

# ADVERTISEMENT.

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A NUMBER of publications of Scottish Songs having issued from the press, in imitation of G. THOMSON'S Collection, it is recommended, in order to prevent disappointment to those who wish to have this Work, that they should address their orders to G. THOMSON himself, at the Trustees Office, Exchange, Edinburgh. Each Volume bears his own written signature at the foot of the title-page.

Each volume contains FIFTY AIRS. The Symphonies and Accompaniments in the *first* edition of Vol. I. and II. were composed by PLEYEL and KOZELUCH; but a considerable number by HAYDN are now introduced into those two volumes, in the room of what appeared the least happy productions of the other Composers.

The Symphonies and Accompaniments to Vol. III. and IV. are composed WHOLLY BY HAYDN, who wrote thus emphatically when he sent the Music: "*I boast of this Work, and by it I flatter myself my name will live in Scotland many years after my death.*"

The Poetry in the four volumes includes the most select and complete Collection of Songs, both Scottish and English, ever offered to the Public. And the following Certificate will shew that this is the only musical Work in which ALL the delightful Songs of BURNS can be published.

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

"ROBERT BURNS."

The Publisher has the same exclusive right to all the other Songs written for this Work, as well as to all the Symphonies and Accompaniments; which having cost him incredible pains, and a heavy expence to procure, he gives this public notice, that if any person shall unwarrantably publish any one of those Songs, or of the Symphonies or Accompaniments, he may depend on being prosecuted.

The Publisher had reason to think that he would have been able to comprise all the SCOTTISH AIRS and SONGS

worthy of preservation, as well as the best IRISH AIRS, in four volumes; but various unexpected communications having been made to him, and being thus possessed of a number of AIRS, enrich'd by the Symphonies and Harmony of HAYDN, and by the Songs of BURNS, over and above those contained in the four volumes, it is his intention, at some future time, to bring forward a fifth volume, which will most certainly conclude the Work.

Lately published by G. THOMSON, and to be had at his house, *Edinburgh*; at T. PRESTON'S, NO. 97, *Strand, London*; and at the principal Music Shops throughout the kingdom, the following Works:

SIX GRAND SONATAS for the PIANO-FORTE, in Two Books;—the middle and last movements of which are founded upon Scottish subjects, with Accompaniments, composed by PLEYEL.—Also,

SIX GRAND SONATAS for the PIANO-FORTE, upon a similar plan, with Accompaniments, composed by KOZELUCH.

In these Works, the first movement of each Sonata forms a delightful variety, contrasted with the familiar subjects of the middle and last movements. Each Book of those Sonatas bears the written Signature of G. THOMSON on the title-page; and any other Sonatas, with a similar title, are spurious.

---

## WELSH AIRS.—HAYDN.

G. THOMSON has great satisfaction in announcing, that HAYDN, during the two last years, was employed in harmonizing for him all the favourite WELSH AIRS adapted for the Voice, and in composing Symphonies to each Air;—for which interesting English Verses have also been obtained. And as the Welsh Airs have hitherto been presented to the Public as instrumental pieces only, he trusts that, when transformed into SONGS, with ACCOMPANIMENTS, and with an INTRODUCTION and CONCLUSION to each Song by that inimitable Composer, the Work will prove equally acceptable to the Singer, the Piano-Forte player, and every person of taste. The first volume is in preparation, and will be published in the same style with this Collection, some time in the present year.

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**ORIGINAL SCOTTISH AIRS,**  
*(for the Voice)*

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& Accompaniments for the*  
**PIANO FORTE, VIOLIN & VIOLONCELLO,**

*By*  
**Haidn,**  
*With*

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

*( B U R N S )*

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



*• View see where Caledonian's Genius mourns  
• And plants the holly round the tomb of Burns*

Volume **4** Ent<sup>d</sup> at Stationers Hall.

*London, Printed & Sold by T. Preston, 97, Strand.*

Sold also by G. Thomson the Editor & Proprietor Edinburgh.

