a star,—  
You'd take him for the God of war,—  
Oh! hon my Highland, &c.

Oh, to see his tartan trews,  
Bonnet blue, and haigh-heel'd shoes,  
Philabeg aboon his knee;—  
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'!  
Oh! hon my Highland, &c.

## THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

*Andante.*

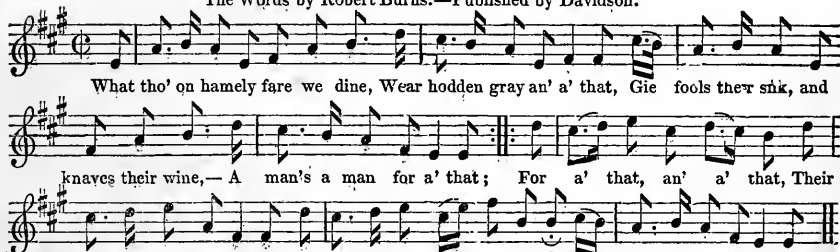
'Twas on a sim-mer's af-ter noon, A wi' be-fore the sun ga'ed down, My las-sie wi' a  
braw new gown Cam o'er the hill to Gow-rie. The rose-bud, ting'd wi' morn-ing show'r, Bloom'd

fresh with-in the sun-nie bow'r, But Ma-ry was the fair-est flow'r That e-ver bloom'd in Gow-rie.  
I had na thought to do her wrang,  
But round her waist my arm I flang,  
And said, ' My lassie, will ye gang  
To view the Carsè o' Gowrie?—  
I'll tak ye to my father's ha',  
In yon green field beside the sha',  
And mak ye lady o' them a',  
The brawest wife in Gowrie.

Soft kisses on her lips I laid—  
The blush upon her cheek soon spread—  
She whisper'd modestly and said,  
' I'll gang wi' ye to Gowrie.'  
The auld folks soon ga'ed their consent,  
And to Mess John we quickly went,  
Wha tied us to our hearts' content;—  
And now she's Lady Gowrie,

## A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

The Words by Robert Burns.—Published by Davidson.



What tho' on hamely fare we dine, Wear hodden gray an' a' that, Gie fools their shik, and

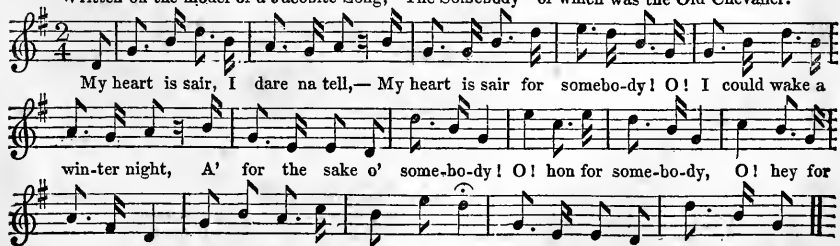
knaves their wine,— A man's a man for a' that; For a' that, an' a' that, Their

tin-sel show, an' a' that; An honest man, tho' ne'er so poor, Is chief o' men, for a' that.

Wha wad for honest poverty Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord, A king can mak a belted knight,  
Hang down their heads, an' a' that, Wha struts and stares, and a' that; A marquiss, duke, an' a' that,  
The coward slave we pass him by, Tho' hundreds worship at his word, But an honest man's above his might;  
And dare be poor for a' that, He's but a coof, for a' that, Guid faith! he manna fa' that;  
For a' that, an' a' that, For a' that, an' a' that, For a' that, an' a' that,  
Our toils obscure, an' a' that: His ribbon, star, an' a' that: Their dignities, an' a' that:  
The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man of independent mind The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
The man's the gowd, for a' that. He looks an' laughs at a' that. Are higher ranks than a' that.

## MY HEART IS SAIR.

Written on the model of a Jacobite Song, 'The Somebody' of which was the Old Chevalier.



My heart is sair, I dare na tell,— My heart is sair for some-bo-dy! O! I could wake a

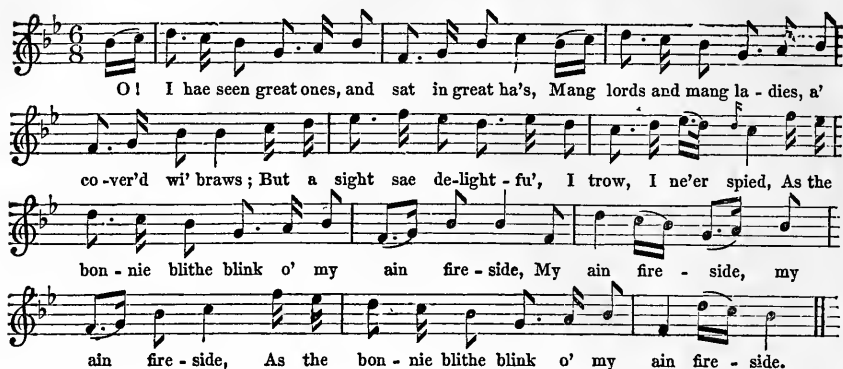
win-ter night, A' for the sake o' some-bo-dy! O! hon for some-bo-dy, O! hey for

some-bo-dy! I could range the world a-round, For the sake o' some-bo-dy.

Ye pow'rs that smile on virtuous love,  
O! sweetly smile on somebody;

Fra ilka danger keep him free,  
And send me safe my somebody.  
O! hon, for somebody, &c.

## MY AIN FIRESIDE.



O! I hae seen great ones, and sat in great ha's, Mang lords and mang la - dies, a'  
co-ver'd wi' brows; But a sight sae de-light - fu', I trow, I ne'er spied, As the  
bon - nie blithe blink o' my ain fire - side, My ain fire - side, my  
ain fire - side, As the bon - nie blithe blink o' my ain fire - side.

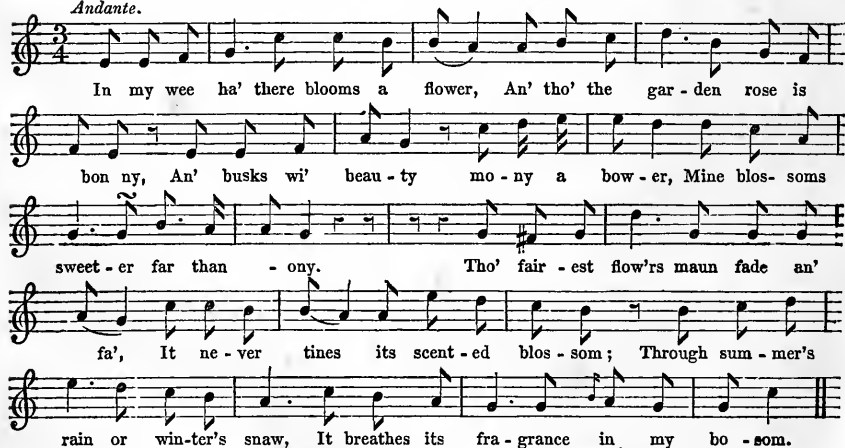
Ance mair, Heaven be prais'd! round my ain heart-  
some ingle,  
Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;  
Nae force now upon me, to seem wae or glad,—  
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.  
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
C. sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

Nae falsehood to dread, nae malice to fear,  
But truth to delight me, and kindness to cheer;  
O' a' roads to pleasure that ever were tried,  
There's nae half so sure as ane's ain fireside.—  
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
O! sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

## MY BOSOM FLOWER.

Original Scottish Song; the Music by James Pearman.—Published by Davidson.

*Andante.*



In my wee ha' there blooms a flower, An' tho' the gar - den rose is  
bon ny, An' busks wi' beau - ty mo - ny a bow - er, Mine blos - soms  
sweet - er far than - ony. Tho' fair - est flow'rs maun fade an'  
fa', It ne - ver tines its scent - ed blos - som; Through sum - mer's  
rain or win - ter's snaw, It breathes its fra - grance in my bo - som.

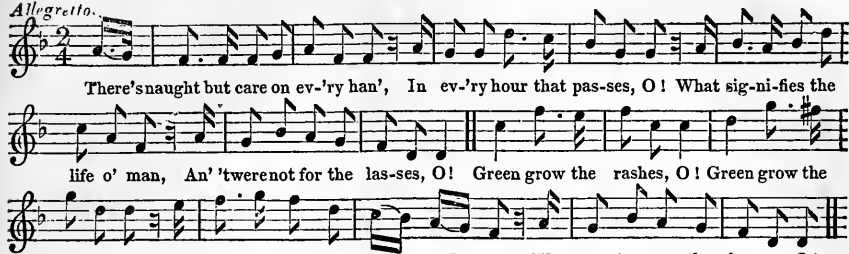
I tend my flow'r wi' canny care,—  
It wants nae mair than love an' duty  
To shield its buds and blossoms fair,  
For, O! neglect would blight its beauty.  
And would ye ken this matchless flower,  
Its just my ain unchanging Mary,  
Wha mak's my hame a bonny bower,  
Where peace and love delight to tarry.

It is not in the blooming cheek  
That time will change, and years maun wither;  
Nor in the witching e'e ye'll seek  
To match my flower wi' ony ither;  
But O! it's in the deep, deep heart,—  
The bonny bloom that changes never;  
The ties that death alone can part,  
The love that time nor tide can sever.



## GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O!

The Words by Burns.

*Allegretto.*


There's naught but care on ev-'ry han', In ev-'ry hour that pas-ses, O! What sig-ni-fies the  
 life o' man, An' 'twere not for the las-ses, O! Green grow the rashes, O! Green grow the  
 rashes, O! The sweetest hours that e'er I spent Were spent among the las-ses, O!  
 The warly race may riches chase, For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,  
 An' riches still may fly them, O! Ye're naught but senseless asses, O!  
 An' though at last they catch them fast, The wisest man the world e'er saw,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O! He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O!  
 Green grow, &c. Green grow, &c.

Gie me a canny hour at e'en, Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears  
 My arms about my dearie, O! Her noblest works she classes, O!  
 An' warly cares, an' warly men, Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
 My a' gang tapsalteirie, O! An' then she made the lasses, O!  
 Green grow, &c. Green grow, &c.

## O! SCOTLAND, MY COUNTRY.

Music by John Davy.

*Allegretto.*

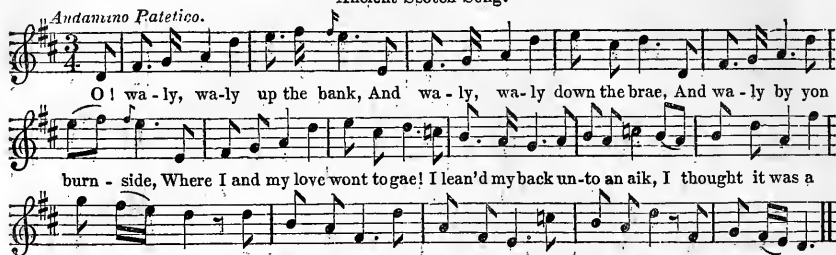

O! Scot-land, my coun-try, aince mair shall I view Your  
 streams all sae clear, and your moun-tains sae blue: All lands I hae  
 tra-vell'd to me are the same, But the land of my  
 birth, and the land of my hame: To E-gypt fare-well, And her  
 sands a' sae bare, Where fell A-ber-crom-bie, the pride of the  
 war. O! Scot-land, my coun-try, his loss ye mun mourn—  
 And the lads that gang'd wi' him, nae mair to re-turn.

Oh! mither, dear mither, wi' joy wilt thou greet,  
 When first thy auld een thy poor Sandy shall meet;  
 And Nannie, dear lassie, thy blushes will rise,  
 When I press thy soft breast as you sink in  
 surprise.

Come, lassie, gi' on singing, de'el tak the wars,  
 Behold thy ain lad coom'd wi' siller and scars;  
 Naught has tempted thy soger his love to resign  
 And his love and his siller, dear lassie, are thine

## W A L Y, W A L Y.

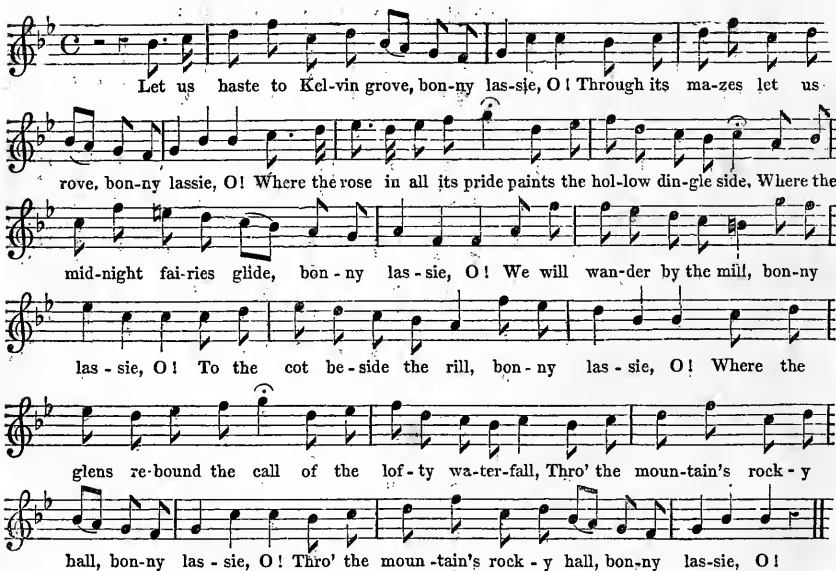
Ancient Scotch Song.

*Andantino Patetico.*

O! waly, waly! love is bonnie,  
A little time, while it is new;  
But when it's auld, it waxeth cauld,  
And fades away like morning dew.  
O! wherefore should I busk my head?  
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?  
For my true love has me forsok,  
And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,  
The sheets shall ne'er be warm'd by me;  
St. Anton's Well shall be my drink,  
Since my true love's forsaken me.  
O! Mart' mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?  
O! gentle Death, when wilt thou come,  
And tak that life that wearies me?

## LET US HASTE TO KELVIN GROVE.



Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonny lassie, O!  
Where so oft beneath the shade, bonny lassie, O!  
With the songsters in the grove,  
We have told our tale of love,  
And have sportive garlands wove, bonny lassie, O!  
O! I soon must bid adieu, bonny lassie, O!  
To this fairy scene and you, bonny lassie, O!  
To the streamlet winding clear,  
To the fragrant scented bier,  
To thee, of all most dear, bonny lassie, O.

For the frowns of fortune lour, bonny lassie, O!  
On thy lover at this hour, bonny lassie, O!  
Ere the golden orb of day  
Wake the warblers on the spray,  
From this land I must away, bonny lassie, O!  
And when on a distant shore, bonny lassie, O!  
Should I fall 'midst battle's roar, bonny lassie, O!  
Wilt thou, Julia, when you hear,  
Of thy lover on his bier,  
To his mem'ry drop a tear, bonny lassie, O!

O! MY LOVE'S LIKE THE RED, RED ROSE.

*Andantino.*



O! my love's like the red, red rose, That's new - ly sprung in June: O! my  
love's like the me-lo - dy, That's sweet - ly play'd in tune. As fair art thou, my  
bon-nie lass, So deep in love am I,—And I will love thee still, my dear, Till  
a' the seas gang dry, Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, Till a' the seas gang  
dry. O! I will love thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun,—  
O! I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

Then fare thee weel, my only love,  
And fare thee weel, awhile;  
And I will come again, my love,  
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

*Moderato.*



Char - lie is my dar - ling, my dar - ling, my dar - ling,— O!  
Char - lie is my dar - ling, the young Che - va - lier. 'Twas on a Mon - day  
morn - ing, Right ear - ly in the year, When Char-lie came to our town, The  
young Che - va - lier! O! Char - lie is my dar - ling, my dar - ling, my  
dar - ling; O! Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young Che - va - lier!

As he came marching up the street,  
The pipes play'd loud and clear;  
And a' the folk came running out,  
To meet the Chevalier.

O! Charlie, &c.

Wi' Highland bonnets on their heads,  
And claymores long and clear,  
They came to fight for Scotland's right,  
And the young Chevalier.

O! Charlie, &c.

Now ha'd awa', ye Lowland loon,  
And court na lassies here,—  
The Highland man's come back again  
Wi' the young Chevalier.

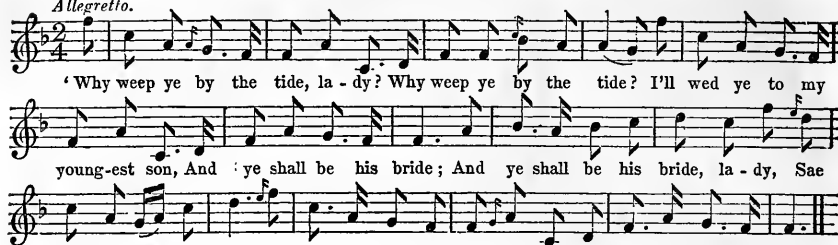
O! Charlie, &c.

And it's up yon heath'ry mountain,  
And down yon craggy glen,  
We dare nae go a milking,  
For Charlie and his men.

O! Charlie, &c.

## JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

Scottish Melody; Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.

*Allegretto.*

'Why weep ye by the tide, la - dy? Why weep ye by the tide? I'll wed ye to my  
 young-est son, And ye shall be his bride; And ye shall be his bride, la - dy, Sae  
 come-ly to be seen;' But aye she let the tears down fa' For Jock o' Ha - zel - dean.

'Now let that wilful grief be done,  
 And dry that cheek so pale:  
 Young Frank is chief of Errington,  
 And lord of Langley dale;  
 His step is first in peaceful ha',  
 His sword in battle keen.'

But aye she let, &amp;c.

'A chain o' gold ye shall not lack,  
 Nor braid to bind your hair,  
 Nor mettl'd hound, nor manag'd hawk,  
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair;

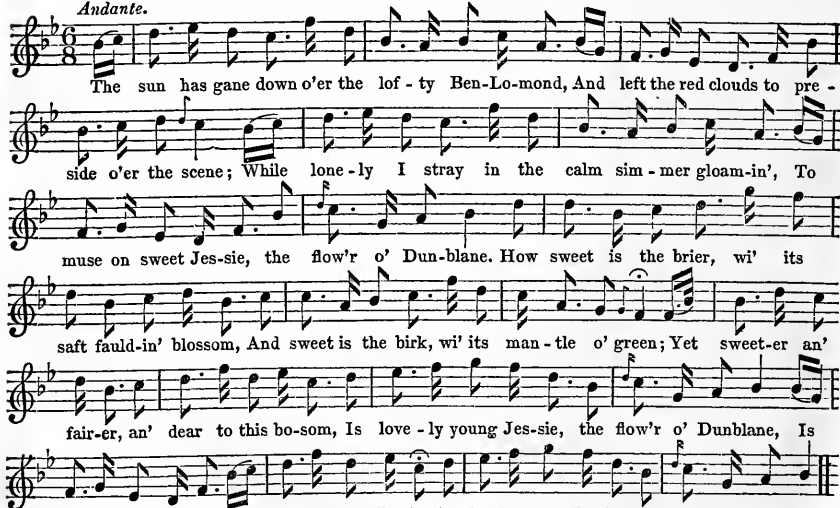
And you, the foremost of them a',  
 Shall ride, our forest queen !'

But aye she let, &amp;c.

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,  
 The tapers glimmer'd fair;  
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
 And dame and knight were there.  
 They sought her both by bow'r and ha'—  
 The lady was not seen:  
 She's o'er the border and awa'  
 Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

## JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE.

Composed by R. A. Smith.

*Andante.*

The sun has gane down o'er the lof - ty Ben-Lo-mond, And left the red clouds to pre -  
 side o'er the scene; While lone - ly I stray in the calm sim - mer gloam-in', To  
 muse on sweet Jes-sie, the flow'r o' Dun-blane. How sweet is the brier, wi' its  
 saft fauld-in' blossom, And sweet is the birk, wi' its man - tle o' green; Yet sweet-er an'  
 fair-er, an' dear to this bo-som, Is love - ly young Jes-sie, the flow'r o' Dunblane, Is  
 lovely young Jessie, is lovely young Jessie, is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.

She's modest as ony, an' blithe as she's bonny,  
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;  
 An' far be the villain, divested o' feeling,  
 Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o' Dunblane.  
 Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'en-  
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen:  
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,  
 Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!  
 The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;  
 I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,  
 Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie the flow'r o' Dunblane.  
 Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,  
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,  
 An' reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,  
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.

## OVER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

Old Scottish Melody.

*Allegretto.*

Come boat me ower, come row me ower, come boat me ower to Char - he; I'll  
gie John Ross an - i - ther baw-bee, To fer - ry me ower to Char - lie. We'll  
ower the wa - ter and ower the sea, We'll ower the wa - ter to Char - lie; Come  
weel, come woe, we'll ga - ther and go, And - - live and dee wi' Char - lie.

It's weel I lo'e my Charlie's name,  
Though some there be that abhor him;  
But, O! to sec auld Nick gane hame,  
An' Charlie's faes before him!  
We'll ower the water, &c.

I swear by moon an' stars sae bricht,  
An' the sun that glances eairly,

If I had twenty thousand lives,  
I'd gi'e them a' for Charlie.  
We'll ower the water, &c.

I ance had sons, I now hae nae, —  
I bred them, toiling sairly;  
An' I wad bear them a' again,  
An' lose them a' for Charlie.  
We'll ower the water, &c.



## LAST MAY A BRAW WOOR CAM' DOWN THE LANG GLEN.

Scottish Melody; the Words by Robert Burns.

*Lively.*

Last May a braw woo - er cam' down the lang glen, And sair wi' his love he did  
deave me; I said there was nae - thing I ha - ted like men: The deuce gae wi'  
him to be - lieve me, be - lieve me; The deuce gae wi' him to be - lieve me!

He spak' o' the darts o' my bonny black e'en,  
And vow'd for my love he was deen':  
I said he micht dee when he liked for Jean;  
The guid forgi'e me for leein'!

A weel-stockit mailin', himsel for the laird,  
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffer:  
I never loot on that I kenn'd it or car'd,  
But thoct I micht hae a waur offer.

But, what wad ye think, in a fortnicht or less —  
The deil's in his taste to gang near her! —  
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess —  
Guess ye how, the jade! I could bear her!

But a' the neist week, as I fretted wi' care,  
I gued to the tryst o' Dalgarnock;

And wha but my braw fickle woor was there,  
Wha glowr'd as he had seen a warlock.

Out ower my left shouther I gi'd him a blink,  
Lest neebors micht say I was saucy;  
My woor he caper'd as he'd been in drink,  
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I speir'd for my cousin, fou couthie and sweet,  
Gin she had recover'd her hearin';  
And how my auld shoon fitted her shauchled feet:  
Gude sauf us! how he fell a swearin'!

He begged, for gudesake! I wad be his wife,  
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;  
Sae, I'enk to preserve the puir body in life,  
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

\* In Scotland, when a cast-off lover pays his addresses to a new mistress, that new mistress is said to have got the auld shoon (old shoes) of the former one. Here the metaphor is made to carry an extremely ingenious sarcasm at the clumsiness of the new mistress's person.

## OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIN' CAN BLAW.

The Poetry by Robert Burns.

*Moderato.*

Of a' the airts the win' can blaw, I dear-ly like the west: For there the bon-  
 las-sie lives, The las-sie I lo'e best: Though wild woods grow, and ri-vers flow, wi'  
 mo-ny a hill be-tween, Baith day an' night my fan-cy's flight is  
 e-ver wi' my Jaen. I see her in the dew-y flow'rs, sae love-ly, sweet, an'  
 fair; I hear her voice in il-ka bird wi' mu-sic charms the  
 air. There's not a bon-nie flow'r that springs, by foun-tain, shaw, or  
 green, Nor yet a bon-ny bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jaen.

O! blaw, ye westlin' win' blaw saft among the  
 leafy trees,— [the laden bees;  
 Wi' gentle breeze frae muir an' dale, bring hame  
 An' bring the lassie back to me, that's aye sae neat  
 an' clean,— [Jaen.  
 Ae' blink o' her wad banish care, sae lovely is my

What sighs an' vows, among the knowes, ha'e  
 pass'd atween us twa'! [gaden a'!  
 How fain to meet, how wae to part, that day she  
 The pow'rs aboon can only ken to whom the heart  
 is seen, [Jaen.  
 That nane can be sae dear to me as my sweet lovely

## BRUCE'S ADDRESS—SCOTS, WHA HAE.

Scottish Melody; Poetry by Robert Burns.

*Moderato.*

Scots, wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled! Scots, wham Bruce has af-ten led! Wel-come to your  
 go-ry bed, Or to vic-to-ry. — Now's the day, and now's the hour!  
 See the front o' bat-tle lour, See ap-proach proud Edward's pow'r, Chains and sla-ve-ry.

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

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

## AULD LANG SYNE.

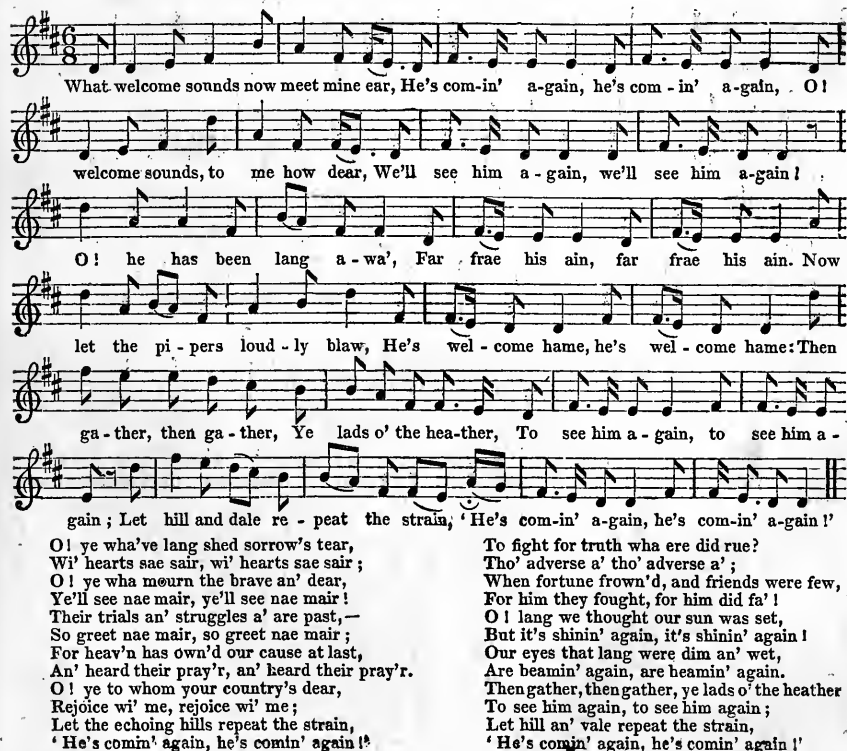
Scottish Melody; Poetry by Robert Burns.

*Moderato.*


Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And ne-ver brought to min'? Should auld ac-  
quain-tance be for-got, And days o' lang syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For  
auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.  
We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pu'd the gowans fine;  
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,  
Sin' auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, &c.  
We twa hae paid'lt in the burn,  
Frae morning sun till dine;  
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,  
Sin' auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty frien',  
And gie's a hand o' thine;  
And we'll tak' a richt-gude willie waught,  
For auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, &c.  
And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,  
And surely I'll be mine;  
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, &c.

## HE'S COMIN' AGAIN.



What welcome sounds now meet mine ear, He's com-in' a-gain, he's com-in' a-gain, O!  
welcome sounds, to me how dear, We'll see him a-gain, we'll see him a-gain!  
O! he has been lang a-wa', Far frae his ain, far frae his ain. Now  
let the pi-pers loud-ly blaw, He's wel-come hame, he's wel-come hame: Then  
ga-ther, then ga-ther, Ye lads o' the hea-ther, To see him a-gain, to see him a-  
gain; Let hill and dale re-peat the strain, 'He's com-in' a-gain, he's com-in' a-gain!'  
O! ye wha've lang shed sorrow's tear,  
Wi' hearts sae sair, wi' hearts sae sair;  
O! ye wha mourn the brave an' dear,  
Ye'll see nae mair, ye'll see nae mair!  
Their trials an' struggles a' are past,—  
So greet nae mair, so greet nae mair;  
For heav'n has own'd our cause at last,  
An' heard their pray'r, an' heard their pray'r.  
O! ye to whom your country's dear,  
Rejoice wi' me, rejoice wi' me;  
Let the echoing hills repeat the strain,  
'He's comin' again, he's comin' again!'  
To fight for truth wha ere did rue?  
Tho' adverse a' tho' adverse a';  
When fortune frown'd, and friends were few,  
For him they fought, for him did fa'!  
O! lang we thought our sun was set,  
But it's shinin' again, it's shinin' again!  
Our eyes that lang were dim an' wet,  
Are beamin' again, are beamin' again.  
Then gather, then gather, ye lads o' the heather  
To see him again, to see him again;  
Let hill an' vale repeat the strain,  
'He's comin' again, he's comin' again!'