*G. Thomson*  
*C*





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IN THE

## FOURTH VOLUME,

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THEIR NAMES.

*The Airs distinguished by this mark § are probably the oldest, being mentioned in ALLAN RAMSAY'S Tea-table Miscellany, publish'd in 1724. Those mark'd thus ||, are known to be modern. And those with this mark \* are understood to be Irish.*

THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS COMPOSED WHOLLY BY

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# The braes of Ballochmyle.

Andante

espressivo

The Catrine woods were yellow seen The

flow'rs decay'd on Catrine lea Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green But Nature sicken'd

on the e'e Thro' faded groves Ma-ri-a sang Hersel in beauty's bloom the while And

ay the wild-wood e-choes rang Fareweel the braes of Ballochmyle.



## THE CATRINE WOODS WERE YELLOW SEEN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *BURNS.*

AIR.—THE BRAES OF BALLOCHMYLE.

<p>THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,          The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea *,          Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,          But Nature sicken'd on the e'e.          Thro' faded groves Maria sang,          Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,          And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,          Fareweel the braes of Ballochmyle †.</p>	<p>Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,          Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;          Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,          Again ye'll charm the vocal air.          But here, a'as ! for me nae mair          Shall birdie charm, or flowret smile;          Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,          Fareweel, fareweel ! sweet Ballochmyle.</p>
--	---

\* CATRINE, in Ayrshire, the seat of DUGALD STEWART, Esq.—† BALLOCHMYLE, formerly the seat of Sir JOHN WHITEFORD, now of BOYD ALEXANDER, Esq.

## WHERE ESK ITS SILVER CURRENT LEADS.

THE SAME AIR.

<p>WHERE Esk † its silver current leads          'Mang green-woods gay wi' mony a flower,          I hied me aft to dewy meads,          In happy days, and built my bower.          I call'd upon the birds to sing,          And nestle in ilk fragrant flower,          While in the liv'ry of the spring          I deck'd my pleasing peaceful bower.</p>	<p>'Twas there I found, ah ! happy time,          A modest, sweet, and lovely flower !          I crop't it in its virgin prime,          To grace and cheer my bonnie bower.          But soon the blast howl'd in the air          That robb'd me of this matchless flower;          And sorrow since, and mony a care          Have stript and wither'd a' my bower !</p>
--	--

† The ESK here alluded to, after passing the romantic banks of ROSLIN, winds for several miles through a variety of scenery singularly beautiful.



# THERE WAS A LASS, AND SHE WAS FAIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

## AIR.—WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

<p>T<small>HERE</small> was a lass, and she was fair,          At kirk and market to be seen;          When a' our fairest maids were met,          The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.          And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,          And ay she sang sae merrilie;          The blythest bird upon the bush,          Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.</p>	<p>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 of the stream          The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;          So trembling, pure, was tender love          Within the breast of bonnie Jean.</p>	<p>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 can'st thou think to fancy me!          Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,          And learn to tent the farms wi' me?</p>
<p>But hawks will rob the tender joys          That bliss 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 nagies nine or ten.</p>	<p>And now she works her mammie's wark,          And ay she sighs wi' care and pain;          Yet wist na what her ail might be,          Or what wad mak' her weel again.          But did na Jeanie's heart lowp 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?</p>	<p>At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,          Or 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 na will to say him na:          At length she blush'd a sweet consent,          And love was ay between them twa.</p>

## THE OLD SONG,

### WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG:

*It is mentioned in the Memoranda of BURNS, that this Song was written upon WALKINSHAW of Walkinshaw, near Paisley.  
 'Tis said, however, by others, that the Hero was HAMILTON of Gilbertfield.*

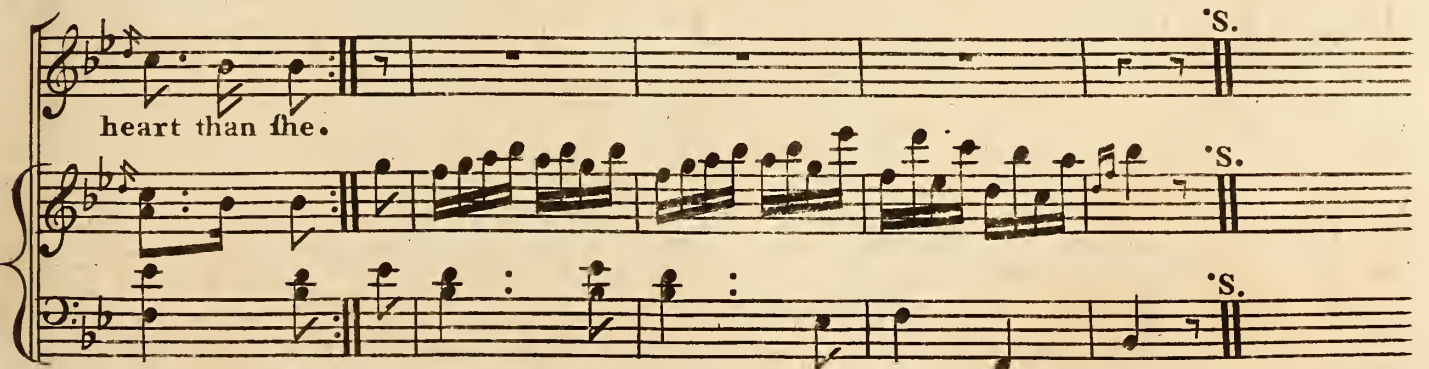
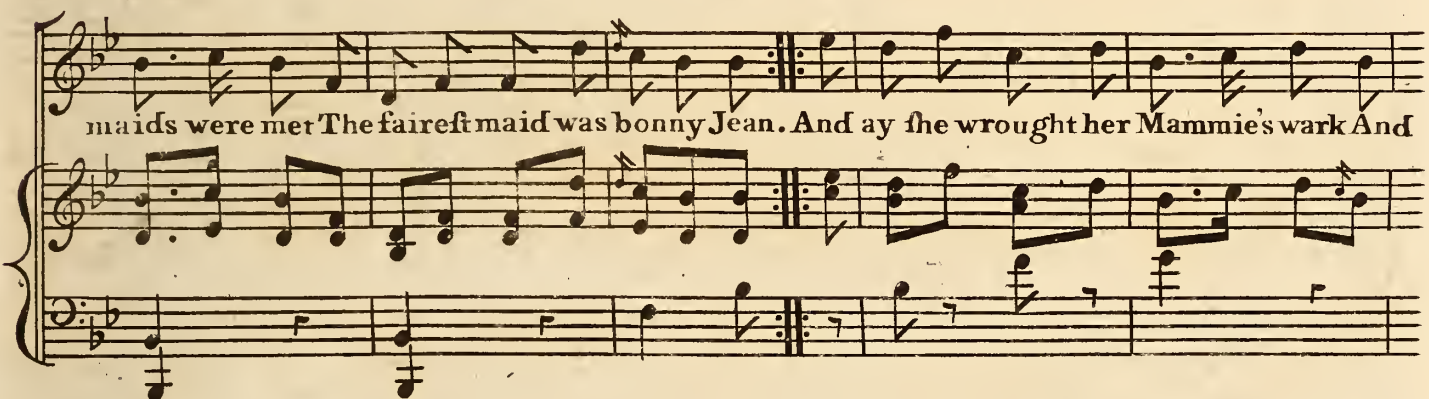
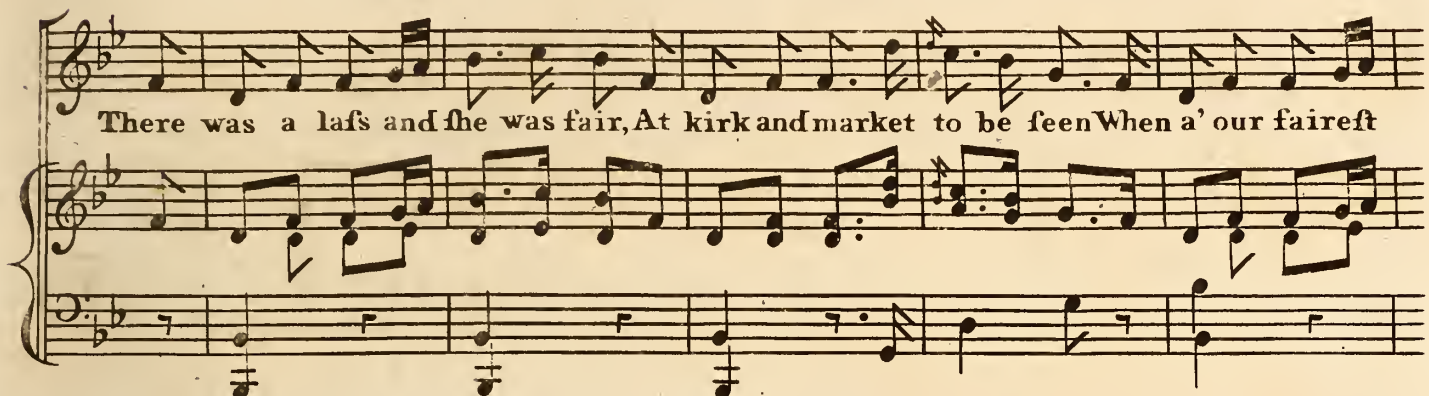
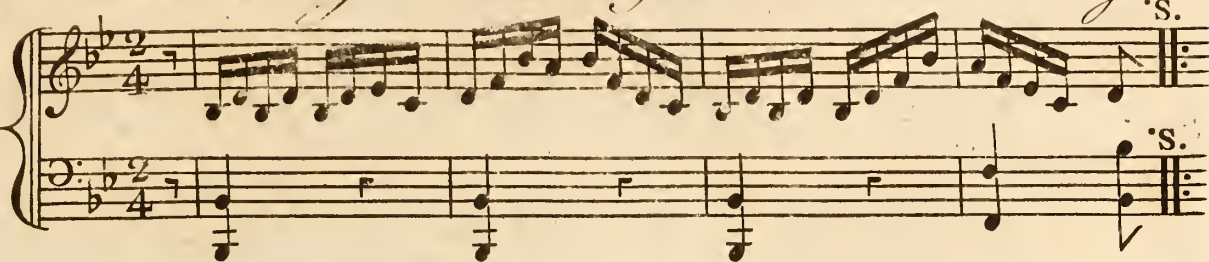
<p>W<small>ILLIE</small> was a wanton wag,          The blythest lad that e'er I saw,          At bridals still he bore the brag,          And carried ay the gree awa':          His doublet was of Zetland shag,          And wow! but Willie he was braw,          And at his shoulder hung a tag,          That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.</p>	<p>And was not Willie weel worth gowd?          He wan the love of great and sma';          For after he the bride had kiss'd,          He kiss'd the lasses hale-sale a'.          Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,          When by the hand he led them a',          And smack on smack on them bestow'd,          By virtue of a standing law.</p>	<p>Then rest ye, Willie, I'll gae out,          And for a wee fill up the ring;          But, shame light on his souple snout!          He wanted Willie's wanton fling.          Then straight he to the bride did fare,          Says, weel's me on your bonnie face;          Wi' bobbing, Willie's shanks are sair,          And I'm come out to fill his place.</p>
<p>He was a man without a clag,          His heart was frank without a flaw;          And ay whatever Willie said,          It was still hadden as a law.          His boots they were made of the jag,          When he went to the Weaponshaw,          Upon the green nane durst him brag,          The fient a ane amang them a'.</p>	<p>And was nae Willie a great lown,          As shyre a lick as e'er was seen?          When he danc'd wi' the lasses round,          The bridegroomspeir'd where he had been.          Quoth Willie, I've been at the ring,          Wi' bobbing, faith, my shanks are sair;          Gac ca' your bride and maidens in,          For Willie he dow do nae mair.</p>	<p>Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,          And at the ring you'll ay be lag,          Unless, like Willie, ye advance:          O! Willie has a wanton leg;          For wi't he learns us a' to steer,          And foremost ay bears up the ring,          We will find nae sic dancing here,          If we want Willie's wanton fling.</p>