## O! NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME?

*Andantino.*

Composed by Carter; the Poetry by Dr. Percy.

O! Nan - ny, wilt thou gang wi' me, Nor sigh to leave the flaunt - ing  
town? Can si - lent glens have charms for thee, The low - ly cot, and  
rus - set gown? No long - er dress'd in silk - en sheen, No long - er  
deck'd wi' jew - els rare, Say, canst thou quit each court - ly scene, Where  
thou wert fair - est of the fair? Say, can'st thou quit each court - ly scene, Where  
thou wert fair - est of the fair? Where thou wert fair - est, Where  
thou wert fair - est, Where thou wert fair - est of the fair.

O! Nanny, when thou'rt far awa,  
Wilt thou cast a wish behind?  
Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,  
Nor shrink before the warping wind?  
O! can that saft and gentle mien  
Severest hardships learn to bear?  
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?  
O! Nanny, canst thou love so true,  
Through perils keen wi' me to gae?  
Or, when thy swain mishap sha! fate,  
To share with him the pang of wae?

Say, should disease or pain befall,  
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care?  
Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recall,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?  
And when at last thy love shall die,  
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?  
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?  
And wilt thou o'er his much-lov'd clay  
Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear?  
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

## YE BANKS AND BRAES.

Scottish Melody; the Words by Robert Burns.

Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair; How  
can ye chaunt, ye lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry, fu' o' care! Ye'll  
break my heart, ye lit - tle birds that wan - ton through the flow - 'ry thorn; Ye  
mind me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er to re - turn.



Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,  
To see the rose and woodbine twine;  
While ilka bird sang o' its luvie,  
And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' heartsome glee I pu'd a rose,  
The sweetest on its thorny tree;  
But my fause love has sto'en the rose,  
And left the thorn behind wi' me.

### ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

The Poetry by Mrs. Grant, of Carron.

*Andantino.*

Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch, Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch, *Fine.*

Wat ye how she cheat - ed me, As I cam' o'er the braes o' Bal-loch?

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine; She said she loe'd me best o' o - ny; But, *D. C. al Fine.*

O! the fic - kle faith - less quean, She's ta'en the carl, and left her John - nie.

O! she was a canty quean,  
And weel could dance the Hieland wallöch!  
How happy I, had she been mine,  
Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch!

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,  
Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie!  
To me she ever will be dear,  
Though she for aye has left her Johnnie.

### DONALD.

*Moderato.*

When first you court-ed me, I own, I fond - ly fa - your'd

you: Ap - pa - rent worth and high re - nown Made me be - lieve you

true, Do - nald. Each vir - tue then seem'd to a - dorn The

man es - teem'd by me; But, now the mask's throw'n off, I

scorn To waste one thought on thee, Do - nald.

O! thea for ever haste away,—  
Away from love and me;  
Go, seek a heart that's like your own,  
And come no more to me, Donald.

For I'll reserve myself alone,  
For one that's more like me;  
If such a one I canna find,  
I'll fly from love and thee, Donald.

## BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.

*Con Anima.*

March, march, Et-trick and Te-vi-ot-dale! Why, my lads, din-na ye march for-ward in  
or-der? March, march, Esk-dale and Lid-des-dale! All the blue bon-nets are  
o-ver the bor-der. Ma-ny a ban-ner spread flut-ters a-bove your head; Ma-ny a  
crest that is fa-mous in sto-ry: Mount and make rea-dy, then, sons of the moun-tain glen;  
Fight for your King and the old Scot-tish bor-der! March, march, Et-trick and  
Te-vi-ot-dale! Why, my lads, din-na ye march for-ward in or-der? March, march,  
Esk-dale and Lid-des-dale! All the blue bon-nets are o-ver the bor-der.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing;  
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;  
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing;  
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow!

Trumpets are sounding, war-steeds are bounding;  
Stand to your arms, and march in good order.  
England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,  
When the blue bonnets came over the border!

## ANNIE LAURIE.

Scottish Melody.

*Moderato.*

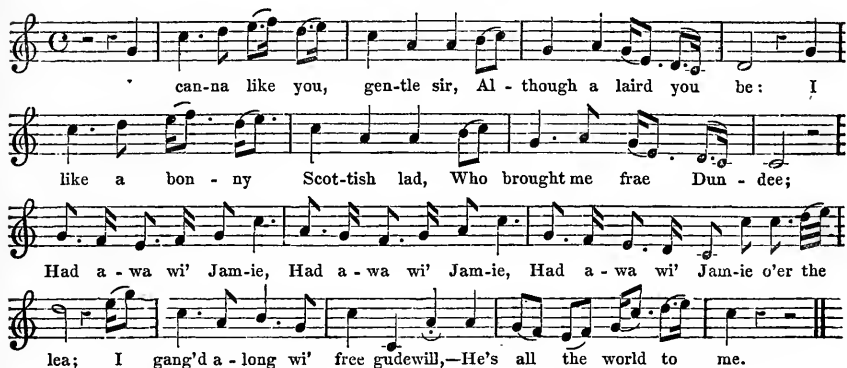
Max-well-ton braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew; And it's there that An-nie  
Lau-rie Gi'ed me her pro-mise true, Gi'ed me her prom-ise true, Which  
ne'er for-got will be; And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me dounc an' dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift;  
Her throat is like the swan;  
Her face it is the fairest,  
That e'er the sun shone on;  
And dark blue is her e'e:  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me dounc an' dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,  
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;  
An' like winds in summer sighing,  
Her voice is low and sweet;  
An' she is a' the world to me!—  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
I'd lay me dounc an' dee.

## I CANNA LIKE YOU, GENTLE SIR.

Scottish Melody.

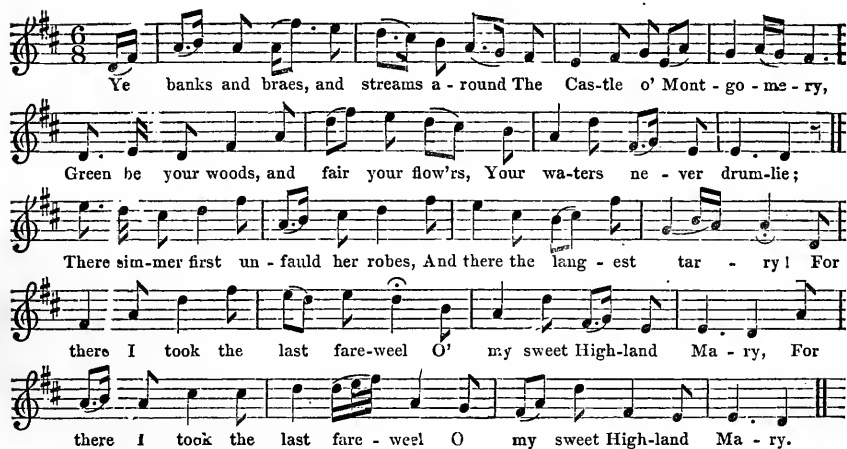


I'se gang wi' Jamie frae Dundee,  
To cheer the lanesome way;  
His cheeks are ruddy o'er wi' health,  
He's frolic as the May.  
Had awa, &c.

The la erock mounts to hail the morn,  
The lint-white swells her throat;  
But neither are sa sweet, sa clear,  
As Jamie's tuncfu' note.  
Had awa, &c.

## HIGHLAND MARY.

Poetry by Burns.



How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk!  
How rich the hawthorn's blossom!  
As, underneath their fragrant shade,  
I clasp'd her to my bosom!  
The golden hours, on angel wings,  
Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
For dear to me, as light and life,  
Was my sweet Highland Mary!

Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace,  
Our parting was fu' tender!  
And, pledging aft to meet again,  
We tore ourselves asunder;

But, O! fell death's untimely frost,  
That nipp'd my flower sae early!  
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,  
I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly!  
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance,  
That dwelt on me sae kindly;  
And mouldering now in silent dust,  
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!  
But still within my bosom's core  
Shall live my Highland Mary.

## THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

The Poetry by Robert Burns.

*Andantino.*



I'm wear-in' a - wa', Jean, Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean; I'm wear-in' a -  
wa' To the land o' the leal: There's nae sor-row there, Jean; There's nae could nor  
care, Jean; The day is aye fair In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,—  
Your task's ended now, Jean,  
And I'll welcome you  
To the land o' the leal.  
Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,—  
She was baith guid and fair, Jean;—  
And we grudg'd her right sair  
To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,—  
My soul langs to be free, Jean,  
And angels wait on me  
To the land o' the leal.  
Now, fare ye well, my ain Jean,—  
This world's care is vain, Jean;—  
We'll meet, and aye be fain,  
In the land o' the leal.

## THE LAST WORDS OF MARMION.

The Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.

*Andante.*



The war that for a space did fail, Now tre-bly thund'ring, tre-bly thund'ring,  
swell'd the gale, And Stanley was the cry, And Stan-ley was the cry. A light on Mar-mion's  
vis-age spread, And fir'd his glar-ing eye; With dy-ing hand a - bove his  
head, He shook the frag-ment of his blade, And shouted, shout-ed 'Vic-to-ry!' And  
shout-ed, shout-ed 'Vic - to - ry! Charge, Ches-ter, charge! On, Stanley, on!' Were the  
last words of Mar-mi-on; 'Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stan-ley, on!' Were the  
last words of Marmion, Were the last, the last words of Marmion.

# WE'RE A' NODDIN'.

As sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Allegro Moderato.*

And we're a' nod-din', nid, nid, noddin', And we're a' noddin' at our house at hame. Gude e'en to ye, Kim-mer, And are ye a-lane? O, come and see how blythe are we, For Jam-ie he's come hame; And O! but he's been lang a-wa', And O! my heart was sair, As I sob-bed out a lang fare-weel—May-he to meet nae mair. Noo we're

*Repeat f*

a' nod-din', nid, nid, nod-din', And we're a' nod-din', at our house at hame.

O! sair hae I fought—  
 Ear' and late did I toil,  
 My bairnies for to feed and clead :  
 My comfort was their smile.  
 When I thoct on Jamie far awa',  
 An' o' his love so fain,  
 A bodin' thrill cam' through my heart—  
 We'd maybe meet again.  
 Noo we're a' noddin', &c.

When he knockit at the doer,  
 I thoct I kenn'd the rap ;  
 And little Katie cried,  
 ' My daddie he's come back !'  
 A stoun gaed through my anxious heart  
 As thoctfully I sat :  
 I rais'd—I gaz'd—fell in his arms,  
 And bursted out and grat.  
 Noo we're a' noddin', &c.

## THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

Scottish Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Moderato.*

Up smang yon clifly rocks Sweetly rings the ris-ing e-cho, To the maid that tends the goats  
 Lilt-ing o'er her native notes. Hark, shesings, Young Sandy's kind, Here's a broach, I ne'er shall tine't

Till he's fair-ly mar-ried to me : Drive a-way, ye dronetime, And bring a-bout our bridal-day.

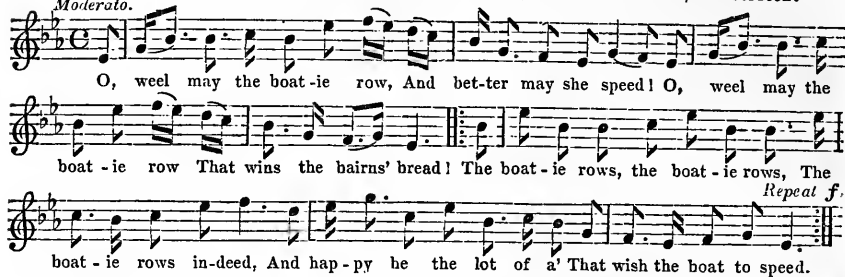
Sandy herds a flock o' sheep ;  
 Oftan does he blaw the whistle,  
 In a strain sae saftly sweet,  
 Lammies list'ning darena bleat.  
 He's as fleet's the mountain roe,  
 Hardy as the highland heather,  
 Wading through the winter snaw,  
 Keeping aye his flocks thegither ;  
 But a plaid wi' bare houghs,  
 He braves the bleakest norland blast—

Brawly can he dance and sing  
 Cantie glee or highland cronach ;  
 Nane can ever match his fling  
 At a reel or round a ring ;—  
 Wightly can he wield a rung ;—  
 In a brawl he's aye the bangster :  
 A' his praise can ne'er be sang  
 By the langest-winded sangster.  
 Sangs that sing o' Sandy  
 Seem short, though they were e'er sae lang.

## O, WEEL MAY THE BOATIE ROW.

Scottish Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.—The Words by the late Mr. Ewen, of Aberdeen.

*Moderato.*



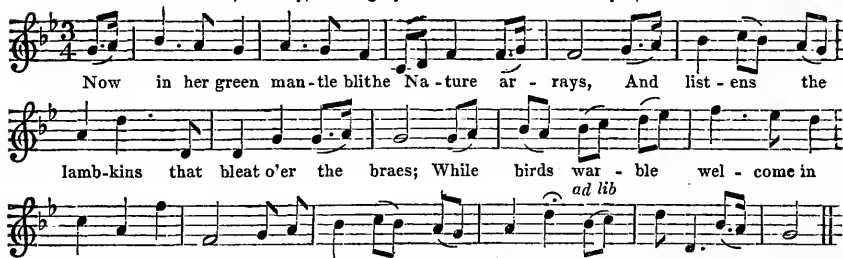
*Repeat f.*

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie,  
Are up, and gotten lear,  
They'll help to gar the boatie row,  
And lighten a' our care.  
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
The boatie rows fu' weel;  
And lightsome be her heart that bears  
The murlain and the creel.

And when wi' age we're worn down  
And hirpling round the door,  
They'll row to keep us hale and warm,  
As we did them before.  
Then weel may the boatie row,  
That wins the bairns' bread;  
And happy be the lot of a'  
That wish the boat to speed.

## MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

Scottish, Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.—The Poetry by Burns.



The snowdrop and primrose our woodlands adorn,  
And violets bathe in the weat o' the morn;  
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw;  
They mind me o' Nannie,—and Nannie's awa'.

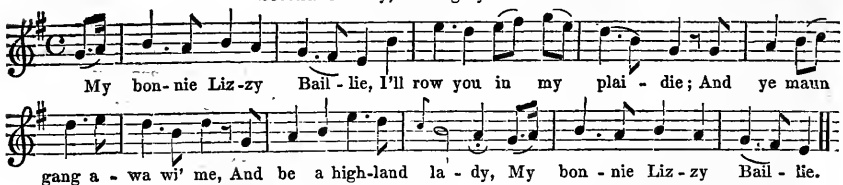
Thoulaverock, that springs frae the dew of the lawn,  
The shepherd to warn of the gray-breaking dawn;

And thou, mellow mavis, that hails the night fa';  
Give over for pity,—my Nannie's awa'.

Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and gray,  
And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay;  
The dark dreary winter and wild driving snaw  
Alane can delight me,—my Nannie's awa'.

## BONNIE LIZZIE BAILLIE.

Scottish Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.



I am sure they wadna' ca' me wise, Ye'll hae nae need to card or spin,  
Gin I would gang wi' you, Sir; Your mither weel can want ye.  
For I can neither card nor spin, Now she's cast aff her bonnie shoon  
Nor yet milk ewe or cow, Sir. Made o' the gilded leather,  
My bonnie Lizzy Baillie, And she's put on her highland  
Let nane o' these things daunt ye: brogues,

To skip among the heather.  
Now wae be to the silly chields  
That dwell near Castlecarry,  
To let awa' sic a bonny lass,  
A Highlandman to marry.

## UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Scotch Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.—The Words by John Hamilton.

*Vinacc.*

*p*

Cauld blaws the wind frae north to south, The drift is driv-ing sair - ly, The  
 sheep are cowl - in' in the heuch—O, sirs, 'tis win - ter fair - ly:  
 Now up in the morn-in's no for me, Up in the morn-in' ear - ly;— I'd  
 ra - ther gae sup - per-less to my bed, than rise in the morn - in ear - ly.

The sun peeps ower yon southland hills,  
 Like ony timorous carlie;  
 Just blinks a wee, then sinks again,  
 And that we find severely.

Now up in the mornin's no for me  
 Up in the morning early;—  
 To sit all the nicht I'd rather agree,  
 Than rise in the mornin early.

A cosie house and cantie wife  
 Aye keep a body cheerly;  
 And pantries stow'd wi' meat and drink,  
 They answer unco rarely.  
 But up in the mornin—na, na, na,  
 Up in the mornin early;—  
 The gowans maun gleat on bank and brae,  
 When I rise in the mornin early

## BUSK YE, BUSK YE, MY BONNIE BRIDE.

Scotch Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Moderato.*

Busk ye, busk ye, my bon - ny bride; Busk ye, busk ye, my win - some mar - row;  
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bon - - nie bride, And let us to the braes of Yar - row.  
 There we will sport and gath - er dew, Dan-cing while lav'-rocks sing to the morn-ing;  
 There learn frae tur - tles to prove true, O! Bell, ne'er vex me with thy scorning!

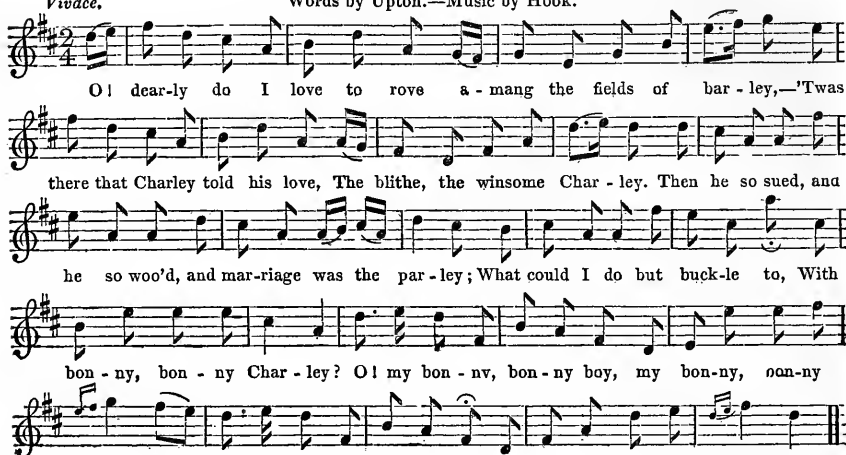
To westlin breezes Flora yields,  
 And when the beams are kindly warming,  
 Blytheness appears o'er all the fields,  
 And nature looks mair fair and charming.  
 Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,  
 Though on their banks the roses blossom,  
 Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,  
 And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonnie Bell,—  
 Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee;  
 With free consent my fears repel,  
 I'll with my love and care reward thee.  
 Thus sang I saftly to my fair,  
 Wha rais'd my hopes wi' kind relenting:  
 O, queen of smiles! I ask nae mair,  
 Since now my bonnie Bell's consentin' g.

## BONNY CHARLEY.

*Vivace.*

Words by Upton.—Music by Hook.



Char-ley,— O! my bon-ny, bon-ny boy, my bon-ny, bon-ny Char-ley.

I ken the lasses rue the day  
I sought the fields of barley,  
And strive to win from me away  
The heart of winsome Charley;  
But ah! how vain! they cannot gain  
His love by all their parley;  
And now they see he woos but me,  
My bonny, bonny Charley.

O! my bonny, &c.

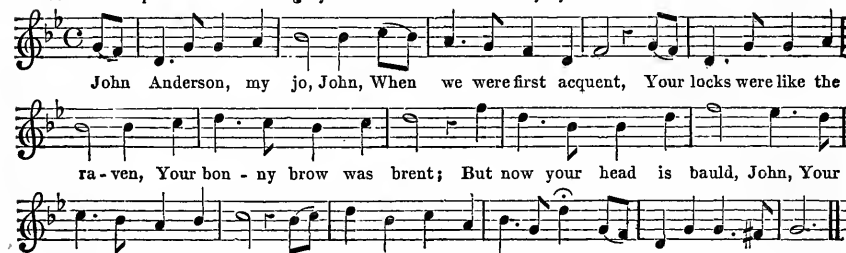
O! ilka blessing on the laird  
That owns the fields of barley;  
And ken I him alone regard,  
For he is winsome Charley.  
The gentle youth, with purest truth,  
So woos me late and early,  
I can't withstand to give my hand  
To bonny, bonny Charley.

O! my bonny, &c.

## JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

*Andante Espress.*

As sung by Mr. Wilson.—The Poetry by Burns.



John Anderson my jo, John,  
I wonder what ye mean—  
To rise sae early i' the morn,  
And sit sae late at e'en;  
Ye'll bleer out a' your een, John,  
And why should ye do so?  
Gang sooner to your bed at e'en,  
John Anderson my jo!

John Anderson my jo, John,  
When Nature first began  
To try her canny hand, John,  
Her master work was man:

And you amang them a', John,  
So trig frae tap to toe,  
She prov'd to be nae journey-work,  
John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
Ye were my first conceit,  
And ye need na think it strange, John,  
Though I ca' ye trim and neat;  
Though some folk say ye're auld, John,  
I ne'er can think ye so—  
Ye're aye the same kin' mon to me,  
John Anderson, my jo!



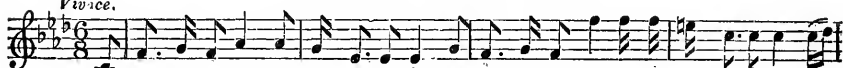
John Anderson, my jo, John,  
We've seen our bairns' bairns,  
An' yet, my dear John Anderson,  
I'm happy in your arms.  
And sae are ye in mine, John—  
I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,  
Though the days are gane that we hae seen,  
John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
We clamb the hill thegither,  
And mony a canty day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither;  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
But hand in hand we'll go,  
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson, my jo!

### THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

Scottish Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Vivace.*



The laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great, His mindista'en up wi' the things o' the state: He



wanted a wife his brow house to keep, But fay-our wi' woo'in' was fash-i-ous to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,  
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;  
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,  
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouter'd, as guld as when new,  
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;  
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd his hat—  
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare, and rade cannille—  
And rapp'd at the yate o' Claverse-ha' Lee;  
'Gae tel! Mistress Jean to come speedily ben:  
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen.'

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine;  
'And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?'  
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,  
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa down.

And when she cam ben, he boued fo' low;  
And what was his errand he soon let her know.  
Amaz'd was the Laird, when the lady said, Na,  
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa.

Dumfounder'd he was, but nae sigh did he gie;  
He mounted his mare, and rade cannille;  
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the gien,  
'She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.'

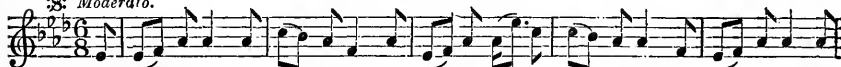
And now that the Laird his exit had made,  
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said:  
'Oh! for ane I'll get better, for waur I'll get ten—  
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.'

The neist time the Laird and the lady were seen.  
They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green;  
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,  
But nae chickens as yet hae appear'd at Cockpen.

### HE'S OWER THE HILLS THAT I LO'E WEEL.

Scottish Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Moderato.*



He's ower the hills that I lo'e weel, He's ower the hills we daur na name, He's ower the hills a-



yont Dumblane, Wha soon will get his wel-come hame. My father's gan to fight for him, My brithers



win-na bide at hame, My mither greets and prays for them, And 'deed she thinks they're rent, & blam-

His right these hills, his right these plains—  
O'er Highland hearts secure he reigns;  
What lads e'er did, our laddies will do,—  
Were I a laddie, I'd follow him too.

He's ower the hills, &c.

Sae noble a look—sae princely an air—  
Sae gallant and bold—sae young and sae fair;  
O, did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done—  
Hear him but ance, to his standard ye'll run.

He's ower the hills, &c.

## THE ABSENT LOVER.—WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?

As sung by Mr. Wilson.—The Poetry by Miss Blamire.

*Moderato.*

What ails this heart o' mine? What means this wat'-ry e'e? What mak's me aye turn  
 could as death, When I tak' leave o' thee? When thou art far a-wa', Thou'lt  
 dear-er grow to me; But change o' folk, and change o' place, May gar thy fan-cy jee.

Then I'll sit down and moan,  
 Just by yon spreadin' tree,  
 And 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 blushin' bud,  
 I strove my love to hide.

I'll doat on ilka spot  
 Where I hae been wi' thee;  
 I'll ca' to mind some fond love-tale  
 By every burn and tree.  
 'Tis hope that cheers the mind,  
 Though lovers absent be;  
 And when I think I see thee still,  
 I'll think I'm still wi' thee.

~~~~~  
WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

*Con Energico.*

The news frae Moi-dart cam' yes-treen, Will soon gar mo-ny fer-lye; For  
 ships o' war hae just come in, And land-ed roy-al Char-lie. Come  
 'throug the heather, a-round him ga-ther, Ye're a' the wel-com-er ear-ly; A-  
 round him cling, wi' a' your kin,—For wha'll be king but Char-lie? Comethroug the  
*ad lib.*  
 hea-ther, a-round him ga-ther; Come, Ro-nald, come, Do-nald—come a' the  
 gi-ther! An' crown your right-fu' law-fu' king,—For wha'll be king but Char-lic'  
 The Highland clans, wi' sword in hand,  
 Frae John-o'-Groat's to Airly,  
 Hae to a man declar'd to stand  
 Or fa' wi' royal Charlie.  
 Come thro' the heather, &c.

The Lowland a', baith great and sma',  
 Wi' mony a lord and laird, hae  
 Declar'd for Scotia's King an' law,  
 And spier ye wha but Charlie.  
 Come through the heather, &c.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land,  
 But vows baith late and early,  
 To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand  
 Wha wadna' fecht for Charlie.  
 Come thro' the heather, &c.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,  
 And be't complete and early;—  
 His very name my heart's blood warms;—  
 To arms for royal Charlie!  
 Come thro' the heather, &c.

## MARY MORISON.

As sung by Mr. Wilson.—Poetry by Burns.

*Moderato.*

O, Ma - ry, at thy win - dow be, — It is the wish'd, the tryst - ed hour; Those  
smiles and glan - ces let me see, That mak' the mi - ser's trea - sure poor. How  
blithe - ly wad I bide the stoure, A wea - ry slave frae sun to sun, Could  
I the rich re - ward se - cure, The love - ly Ma - ry Mo - ri - son.

Yestreen, when to the tighten'd string  
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',  
To thee my fancy took its wing, —  
I sat, but neither heard nor saw; —  
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,  
And yon the toast of a' the town,  
I sigh'd and said, among 'them a',  
'Ye are na' Mary Morison.'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,  
Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?  
Or canst thou break that heart of his,  
Wha's only fau't is lo'eing thee?  
If love for love thou wilt nae gie,  
At least be pity to me shown; —  
A thought ungente canna be  
The thought o' Mary Morison.

## O, WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

As sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Andante.*

A wee bird cam' to our ha' door; He war-bled sweet and clear - lie; And  
aye the o'er - come o his sang Was wae's me for Prince Char - lie! O!  
when I heard the bon-nie bon-nie bird, The tears cam' drap - pin' rare - ly; I  
took my bon - net aff my head, For weel I lo'ed Prince Char - lie.

Quo' I, 'My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,  
Is that a tale ye borrow?  
Or is't some words ye've learn'd by rote?  
Or a lilt o' dule and sorrow?'  
'O! no, no, no,' the wee bird sang,  
I've flown sin' mornin' early;  
But sic a day of wind and rain! —  
O, wae's me for Prince Charlie!

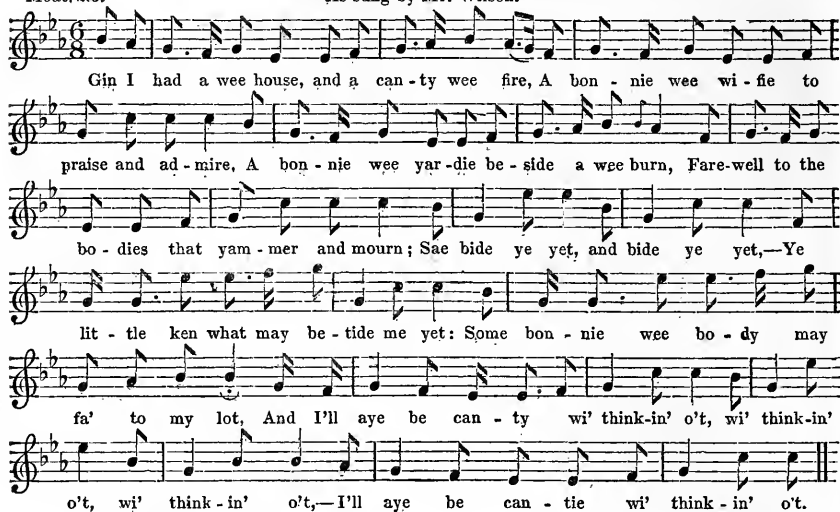
'On hills that are by right his ain,  
He roams a lonely stranger:  
On ilka hand he's press'd by want,  
On ilka side by danger.  
Yestreen I met him in a glen,  
My heart near burst'd fairly,  
For sadly chang'd indeed was he —  
O, wae's me for Prince Charlie!

Dark night came on, the tempest howl'd  
Out ower the hills and valleys;  
And whar was't that your prince lay down,  
Whase hame should be a palace?  
He row'd him in a highland plaid,  
Which cover'd him but sparely,  
And slept beneath a bush o' broom, —  
O, wae's me for Prince Charlie!

But now the bird saw some red-coats,  
And he shook his wings wi' anger:  
'O! this is no a land for me, —  
I'll tarry here nae langer.'  
Awhile he hover'd on the wing,  
Ere he departed fairly;  
But weel I mind the fareweel strain, —  
'Twas — 'Wae's me for Prince Charlie!'

## BIDE YE YET.

As sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Moderato.*

When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en,  
I'll find my wee wife fu' neat and fu' clean,  
And a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,  
That 'll cry 'papa! or daddy!' to me.

Sae bide ye yet, &amp;c.

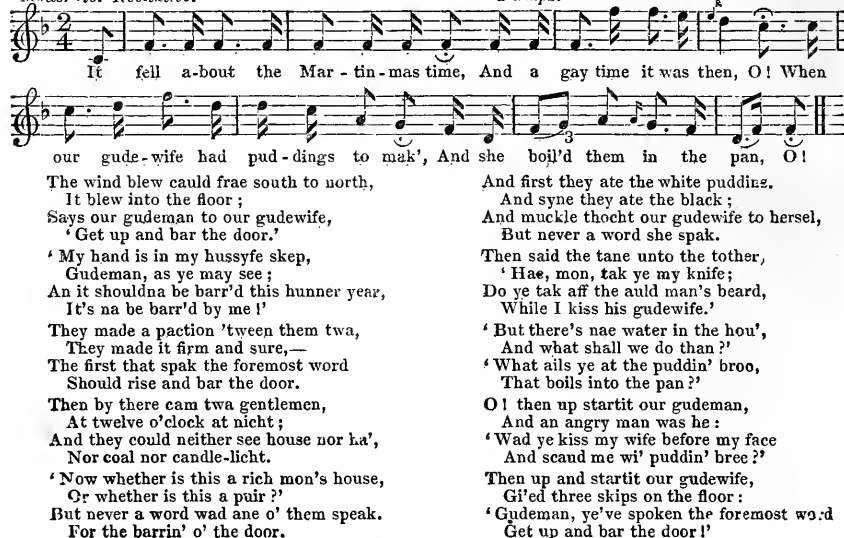
I care na a button for sacks fu' o' cash,—  
Let wizen'd auld bachelors think o' sie trash:

Gie me my dear lassie to sit on my knee;  
A kiss o' her mou' is worth thousands to me.  
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

And, if there ever should happen to be  
A diff'rence among my wee wife and me,  
In hearty good-humour, although she be teas'd,  
I'll kiss her, and clap her, until she be pleas'd.  
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

## GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

As sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Moderato. Recitative.**a tempo.*

## THE PIPER O' DUNDEE.

A Jacobite Song.

*Cheerfully.*

The piper came to our town, to our town, to our town—The pi-per came to our town, And



he play'd bon-ni-lie. He play'd a spring the laird to please, A spring brent new frae



'yont the seas; And then he ga'e his bags a wheeze, And play'd an-i-ther key.

And was na he a roguie,

The piper o' Dundee?

He play'd 'The welcome ower the Main,'

And 'Ye'se be fou and I'se be fain,'

And 'Auld Stuart's back again,'

Wi' muckle mirth and glee:

And was na he a roguie,

The piper o' Dundee?

He play'd 'The Kirk,' he play'd 'The Queer,'

'The Mullin Dhu,' and 'Chevalier,'

And 'Lang away, but welome here,'

Sae sweet, sae bonnilie.

And was na he a roguie,

The piper o' Dundee?

It's some gat swords and some gat nane,

And some were dancing mad their lane,

And mony a vow o' weir was ta'en,

That night at Amulrie.

And was na he a roguie,

The piper o' Dundee?

There were Tullibardine, and Burleigh,

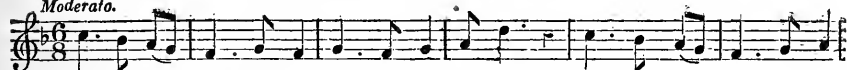
And Struan, Keith, and Ogilvie,

And brave Carnegie—wha but he,

The piper o' Dundee?

## WANDERING WILLIE.

As sung by Mr. Wilson.—The Poetry by Burns.

*Moderato.*

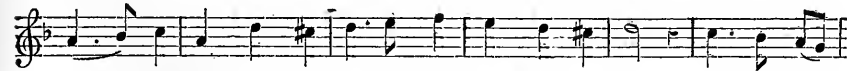
Here a - wa, there a - wa, wan - der - ing Wil - lie! Here a - wa, there a - wa,



haud a - wa hame! Come to my bo - som, my ain on - ly dea - rie; Tell me thou



bring'st me my Wil - lie a - gain. Win - fer winds blew loud and cauld at our



part - ing; Fears for my Wil - lie brought tears in my e'e: Wel - come now



sum - mer, and welcome, my Wil - lie: The summer to na - ture, and Wil - lie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers!

How your dread howling a lover alarms!

Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!

And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms!

But, O! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie!

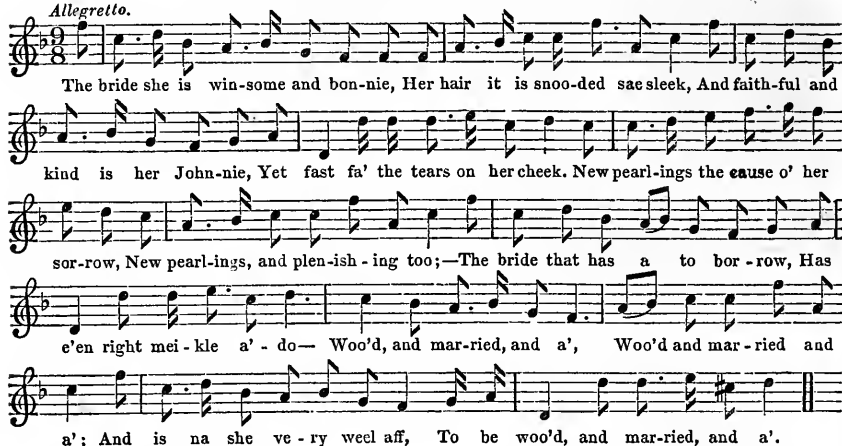
Flow still between us, thou dark heaving main!

May I never see it, may I never trow it,

But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

## WOO'D, AND MARRIED, AND A'.

The Poetry by Joanna Baillie.—The Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Allegretto.*

Her mother then hastily spak :  
'The lassie is glaikit wi' pride :  
In my pouches I had na a plack,  
The day that I was a bride.  
E'en tak to your wheel, and be clever,  
And draw out your thread in the sun  
The gear that is gifted, it never  
Will last like the gear that is won.  
Woo'd and married and a',  
Tocher and havings sae sma';—  
I think ye are very weel aff,  
To be woo'd, and married, and a'.

'Toot, toot !' quo' the gray-headed father,  
'She's less of a bride than a bairn ;  
She's ta'en like a cowl frae the heather,  
Wi' sense and discretion to learn.  
Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,  
As humour inconstantly leans ;  
A chield maun be patient and steady  
That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.  
Kerchief to cover so neat,  
Locks the wind us'd to blow ;  
I'm baith like to laugh and to greet,  
When I think o' her married at a',

Then out spak the wily bridegroom ;  
(Weel waled were his wordies, I ween),  
'I am rich, though my coffers be toom,  
Wi' the blink o' your bonny blue een.  
I'm prouder o' thee by my side,  
Tho' thy ruffles and ribbons be few,  
Than if Kate o' the craft were my bride,  
Wi' purples and pearlys enew.  
Dear, and dearest o' ony,  
Ye're woo'd and booket and a' ;  
And do ye think scorn o' your Johnnie,  
And grieve to be married at a' ?

She turn'd, and she blush'd, and she smil'd,  
And she looket sae bashfully down ;  
The pride o' her heart was beguil'd,  
And she play'd wi' the sleeve o' her gown ;  
She twirl'd the tag o' her lace,  
And she nipper her boddice sae blue ;  
Syne blinket sae sweet in his face,  
And aff like a maukin she flew.  
Woo'd and married and a',  
Married and carried awa' ;  
She thinks hersel' very weel aff,  
To be woo'd, and married, and a'.

## WOO'D, AND MARRIED, AND A'.

The Poetry by Mrs. Scott.—To the Music of above Tune.

THE grass had nae freedom o' growin'  
As lang as she wasna awa ;  
Nor in the town could there be stowin'  
For wooers that wanted to ca'.  
Sic boxin', sic brawlin', sic dancin',  
Sic bowin' and shakin' a paw ;  
The town was for ever in brulries :  
But now the lassie's awa.  
Wooded, and married, and a',  
Married, and wooed, and a' ;  
The dandalie toast of the parish,  
She's wooed, and she's carried awa.

But had he a' kenn'd her as I did,  
His wooing it wad hae been sma' ;  
She kens neither bakin', nor brewin',  
Nor cardin', nor spinnin' awa ;  
But a' her skill lies in her buskin' :  
And, O ! if her brows were awa,  
She sune wad wear out o' fashion,  
And knit up her huggers wi' straw.  
Wooded, and married, &c.  
But yesterday I gaed to see her,  
And, O ! she was bonnie and braw ;  
She cried on her gudeman to gie her  
An ell o' red ribbon or twa.

He took, and he sat down beside her,  
A weel and a reel for to ca';  
She cried, Was he that way to guide her?  
And out at the door and awa.  
Woood, and married, &c.

The first road she gaed was her mither,  
Wha said, 'Lassie, how gae a'?'  
Quo she, 'Was it for nae ither  
That I was married awa,  
But to be set down to a wheellie,  
And at it for ever to ca'?'  
And syne to hae't reel'd by a chieldie  
That's everly crying to draw.'  
Woood, and married, &c.

Her mither said till her, 'Hech, lassie!  
He's wisest, I fear, o' the twa;  
There'll be little to put in the tassie,  
Gif ye be sae backward to draw;  
For now ye should work like a tiger,  
And at it baith wallop and ca',

Sae lang's ye hae youdith and vigour,  
And weanies and debt keep awa.  
Woood, and married, &c.

'Sae swift away hame to your haddin';  
The mair fule ye e'er cam' awa:  
Ye maunna be ilka day gaddin',  
Nor gang sae white-finger'd and brow;  
For now wi' a neebor ye're yokit,  
And wi' him should cannillie draw;  
Or else ye deserve to be knockit—  
So that's an answer for a'.  
Woood, and married, &c.

Young luckie thus fand hersel mither'd,  
And wish'd she had ne'er come awa;  
At length wi' hersel she consider'd,  
That hameward 'twas better to draw,  
And e'en tak a chance o' the landin',  
However that matters might fa';  
Folk maunna on freits aye be standin',  
That's woood, and married, and a'.  
Woood, and married, &c.

### FLORA M'DONALD'S LAMENT.

The Words by Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.—The Music by Neil Gow, Jun.

*Andantino.*

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

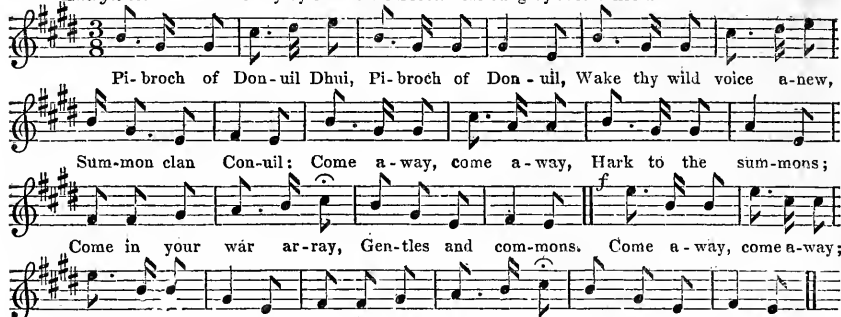
The moor-cock that craws on the brow of Ben  
Connel,  
He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;  
The eagle that soars on the cliffs of Clanronald,  
Unawed and unhunted, his eyrie can claim;  
The solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore,  
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea;  
But, O! there is aye whose hard fate I deplore,—  
Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he.  
The conflict is past, and our name is no more;  
There's naught left but sorrow for Scotland and  
me.

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

## PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHUIBH.

*Energetico.*

The Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.—As sung by Mr. Wilson.



Hark to the sum-mons; Come in your war a-ray, Gen-tles and com-mons.

Come from deep glen, and  
From mountain so rocky;  
The war-pipe and pennon  
Are at Inverlochy.  
Come, every hill-plaid, and  
True heart that wears one;  
Come, every steel blade, and  
Strong hand that bears one:

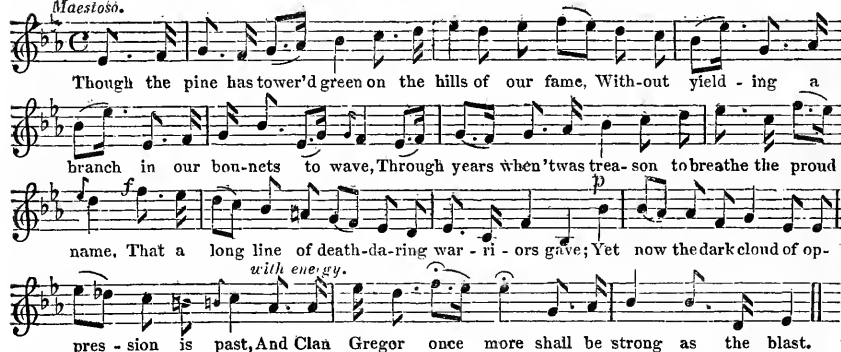
Leave untended the herd,  
The flock without shelter;  
Leave the corps uninterr'd,  
The bride at the altar.  
Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
Leave nets and barges;  
Come with your fighting gear,  
Broadsword and targess.

Come, as the winds come, when  
Forests are rended;  
Come, as the waves come, when  
Navies are stranded.  
Faster come, faster come,  
Faster, and faster;  
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,  
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come,  
See how they gather:  
Wide waves the eagle plume,  
Blended with heather.  
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
Forward each man set;  
Pibroch of Donuil Dhuih,  
Now for the onset!

## CLAN GREGOR.

Composed by Philip Knapton.

*Maestoso.*

Though the pine has tower'd green on the hills of our fame, With-out yield-ing a  
branch in our bon-nets to wave, Through years when'twas trea-son to breathe the proud  
name, That a long line of death-da-ring war-ri-ors gave; Yet now the dark cloud of op-  
pres-sion is past, And Clan Gregor once more shall be strong as the blast.

Again shall we start the tall stag from the lair,  
And strike the coy ptarmigan down from the  
Again shall we mingle at revel and fair, [height;  
As our fathers were wont in the days of their  
might;  
And again shall the blue eyes of beauty confess,  
That the dark sons of Gregor their fondness can bless.  
And what though no longer the clans, as of yore,  
Find a home in the dells, by their chief's frown-  
ing towers,

We'll gather, as now, from each far-distant shore,  
Round the scar-cover'd hero we welcome as ours;  
Not yielding the homage of fawning or fear,  
For the hearts of Clan Gregor beat high for him here.  
Then fill every wine-cup as full as each heart!  
To our chief and his lady-love pledge we the first;  
For the heir of Macgregor, our next votive part,  
Let the loud shouts of rapture and revelry burst;  
And a curse on the catiff who first brings a stain  
On the name of Clan Gregor, thus honoured again



## AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

Old Scotch Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.—The Words by Ramsay.

*Moderato.*

An thou were my ain thing, O, I would lo'e thee, I would lo'e thee;

*Fine.*

An thou were my ain thing, How dear - ly would I lo'e thee. Then

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

*D. C. al Fine.*

bove all mor - tals thou hast charms—How dear - ly do I lo'e thee!

Of race divine thou needs must be,  
 Since nothing earthly equals thee;  
 So I must still presumptuous be,  
 To show how much I lo'e thee.

An thou were, &c.

The gods one thing peculiar have,  
 To ruin none whom they can save;  
 O! for their sake, support a slave,  
 Who only lives to lo'e thee.

An thou were, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,  
 But that I love, and for your sake;—  
 What man can more, I'll undertake,  
 So dearly do I lo'e thee.

An thou were, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,  
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,  
 Till fates my thread of life have spun,  
 Which, breathing out, I'll lo'e thee.

An thou were, &c.

## O, TIBBIE! I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

The Poetry by Burns.—The Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Moderato.*

O! Tib-bie, I hae seen the day Ye wad na been sae shy; For lack o' gear ye

*Fine.*

light-ly me; But, troth! I care - na by. Yes-treen I met you on the muir, Ye spak na, but gae d

*D. C. al Fine.*

by like stoure; Ye geck at me be-cause I'm poor; But fient a hair care I!

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,  
 Because ye hae the name o' clink,  
 That ye can please me wi' a wink,  
 Whene'er ye like to try.

O, Tibbie! I hae seen, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,  
 Although his pouch o' coin were clean,  
 Wha follows ony saucy quean  
 That looks sae proud and high.

O, Tibbie! I hae seen, &c.

Although a lad were e'er sae smart,  
 If he but want the yellow dirt,

Ye'll cast your head anither airt,  
 And answer him fu' dry.

O, Tibbie! I hae seen, &c.

But, if ye hae the name o' gear,  
 Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,  
 Though hardly he, for sense or lear,  
 Be better than the kye.

O, Tibbie! I hae seen, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,  
 Your daddie's gear makes you sae nice,  
 The deil a ane wad speir your price,  
 Were ye as poor as I.

O, Tibbie! I hae seen, &c.

## OCHOIN, OCHRIO.

As sung by Mr. Wilson.—Old Scotch Melody.

*Moderato.*

O! wae up - on that fear - fu' deed, O on - o - chri, O! O  
 on - o - chri, O! That caus'd my own true love to bleed; O on -  
 o - chri, on - o - chri, on - o - chri, O! Our hands had scarce been join'd, when  
 O! O on - o - chri, O! O on - o - chri, O! The ruth - less  
 band my love laid low. O on - o - chri, on - o - chri, on - o - chri, O!

I wander sad, and tears of woe,  
 Ochoin o-chri O! &c.  
 Bedew my cheeks where'er I go;  
 Ochoin o-chri O! &c.  
 May death my grieving heart soon free,  
 Ochoin o-chri O! &c.  
 It's sweeter now than life to me,  
 Ochoin o-chri O! &c.

The murderous deed their lives shall stain,  
 Ochoin o-chri O! &c.  
 They broke my bower, my love they've slain;  
 Ochoin o-chri O! &c.  
 But ae lock o' his golden hair,  
 Ochoin o-chri O! &c.  
 Was a' they yielded to my prayer,  
 Ochoin o-chri O! &c.

## WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH.

Composed by Hook.

*Andantino.*

'Twas with - in a mile of Ed - in - burgh town, In the ro - sy time of the  
 year, Sweet laylocks bloom'd and the grass was down, And each shep - herd woo'd his  
 dear: Bon - ny Jock - ey, blithe and gay, Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay; The las - sie blush'd and  
 frowning cried, 'No, no it will not do. . . . I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, munnot buckle to.'

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,  
 Though long he had follow'd the lass;  
 Contented, she earn'd and eat her brown bread,  
 And merrily turn'd up the grass.  
 Bonny Jockey, blithe and free,  
 Won her heart right merrily;  
 Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried, 'No, no,  
 it will not do;  
 I cannot, cannot—wonnot, wonnot—munnot buckle

But when he vow'd he would make her his bride,  
 Though his flocks and his herds were not few,  
 She gave him her hand, and a kiss beside,  
 And vow'd she'd for ever be true.  
 Bonny Jockey, blithe and free,  
 Won her heart right merrily;  
 At church, she no more frowning cried, 'No, no,  
 it will not do;  
 I cannot, cannot—wonnot, wonnot—munnot buckle

## MY BOY TAMMY, ALSO KNOWN AS THE LAMMIE.

The Poetry by Hector Macneill.—The Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Moderato.*

Whar hae ye been a' day, {My boy Tam-my? Whar hae ye been a' day,  
My boy Tam-my? I've been by burn and flow-ry brae, Mea-dow green and  
moun-tain gray, Court-ing o' this young thing, Just come frae her mam-my.

And whar gat ye that young thing,

My boy Tammy?

I got her down in yonder howe,

Smiling on a bonny knowe,

Herdin' ae wi' lamb and ewe,

For her poor mammy.

What said ye to the bonnie bairn,

My boy Tammy?

I prais'd her een, sae lovely blue,

Her dimpl'd cheek and cherry mou;—

I pree'd it aft, as ye may trow!—

She said 'she'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart,

My young, my smiling lammie!

I hae a house, it cost me dear,

I've wealth o' plenishen and gear:

Ye'se get it a', wer't ten times mair,

Gin ye will leave your mammy.

The smile gaed aff her bonnie face—

I maunna leave my mammy:

She's gien me meat, she's gien me claise,

She's been my comfort a' my days:—

My father's death brought monie wae—

I canna leave my mammy.

We'll tak her hame and mak her fain,

My ain kind-hearted lammie;

We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise,

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 the kirk wi' thee,

My boy Tammy?

She has been to the kirk wi' me,

And the tear was in her ee:

For, O! she's but a young thing,

Just come frae her mammy.

## HEY, JENNY, COME DOWN TO JOCK.

*Vivace.*

Joc-ky he came here to woo, On ae 'eas't-day, when we were fou; And  
Jen-ny put on her best ar-ray, Whea she heard Joc-ky was come that way.

Jenny she gaed up the stair,

Sae privily, to change her smock,

And aye sae loud as her mother did rair,—

'Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock!'

Jenny she cam' down the stair,

And she cam' bobbin and beekin ben;

Her stays they were lac'd, and fu' jimp was her

And a braw new-made manko-gown. [waist,

Jocky took her by the hand:

Says, 'Jenny, lass, can ye fancy me?'

My father is dead, and has left me some land,

And braw houses twa or three;

'And I will gie them a' to thee.'

'Ahaith!' quo Jenny, 'I fear ye mock.'

Then foul fa' me gin I scorn thee:

If ye'll be my Jenny, I'll be your Jock.'

Jenny lookit, and syne she leuch,—

'Ye first maun get my mither's consent.'

'Aweel, guidwife, and what say ye?'

Quo' she,—'Jock, I am weel content.'

Jenny unto her mother did say,—

'O mother, fetch us ben some meat;

A piece o' the butter was kirk'd the day,

That Jocky and I thegither may eat.'

Jocky unto Jenny did say,—

'Jenny, my dear, I want nae meat;

It was nae for meat that I cam' here,

But a' for love o' you, Jenny, my dear.'

Jenny, she gaed up the gate,

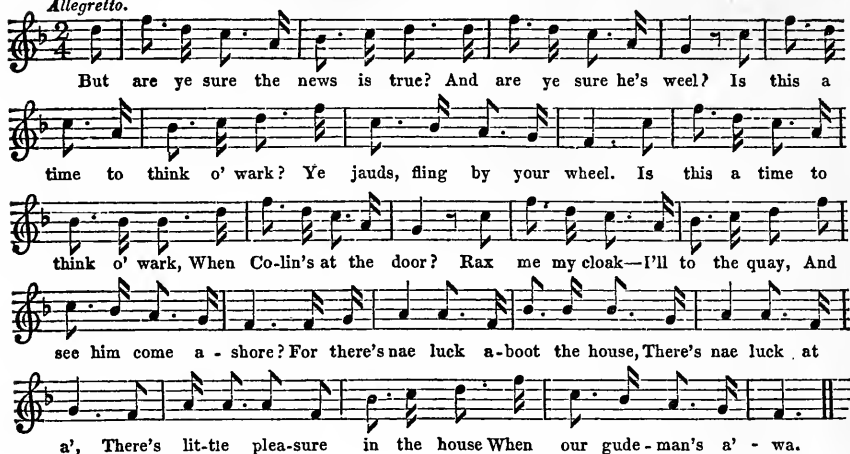
Wi' a green gown as long as her smock;

And aye sae loud as her mother did rair,—

'Wow, sirs! hasna Jenny got Jock?'

## THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

As sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Allegretto.*

Rise up and mak a clean fire-side;  
Put on the muckle pot;  
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,  
And Jock his Sunday coat:  
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,  
Their hose as white as snaw;—  
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,  
He likes to see them braw.

For there's nae luck, &amp;c.

There are twa hens into the crib,  
Hae fed this month and mair;  
Mak haste and thraw their necks aboot,  
That Colin weel may fare:  
And spread the table neat and clean,  
Gar ilka thing look braw;—  
It's a' for love o' our gudeman,  
For he's been lang awa.

For there's nae luck, &amp;c.

O gie me down my bigonet,  
My bishop satin gown,  
And then gae tell the bailie's wife  
That Colin's come to town.  
My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,  
My stockin' o' pearl blue;—  
And a' to pleasure our gudeman,  
For he's haith leal and true.

For there's nae luck, &amp;c.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,  
His breath's like cauler air;  
His very foot has music in't,  
As he comes up the stair!  
And will I see his face again?  
And will I hear him speak?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thoct,—  
In troth, I'm like to greet.

For there's nae luck, &amp;c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,  
That thrilled thro' my heart,  
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,—  
Till death we'll never part.  
But what puts parting in my head?  
It may be far awa;—  
The present moment is our ain,  
The neist we never saw.

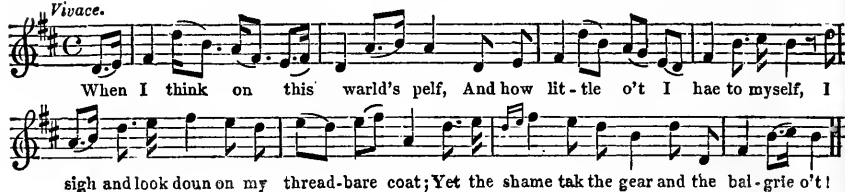
For there's nae luck, &amp;c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,  
I hae nae mair to crave;  
Could I but live to make him bless'd,  
I'm blest aboon the lave.  
And will I see his face again?  
And will I hear him speak?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thoct,—  
In troth, I'm like to greet.

For there's nae luck, &amp;c.

## THE BAIGRIE O'T.

Scottish Melody.

*Vivace.*

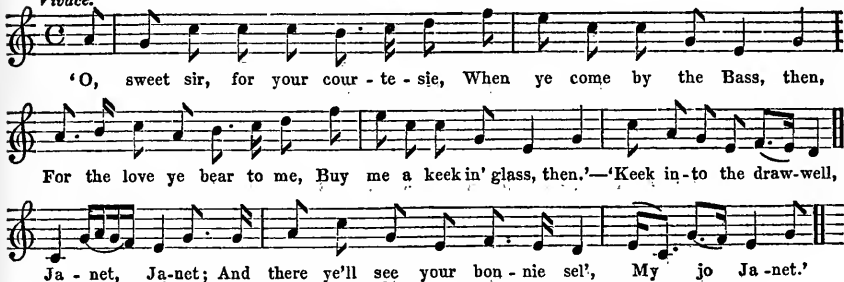
Johnnie was the lad that held the pleuch,  
But now he has gowd and gear eneuch;  
I mind weil the day when he was na worth a groat—  
And the shame fa' the gear and the baigrie o't!  
Jenny was the lassie that muckit the byre,  
But now she goes in her silken attire;

And she was a lass wha wore a plaiden coat—  
O, the shame fa' the gear and the baigrie o't!  
Yet a' this shall never danton me,  
Sae lang as I keep my fancy free;  
While I've but a penny to pay t'other pot,  
May the shame fa' the gear and the baigrie o't!

## MY JO JANET.

Ancient Scotch Song, as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Vivace.*



'O, sweet sir, for your cour-te-sie, When ye come by the Bass, then,  
For the love ye bear to me, Buy me a keek in' glass, then.'—'Keek in-to the draw-well,  
Ja-net, Ja-net; And there ye'll see your bon-nie sel', My jo Ja-net.'

'But, keekin' in the draw-well clear,  
What if I should fa' in, sir?  
Then a' my kin will say and swear  
I droan'd mysel' for sin, sir.  
'Haud ike better by the brae,  
Janet, Janet:  
Haud the better by the brae,  
My jo Janet.'

'O, gude sir, for your courtesie,  
Comin' through Aberdeen, then,  
For the love ye bear to me,  
Buy me a pair o' sheen, then.'  
'Clout the auld—the new are dear,  
Janet, Janet;  
Ae pair may gain ye hauf a year,  
My jo Janet.'

'But if, dancin' on the greea,  
And skippin' like a maukin,  
They should see my clouted sheen,  
Of me they will be taukin'.'

'Dance aye laigh and late at e'en,  
Janet, Janet;  
Syn'e their fauts will no be seen.  
My jo Janet.'

'O, kind sir, for your courtesie,  
When ye gae to the Cross, then,  
For the love ye bear to me,  
Buy me a pacin' horse, then.'  
'Pace upon your spinnin'-wheel,  
Janet, Janet;  
Pace upon your spinnin'-wheel,  
My jo Janet.'

'My spinnin'-wheel is auld and stiff,  
The rock o't winna stand, sir;  
To keep the temper-pin in tiff  
Employs richt aft my hand, sir.'  
'Mak' the best o't that ye can,  
Janet, Janet;  
But like it never wale a man,  
My jo Janet.'

## MY SPOUSE NANCIE.

Humorous Song, to the same Tune, by Burns.

'Husband, husband, cease your strife,  
Nor longer idly rave, sir;  
Though I am your wedded wife,  
Yet I'm not your slave, sir.'—  
'One of two must still obey,  
Nancie, Nancie;  
Is it man or woman, say,  
My spouse Nancie?'

'If 'tis still the lordly word,  
Service and obedience,  
I'll desert my sovereign lord,  
And so good-bye, allegiance!'  
'Sad will I be, so bereft,  
Nancie, Nancie:  
Yet I'll try to make a shift,  
My spouse, Nancie.'

'My poor heart then break it must,  
My last hour I'm near it;  
When you lay me in the dust,  
Think—think how you will bear it.'—  
'I will hope and trust in Heaven,  
Nancie, Nancie;  
Strength to bear it will be given,  
My spouse Nancie.'

'Well, sir, from the silent dead,  
Still I'll try to daunt ye;  
Ever round your midnight bed  
Horrid sprites shall haunt ye.'—  
'I'll wed another like my dear  
Nancie, Nancie;  
Then all hell will fly for fear,  
My spouse Nancie!'

## SAW YE MY WEE THING.

The Poetry by Hector Macneil.—The Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Andante Moderato.*

'Saw ye my wee thing? Saw ye my ain thing? Saw ye my true love down on yon  
lea? Cross'd she the mea-dow yes-treen at the gloam-in'? Sought she the  
bur-niewhar flow'rs the haw-tree? Her hair, it is lint-white; her skin it is  
milk-white: Dark is the blue o' her saft roll-in' ee'; Red, red, her  
ripe lips, and sweet-er than ro-ses;— Whar could my wee thing wan-der frae me?'

'I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,  
Nor saw I your true love down on yon lea;

But I met my bonnie thing yestreen in the gloam-in,  
Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the haw-tree.  
Her hair it was lint-white; her skin it was milk-white;

Dark was the blue o' her saft-rollin' ee';  
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;  
Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me!

'It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,  
It was na my true love ye saw on the lea:  
Proud is her leal heart! and modest her nature!  
She never lo'ed onie till ance she lo'ed me.

Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;  
Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee:  
Fair as your face is, war't fifty times fairer,  
Young bragger, she ne'er would gie kisses to thee!

'It was, then, your Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;

It was, then, your true love I met on the lea:  
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,  
Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me.  
Sair gloom'd his dark brow—blood-red his cheek grew—

Wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rollin' ee':—  
'Ye'se rue sair, this mornin', your boasts and your scornin':

Defend ye, fause traitor! for loudly ye lie.'

'Awa wi' beguiling!' cried the youth, smiling:  
Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;  
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing—  
Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rollin' ee!  
'Is it my wee thing! is it mine ain thing!  
Is it my true love here that I see!'

'O Jamie, forgie me; your heart's constant to me;  
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!'

## THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

Written by Tannahill to the same Music.

KEEN blows the wind ower the braes o' Gleniffer,  
The auld castle turrets are cover'd wi' snaw;  
How chang'd frae the time when I met wi' my lover,  
Among the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw!  
The wild flowers o' simmer were spreada' sae bonnie,  
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken-tree;  
But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear Johnnie,  
And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilka thing round us was blithesome and cheerie,  
Then ilka thing round us was bonnie and braw;  
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling drearie,  
And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw,  
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,—

They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee;  
And chirp out their complaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie,—

'Tis winter wi' them and 'tis winter wi' me.

You couldn't fleecy cloud skiffs along the bleak mountain,  
And shakes the dark firs on the steep rocky brae,

While down the deep glen brawls the snaw-flooded fountain,  
That murmured sae sweet to my laddie and me.  
It's na its loud roar, on the wintry winds swellin',  
It's na the cauld blast brings the tear to my ee;

For, O! gin I saw but my bonnie Scot's callan  
The dark days o' winter were simmer to me.

## THE LASS O' PATIE'S MILL.

Old Scotch Melody,—the Poetry by Ramsay.

*Moderato.*

The lass o' Pa-tie's mill, Sae bon-nie, blithe, and gay, In spite of a' my  
skill, She stole my heart a-way. When ted-din out the hay, bare-head-ed  
on the green, Love mid her locks did play, And wan-ton'd in her een.

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

O! had I a' the wealth  
Hopetoun's high mountains fill,  
Insur'd lang life and health,  
And pleasure at my will;  
I'd promise, and fulfil,  
That nane but bonnie she,  
The lass o' Patie's mill,  
Should share the same wi' me.

## ROBIN'S AWA'.

Old Scotch Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Moderato.*

Ae nicht i' the gloam-in', as late I pass'd by, A las-sie sang sweet, as she  
milk - it her kye, And this was her sang, while the tears doun did fa:—'O! there's  
nae bard o' na-ture sin' Rob-in's a-wa'. The bards o' our coun-try now sing as they  
may, The best o' their dit-ties but maks my heart wae; For at the blithe strain there was  
aue beat them a';—Oh! there's nae bard o' na-ture sin' Rob-in's a-wa'.

Auld Wat he is wily, and pleases us fine,  
Wi' his lang-nebbit tales an' his feillies langsyne;  
Young Jack is a dreamer, Will sings like a crow,  
An' Davie an' Delta are dowie an' slaw;  
Trig Tam frae the Highlands was aince a braw man;  
Poor Jamie, he blunders and sings as he can;  
There's the Clerk an' the Sodger, the News-man  
an' a;  
They but gar me greet sairer for him that's awa'.  
'Twas he that could charm wi' the wauff o' his  
tongue,  
Could rouse up the auld an' enliven the young,  
An' cheer the blithe hearts in the cot and the ha'.—

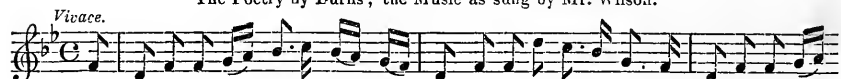
O! there's nae bard o' nature sin' Robin's awa',  
Nae sangster amang us has half o' his art;  
There was nae fonder lover an' nae kinder heart;—  
Then wae to the wight wha wad wince at a flaw,  
To tarnish the honours of him that's awa'.

If he had some fauts, I could never them see,—  
They're nae to be sung by sick gilpines as me;  
He likit us weel, an' we likit him a',—  
O, there's nae sickan callan sin' Robin's awa'.  
Whene'er I sing late at the milkin' my kye,  
I look up to heaven an' say with a sigh,  
Although he's now gane, he was king o' them a',—  
Ah! there's nae bard o' nature sin' Robin's awa'.

## BONNIE JEAN.


The Poetry by Burns; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Vivace.*



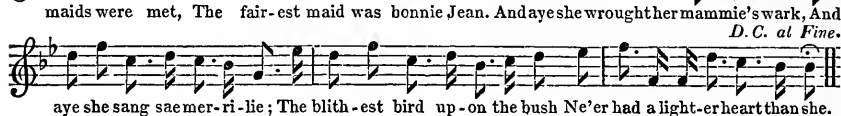
There was a lass, and she was fair, At kirk and market to beseen; When a' the fair-est

*Fine*



maids were met, The fair-est maid was bonnie Jean. And aye she wrougth her mammie's wark, And

*D. C. al Fine.*



aye she sang saemer-ri-lie; The blith-est bird up-on the bush Ne'er had a light-er heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys  
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;  
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,  
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the bravest lad,  
The flower and pride of a' the glen;  
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,  
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

There was a lass, &c.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,  
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;  
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,  
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream  
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,  
So trembling, pure, was tender love,  
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

There was a lass, &c.

And now she warks her mammie's wark,  
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;  
Yet wistna what her ail might be,  
Or what wad mak' her weel again.

But didna Jeanie's heart loup light,  
And didna joy blink in her ee,  
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,  
Ae e'en'ing, on the lily lea?

There was a lass, &c.

The sun was sinkin' in the west,  
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;  
His cheek to hers he fondly press'd,  
And whisper'd thus his tale of love:

'O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;  
O canst thou think to fancy me?  
Nor wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,  
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

There was a lass, &c.

At barn nor byre thou shalt na drudge,  
Nor naething else to trouble thee;  
But stray amang the heather-bells,  
And tent the waving corn wi' me.'

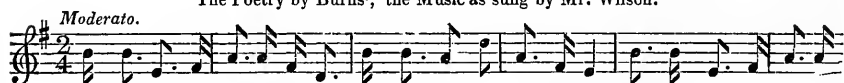
Now what could artless Jeanie do?  
She had nae will to say him na:  
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,  
And love was aye between them twa.

There was a lass, &c.

## HAPPY FRIENDSHIP.

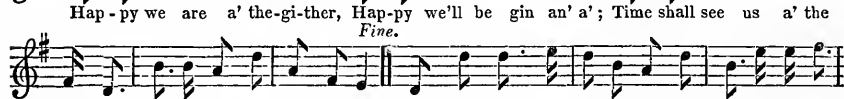
The Poetry by Burns; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Moderato.*



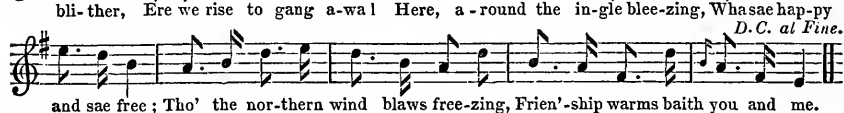
Hap-py we are a' the-gi-ther, Hap-py we'll be gin an' a'; Time shall see us a' the

*Fine.*



bli-ther, Ere we rise to gang a-wa! Here, a-round the in-gle blee-zing, Whasae hap-py

*D. C. al Fine.*



and sae free; Tho' the nor-thern wind blows free-zing, Frien'-ship warms baith you and me.

See the miser o'er his treasure,

Gloating wi' a greedy e'e!

Can he feel the glow o' pleasure

That around us here we see?

Can the peer in silk and ermine,

Call his conscience half his own?

His claes are spun an' edged wi' vermin,

Tho' he stan' afore a throne!

Thus then let us a' be tassing

Aff our stoups o' gen'rous flame;

An' while roun' the board 'tis passing,

Raise a sang in frien'ship's name.

Frien'ship maks a' us mair happy,

Frien'ship gies us a' delight;

Frien'ship consecrates the drappie,

Frien'ship brings us here to-night.

Happy we've been, &c.



## WHA WADNA FECHT FOR CHARLIE.

A Jacobite Song.

*Moderato.*

Wha wad - na fecht for Char - lie? Wha wad - na draw the sword? Wha wad - na  
up and ral - ly At the roy - al prince's word? Think on Sco - tia's an - cient he - roes; Think on  
fo - reign foes re - pell'd; Think on glo - rious Bruce and Wal - lace, Who the proud u -  
surp - ers quell'd! Wha wad - na fecht for Char - lie? Wha wad - na draw the sword?  
Wha wad - na up and ral - ly At the roy - al prin - ce's word?

Rouse, rouse, ye pitted warriors;  
Rouse, ye serdes of the north;  
Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,—  
'Tis your prince that leads you forth.  
Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?  
Shall we own a foreign sway?  
Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,  
While a stranger rules the day?  
Wha wadna, &c.

See the northern clans advancing!  
See Glengarry and Lochiel!  
See the brandish'd broadswords glancing!  
Highland hearts are true as steel!  
Now our prince has rais'd his banner;  
Now triumphant is our cause;  
Now the Scottish lion rallies,—  
Let us strike for prince and laws.  
Wha wadna, &c.

## THE DE'IL'S AWA WI' TH' EXCISEMAN.

The Poetry by Burns; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Vivace.*

The de'il cam fid - dlin' through the toun, And danc'd a - wa' wi' th' ex - cise - man;  
And il - ka wife cries—Auld Ma-houn, I wish you luck o' the prize, man! The  
de'il's a - wa', the de'il's a - wa', The de'il's a - wa', wi' th' ex - cise - man; He's  
danc'd a - wa', he's danc'd a - wa', He's danc'd a - wa' wi' th' ex - cise - man.

We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink,  
We'll dance, sing, and rejoice, man!  
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black de'il,  
That danc'd awa' wi' th' exciseman.  
The de'il's awa'. &c.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,  
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;  
But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the land,  
Was, 'The de'il's awa' wi' th' exciseman.'  
The de'il's awa' &c.

## NANCY'S TO THE GREEN-WOOD GANE.

Scottish Melody.—The Words by Ainslie.

*Moderato.*

Nan-cy's to the green-wood gane, To hear the gowd-spink chatt'-ring;  
 And Wil-lie he has fol-low'd her, To gain her love by flatt'-ring:  
 But a' that he could say or do, She geck'd and scorn-ed at him; And,  
 aye when he be-gan to woo, She bade him mind wha gat him.

'What ails ye at my dad?' quoth he,  
 My minnie or my auntie?  
 Wi' crowdy-mowdy they fed me,  
 Lang-kale, and ranty-tanty:  
 Wi' bannocks o' gude barley-meal,  
 Of thae there was richt plenty,  
 Wi' chappit stocks fu' butter'd weel,  
 And was not that richt dainty?

'Although my father was nae laird,  
 'Tis daffin to be vaunty,  
 He keppt aye a guid kale-yard,  
 A ha' house, and a pantry:  
 A guid blue bonnet on his head,  
 An owerlay 'bout his craigie;  
 And, aye until the day he dee'd,  
 He rade on guid shank's-naigie.'

'Now wae and wonder on your snout,  
 Wad ye hae bonnie Nancy?  
 Wad ye compare yoursel' to me—  
 A docken till a tanzie?  
 I hae a wooer o' my ain,  
 They ca' him Souple Sandy;  
 And weel I wat his bonnie mou'  
 Is sweet like sugar-candy.'

'Now, Nancy, what need a' this din?  
 Do I no ken this Sandy?  
 I'm sure the chief o' a' his kin  
 Was Rab, the beggar-randy:  
 His minny Meg upon her back  
 Bare baith him and his billy;  
 Will ye compare a nasty pack  
 To me, your winsome Willie?'

'My gutcher left a guid braidsword:  
 Though it be auld and rusty,  
 Yet—ye may tak' it on my word,—  
 It is baith stout and trusty;  
 And if I can but get it drawn,  
 Which will be richt uneasy,  
 I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,  
 That he shall get a heezy.'

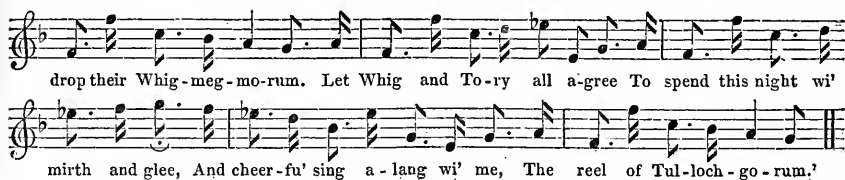
Then Nancy turn'd her round about,  
 And said, 'Did Sandy hear ye,  
 Ye wadna miss to get a clout;  
 I ken he disna fear ye:  
 Sae haud your tongue, and say nae mair;  
 Set somewhere else your fancy;  
 For, as lang's Sandy's to the fore,  
 Ye never shall get Nancy.'

## TULLOCHGORUM.

The Poetry by the Rev. John Skinner; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Allegro con Spirito.*

'Come, gie's a sang,' Mont-gome-ry cried, 'And lay your dis-putes all a-side; What  
 sig-ni-fies't for folks to chide For what's been done be-fore 'em? Let Whig and To-ry  
 all a-gree, Whig and To-ry, Whig and To-ry, Whig and To-ry all a-gree, To



'O, Tullochgorum's my delight;  
It gars us a' in ane unite;  
And ony sumpth that keeps up spite,  
In conscience I abhor him.

For blithe and merry we's be a',  
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,  
Blithe and merry we's be a',

And mak' a cheerfu' quorum,  
Blithe and merry we's be a',  
As lang as we hae breath to draw,  
And dance, till we be like to fa',  
The reel of Tullochgorum.

'There need na be sae great a phraise,  
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;  
I wadna gi'e our ain strathspeys

For half a hundred score o' 'em.  
They're douff and dowie at the best,  
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie;  
They're douff and dowie at the best,  
Wi' a' their variorum.

They're douff and dowie at the best,  
Their allegros, and a' the rest;  
They canna please a Highland taste,  
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

'Let worldly minds themselves oppress  
Wi' fear of want and double cess,  
And sullen sots themselves distress  
Wi' keeping up decorum.

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,—

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
Like auld Philosophorum?

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,  
And canna rise to shake a fit  
To the reel of Tullochgorum?

'May choicest blessings still attend  
Each honest-hearted open friend;  
May calm and quiet be his end,

And a' that's good watch o'er him!  
May peace and plenty be his lot,  
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty;  
May peace and plenty be his lot,  
And dainties, a great store o' 'em!  
May peace and plenty be his lot,  
Unstain'd by any vicious blot;  
And may he never want a groat,  
That's fond of Tullochgorum.

'But for the discontented fool,  
Who wants to be oppression's tool,  
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,  
And discontent devour him!

May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow;—  
May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
And nane say, Wae's me for 'im!  
May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
And a' the ills that come frae France,  
Whae'er he be that winna dance  
The reel of Tullochgorum!

## BONNIE CHARLIE.

Jacobite Song, ascribed to Capt. Stuart.—Arranged by Elizabeth Masson.




Although my lands are fair and wide,  
It's there nae longer I maun hide;  
Yet my last hoof, and horn, and hide,  
I'll gie to bonnie Charlie.


Although my heart is unco sair  
And lies fu' lowly in its lair,  
Yet the last drap o' blude that's there,  
I'll gie for bonnie Charlie.

## LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

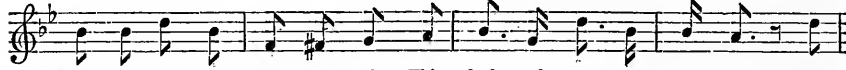
The Poetry by Thomas Campbell; the Music by G. Thomson.

*Andante con Anima.*


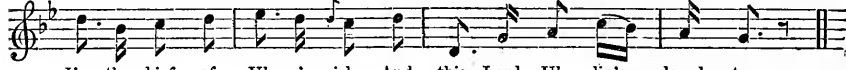
A chief-tain, to the High-lands bound, Cries, 'Boat-man, do not tar-ry!



And I'll give thee a sil-ver pound, To row us o'er the fer-ry.'—'Now



who be ye would cross Loch-gyle, This dark and stor-my wa-ter!' 'O!



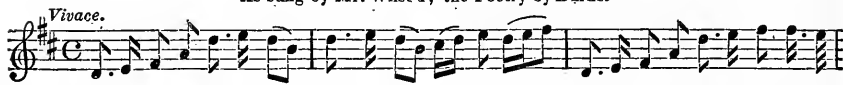
I'm the chief of Ul-va's isle, And this Lord Ul-lin's daugh-ter.

'And fast before her father's men  
Three days we've fled together;  
For, should he find us in the glen,  
My blood would stain the heather.  
'His horsemen hard behind us ride;  
Should they our steps discover,  
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,  
When they have slain her lover?'  
Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,  
'I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:  
It is not for your silver bright,  
But for your winsome lady!  
'And, by my word, the bonny bird  
In danger shall not tarry;  
So, though the waves are raging white,  
I'll row you o'er the ferry.'  
By this the storm grew loud apace,  
The water-wraith was shrieking;  
And, in the scowl of heav'n, each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.  
But still, as wilder blew the wind,  
And as the night grew drearer,  
Adown the glen rode armed men,—  
Their trampling sounded nearer:—


'O! haste thee, haste!' the lady cries,  
Though tempests round us gather:  
I'll meet the raging of the skies;  
But not an angry father.'  
The boat has left a stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her,  
When O! too strong for human hand,  
The tempest gather'd o'er her.—  
And still they row'd amidst the roar  
Of waters fast prevailing:  
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,—  
His wrath was chang'd to wailing.  
For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,  
His child he did discover:—  
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,  
And one was round her lover.  
'Come back! come back!' he cried in grief,  
Across this stormy water:  
And I'll forgive your Highland chief—  
My daughter!—O! my daughter!  
'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,  
Return or aid preventing:—  
The waters wild went o'er his child,  
And he was left lamenting.

## THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

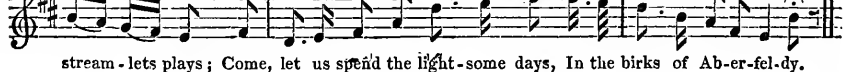
As sung by Mr. Wilson; the Poetry by Burns.



Bon-ny las-sie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go? Bon-ny las-sie, will ye go To the



birks of Ab-er-fel-dy?—Now sim-mer blinks on flow'-ry braes, And o'er the crys-tal



stream-lets plays; Come, let us spend the light-some days, In the birks of Ab-er-fel-dy.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,  
The little birdies blithely sing,  
Or lightly flit on wanton wing,  
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,  
The foam'ning stream deep-roaring fa's,  
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreadin' shaws,  
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flow'rs,  
White ower the lin the burnie pours,  
And, risin', weets wi' misty show'rs  
The Birks of Aberfeldy,

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,  
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,  
Supremely bless'd wi' love and thee,  
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

### ANNIE AND JAMIE.

Scottish Melody: the Music by J. Sandersoh.

*Moderato.*

O! bless'd be the lad-die, I mun-na tell who, That told his soft  
pas-sion, So ten-der and true, Who call'd me his An-nie, the  
queen of his heart, And said 'Bon-ny las-sie,' And said 'Bon-ny  
las-sie,' And said 'Bon-ny las-sie, we ne-ver will part.'

O! bless'd be the meadow, so bonny and green,  
Where first the dear shepherd by Annie was seen;  
And bless'd be the day when his tongue did impart,  
'Tis Anne, fair Annie's the queen of my heart!

Though few are his pastures, and low his degree,  
The youth, the dear youth, is a monarch to me;  
For, O! gentle shepherd! 'twas love shot the dart,  
And Annie and Jamie—no, never will part!

### O! WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO THEE, MY LAD.

The Poetry by Burns; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Vivace.*

O! whis-tle, and I'll come to thee, my lad; O! whis-tle; and I'll come to thee, my  
lad: Though feyther and mither and a' should gaemad, O! whis-tle, and I'll come to thee, my lad.  
But wa-ri-ly tent, when ye come to court me, And come na un-less the back-  
yett be a-jee; Syne up the back stile, and let nae-bo-dy see, And come as ye  
were na com-in' to me, And come as ye were na com-in' to me.

At kirk or at market, when'er ye meet me,  
Gang by me as though that ye car'd na a fie;  
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black ee,  
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

O! whistle, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,  
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;  
But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,  
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

O! whistle, &c.

## MY AIN KIND DEARY, O!

The Poetry by Robert Burns.

*Affettuoso.*

Will ye gang o'er the lee rigg, Mine ain kind dea-ry, O? And cud-dle there sae  
kind-ly wi' me, my kind dea-ry, O? At thor-ny dyke and ber-ken tree, We'll  
daff and ne'er be wea-ry, O! They'll scugill seen frae you and me, Mine ain kind dear-y, O!

Nae herds wi' kent nor colly there,  
Shall ever come to fear ye, O!  
But lav'rocks, whistling in the air,  
Shall woo, like me, their deary, O!  
While others herd their lambs and ewes  
And toil for ward's gear, my jo,  
Upon the lee, my pleasure grows,  
Wi' you, my kind deary, O!

When lads at e'en, wi' dancing keen,  
Court lasses for their geary, O!  
Sic thoughts as these are far frae me,  
My ain kind deary, O!  
Foretho' the night be ne'er so wet,  
And I am ne'er so weary, O!  
I'll go far o'er the lee rigg,  
Wi' thee, my kind deary, O!

## KATHERINE OGIE.

Scottish Melody.

*Andante.*

As walk-ing forth to view the plain, Up-on a morn-ing ear-ly,  
While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain, From flow'rs which grow so  
rare-ly, I chanc'd to meet a pret-ty maid; She shin'd, though it was  
fog-gy; I ask'd her name; sweet sir, she said, My name is Kathe-rine O-gie.

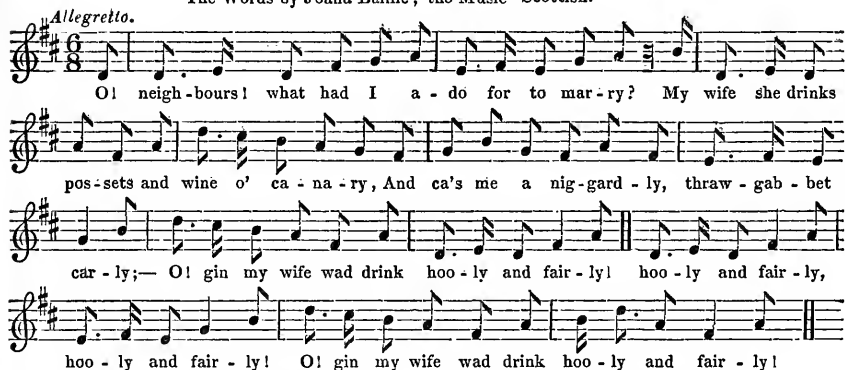
I stood awhile, and did admire,  
To see a nymph so stately;  
So brisk an air there did appear,  
In a country maid so neatly;  
Such natural sweetness she display'd,  
Like a lillie in a bogie;  
Diana's self was ne'er array'd  
Like this same Katherine Ogie.  
Thou flower of females, beauty's queen,  
Who sees thee, sure, must prize thee;  
Though thou art dress'd in robes but mean,  
Yet these cannot disguise thee:  
Thy handsome air and graceful look  
Far excel any clownish rogie;  
Thou art a match for lord or duke,  
My charming Katherine Ogie.  
O, were I but some shepherd swain!  
To feed my flock beside thee,  
At buying-time to leave the plain,  
In milking to abide thee,

I'd think myself a happier man,  
With Kate, my club, and doggie,  
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,  
Had I but Katherine Ogie.  
Then I'd despise the imperial throne,  
And statesmen's dangerous stations;  
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,  
I'd smile at conquering nations,  
Might I caress and still possess  
This lass, of whom I'm vorgie;  
For these are toys, and still look less,  
Compar'd with Katherine Ogie.  
But, I fear, the gods have not decreed  
For me so fine a creature,  
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed  
All other works in nature.  
Clouds of despair surround my love,  
That are both dark and foggy;—  
Pity my case, ye powers above,  
Else I die for Katherine Ogie!

## HOOLY AND FAIRLY.

The Words by Joana Baillie; the Music Scottish.

*Allegretto.*



O! neigh-bours! what had I a - do for to mar - ry? My wife she drinks  
pos - sets and wine o' ca - na - ry, And ca's me a nig - gard - ly, thraw - gab - bet  
car - ly;— O! gin my wife wad drink hoo - ly and fair - ly! hoo - ly and fair - ly,  
hoo - ly and fair - ly! O! gin my wife wad drink hoo - ly and fair - ly!

She feasts wi' her kimmers on dainties enew,  
Aye bowing and smirking, and dighting her  
mou';

While I sit aside and am helpet but sparely;—  
O! gin my wife wad feast hooly and fairly!  
Hooly and fairly! &c.

To fairs and to bridals, and preachings and a',  
She gangs sae light-headed and busket sae braw,  
Its ribbons and mantuas that gar me gae barely;—  
O! gin my wife wad spend hooly and fairly!  
Hooly and fairly! &c.

In the kirk sic commotion last Sabbath she  
made,

Wi' babs o' red roses and breast-knots o'erlaid,  
The domine sticket his psalm very nearly;—  
O! gin my wife wad dress hooly and fairly!  
Hooly and fairly! &c.

She's warring and fighting frae morning till e'en,  
And if ye gainsay her, her eye glows sae keen;

Then tongue, neive, and cudgel, she'll lay on ye sair  
O! gin my wife wad strike hooly and fairly! [ly]  
Hooly and fairly! &c.

When tir'd wi' her cantraps, she lies in her bed,  
The wark a' neglecket, the house ill up-red,  
When a' our good neighbours are stirring right ear-  
O! gin my wife wad sleep hooly and fairly! [ly;—  
Hooly and fairly! &c.

A word o' good counsel or grace she'll hear none,  
She bardies the Elders, and mocks at Mess John;  
And back in his teeth his aintext she flings rarely;—  
O! gin my wife wad speak hooly and fairly!  
Hooly and fairly! &c.

I wish I were single, I wish I were freed,  
I wish I were doited, I wish I were dead;  
Or she in the mools, to dement me nae mair, lay;  
What does't avail to cry hooly and fairly?  
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly!  
Wasting my breath to cry hooly and fairly!

## THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.

The Poetry by Burns; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Andante.*



Thou hast left me e - ver, Ja - mie,—Thou hast left me e - ver; Thou hast  
left me e - ver, Ja - mie,—Thou hast left me e - ver. Af - ten hast thou  
vow'd that death On - ly should us sev - er; Now thou'st left thy lass for aye—  
I maun see thee ne - ver, Ja - mie,— I maun see thee ne - ver!  
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,— Thou canst love another, jo,  
Thou hast me forsaken; While my heart is breaking:  
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,— Soon my weary een I'll close,  
Thou hast me forsaken. Never more to waken, Jamie.

## WHERE ARE THE JOYS.

The Poetry by Burns; to an old Scotch Air.

*Andantino.*

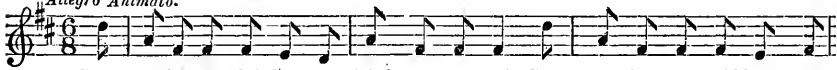
Where are the joys I have met in the morning, That danc'd to the lark's ear-ly song?



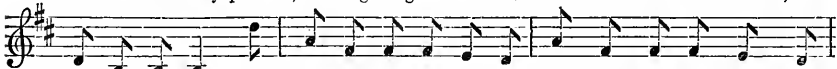
Where is the peace that a - wait - ed my wand'ring, At ev'-ning the wild woods a-mong?  
 No more a-winding the course of yon river, Fa'n would I hide what I fear to discover;  
 And marking sweet flow'rets so fair; Yet long, long too well have I known,  
 No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure, All that has caus'd this wreck in my bosom,  
 But sorrow and sad sighing care! Is Jenny,—fair Jenay alone!  
 Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys, Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,  
 And grim surly winter is near? Nor hope dare a comfort bestow;  
 No, no! the bees, humming round the gay roses, Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,  
 Proclaim it the pride of the year. Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

## COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

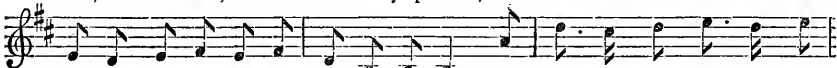
The Poetry by Hector Macneil; the Music by John M'Gill, as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Allegro Animato.*

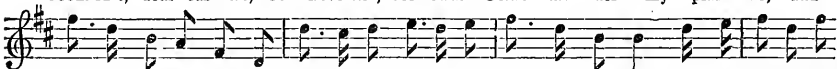
'Come un-der my plai-die, the night's gaun to fa'; Come in frae the cauld blast, the



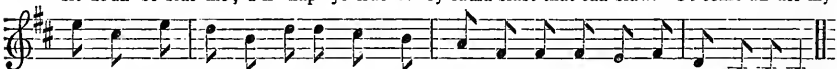
drift, and the snaw; Come un-der my pla-die, and sit doun be-side me: There's



room in't, dear las-sie, be-lieve me, for twa. Come un-der my plai-die, and



sit doun be-side me; I'll hap ye frae ev'-ry cauld blast that can blaw. O! come un-der my



plai-die, and sit doun be-side me: There's room in't, dear las-sie, be-lieve me, for twa.'

'Gae 'wa wi' yere plaidie! auld Donald, gae 'wa;  
 I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw!  
 Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! I'll no sit beside ye;  
 Ye might be my gutcher! auld Donald, gae 'wa.  
 I'm gaun to meet Johnnie—he's young and he's bonnie;

He's been at Meg's bridal, fu trig and fu braw!  
 Nane dances sae lichtly, sae gracefu', sae tichtly,—  
 His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw!

'Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast 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 am but three score and twa.  
 Be frank now and kindly—I'll busk ye aye finely;  
 To kirk or to market there'll few gang sae braw;  
 A bien house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,  
 And fankies to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'.'

'My father aye tauld me, my mither and a',  
 Ye'd mak a gude husband, and keep me aye braw;  
 It's true, I lo'e Johnnie; he's young and he's bonnie;

But we're me! I ken he has naething ava!

I hae little tocher; ye've made a gude offer;  
 I'm nae mair than twenty; my time is but sma'!  
 Sae gie me your plaidie; I'll creep in beside ye;  
 I thocht ye'd been auld than three score and twa!

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',  
 Where Johnnie was listnin', and heard her tell a':  
 The day was appointed!—his proud heart it dunted,  
 And strack 'gainst his side, as if burstin' in twa.  
 He wander'd hame wearie, the nicht it was drearie,  
 And, throwless, he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw;

[men  
 The howlet was screamin', while Johnnie cried 'Wo-  
 Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw.

'O, the deil's in the tassel! they gang now sae braw,  
 They'll e'en match wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;

The hail o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage;  
 Plain love is the caulest blast now that can blaw.  
 Auld dotards, be wary! tak tent when ye marry;  
 Young wives, wi' their coaches, they'll whip and they'll ca',

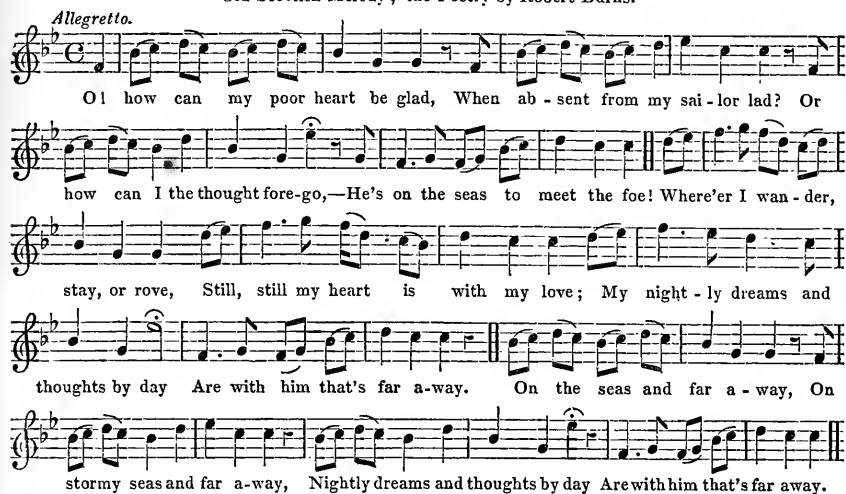
[and bonnie,  
 Till they meet wi' some Johnnie that's youthful'  
 And they'll gie ye horns on ilk haffet to claw.'



## ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

Old Scottish Melody; the Poetry by Robert Burns.

*Allegretto.*



O! how can my poor heart be glad, When ab-sent from my sai-lor lad? Or  
 how can I the thought fore-go,—He's on the seas to meet the foe! Where'er I wan-der,  
 stay, or rove, Still, still my heart is with my love; My night-ly dreams and  
 thoughts by day Are with him that's far a-way. On the seas and far a-way, On  
 stormy seas and far a-way, Nightly dreams and thoughts by day Are with him that's far away.

At the starless midnight hour,  
 When winter rules with boundless pow'r,  
 As the storms the forest tear,  
 And thunders rend the howling air,  
 Listening to the doubling roar  
 Surging on the rocky shore—  
 All I can—I weep and pray  
 For his weal that's far away.

On the seas, &amp;c.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,  
 And bid wild War his ravage end—  
 Man with brother man to meet,  
 And as a brother kindly greet:  
 Then may Heav'n with prosperous gales  
 Fill my sailor's welcome sails,—  
 To my arms their charge convey  
 My dear lad that's far away.

On the seas, &amp;c.

## THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

Old Scottish Melody; the Poetry by David Mallet.

*Andante.*



The smi-ling morn, the breath-ing spring, In-vite the tune-fu' birds to  
 sing; And, while they war-ble from the spray, Love melts the u-ni-  
 ver-sal lay. Let us, A-man-da, time-ly wise, Like them improve the hour  
 that flies, And in soft rap-tures waste the day A-mong the birks of In-ver-may!

For soon the winter of the year,  
 And age, life's winter, will appear;—  
 As this thy living bloom will fade,  
 As that will strip the verdant shade.

Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,  
 The feather'd songsters are no more;  
 And when they drop, and we decay,  
 Adieu the birks of Invermay!

## THE WAEFU' HEART.

The Poetry attributed to Miss Blamire; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Andante.*



Gin liv - in' worth could win my heart, You would not speak in vain; But in the  
darksome grave it's laid, Ne - ver to rise a - gain. My wae-fu' heart lies low wi' his, Whose  
heart was on - ly mine; And, O! what a heart was that to lose! But I maun no re-pine.

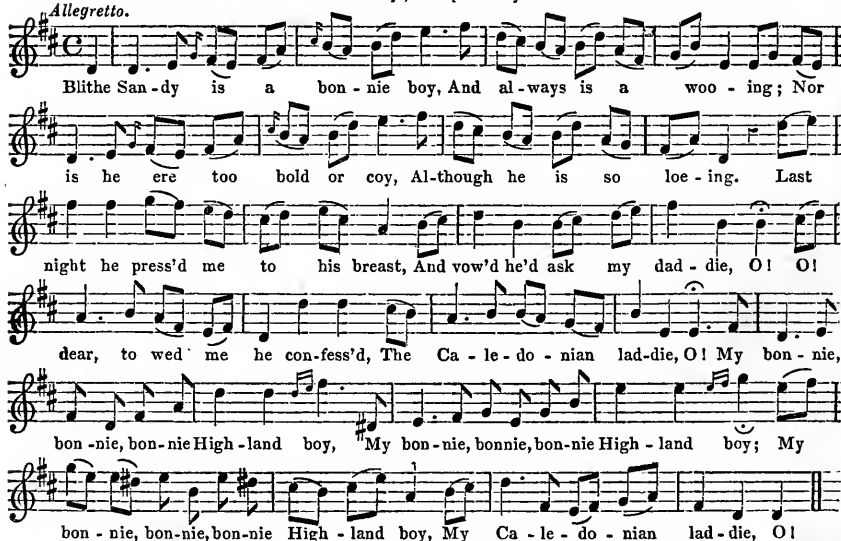
Yet, O! gin heaven in mercy soon  
Would grant the boon I crave,  
And tak this life, now naething worth,  
Sin' Jamie's in his grave!  
And see, his gentle spirit comes,  
To show me on my way;  
Surpris'd, nae doubt, I still am here,  
Sair wondering at my stay.

'I come, I come, my Jamie dear;  
And, O! wi' what gude will  
I follow, wheresoe'er ye lead!  
Ye canna lead to ill.'  
Said she;—and soon a deadly pale  
Her faded cheek possess'd;  
Her wae-fu' heart forgot to beat;  
Her sorrows sank to rest.

## THE CALEDONIAN LADDIE, O!

Scottish Melody; composed by Hook.

*Allegretto.*



Blithe San - dy is a bon - nie boy, And al - ways is a woo - ing; Nor  
is he ere too bold or coy, Al - though he is so loe - ing. Last  
night he press'd me to his breast, And vow'd he'd ask my dad - die, O! O!  
dear, to wed me he con - fess'd, The Ca - le - do - nian lad - die, O! My bon - nie,  
bon - nie, bon - nie High - land boy, My bon - nie, bonnie, bon - nie High - land boy; My  
bon - nie, bon - nie, bon - nie High - land boy, My Ca - le - do - nian lad - die, O!

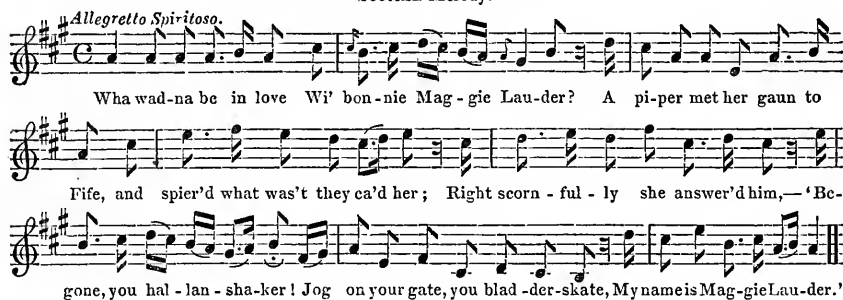
The maidens try, both far and near,  
To gain young Sandy over;  
But all their arts I dinna fear,—  
He winna prove a rover:  
For, sure, he told me frae k and free,  
Unknown to mam or daddie, O!  
He'd marry none—ah! no, but me,  
The Caledonian laddie, O!  
My bonnie, bonnie, &c.

The other day, from Dundee fair,  
He brought me home a bonnet,  
A cap and ribbons for my hair,—  
But mark what soon came on it  
As late at kirk we somehow stood,  
In spite of mam or daddie, O!  
He married me, do all I could,  
The Caledonian laddie, O!  
My bonnie, bonnie, &c.

## MAGGIE LAUDER.

Scottish Melody.

*Allegretto Spiritoso.*



Wha wad-na be in love Wi' bon-nie Mag-gie Lau-der? A pi-per met her gaun to  
Fife, and spier'd what was't they ca'd her; Right scorn-ful-ly she answer'd him,—'Be-  
gone, you hal-lan-sha-ker! Jog on your gate, you blad-der-skate, My name is Mag-gie Lau-der.'

'Maggie,' quo' he, 'and, by my bags,  
I'm fidgeting fain to see thee!  
Sit down by me, my bonnie 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.'

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

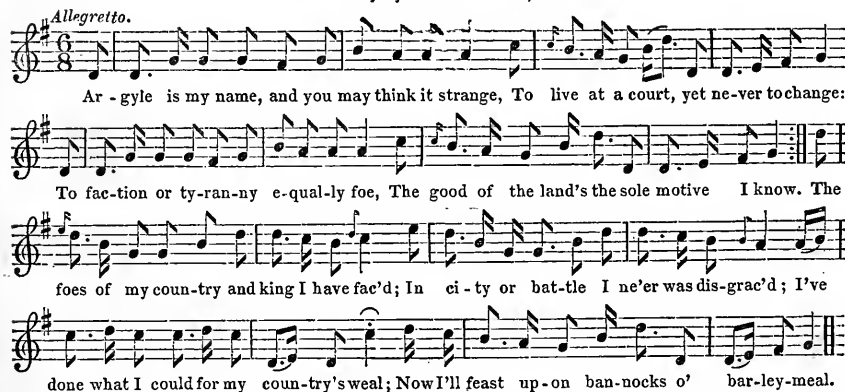
Then to his bags he flew with speed,  
About the drone he twisted;  
Meg up, and wallop'd o'er the green,  
For brawly could she frisk it.  
'Weel done,' quo' he,—'Play up,' quo' she;  
'Weel bobb'd,' quo' Rob the Ranter:  
'It's worth my while to play indeed,  
When I ha'e sic a dancer.'

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

## BANNOCKS O' BARLEY-MEAL.

The Poetry by Sir A. Boswell, Bart.

*Allegretto.*



Ar-gyle is my name, and you may think it strange, To live at a court, yet ne-ver to change:  
To fac-tion or ty-ran-ny e-qual-ly foe, The good of the land's the sole motive I know. The  
foes of my coun-try and king I have fac'd; In ci-tiy or bat-tle I ne'er was dis-grac'd; I've  
done what I could for my coun-try's weal; Now I'll feast up-on ban-nocks o' bar-ley-meal.

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

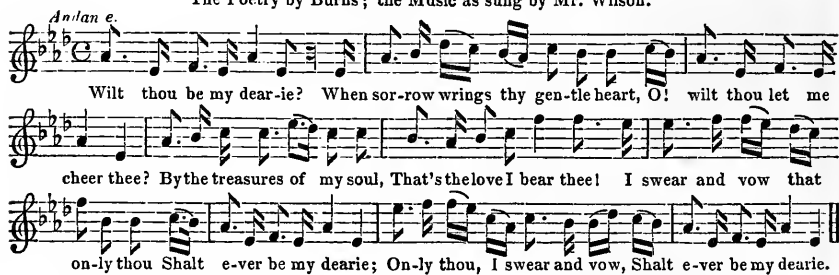
And if it chance Maggie should bring me a son,  
He shall fight for his king as his father has done;  
I'll hang up my sword with an old soldier's pride—  
O! may he be worthy to wear't on his side.  
I pant for the breeze of my lov'd native place;  
I long for the smile of each welcoming face;  
I'll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



## WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

The Poetry by Burns; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Andan. e.*



Wilt thou be my dear-ie? When sor-row wrings thy gen-tle heart, O! wilt thou let me  
cheer thee? By the treasures of my soul, That's the love I bear thee! I swear and vow that  
on-ly thou Shalt e-ver be my dearie; On-ly thou, I swear and vow, Shalt e-ver be my dearie.

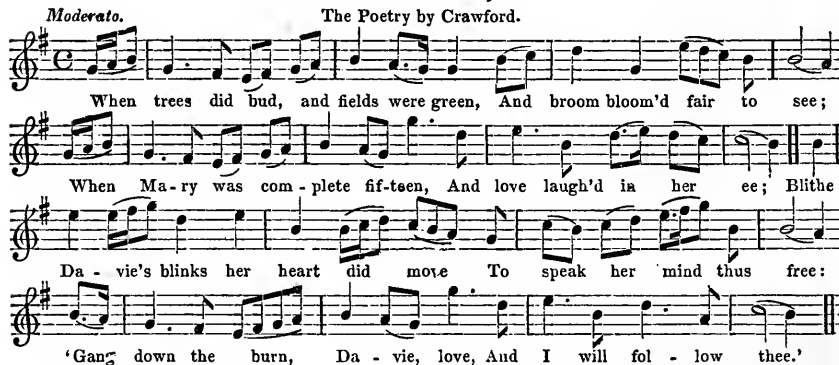
Lassie, say thou lo'es me,  
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,  
Say na thou'lt refuse me:  
If it winna, canna be,  
Thou for thine may choose me,

Let me, lassie, quickly dee,  
Trusting that thou lo'es me;—  
Lassie, let me quickly dee,  
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

## DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

The Poetry by Crawford.

*Moderato.*



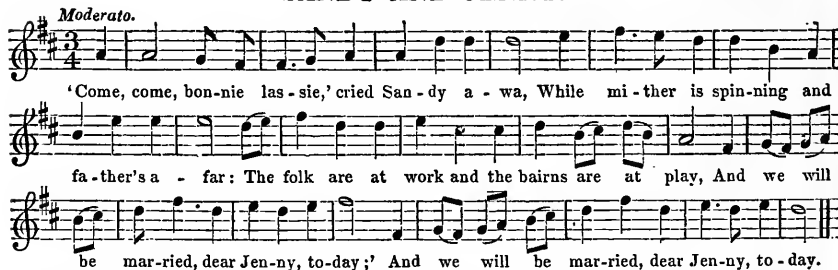
When trees did bud, and fields were green, And broom bloom'd fair to see;  
When Ma-ry was com-plete fif-teen, And love laugh'd ia her ee; Blithe  
Da-vie's blinks her heart did move To speak her mind thus free:  
'Gan'g down the burn, Da-vie, love, And I will fol-low thee.'

Now Davie did each lad surpass  
That dwelt on this burn side;  
And Mary was the bonniest lass,  
Just mete to be a bride;

Her cheeks were rosy, red and white;  
Her een were bonnie blue;  
Her looks were like the morning bright,  
Her lips like dropping dew.

## SANDY AND JENNY.

*Moderato.*



'Come, come, bon-nie las-sie,' cried San-dy a-wa, While mi-ther is spin-ning and  
fa-ther's a-far: The folk are at work and the bairns are at play, And we will  
be mar-ried, dear Jen-ny, to-day;' And we will be mar-ried, dear Jen-ny, to-day.

'Stay, stay, bonnie laddie,' I answer'd with speel  
'I winna, I munna go with you indeed;  
Besides, should I do so, what would the folk say?  
O! we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day.'

'List, list,' cried he, 'lassie, and mind what you do,  
Baith Peggy and Patty I give up for you;  
Beside, a full twelvemonth we've trifled awa',  
And one or the other I'll marry to-day.'

## FAREWELL, DEAR MISTRESS OF MY SOUL.

The Poetry by Burns ; the Music by S. Clarke.

*Larghetto con Espress.*

Fare - well, dear mistress of my soul! The measur'd time is run: The wretch beneath the  
dreary pole So marks his la - test sun! To what dark cave of frozen night Shall thy poor  
wand - 'rer hie? De - priv'd of thee, his life and light, The sun of all his joy?

We part;—but by these precious drops  
That fill thy lovely eyes,  
No other light shall guide my steps  
Till thy bright beams arise!

She, the fair sun of all her sex,  
Has bless'd my glorious day;  
And ne'er shall glimmering planet fix  
My worship to its ray!

## JOHNNIE COPE.

Jacobite Song.

*Con Spirito.*

Sir John Cope trod the North right far, Yet ne'er a re - bel he came  
n'ar, Un - til he land - ed at Dun - bar, Right ear - ly in a morn - ing.  
'Hey! Johnnie Cope, are ye wak - ing yet? Or are ye sleep - ing? I wou'd wit: Make  
haste, get up, for the drums do beat;— O fie! Cope, rise in the morn - ing.'

Cope wrote a challenge from Dunbar:—  
'Come meet me, Charlie, if you dare:  
If it be not by the chance of war,  
I'll gi'e you a merry morning.'  
When Charlie look'd the letter on,  
He swore by his sword and his father's throne,—  
'So heav'n restore me to my own,  
I'll meet you, Cope, in the morning.'

Hey! Johnnie Cope, &amp;c.

'Then, Johnnie, be as good 's your word,  
And let us try both fire and sword,  
And dinna flee like a frighted bird,  
That's chas'd frae its nest in the morning.'  
When Johnnie Cope got word o' this,  
He thought it would na be amiss  
To hae a horse in readiness,  
Whate'er might hap in the morning.

Hey! Johnnie Cope, &amp;c.

And when he heard the bagpipes' din,  
Good faith, thought he, it's time to rin;  
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,  
For 'twill be a bloody morning.  
But when he saw the Highland lads,  
Wi' tartan trews and white cockades,

Wi' swords and guns, and rungs, and gauds,  
He gallop'd off in the morning.

Hey! Johnnie Cope, &amp;c.

For all their bombs and bomb-granades,  
They cou'd na face the Highland lads,  
But to the hills scur'd aff in squads,  
Pursued by the clans in the morning.  
Sir Johnnie straight to Berwick rade,  
As if the de'il had been his guide;  
Gi'en him the world, he wou'd na stay'd,  
To have fought the boys in the morning.

Hey! Johnnie Cope, &amp;c.

Said the Berwickers unto Sir John,  
'O! what's become of all your men?'  
'The de'il confound me if I ken,  
For I left them a' in the morning.'  
Said Lord Mark Car, 'Ye are na blate  
To bring us the news of your ain defeat,  
And leave your men in sic a strait—  
Get out o' my sight this morning.'  
'In faith!' quo' John, 'I got my flegs,  
With their claymores and philabegs;  
If I face them again, de'il break my legs,—  
So I wish you a good morning.'

Hey! Johnnie Cope, &amp;c.

## MY NANNIE, O.

The Poetry by Burns ; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Andante con espress.*

Re - hind yon hills, where Lu - gar flows, 'Mang muirs and mos - ses ma - ny,  
O! the win - try sun the day has clos'd, And I'll a - wa' to Nan - nie, O! The  
west - lin' wind blows loud and shrill; The night's baith mirk and rai - ny, O! But I'll  
get my plaid, and out I'll steal, And o'er the hills to Nan - nie, O!

My Nannie's charmin', sweet, and young;

Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O!

May ill befa' the flatterin' tongue

That wad beguile my Nannie, O!

Her face is fair, her heart is true,

As spotless as she's bonnie, O!

The openin' gowan, wet wi' dew,

Nae purer is than Nannie, O!

A country lad is my degree,

And few there be that ken me, O!

But what care I how few they be—

I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O!

My riches a' 's my penny fee,

And I maun guide it cannie, O!

But world's gear ne'er troubles me,—

My thochts are a' my Nannie, O!

Our auld gudeman delights to view

His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O!

But I'm as blythe, that hauds his plou',

And has nae care but Nannie, O!

Come weel, come wae, I carena by;—

I'll tak what Heav'n will send me, O!

Nae other care in life hae I,

But live and love my Nannie, O!

## THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

Said to have been written by King James the Fifth.

*Allegretto.*

The paw-ky auld carle came o'er the lea, Wi' mo - ny good - eens and days to  
me; Say'n, 'Gudewife, for your cour - te - sie, Will ye lodge a sil - ly poor man?'  
The night was cauld, the carle was wat, And down a - yont the in - gle he sat; My  
dough - ter's shou - thers he 'gan to clap, And loud ly ran - ted and sang.

'O wow!' quo' he, 'were I as free

As first when I saw this countrie,

How blythe and merry wad I be!

And I wad ne'er think lang.'

He grew canty, she grew fain,

But little did her auld minny ken

What thir slee twa together were saying

When wooing they were sae thrang

'And O!' quo' he, 'an' ye were as black

As e'er the crown o' my daddie's hat,

On a' my kin I'd turn my back,

And awa wi' thee I'd gang.'

'And O!' quo' she, 'were I as white,

As e'er the snaw lay on the dyke,

I'd cleid me braw and lady-like,

And awa wi' thee I'd gang.'

Between the twa was made a plot ;  
 They rase a wee before the cock,  
 And willy they shot the lock,  
 And fast to the bent they're gane.  
 Up i' the morn the auld wife rase,  
 And at her leisure put on her claise ;  
 Syne to the servants' bed she gaes,  
 To spier for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay ;  
 The strae was cauld—he was away ;  
 She clapp'd her hands, cried, 'Dulefu' day !  
 For some o' our gear will be gane.'  
 Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,  
 But naught was stown that could be miss'd ;  
 She danc'd her lane, cried, 'Praise be bless'd !  
 I have lodg'd a leal poor man !'

'Since naething's awa, as we can learn,  
 The kirk's to kirk, and milk to yearn,  
 Gae but the house, lass, and wauken my bairn,  
 And bid her come quickly ben.'  
 The servant gaed where the doughter lay ;  
 The sheets were cauld, she was away,—  
 'Gudewife,' she cried, 'O ! well-a-day !  
 She's aff wi' the silly poor man !'

'O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,  
 And haste,—these traitors find again !  
 For she's be burn'd, and he's be slain,  
 The wearifu' beggarly man !'

Some rode upo' horse, some ran a-fit,  
 The wife was wud, and out o' her wit ;  
 She couldna gang, nor yet could she sit,  
 But ay she curs'd and she bann'd.

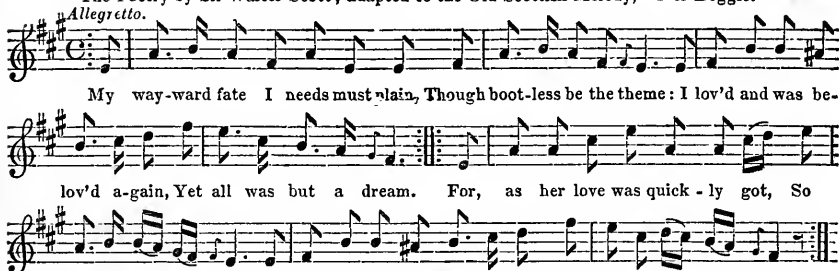
Mean time, far o'er the lily lea,  
 The twa with hearts sae blithe and free.  
 Sat safe beneath a hawthorn tree,  
 Where a wimpling burnie ran.  
 To lo'e her for ay he gave her his aith ;  
 Quoth she, 'To leave thee, I will be laith,  
 For I with thee can fear nae scaith,  
 My winsome Gab'lunzie man.'

'O ! kend my minnie I were wi' you,  
 Ill-fardly wad she crook her mou ;  
 Sic a poor man she'd never throw,  
 After the Gab'lunzie man.'  
 'My dear,' quo' he, 'ye're yet o'er young,  
 And hae nae learnt the beggar's tongue,  
 To carry wi' me frae town to town  
 The Gaberlunzie on.

'Wi' cauk and keil I'll win your bread,  
 And spinnels and whorles for them wha need !  
 Whilk is a gentle trade to speed  
 The Gaberlunzie on.  
 I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,  
 And draw a black clout o'er my e'e ;  
 A cripple or blind they will ca' me,  
 While we shall be merry and sing.'

## THE RESOLVE.

The Poetry by Sir Walter Scott; adapted to the Old Scottish Melody, 'O'er Boggie.'



it was quick-ly gone: No more I'll bask in flame so hot, But cold-ly dwell a - lone.

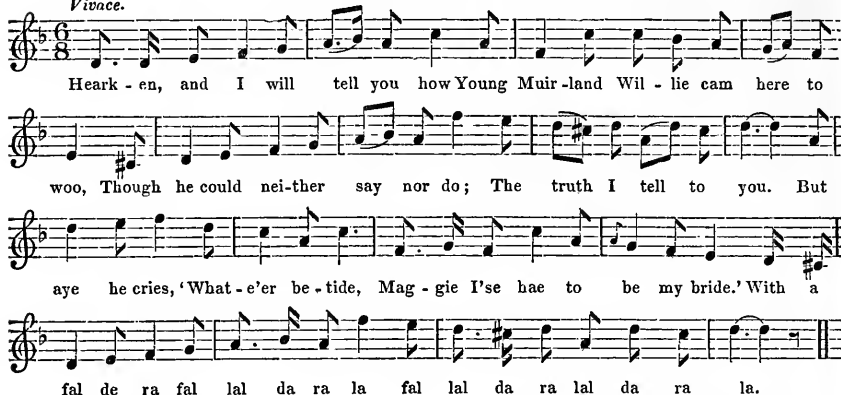
Not maid more bright than maid was e'er,  
 My fancy shall beguile,  
 By flattering word, or feigned tear,  
 By gesture, look, or smile:  
 No more I'll call the shaft fair shot  
 Till it has fairly flown,  
 Nor scorch me at a flame so hot ;—  
 I'll rather freeze alone.  
 Each ambush'd Cupid I'll defy,  
 In cheek, or chin, or brow,  
 And deem the glance of woman's eye  
 As weak as woman's vow:  
 I'll lightly hold the lady's heart  
 That is but lightly won ;  
 I'll steal my heart to beauty's art,  
 And learn to live alone.

The flaunting torch soon blazes out,  
 The diamond's ray abides ;  
 The flame its glory hurls about,  
 The gem its lustre hides :

Such gem I fondly deem'd was mine,  
 And glow'd a diamond stone ;  
 But, since each eye may see it shine,  
 I'll darkling dwell alone.  
 No waking dream shall tinge my thought,  
 With dyes so bright and vain ;  
 No silken net, so slightly wrought,  
 Shall tangle me again :  
 No more I'll pay so dear for wit,  
 I'll live upon mine own ;  
 Nor shall wild passions trouble it,—  
 I'll rather dwell alone.  
 And thus I'll hush my heart to rest,—  
 'Thy loving labour's lost ;  
 Thou shalt no more be wildly bless'd,  
 To be so strangely cross'd :  
 The widow'd turtles matchless dye,  
 The phoenix is but one ;  
 They seek no loves—nor more will I—  
 I'll rather dwell alone.'

## MUIRLAND WILLIE.

Old Scottish Melody.

*Vivace.*

On his gray mare as he did ride,  
Wi' durk and pistol by his side,  
He prick'd her on wi' muckle pride,  
Wi' muckle mirth and glee;  
Out ower yon moss, out ower yon muir,  
Till he came to her daddie's door.  
With a fal dal, &c.

'Gudeman,' quoth he, 'be ye with in ?  
I'm come your dochter's luv to win :  
I carena for makin' muckle din ;  
What answer gie you me ?' —  
'Now, wooer,' quoth he, 'wad ye licht down,  
I'll gie ye my dochter's luv to win.  
With a fal dal, &c.

'Now, wooer, sin ye are lichtit down.  
Where do ye win, or in what town ?  
I think my dochter wina gloom  
On sic a lad as ye.'  
The wooer he steppit up the house,  
And woa but he was wondrous crouse !  
With a fal dal, &c.

'I hae three owsen in a pleuch,  
Twa guid gaun yauds, and gear enuech—  
The place they ca' it Caleneugh ;  
I scorn to tell a lie ;  
Besides I haud, frae the great laird,  
A peat-spat and a lang-kale yard.'  
With a fal dal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle broun ;  
She was the bravest in a' the toun ;  
I wat on him she did na gloom,  
But blinkit bonnilie.  
The lover he stendit up in haste,  
And grippit her hard about the waist.  
With a fal dal, &c.

'To win your luv, maid, I'm come here ;  
I'm young, and hae enuech o' gear ;  
And for mysel ye needna fear,  
Troth, try me when ye like.'  
He took aff his bannet, and spat in his chew,  
He dichtit his gab, and he pried her mou'.  
With a fal dal, &c.

The maiden blush'd and beigit fu' law,  
She hadna will to say him na ;  
But to her daddie she left it a',  
As they twa could agree.  
The luv he gave her the tither kiss,  
Syne ran to her daddie and telt him this.  
With a fal dal, &c.

'Your dochter wadna say me na,  
But to yoursel she has left it a',  
As we could 'gree between us twa—  
Say what will ye gie me wi' her ?'  
'Now, wooer,' quoth he, 'I hae na mickle,  
But sic as I hae ye'se get a pickle.  
With a fal dal, &c.

'A kilnfu' o' corn I'll gie to thee,  
Three souns o' sheep, twa gude milk kye ;  
Ye'se hae the waddin-dinner free ;  
Troth, I dow do nae mair.'  
'Content,' quoth Willie, 'a bargain be't ;  
I'm far frae hame ; make haste, let's do't.  
With a fal dal, &c.

The bridal-day it came to pass,  
With mony a blythsome lad and lass ;  
But siccan a day there never was,  
Sic mirth was never seen.  
This winsome couple straitit hands ;  
Mess John tied up the marriage-bands.  
With a fal dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,  
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blue ;  
Frae tap to tae they were bran new,  
And blinkit bonnilie.  
There toys and mitches were sae clean,  
They glanc'd in our lads' een.  
With a fal dal, &c.

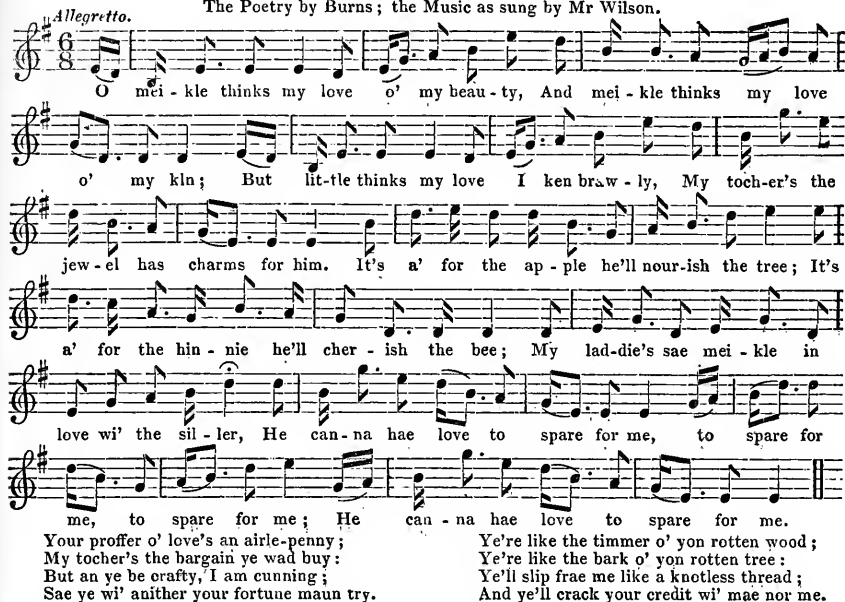
Sic hirdum-dirdum, and sic din,  
Wi' he ower her, and she ower him ;  
The minstrels they did never blin',  
Wi' mickle mirth and glee ;  
And aye they hobbit, and aye they beck't,  
And aye they reel'd, and aye they set.  
With a fal dal, &c.



## MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

The Poetry by Burns; the Music as sung by Mr Wilson.

*Allegretto.*



O mei - kle thinks my love o' my beau - ty, And mei - kle thinks my love  
o' my kln; But lit - tle thinks my love I ken braw - ly, My toch - er's the  
jew - el has charms for him. It's a' for the ap - ple he'll nour - ish the tree; It's  
a' for the hin - nie he'll cher - ish the bee; My lad - die's sae mei - kle in  
love wi' the sil - ler, He can - na hae love to spare for me, to spare for  
me, to spare for me; He can - na hae love to spare for me.

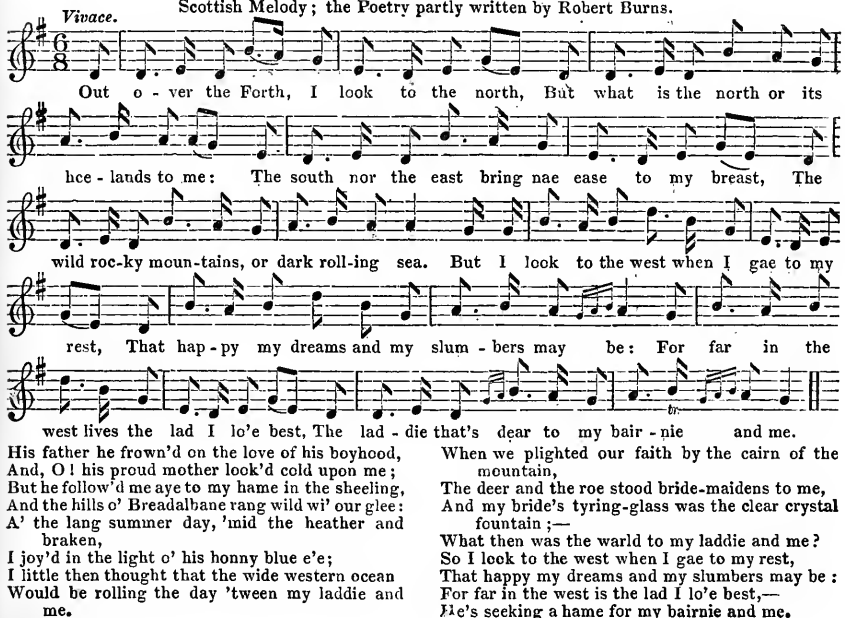
Your proffer o' love's an airle-penny;  
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;  
But an ye be crafty, I am cunning;  
Sae ye wi' another your fortune maun try.

Ye're like the timmer o' yon rotten woad;  
Ye're like the bark o' yon rotten tree:  
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread;  
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

## THE CAMPBELL'S PIBROCH.

Scottish Melody; the Poetry partly written by Robert Burns.

*Vivace.*



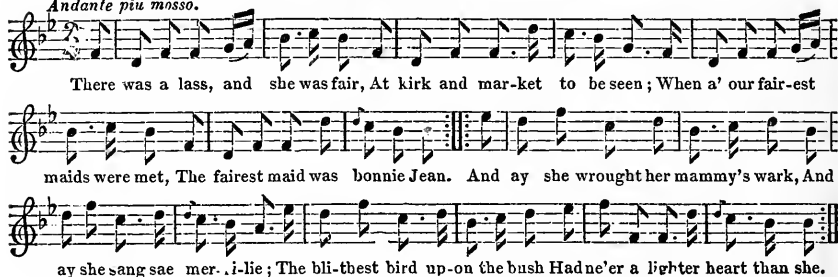
Out o - ver the Forth, I look to the north, But what is the north or its  
hce - lands to me: The south nor the east bring nae ease to my breast, The  
wild roc - ky moun - tains, or dark roll - ing sea. But I look to the west when I gae to my  
rest, That hap - py my dreams and my slum - bers may be: For far in the  
west lives the lad I lo'e best, The lad - die that's dear to my bair - nie and me.

His father he frown'd on the love of his boyhood,  
And, O! his proud mother look'd cold upon me;  
But he follow'd me aye to my home in the sheeling,  
And the hills o' Breadalbane rang wild wi' our glee:  
A' the lang summer day, 'mid the heather and  
braken,  
I joy'd in the light o' his honny blue e'e;  
I little then thought that the wide western ocean  
Would be rolling the day 'tween my laddie and  
me.

When we plighted our faith by the cairn of the  
mountain,  
The deer and the roe stood bride-maidens to me,  
And my bride's tying-glass was the clear crystal  
fountain;—  
What then was the world to my laddie and me?  
So I look to the west when I gae to my rest,  
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be:  
For far in the west is the lad I lo'e best,—  
He's seeking a hame for my bairnie and me.

## WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

The Poetry by Burns.

*Andante piu mosso.*

But hawks will rob the tender joys  
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;  
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,  
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the bravest lad,  
The flower and pride of a' the glen;  
And he han' o' wsen, sheep, and kye,  
And wanten nagies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,  
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down,  
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,  
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown i  
As in the bosom of the stream  
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,  
So trembling, pure, was tender love  
Within the breast of bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammy's wark,  
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain;  
Yet wist na what her ail might be,  
Or what wad make her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,  
And did na joy blink in her e'e,  
As Robie tell'd a tale o' love  
Ae ev'ning on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,  
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;  
His cheek to her's he fondly laid,  
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:  
'O! Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;  
O! canst thou think to fancy me?  
Or wilt thou leave thy mammy's cot,  
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

'At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,  
Or naething else to trouble thee,  
But stray among the heather bells,  
And tent the waving corn wi' me.'  
Now what could artless Jeanie do?  
She had na will to say him na:  
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,  
And love was ay between them twa.

## MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

The Poetry by Burns.

*Andante Risolto.*

'O! what is death but parting breath!—  
On many a bloody plain  
I've dar'd his face, and in its place  
I scorn him yet again!

Sae rantingly, &amp;c.

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

Sae rantingly, &amp;c.

'I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife,  
I die by treacherie;  
It burns my heart I must depart  
And not aveng'd be.'

Sae rantingly, &amp;c.

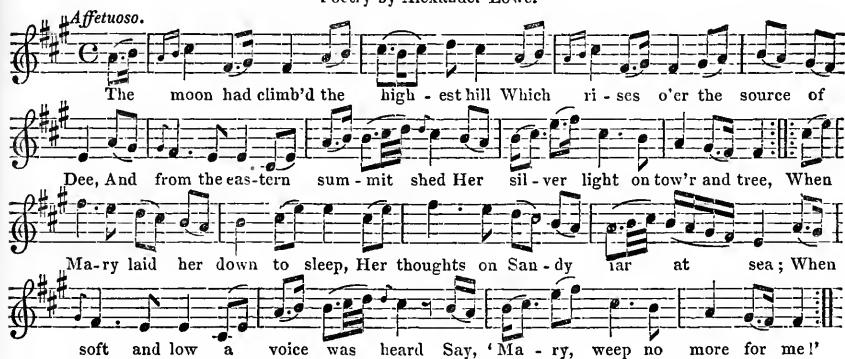
'Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,  
And all beneath the sky!  
May coward shame disdain his name,  
The wretch that dares not die!'

Sae rantingly, &amp;c.

## MARY'S DREAM.

Poetry by Alexander Lowe.

*Affettuoso.*



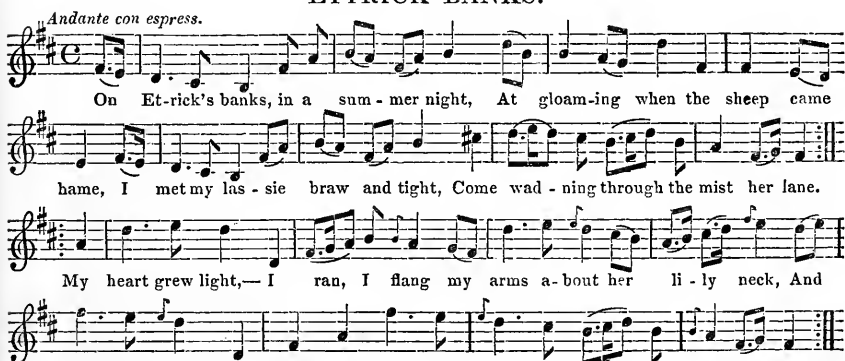
The moon had climb'd the high - est hill Which ri - ses o'er the source of  
Dee, And from the eas-tern sum - mit shed Her sil - ver light on tow'r and tree, When  
Ma-ry laid her down to sleep, Her thoughts on San - dy iar at sea; When  
soft and low a voice was heard Say, 'Ma - ry, weep no more for me!'

She from her pillow gently rais'd  
Her head, to ask who there might be—  
She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,  
With visage pale and hollow e'e:—  
'O! Mary dear! cold is my clay,—  
It lies beneath a stormy sea;  
Far, far, from thee, I sleep in death;  
So, Mary, weep no more for me!  
'Three stormy nights and stormy days  
We toss'd upon the raging main;  
And long we strove our bark to save,—  
But all our striving was in vain.

Even then, when horror chill'd my blood,  
My heart was fill'd with love for thee:  
The storm is past, and I at rest,—  
So, Mary, weep no more for me!  
'O! maiden dear, thyself prepare,—  
We soon shall meet upon that shore  
Where love is free from doubt and care,  
And thou and I shall part no more.'  
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,  
No more of Sandy could she see;  
But soft the passing spirit said,  
'Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!'

## ETTRICK BANKS.

*Andante con espress.*



On Et-rick's banks, in a sum - mer night, At gloam-ing when the sheep came  
hame, I met my las - sie braw and tight, Come wad - ning through the mist her lane.  
My heart grew light,— I ran, I flang my arms a - bout her li - ly neck, And

kiss'd and clapp'd her there fu' lang; My words they were na' mo - ny feck.  
Said I, 'My lassie, will ye gae  
To the Highland hills and be my bride?  
I'll bigg thy bower aneath the brae,  
By sweet Loch-Gary's silver tide.  
Our Highland hills, though bare and bleak,  
Have bonny glens and shaws between,  
Where blooms the wild rose like your cheek,  
And blue-bells like your downcast een.  
All day when we have wrought enough,  
When winter frosts and snaws begin,  
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,  
At night when ye sit down to spin,

I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring,  
And thus the weary night we'll end,  
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring  
Our pleasant simmer back again.  
'Syne when the trees are in their bloom,  
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,  
I'll meet my lass among the broon.  
And lead her to my simmer shield.  
There, far frae a' their scornful din,  
That make the kindly hearts their sport,  
We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,  
And gar the longest day seem short.'

## THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN.

Old Scotch Melody; the Words by Skinner.

*Andantino.*

O! were I a-ble to re-hearse My e-wie's praise in proper verse, I'd sound it forth as  
loud and fierce As e-ver piper's drone could blaw: My e-wie wi' the crook-it horn,  
A' that kent her could ha'e sworn, Sic a e-wie ne'er was born Here a-bout nor far a-way.

I needed neither tar nor keel  
To mark her upo' hip or heel:  
Her crookit hornie did as weel  
To ken her by among them a'.  
Cauld nor hunger never dang her,  
Wind nor weet could never wrang her,—  
Once she lay a week and langer  
Forth aneath a wreath o' snaw.

When ither ewies lap the dyke,  
And eat the kail for a' the tyke,  
My ewie never play'd the like,  
But tyk'd about the barn wa':  
A better or a thriftier beast  
Nae honest man need weel ha'e wist;  
For, silly thing! she never miss'd  
To ha'e ilk year a lamb or twa.

I looked aye at even for her,  
Lest mishanter shou'd come o'er her,  
Or the fumart might devour her,  
Gin the beastie stay'd awa'.  
My ewie wi' the crookit horn,  
Weel deserv'd baith girss and corn;  
Sic a ewie ne'er was born,  
Here about nor far awa'.

Yet, last week, for a' my keeping,—  
I canna speak o't without greeting,—  
A villain came when I was sleeping,  
Staw my ewie, horn, and a'.

I sought her sair upo' the morn,—  
And, down aneath a buss o' thorn,  
I got my ewie's crookit horn;  
But my ewie was awa'.

O! gin I had the loon that did it,  
I ha'e sworn, as well as said it,  
Tho' the parson should forbid it,  
I would gi'e his neck a thraw.  
I never met wi' sic a turn  
As this since ever I was born;  
My ewie wi' the crookit horn,  
Silly ewie! stown awa'!

O! had she died o' crook or cauld,  
As ewies die when they grow auld,  
It wadna been, by mony fauld,  
Sae sair a heart to aae o' 's a';  
For a' the claith that we ha'e worn,  
Frae her and her's sae often shorn,  
The loss o' her we could ha'e borne,  
Had fair strae death ta'en her awa'.

But thus, poor thing! to lose her life  
Aneath a greedy villain's knife!  
I'm really fleyt that our gudewife  
Will never win aboon't awa'!  
O! a' ye bards be-north Kinghorn,  
Call up your muses, let them mourn  
Our ewie wi' the crookit horn,  
Stown frae us, and fell'd and a'!

## GALLA WATER.

The Poetry by Burns.

*Andante.*

Braw braw lads on Yarrow braes, Ye wan-der thro' the bloo-ming heather; But  
Yar-row braes, nor Et-trick shaws, Can match the lads o' Gal-la wa-ter

But there is ane, a secret ane,  
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;  
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,  
The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

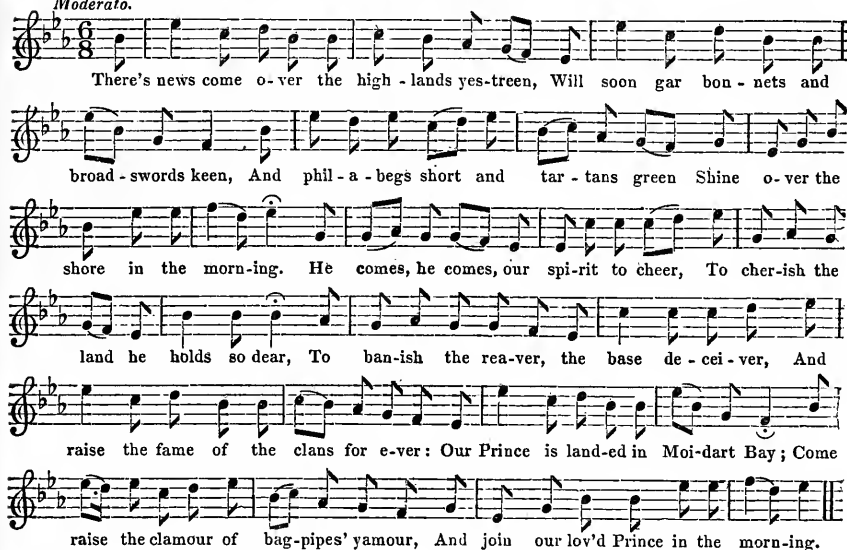
Altho' his daddie was nae laird,  
And tho' I hae na meikle choer.

Yet, rich in kindest truest love,  
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,  
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure:  
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,  
O that's the chiefest world's treasure.

## THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

Scottish Melody; the Poetry by the Ettrick Shepherd.

*Moderato.*


There's news come o-ver the high-lands yes-treen, Will soon gar bon-nets and  
broad-swords keen, And phil-a-begs short and tar-tans green Shine o-ver the  
shore in the morn-ing. He comes, he comes, our spi-rit to cheer, To cher-ish the  
land he holds so dear, To ban-ish the rea-ver, the base de-cei-ver, And  
raise the fame of the clans for e-ver: Our Prince is land-ed in Moi-dart Bay; Come  
raise the clamour of bag-pipes' yamour, And join our lov'd Prince in the morn-ing.

Come, brave Lochiel—the honour be thine  
The first in loyal array to shine;

If bold Clan-Ronald and thee combine,

Then who dare remain in the morning?

Glengarry will stand with arm of steel,

And Keppoch is blood from head to heel;

The whiggers of Sky may gang to the de'il, [nald,

When Connal and Donald, and gallant Clan-Ro-

Are all in the field, and know not to yield,

All in array, and hasting away

To welcome their Prince in the morning.

The Appin will come, while coming is good,

The stern M'Intosh is of trusty blood,

M'Kenzie and Frazer will come at their leisure,

The whiggers of Sutherland scorning.

The Athol men, keen as fire from steel,

M'Pherson for Charlie will battle the de'il,

The hardy Clan-Dunnoch is up in the Runnoch,  
M'Lean and M'Gregor are rising with vigour,

Unaw'd by the pride of haughty Argyle;

And lordly Drummond is belted and coming

To join his lov'd Prince in the morning.

Come, a' that are true men, steel to the bane;

Come, a' that reflect on the days that are gane;

Come, a' that have breeks, and a' that have nane,

An' a' that are bred unto scorning:

Come, Moidart and Moy, M'Gun and M'Craw;

M'Dugalds, M'Donalds, M'Devils, an' a';

M'Duffs and M'Dumpies, M'Loeds and M'Lum-

pies, [ing;—

With claymores gleaming, and standards stream-

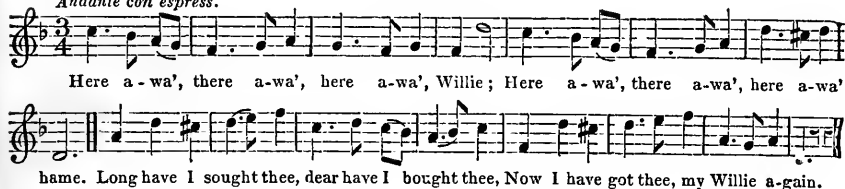
Come;—swift as the roe, for weal or for woe,

That Whigs in their error may quake for terror,

To see our array in the morning.

## HERE AWA', THERE AWA'.

Scottish Melody.

*Andante con espress.*


Here a-wa', there a-wa', here a-wa', Willie; Here a-wa', there a-wa', here a-wa'  
hame. Long have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee, Now I have got thee, my Willie a-gain.

Through the long muir I have follow'd my Willie,

Through the long muir I have follow'd him hame:

Whate'er betide us, naught shall divide us,—

Love now rewards all my sorrow and pa'u.

Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie;

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

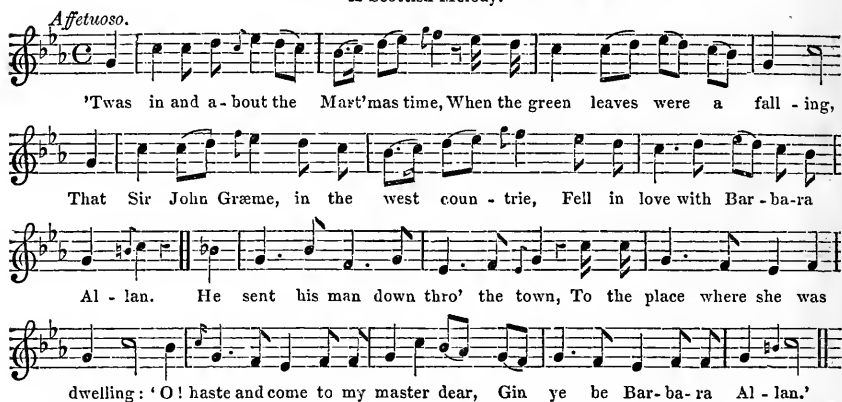
Come, love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,—

Ilka thing pleases while Willie's at hame.

## BARBARA ALLAN.

A Scottish Melody.

*Allegretto.*



'Twas in and a-bout the Mart'mas time, When the green leaves were a fall-ing,  
That Sir John Graeme, in the west coun-trie, Fell in love with Bar-ba-ra  
Al-lan. He sent his man down thro' the town, To the place where she was  
dwelling: 'O! haste and come to my master dear, Gin ye be Bar-ba-ra Al-lan.'

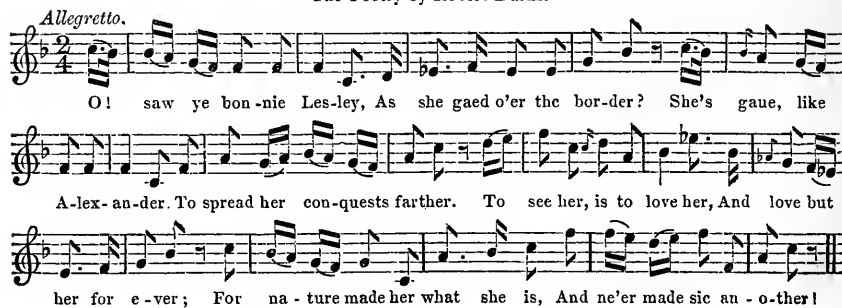
O! hooley, hooley gaed she up  
To the place where he was lying;  
And when he drew the curtain by,—  
'Young man, I think you're dying!'  
'O! I am sick, and very very sick,  
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan!'  
'O! the better for me ye's never be,  
Though your heart's blood were a-spilling!'  
'O! dinna ye mind, young man,' said she,  
'When merry in the hall ye feasted,  
That ye made the healths gae round and round,  
And Barbara Allan slighted!'  
He turn'd his face unto the wall,  
For death was with him dealing:—

'Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,  
And be kind to Barbara Allan!'  
And slowly, slowly raise she up,  
And slowly, slowly left him:—  
And, sighing, said, 'she could not stay,  
Since death of life had reft him.'  
She had not gane a mile but twa,  
When she heard the dead-bell tollin',  
And ev'ry jow that the dead-bell gied,  
It cried, 'Woe to Barbara Allan!'  
'O! mother, mother, make my bed,  
O! make it soft and narrow;  
Since my love died for me to-day,  
I'll die for him to-morrow!'

## THE COLLIER'S BONNIE LASSIE.

The Poetry by Robert Burns.

*Allegretto.*



O! saw ye bon-nie Les-ley, As she gaed o'er the bor-der? She's gaue, like  
A-lex-an-der. To spread her con-quests farther. To see her, is to love her, And love but  
her for e-ver; For na-ture made her what she is, And ne'er made sic an-o-ther!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,  
Thy subjects we before thee:  
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,  
The hearts of men adore thee!  
The de'il he cou'dna skaithe thee,  
Or aught that wou'd belang thee:  
He'd look into thy bonnie face,  
And say, 'I caunna wrang thee.'

The powers aboon will tent thee,  
Misfortune sha' na steer thee;  
Thou'rt like thyselfs sae lovely,  
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.  
Return again, fair Lesley,  
Return to Caledonie!  
That we may brag we hae a lass,  
There's nane again sae bonnie.

## JENNY'S BAWBEE.

The Words by Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart.

*Allegretto.*

I met four chaps yon birks amang, Wi' hing-ing lugs and fa-ces lang; I speir'd at  
neighbour Bauldy Strang, 'What are they these we see?' Quo' he, 'Ilk cream-fac'd pawky chiel Thinks  
him - sel' cun-ning as the de'il, And here they came a - wa' to steal Jenny's baw - bee.'

The first, a captain to his trade,  
Wi' skull ill lined, but back weel clad,  
March'd round the barn, and by the shed,  
And pap'd on his knee:  
Quo' he, 'My goddess, nymph, and queen,  
Your beauty's dazzl'd baith my een I'  
But de'il a beauty he had seen  
But—Jenny's bawbee.

A lawyer neist, wi' blethrin gab,  
Wha' speeches wove like ony wab,  
In ilk ane's corn ay took a dab,  
And a' for a fee.  
Accounts he ow'd through a' the town,  
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair cou'd drown,  
But now he thought to clout his gown  
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A norland laird neist trotted up,  
Wi' bawsend nag and siller whup.  
Cried, 'There's my beast, lad, haud the grup,  
Or tie 't till a tree:

'What's gowd to me, I've wealth o' lan',  
Bestow on ane o' worth your han'.  
He thought to pay what he was awn  
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Dress'd up just like the knave o' clubs,  
A thieg came neist, (but life has rubs,)  
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,  
And jaupit a' was he.  
He danc'd up, squintin through a glass,  
And grinn'd, 'I' faith, a bonnie lass I'  
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,  
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gae kaim his wig,  
The soger no to strut sae big,  
The lawyer no to be a prig;  
The fool cry'd, 'Tehee!

'I kent that I could never fail!'  
But she pinn'd the dish-clout to his tail,  
And sous'd him wi' a water-pail,  
And kept her bawbee!

## FARE THEE WELL, THOU FIRST AND FAIREST.

The Poetry by Robert Burns.

*Andante.*

Fare thee well, thou first and fair-est! Fare thee well, thou best and dear-est!

Thine be ev'-ry joy and trea-sure,—Thine en-joy-ment, love, and plea-sure!

One fond kiss and then we sev-er; One fare-well, a-las! for e-ver;

Still my heart is in thy bo-som, Thou my first and on-ly cho-sen.

To forget thee, love, I canna,—  
Nothing can resist my Anna;  
If to see her be to love her,  
Love but once, and love for ever:  
Had we never lov'd so kindly,—  
Had we never lov'd so blindly,—  
Never met, nor never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Who can say that fortune grieves him,  
While a ray of hope she leaves him?  
But no cheerful twinkle lights me,—  
Care and sighs so close benight me.  
One fond kiss, and then we sever;  
This embrace, then part for ever;  
Still my heart is in thy bosom,  
Thou, my first and only chosen!

## THE MILL, MILL O!

The Poetry by Robert Burns.

*Andante.*

When wild war's dead-ly blast was blawn, And gen-tle peace re - turn-ing, Wi'  
mo-ny a sweet babe fa - ther - less, And mo-ny a wi - dow mourn - ing,  
I left the lines and tent - ed fields, Where lang I'd been a lodger; My  
hum - ble knap-sack a' my wealth, A poor and ho - nest sol - dier.

A leal light heart was in my brenst,  
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;  
And for fair Scotia, hame again,  
I cheery on did wander.  
I thought upon the banks of Coil,  
I thought upon my Nancy,  
I thought upon the witching smile  
That caught my youthful fancy.  
At length I reach'd the bonny glen,  
Where early life I sported;  
I pass'd the mill and trysting-thorn  
Where Nancy aft I courted;  
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,  
Down by her mother's dwelling,  
And turn'd me round to hide the flood  
That in my een was swelling.  
Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, 'Sweet lass,  
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,  
O! happy, happy may he be  
That's dearest to thy bosom:  
My purse is light, I've far to gang,  
And fain wou'd be thy lodger;  
I've serv'd my king and country lang,  
Take pity on a soldier I'  
Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,  
And lovelier was than ever;  
Quo' she, 'A soldier ance I lo'ed,  
Forget him shall I never:

Our humble cot, and hamely fare,  
Ye freely shall partake it;  
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,  
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.'  
She gaz'd—she reddend'd like a rose—  
Synae pale like ony lily,  
She sank within my arms, and cried,  
'Art thou my ain dear Willie?'  
'By him who made yon sun and sky!  
By whom true love's regarded,  
I am the man—and thus may still  
True lovers be rewarded!  
'The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,  
And find thee still true-hearted;  
Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,  
And mair,—we'se ne'er be parted I'  
Quo' she, 'My grandsire left me gowd,  
A mailin plenish'd fairly;  
And come, my faithful soldier lad,  
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly I'  
For gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
The farmer ploughs the manor;  
But glory is the soldier's prize,  
The soldier's wealth is honour:  
The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,  
Nor count him as a stranger;  
Remember, he's his country's stay  
In day and hour of danger.

## FLORA M'DONALD.

The Music by M. Kelly.

*Moderato.*

A cap - tive maid pin'd in the tow'r of Dunmore; Full high was the tow'r, closely  
barr'd was the door; Her sighs un - re - garded, her— pri - son un - known. Far from  
kins - man and lo - ver she languish'd a lone; But a lit - tle bird sang at this



fair cap-tiv'es grate, And seem'd, as it chir-rup'd, to soft-en her fate. Ah! Flo - ra, fair  
 Flo - ra! Ah! Flo - ra M'-Don - ald! Ah! Flo - ra, the maid of Dunmore! The  
 maid of Dun-more, the maid of Dun-more! Ah! weep for the maid, the maid of Dunmore!

The maid tied a note to this little bird's neck, And soon a brave knight burst the prison-house  
 And pointed to home, like a far-distant speck; door,  
 O'er land and o'er water away the bird flew, And rescu'd his bride from the tower of Dunmore.  
 Sought kinsman and lover,—the courier they knew; Ah! Flora, &c.

## O! BONNIE LASS, WILL YOU LIE IN A HAMMOCK?

The Poetry by Hector Macneill.

*Andantino con espress.*

'O! say, my sweet Nan, can you lie in a ham-mock? While moun-tain seas  
 rage, can you swing in a ham-mock? When the winds roar a - loft, and rude  
 bil-lows dash o'er us, Can my Nan-cy sleep sound-ly a - mid the wild chorus?'  
 'O! yes, my dear Jack, I can lie in a ham-mock! While the moun-tain seas  
 rage, can sleep sound in a hammock. Rude bil-lows will rock me, when love smiles to  
 cheer me; If thy slum-ber's sweet, Jack, no dan-gers can fear me.'

But say! if at night the sad cry comes for wear-  
 ing, [swearing,  
 The breakers a-head, and the boatswain loud  
 While the main-yard dips deep, and white billows  
 break o'er us, [chorus?  
 Will my Nancy not shrink then, amid the dread  
 'O no! my dear lad, when these dangers are near  
 me, [cheer me;  
 My Jack's kindly whispers will soothe me—will  
 A kiss snatch'd in secret amid the dread horror,  
 Will hush the rude chorus, and still ev'ry terror!'

'But say! my sweet lass, when the tempest's all  
 smashing, [crashing!  
 The topsails all split, and the topmasts down  
 When all hands spring aloft, and no lover to cheer  
 her, [near her?'  
 Will my Nancy not shrink, when such dangers are

'Ah no! my lov'd Jack, while the tempest's loud  
 bawling, [ing,  
 The topsails all split, and the topmasts down fall  
 In watching your dangers, my own will pass over;  
 In prayers for your safety, no fears I'll discover.'

'But oh! my lov'd Nan, when the ship is done  
 clearing, [nearing,  
 The matches all lighted,—the French foe fast  
 Can you stand to your gun, while pale death drops  
 around you? [found you!'  
 'Tis then, my sweet Nancy! new fears will con-  
 'No, no! my dear Jack, to these fears love's a  
 stranger,—  
 When you fight by my side, I'll defy ev'ry danger!  
 On your fate my fond eye will be fix'd while you're  
 near me; [cheer me!'  
 If you fall, Nancy dies!—if you live, love will

## DONALD CAIRD.

The Words by Sir Walter Scott.

*Moderato.*

Do-nald Caird can lilt and sing, Blithely dance the Highland fling; Drink till the gude  
man be blind, Fleech till the gude wife be kind; Hoop a leg - len, clout a pan, Or crack a  
pow wi' o - ny man; Tell the news in brugh or glen, Donald Caird's come a - gain. Donald Caird's  
come a - gain, Donald Caird's come again; Tell the news in brugh or glen, Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,  
Kens the wiles o' dun deer stau-  
kin;

Leisters kipper, makes a shift  
To shoot a muirfowl in the drift;  
Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,  
He can wauk when they are sleepers;  
Not for bountith or reward,  
Dare ye mell wi' Donald Caird.

Donald Caird's come again!  
Donald Caird's come again!  
Gar the bag-pipes hum amain,  
Donald Caird's come again!

Donald Caird can drink a gill  
Fast as hostler wife can fill;  
Ilka ane that sells gude liquor  
Kens how Donald bends a bicker:

When he's fou he's stout and  
saucy,

Keeps the cantle of the cawsey;  
Highland chief and Lawland laird  
Maun gie room to Donald Caird!

Donald Caird's come again!  
Donald Caird's come again!  
Tell the news in brugh or glen,  
Donald Caird's come again!

Steek the amrie, lock the kist,  
Else some gear may weel be mist;  
Donald Caird finds orra things,  
Where Allan Gregor fand the tings;  
Dunts of kebbuck, taitis of woo,  
Whiles a hen, and whiles a sow,  
Webs or duds frae hedge or yard,—  
'Ware the Wuddie, Donald Caird!

Donald Caird's come again!  
Donald Caird's come again!  
Dinna let the Shirra ken  
Donald Caird's come again!

On Donald Caird the doom was  
stern,

Craig to tether, legs to airn;  
But Donald Caird, wi' mickle study,  
Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie!  
Rings of airn, and bolts of steel,  
Fell like ice frae hand and heel!  
Watch the sheep in fauld and glen,  
Donald Caird's come again!

Donald Caird's come again!  
Donald Caird's come again!  
Dinna let the Justice ken  
Donald Caird's come again!

## ROB ROY.

To the same Music; the Words by David Thomson.

Rob Macgregor's come again,  
Ilka ane thought dead and gane;  
By a wizard's cantrip slight,  
Rob again has seen the light.  
He appears in a' his glory,  
Laughing baith at Whig and Tory;  
Rob's a chief o' some regard,  
No a scamp like Donald Caird.

Rob Macgregor's come again!  
Rob Macgregor's come again!  
Think ye, does the Shirra ken  
Rob Macgregor's come again?

Bars o' iron and bolts o' steel  
Yield to Rob, for Rob's a deil;  
Glasgow gaol, it canna haud him,  
No a beagle dares to daud him.

Rob has keys to ilka prison,  
Turnkey consins by the dozen;  
Burrow bailies and their guard  
Shrink afore the Highland laird.

Rob Macgregor's come again!  
Rob Macgregor's come again!

Lawland bodies pay your kaine,  
Rob Macgregor's come again!

Robin's wife's a wife o' mettle,  
Weel she guards auld Scotland's  
kettle;

Naught to Helen is a prize  
Like an imp of the excise!  
A' the Highland hills in chorus,  
Sung the dirge of gauger Morris,  
A' the pack might weel be spar'd,  
Reavers war than Donald Caird.

Rob Macgregor's come again!  
Rob Macgregor's come again!  
Lomond wilds are a' his ain,  
We're fain to see him back  
again!

Rob Macgregor dealt in cattle,  
But to pay them was a battle;  
Robin took a shorter plan,  
Clear'd the marches like a man.  
Now he's king o' hill and dale,  
A' the Lennox pays black mail.

Soger lads be on your guard,  
Ye are na catching Donald Caird.

Rob Macgregor's come again!  
Rob Macgregor's come again!  
We'll get back the days that's  
gane,  
Rob Macgregor's come again!

Robin Roy's caught at last,  
Bring the wuddie,—haud him  
fast;

Robin louns and takes the river,  
Lost for ance, and lost for ever;  
Jouking up and jouking down,  
Like an otter swam the loon!  
Rob has baffled a' the guard,  
No sneak'd aff like Donald Caird.

Rob Macgregor's come again,  
Rob Macgregor's come again,  
Highland blood and Highland  
bane,  
Rob Macgregor's come again!

## THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

Scottish Melody.

*Allegro.*

There cam' a young man to my dad-dy's door, my dad-dy's door, my dad-dy's  
 door,—There cam' a young man to my dad - dy's door, A seek - ing me to  
 woo. And now! he was a brisk young lad, A blythe lad, and a braw young  
 lad, And O! he was a brisk young lad, Cam' seek - ing me to woo.

But I was basking when he came,  
 When he came, when he came;  
 I took him in and gied him a scone,  
 To thaw his frozen mou'.  
 And wow! but he was, &c.

I set him in aside the bink;  
 I gae him bread and ale to drink;  
 And ne'er a blythe styme wad he blink,  
 Until his wame was fou.  
 And wow! but he was, &c.

Gae, get you gone, you cauldribe wooer,  
 Ye sour-looking, cauldribe wooer!  
 I straightway show'd him to the door,  
 Saying, 'Come nae mair to woo.'  
 And wow! but he was, &c.

There lay a deuk-dub before the door,  
 Before the door, before the door;  
 There lay a deuk-dub before the door,  
 And there he fell, I trow!  
 And wow! but he was, &c.

Out cam the guidman, and high he shouted;  
 Out cam the guidwife, and laigh she louted;  
 And a' the toun neebors were gather'd about it;  
 And there lay he, I trow!  
 And wow! but he was, &c.

Then out cam I, and sneer'd and smil'd—  
 'Ye cam to woo, but ye're a' beguiled;  
 Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' befyled;  
 We'll hae nae mair o' you!  
 And wow! but he was, &c.

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

Scottish Melody.

*Moderato.*

What can a young las-sie, What shall a young las-sie, What can a young las-sie do wi' an auld  
 man? Bad luck on the pen-ny That tempted my miany to sell her poor Jen-ny for sil-ler and lan!  
 He's al-ways compleenin', Frae morn-in' to e'en-in'; He hoasts an' he hirples The wea-ry day  
 lang; He's doil't and he's dozin, His bluid it is fro-zen; O! dreary's the night Wi' a cra-zy auld man.

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

My auld a untie Katie  
 Upon me takes pity;  
 I'll do my endeavour  
 To follow her plan:  
 I'll cross him and wreck h m,  
 Until I heart-break him;  
 And then his auld brass  
 Will buy me a new pan.

## IS YOUR WAR-PIPE ASLEEP.

The Poetry by G. Allan ; the Music by Peter M'Leod.

*Andante.*

Is your war-pipe a-sleep, and for e-ver, M'Crim-man? Is your war-pipe asleep, and for  
 ev-er? Shall the pi-broch, that wel-com'd the foe to Ben-aer, Be hush'd when we  
*Vivace.*  
 seek the dark wolf in his lair, To give back our wrongs to the giv-er? To the  
 raid and the onslaught our chieftains have gone, Like the course of the fire-flaught their  
 clans-men pass'd on; With the lance and the shield 'gainst the foe they have bound them,  
 And have ta'en to the field, with their vas-sals a-round them. Then raise your wild  
 slo-gan-cry!—on to the for-ay! Sons of the hea-ther hill, pine-wood, and glen!  
 Shout for M'-Pher-son, M'-Leod and the Mo-ray, Till the Lomonds re-ec-ho the  
*Andante.*  
 challenge a-gain! Youth of the da-ring heart, bright be thy doom, As the  
 bo-dings which light up thy bold spi-rit now; But the fate of M'-crim-man is  
 clos-ing in gloom, And the breath of the gray wraith hath pass'd o'er his brow: Vic-  
 to-rious in joy thou'lt re-turn to Ben-aer, And be clasp'd to the hearts of thy best-belov'd  
 there; But M'Crim-man, M'Crim-man, M'Crim-man,—nev-er, nev-er, nev-er, ne-ver!

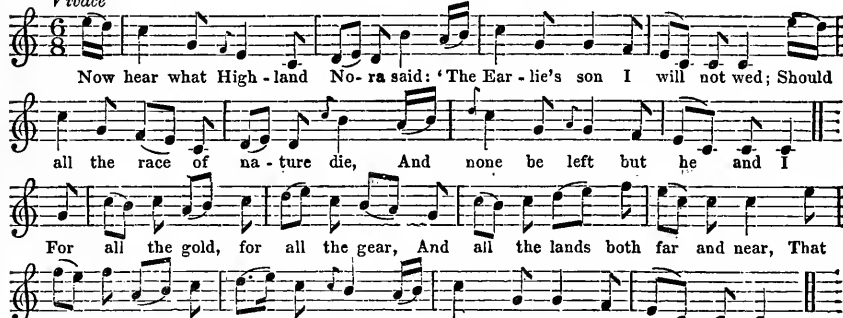
Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou canst shun  
not, M'Crimman?  
Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou canst shun  
not?  
If thy course must be brief, let the proud Saxon  
know [foe]  
That the soul of M'Crimman ne'er quail'd when a  
Bar'd his blade in the land he had won not.  
Where the light-footed roe leaves  
The wild breeze behind,

And the red heather-bloom gives  
Its sweets to the wind,  
There our broad pennon flies,  
And the keen steeds are prancing,  
'Mid the startling war-cries,  
And the war-weapons glancing  
Then raise your wild slogan-cry! on to the foray!  
Sons of the heather-hill, pine-wood, and glen!  
Shout for M'Pherson, M'Leod, and the Moray,  
Till the Lomonds re-echo the challenge again!

### NORA'S VOW.

The Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.

*Vivace*



Now hear what High-land No-ra said: 'The Ear-lie's son I will not wed; Should  
all the race of na-ture die, And none be left but he and I  
For all the gold, for all the gear, And all the lands both far and near, That  
ev-er va-lour lost or won, I would not wed the Ear-lie's son.'

'A maiden's vows,' old Callum spoke,  
'Are lightly made and lightly broke:  
The heather on the mountain's height  
Begins to bloom in purple light;  
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away  
That lustre deep from glen to brae;  
Yet, Nora, ere its bloom be gone,  
May blithely wed the Earlie's son.'  
'The swan,' she said, 'the lake's clear breast  
May barter for the eagle's nest;  
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,  
Ben-Cruachan fall, and crush Kilchurn;

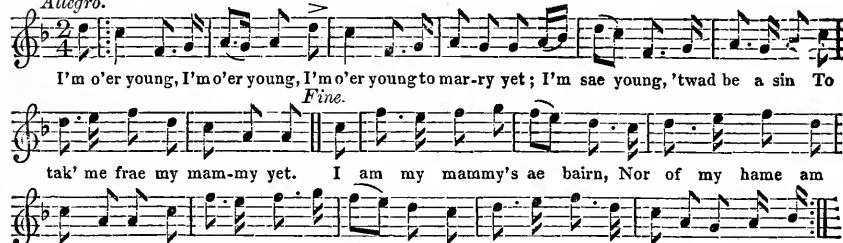
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,  
Before their foes may turn and fly;  
But I, were all these marvels done,  
Would never wed the Earlie's son.'

Still in the water-lily's shade  
Her wouled nest the wild swan made;  
Ben-Cruachan stands as fast as ever;  
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;  
To shun the clash of foeman's steel,  
No Highland brogue has turn'd the heel:  
But Nora's heart is lost and won.—  
She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

### I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

Published by Davidson.

*Allegro.*

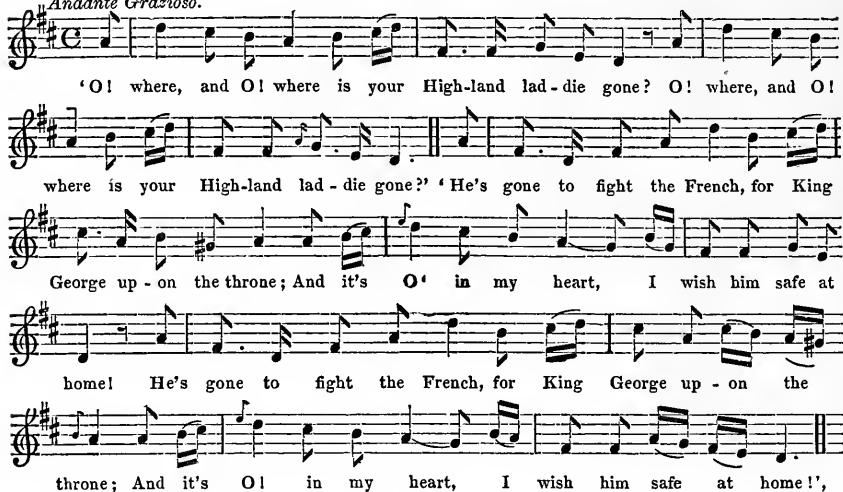


I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young to mar-ry yet; I'm sae young, 'twad be a sin To  
*Fine.*  
tak' me frae my mam-my yet. I am my maumy's ae bairn, Nor of my hame am  
wea-ry yet; And I wad ha' ye learn, lads, That ye for me maun tar-ry yet. For I'm, &c.  
For I have had my ain way,—  
Nane dar'd to contradict me yet;  
So soon to say I wad obey,—  
In truth, I daurna venture yet.  
For I'm o'er young, &c.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty winds  
Blaw through the leafless timmer, sir;  
But, if ye come this gate again,  
I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.  
For I'm o'er young, &c.

## THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

Old Scottish Melody.

*Andante Grazioso.*


'O! where, and O! where is your High-land lad-die gone? O! where, and O!  
where is your High-land lad - die gone?' 'He's gone to fight the French, for King  
George up - on the throne; And it's O' in my heart, I wish him safe at  
home! He's gone to fight the French, for King George up - on the  
throne; And it's O! in my heart, I wish him safe at home!'

'O! where, and O! where did your Highland lad-  
die dwell?

O! where, and O! where did your Highland lad-  
die dwell?

'He dwelt in merry Scotland, at the sign of the Blue  
Bell;

And it's O! in my heart, I love my laddie well.  
He dwelt in merry Scotland,' &c.

'In what clothes, in what clothes is your Highland  
laddie clad?

In what clothes, in what clothes is your Highland  
laddie clad?'

'His bonnet's of the Saxon green, his waistcoat's of  
the plaid.

And it's O! in my heart, I love my Highland lad.  
His bonnet's of the Saxon,' &c.

'Suppose, and suppose that your Highland lad  
should die?

Suppose, and suppose that your Highland lad  
should die?'

'The bag-pipes should play over him, I'd sit me  
down and cry;

And it's O! in my heart, I wish he may not die.  
The bag-pipes should play,' &c.

## THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

The Poetry by Mrs. Grant, of Laggan.

'O! where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie  
gone?

O! where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie  
gone?'

'He's gone, with the streaming banners, where  
noble deeds are done,  
And my sad heart will tremble till he come home  
again. He's gone with,' &c.

'O! where, tell me where, did your Highland lad-  
die stay?

O! where, tell me where, did your Highland lad-  
die stay?'

'He dwelt beneath the holly trees, beside the rapid  
Spey,  
And many a blessing follow'd him the day he went  
away. He dwelt beneath,' &c.

'O! what, tell me what, does your Highland lad-  
die wear?

O! what, tell me what, does your Highland lad-  
die wear?'

'A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge  
of war, [wear a star.  
And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall  
A bonnet with a lofty plume,' &c.

'Suppose, ah! suppose, that some cruel, cruel  
wound [hopes confound!'

Should pierce your Highland laddie, and all your  
'The pipe would play a cheering march, the ban-  
ners round him fly, [eye;

The spirit of a Highland chief would lighten in his  
The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners  
round him fly, [he would die.

And for his King and country dear with pleasure

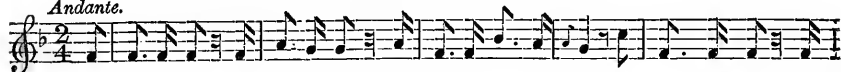
'But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonny  
bounds, [bounds;

But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonny  
His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious  
wounds, [like name resounds.'

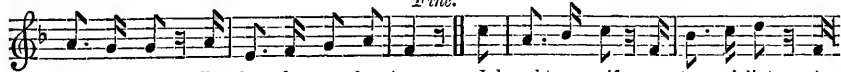
While wide through all our Highland hills his war-  
His native land of liberty,' &c.

## THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

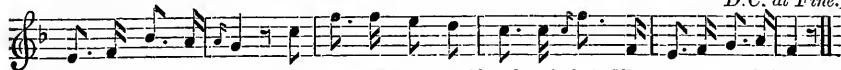
Old Scottish Melody.

*Andante.*

The wea-ry pund, the wea-ry pund, The wea-ry pund of tow; I thought my wife would

*Fine.*

end her life Be-fore she span her tow. I bought my wife a stane o' lint, As

*D.C. al Fine.*

good as e'er did grow; And a' that she could make o' that Was ae poor pund o' tow.

There sat a bottle in a bole,

She took the rock, and wi' a knock

Ayont the ingle low,

She brake it o'er my pow!

And ay she took the tither sook,

The weary pund, &amp;c.

To drook the stoury tow.

At length her feet,—I sang to see't,

The weary pund, &amp;c.

'For shame!' said I, 'you dirty dame,

Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;

Gae spix your tap o' tow,'—

And, ere I wed another jade,

I'll wallop in a tow.

The weary pund, &amp;c.

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

To the same Melody, the Poetry by Mrs. Hunter.

He's far away, he's far away,

But surely he will come;

Ye moments fly, pass swiftly by,

And bring my soldier home.

Alas! I look, and look in vain,

And listen to each sound!

The joyless sun declines again,

And so the days go round.

He's far away, &amp;c.

O! may he come in happy hour

My drooping soul to cheer!

For him I'll deck my cypress bow'r

With roses all the year.

Alas! I look, and look in vain,

And listen to each sound;—

The joyless sun declines again,

And so the days go round.

He's far away, &amp;c.

The heavy clouds of sorrow fled,

How bright the sun appears,

But cheerless were the beams he shed

Seen dimly through our tears.

Now, hope again shall wake the strings,

To pleasure's jocund lay,

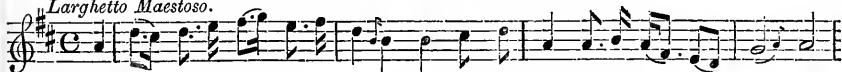
When time upon his dusky wings

Bears all our cares away.

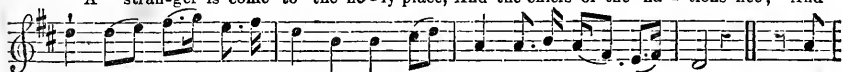
He's far away, &amp;c.

## A STRANGER IS COME.

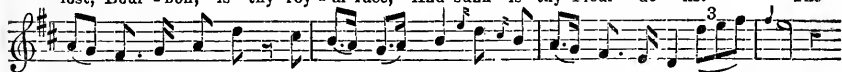
Scottish Melody; the Poetry by Horace Twiss.

*Larghetto Maestoso.*

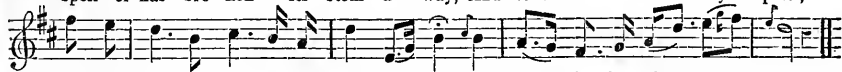
A stran-ger is come to the ho-ly place, And the chiefs of the na-tions flee; And



lost, Bour-bon, is thy roy-al race, And sunk is thy Fleur-de-lis. The



spoil-er has bro-ken its stem a-way, And its blos-som is dead-ly pale;



It shall smile no more in the sun-ny ray, Nor wave in the plea-sant gale.

Britain! thy hope and thy truth endure,

So gleam the cliffs of thy lofty shore,

Thro' the reign of alarm and doubt;

Undeified by the storm of night:

And thy loyal spirit emerges pure

The dark-stain'd billows around them roar,

From the dregs of the world without.

But leave them for ever white!

## MY BONNIE PLAID

The Music by W. Spark.—Published by Davidson.

*Andante.*

My bon-nie plaid, my tar-tan plaid! O! gin'twere na for thee, How  
could I bide the bit-ter blast, That howls a-lang the lea? When drea-ry win-ter's  
drift and snaw Come swir-lin o'er th' muir, Row'd up fu' co-sey in thy faulds, On  
me they hae nae pow'r. O! then, my plaid, my bon-nie plaid, Fu' weel I ken thy  
worth, When o'er th' hill th' pierc-in' wind Comes whist-lin' frae th' north.

But, trustie frien' as thou hast been,  
Through mony an angry storm,  
As light as mountain mist ye hing  
Around a fairy form.  
When simmer gloamins o'er the glen  
Their dusky shadows fling,

I'll lap my lassie in thy faulds,  
And envy nae the king.  
O, then, my plaid, my bonnie plaid,  
Thou'rt dearer far to me  
Than a' the braws o' laland lads  
Or courtly lords could be.

## LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

O! Lo-gie o' Bu-chan, O! Lo-gie the laird, They ha'e ta'en a-wa'  
Ja-mie that delv'd in the yard! Wha play'd on the pipe an' the vi-ol sae sma'; They ha'e  
ta'en a-wa' Ja-mie, the flow'r o' them a'. He said, think na lang, las-sie, tho' I gang a-  
wa'; He said, think na lang, las-sie, tho' I gang a-wa': For the sim-mer is com-in', cauld  
win-ter's a-wa', And I'll come and see thee, in spite o' them a'.

O! Sandy has owsen, and siller, and kye,  
A house and a haddin, and a' things forby:  
But I'd tak mine ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,  
Before I'd hae Sandy, wi' houses and land.

He said, think na lang, lassie, &c.

My daddy looks sulky, my minny looks sour,—  
They frown upon Jamie, because he is poor:  
Tho' I loe them as well as a daughter should do,  
They are nae half sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.

He said, think na lang, lassie, &c.

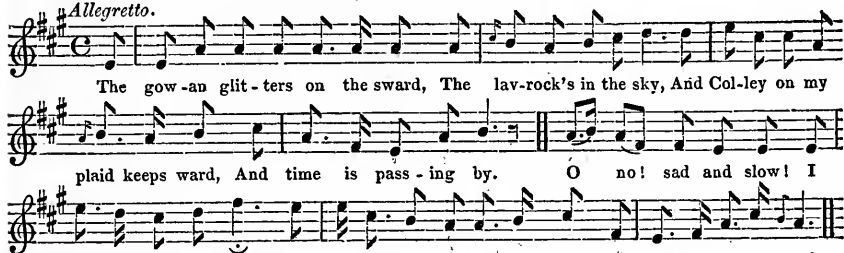
I sit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel,  
And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel;  
He had but ae saxeppence, he brak it in twa,  
And he gi'ed me the half o't when he gaed awa;

Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa;  
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa.  
The simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa,  
And ye'll come and see me, in spite o' them a'.



## THE SHEPHERD'S SON.

Scottish Melody; the Poetry by Joanna Baillie.

*Allegretto.*

My sheep-bell tinkles frae the west,  
My lambs are bleating near,  
But still the sound that I lo'e best,  
Alack! I canna hear.

O no! sad and slow!  
The shadow lingers still,  
And like a lanely ghaist I stand,  
And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,  
The mill wi' clacking din,  
And Luckey scolding frae her door,  
To bring the bairnies in.

O no! sad and slow!  
These are nae sounds for me;  
The shadow of our trys-ting-bush,  
It creeps sae drearily.

I coft yestreen, from Chapman Tam,  
A snood of bonnie blue,  
And promis'd, when our trys-ting cam,  
To tie it round her brow.

O no! sad and slow!  
The time it wianna pass:  
The shadow of that weary thorn  
Is tethered on the grass.

O! now I see her on the way,  
She's past the Witches' knowe:  
She's climbing up the Brownny's brae,—  
My heart is in a lowe.

O no! 'tis na so!  
'Tis glamrie I hae seen:  
The shadow of that hawthorn bush  
Will move nae mair till e'en.

My book o' grace I'll try to read,  
Tho' conn'd wi' little skill;  
When Colley barks, I'll raise my head,  
And find her on the hill.

O no! sad and slow!  
The time will ne'er be gane:  
The shadow of the trys-ting-bush  
Is fix'd like ony stane.

## AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

Scottish Melody.

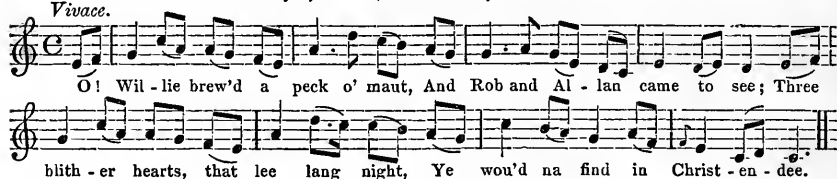
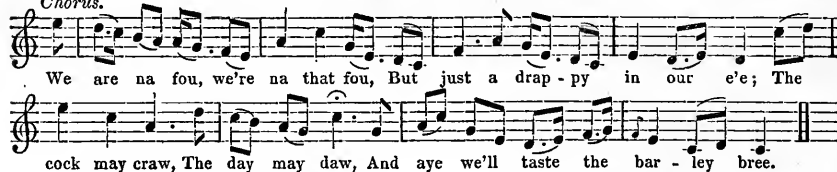
*Affetuoso.*

'The mind whose every wish is pure  
Is dearer far than gold to me.  
And, ere I'm forc'd to break my faith,  
I'll lay me down and dee:  
For I hae pledg'd my virgin troth,  
My ain brave Donald's fate to share;  
And he has gi'en to me his heart,  
Wi' a' its virtues 'rare.

'His gentle manners won my heart;  
He, gratefu', took the willing gift;  
I wou'dna seek my pledge again  
For a' below the lift.  
For longest life can ne'er repay  
The well-tried love he bears to me;  
And, ere I'm forc'd to break my troth,  
I'll lay me down and dee.'

## O! WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O'MAUT.—THE HAPPY TRIO.

The Poetry by Burns; the Music by Allan Masterton.

*Vivace.**Chorus.*

Here are we met, three merry boys,—

Three merry boys, I trow, are we,

And mony night we've merry been,

And mony mair we hope to be.

We are na fou, we're na that fou,

But just a drappy in our e'e;

The cock may crawl, the day may daw,

And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

It is the moon,—I ken her horn,

That's blinking in the lift sae hie;

She shines sa bright, to wyle us hame,

But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!

We are na fou, we're na that fou,

But just a drappy in our e'e;

The cock may crawl, the day may daw,

And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa

A silly coward loun is he!

Wha first beside his chair shall fa'

He is the king amang us three.

We are na fou, we're na that fou,

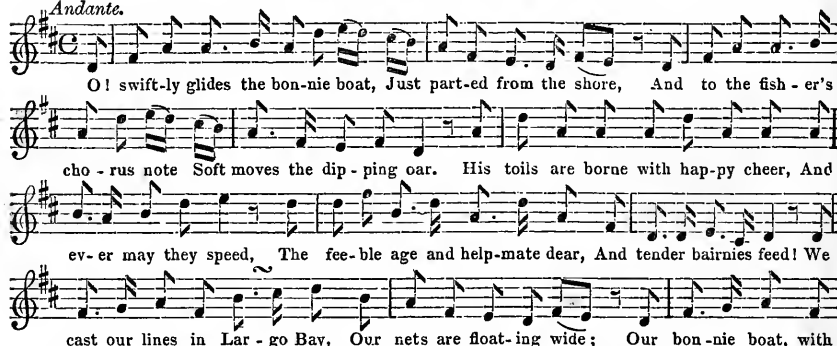
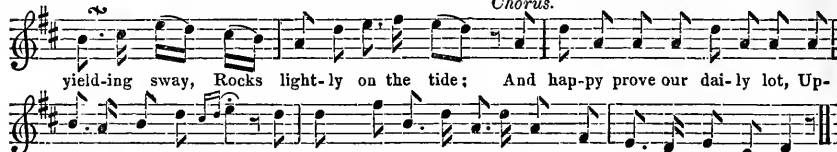
But just a drappy in our e'e;

The cock may crawl, the day may daw,

And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

## THE BOATIE ROWS.

The Poetry by Joanna Baillie.

*Andante.**Chorus.*The mermaid on her rock may sing,  
The witch may wave her charm;—

Nor water-sprite nor eldritch thing

The bonnie boat can harm.

It safely bears its scaly store  
Through many a stormy gale;While joyful shouts rise from the shore,  
Its homeward prow to hail.

## THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

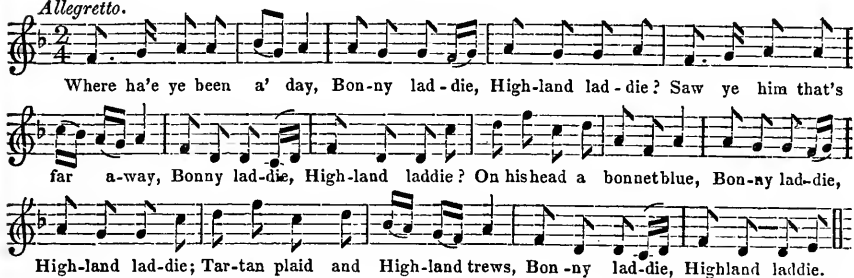
The Poetry by Burns.

*Con espress.*

The rose upon the briar, by the waters running      Their little loves are bless'd, and their little hearts  
clear,      at rest;—  
May have charms for the lianet or the bee;      But my true love is parted from me.

## BONNY LADDIE, HIGHLAND LADDIE.

A Jacobite Ballad.

*Allegretto.*

When he drew his gude braid sword,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
Then he gave his royal word,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
That frae the field he ne'er would  
flee,

Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
But wi' his friends wou'd live or die,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

Weary fa' the lawland loon,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie;  
Wha took frae him the British  
crown,

Bonny laddie, highland laddie;  
But blessings on the kilted clans,  
Bonnie laddie, highland laddie,  
That fought for him at Preston-  
pans,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

Geordie sits in Charlie's chair,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie;  
De'il cock him gin he bide there,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

Charlie yet shall moun't the throne,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie;  
Weel ye ken it is his own,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

Ken ye the news I ha'e to tell,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie:

Cumberland's away to —

Bonny laddie, highland laddie.  
When he came to the Stygianshore,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
The de'il himself wi' fright did roar,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

Charon grim came out to him,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,—  
Ye're welcome here, ye devil's limb,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.  
He tow'd him o'er wi' curse and ban,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
Whiles he sank, and whiles he swam,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

On him they put a philabeg,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
And in his lug they ramm'd a peg,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.  
How he did skip and he did roar,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie;  
The de'il's ne'er saw sic fun before,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

They took him neist to Satan's ha',  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
There to lift wi' his grand papa,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.  
Says Cumberland, I'll no gang ben,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
For fear I meet wi' Charlie's men,

Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

O naught of that ye hae to fear,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
For fient a ane o' them comes here,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.  
The de'il sat grinin' in the neuk,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
Riving sticks to roast the duke,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

They clapp'd him in an iron chair,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
And fast in chains they bound him  
there,

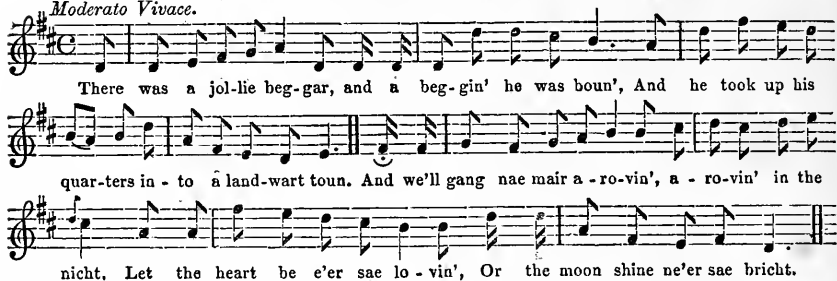
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.  
And ay they kept it hot below,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
Wi' peats and divots frae Glenco,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

They put him then upon a speet,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie,  
And roasted him baith head and  
feet,

Bonny laddie, highland laddie.  
They ate him up baith stoop and  
roop,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie  
And that's the gate they serv'd the  
duke,  
Bonny laddie, highland laddie.

## THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

Old Scottish Melody; the Words attributed to James the Fifth.—Published by Davidson.  
*Moderato Vivace.*



He wad neither lie in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,  
But in ahint the ha' door, or else afore the fire.

And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', &c.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi' gude clean  
strae and hay,  
And in ahint the ha' door, and there the beggar lay.

And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', &c.

Up rose the gude man's dochter, and for to bar the  
door;

And there she saw the beggar standin' i' the floor.  
And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and off with her he  
ran.

'O! hoolie, hoolie, wi' me, sir; ye'll wauken our  
gude man.'

And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', &c.

The beggar was a cunnin' loon, and ne'er a word  
he spak, [crack.

Until the cock began to crow; syne he began to  
And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', &c.

'Is there ony dowgs into this toun? maiden, tell  
me true.' [dow?'

'And what wad ye do wi' them, my hinnie and my  
And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', &c.

They'll ryve a my meal-pocks, and do me mickle  
wrag.'

'O! dule for the dooin' o't! are ye the puir man?'  
And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', &c.

Then she took up the meal-pocks, and flang them  
over the wa'; [awa'.'

'The de'il gae wi' the meal-pocks, an' tak' yoursel'  
And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', &c.

'I took ye for some gentleman, at least the Laird  
o' Brodie;

O! dule for the doin' o't! are ye the puir bodie?  
And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and gie her kisse  
three, [rae sae free.

And four-and-twenty hundred merks for havin'  
And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', &c.

He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud  
and shrill, [ower the hill.

And four-and-twenty beltit knights came skippin'  
And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', &c.

And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa',  
And he was the bravest gentleman that was amang  
them a'.

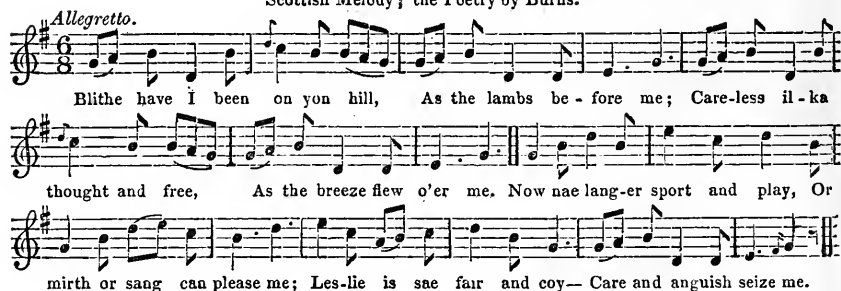
And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', &c.

The beggar was a clever loon, and he lapshouter  
hicht,

And aye for siccan quarters as I gat yesternicht!  
And we'll gang nae mair a-rovin', &c.

## THE QUAKER'S WIFE.

Scottish Melody; the Poetry by Burns.



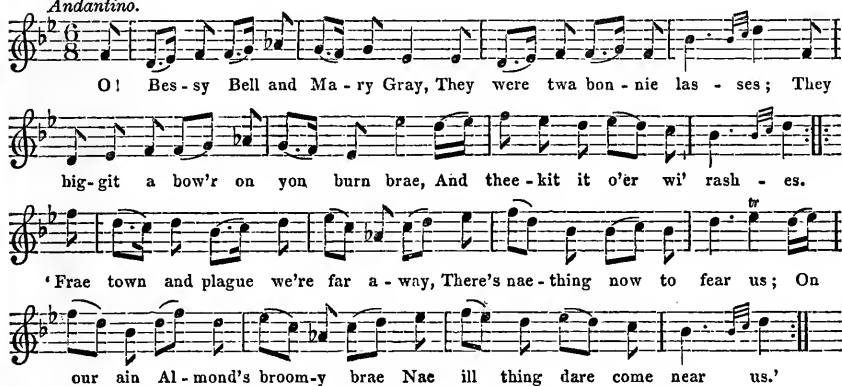
Heavy, heavy, is the task,  
Hopeless love declaring;  
Trembling, I do naught but glow'r,  
Sighing, dumb, despairing!

If she winna ease the throes  
In my bosom swelling,  
Underneath the green-grass sod  
Soon maun be my dwelling.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

Scottish Melody.

*Andantino.*



O! Bes-sy Bell and Ma-ry Gray, They were twa bon-nie las-ses; They  
big-git a bow'r on yon burn brae, And thee-kit it o'er wi' rash-es.  
'Frae town and plague we're far a-way, There's nae-thing now to fear us; On  
our ain Al-mond's broom-y brae Nae ill thing dare come near us.'

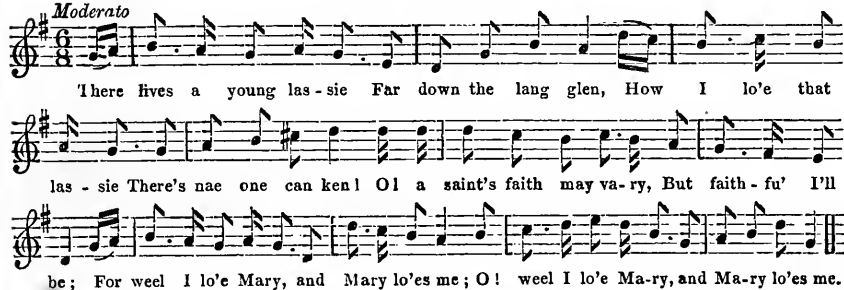
All night beneath the bower they bade,—  
The lee lang day they wander'd  
In green Glen-Almond's forest shade,  
Or by the burnie daunder'd.  
The dew their footsteps scarcely shook  
From off the morning heather;  
The moon they gaz'd on in the brook  
Was not more pure than either.  
He came—one short sweet hour he stay'd;  
Beneath the bower of rushes,  
And mony a gentle word was said  
'Twixt him and these fair lasses.  
They brought him all their best of cheer—  
Nor malvoisie nor sherries,  
But water from the fountain clear,  
And wilding mountain-berries.

Three hearts were heavy when he turn'd  
From them and their lone shealing;  
Alas! within each bosom burn'd  
Twa ills that knew no healing:  
For love was there, that flower'd in joy,  
But must have grown in sorrow,—  
And pestilence came with the boy,  
And death came on the morrow.  
Cold lies he in proud Hunting tower,  
That bore the plague-spot thither,  
And cold lie they within their bower,  
Hand link'd in hand together.  
The burn runs clear their pillow-near,  
And the auld thorn-tree is shady—  
Dig deep, dig deep, but let them sleep,  
Still row'd in the same plaidie.

MARY.

The Poetry by J. Imlah.

*Moderato*



There lives a young las-sie Far down the lang glen, How I lo'e that  
las-sie There's nae one can ken! O! a saint's faith may va-ry, But faith-fu' I'll  
be; For weel I lo'e Mary, and Mary lo'es me; O! weel I lo'e Ma-ry, and Ma-ry lo'es me.

Red, red as the rowan  
Her smiling wee mou';  
And white as the gowan;  
Her breast and her brow;  
Wi' a foot o' a fairy  
She links o'er the lea;—  
O! weel I lo'e Mary,  
And Mary lo'es me.

Where yon tall forest timmer  
An' lowly broom bower,  
To the sunshine o' simmer  
Spread verdure and flower;  
There, when night clouds the cary,  
Beside her I'll be:—  
For weel I lo'e Mary,  
An' Mary lo'es me.

## TO MARY IN HEAVEN, OR HIGHLAND MARY.

The Poetry by Burns; the Music by Miss Lucy Johnston.

*Andante con espress.*

Thou ling'-ring star with less'-ning ray, That lov'st to greet the ear-ly morn, A-  
gain thou ush-er's. in the day My Ma-ry from my soul was torn;— O!  
Ma-ry, dear de-part-ed shade, Where is thy place of bliss-ful rest? See'st  
thou thy lov-er low-ly laid? Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?

Can I forget the hallow' grove,  
Where by the winding Ayr we me.,  
To live one day of parting love?

Eternity cannot efface

Those records dear of transports past,

The image of our last embrace;—

Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,

O'erhung with wild woods thickening green;

The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar

Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene:

The flow'rs sprang wanton to be press'd,

The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,

Till too, too soon, the glowing west

Proclaim'd 'the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,

And fondly broods with miser care;

Time but the impression stronger makes,

As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary! dear departed shade!

Where is thy place of blissful rest?

See'st thou thy lower lowly laid?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

## THE THISTLE.

The Poetry by A. J. M'Douall; the Music composed expressly for this work, by T. H.

*Moderato.*


I'll own thee, the rose is a beau-ti-ful flow'r, No mat-ter its hue, white or  
red; It graces a-like both the de-sert and bow'r, Wher-e-ver its fra-grance is  
shed; But give me the this-tle—fit em-blem of man, Though wild and neg-  
lect-ed it be,—While it rears its proud head in front of the van, The  
this-tle—the this-tle for me; for me, The this-tle—the this-tle for me.

I'll own thee, 'tis pull'd not to deck beauty's brow,  
Nor foster'd in garden or hall;  
Yet still on our standard before it I'll bow,  
And in its defence stand or fall.

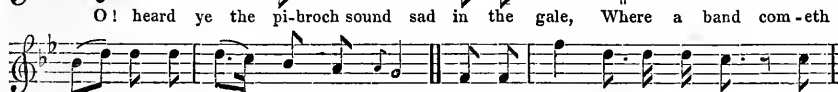
Then give me the shrub of my own verdant clime,  
That bends to the mountain breeze free;  
Tho' scentless it blooms in its power and prime—  
The thistle—the thistle for me.

## GLENARA.

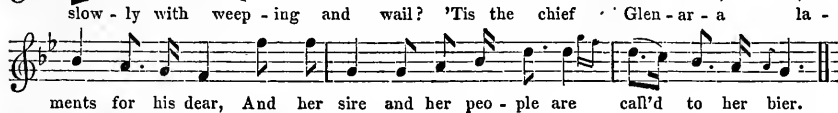
The Poetry by Thomas Campbell; the Music by R. A. Smith.

*Andante con Espres.*


O! heard ye the pi-broch sound sad in the gale, Where a band com-eth



slow - ly with weep - ing and wail? 'Tis the chief Glen - ar - a la -



ments for his dear, And her sire and her peo - ple are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud;  
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud;  
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around:  
They march'd all in silence—they look'd on the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,  
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar;

Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn:  
'Why speak ye no word!'—said Glenara the stern.  
'And tell me, I charge you! ye clan of my spouse,  
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?'

So spake the rude chieftain:—no answer is made,  
But each mantle unfolding a dagger display'd.

'I dream'd of my lady, I dream'd of her shroud,'  
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;

'And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem:

Glenara! now read me my dream!'

O! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,  
When the shroud was unclos'd, and no lady was seen;

When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in  
'Twas the youth who had lov'd the fair Ellen or Lorn:

'I dream'd of my lady, I dream'd of her grief,  
I dream'd that her lord was a barbarous chief:  
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem;  
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!'

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,  
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found;  
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne—  
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

## THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

Scottish Melody.—The Words by Mrs. Cockburn.

*Larghetto Espres.*


I've seen the smi - ling of For - tune be - guil - ing, I've tast - ed her fa - vours and



felt her de - cay; Sweet was her bless - ing, kind her ca - res - sing, But



now it is fled— fled far a - way! I've seen the fo - rest a - dorn - ed the



fore - most, With flowers of the fair - est, most plea - sant and gay; So bon - ny was their



blooming, Their scent the air per - fum - ing; But now they are wither - ed and weeded away

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,  
And the dread tempest roaring before parting day;  
I've seen the Tweed's silver streams glitt'ring in  
the sunny beams,  
Grow drumly and dark as they roll'd on their

O! fickle Fortune! why this cruel sporting!  
O! why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day!  
Thy frowns cannot fear me, thy smiles cannot cheer  
me,  
For the flowers of the forest are wither'd away

## TAK YER AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

Old Scotch Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Moderato.*

In win-ter, when the rain rain'd cauld, And frost and snaw on il - ka  
hill, And Bo-reas wi' his blasts sae bauld Was threat'-ning a' our kye to kill;  
Then Bell, my wife, who lo'es na strife, She said to me rich has - ti - lie, — Get  
up, gude-man, save Crummie's life, And tak yer auld cloak a - boot ye.

'My Crummie is a usefu' cow,  
And she is come of a good kin';  
Aft has she wet the bairns's mou',  
And I am laith that she should tync;  
Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,  
The sun shines frae the lift sae hie;  
Sloth never made a gracious end;  
Gae, tak yer auld cloak about ye.'

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

'In days when our King Robert rang,  
His trows they cost but half-a-crown;  
He said they were a groat ower dear,  
And ca'd the tailor thief and loon:  
He was the king that wore a crown,  
And thou the man of laigh degree:  
It's pride puts a' the country doun;  
Sae tak yer auld cloak about ye.'

'Ilka land has its ain lauch,  
Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool;  
I think the world is a' gane wrang,  
When ilka wife her man wad rule:  
Do ye no see Rob, Jock, and Hab,  
How they are girded gallantlie,  
While I sit hurklin' i' the nook?—  
I'll hae a new cloak about me.'

'Gudeman, I wot it's thretty year  
Sin' we did aye anither ken;  
And we hae had atween us twa  
Of lads and bonnie lasses ten:  
Now they are women grown and men,  
I wish and pray weel may they be;  
If you would prove a gude husband,  
E'en tak yer auld cloak about ye.'

'Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,  
But sic would guide me, if she can;  
And, to maintain an easy life,  
I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman.  
Nocht's to be gain'd at woman's han',  
Unless ye gie her a' the plea;  
Then I'll leave aff where I began,  
And tak my auld cloak about me.'

## COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

*Allegretto.*

Gin a bo-dy meet a body Comin' thro' the rye; Gin a body kiss a body, Need a body cry?  
Ilka lassie has a laddie, Ne'er a ane hae I; But a' the lads they lo'e me weel, And what the war' am I?

Gin' a body meet a body,  
Comin' frae the well;  
Gin a body kiss a body,  
Need a body tell? Ilka lassie, &c.  
Gin a body meet a body,  
Comin' fra the town:

Gin a body kiss a body,  
Need a body frown? Ilka lassie, &c.  
Ilka Jenny has her Jocky,  
Ne'er a ane hae I;  
But a' the lads they lo'e me weel,  
And what the war' am I? Ilka lassie, &c.

THE END.