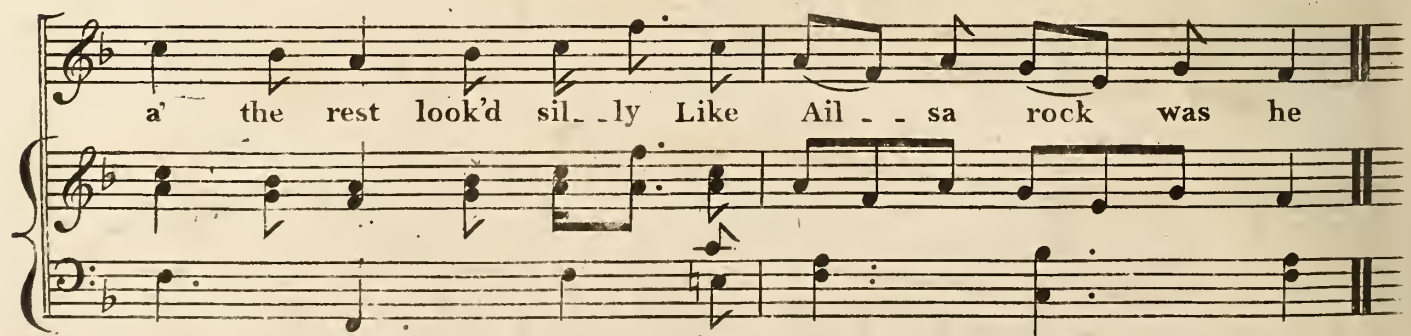
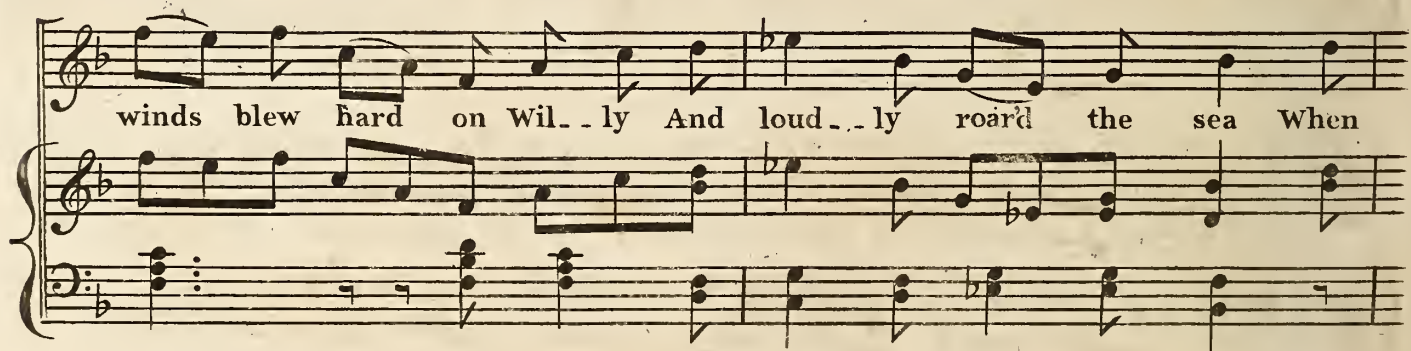
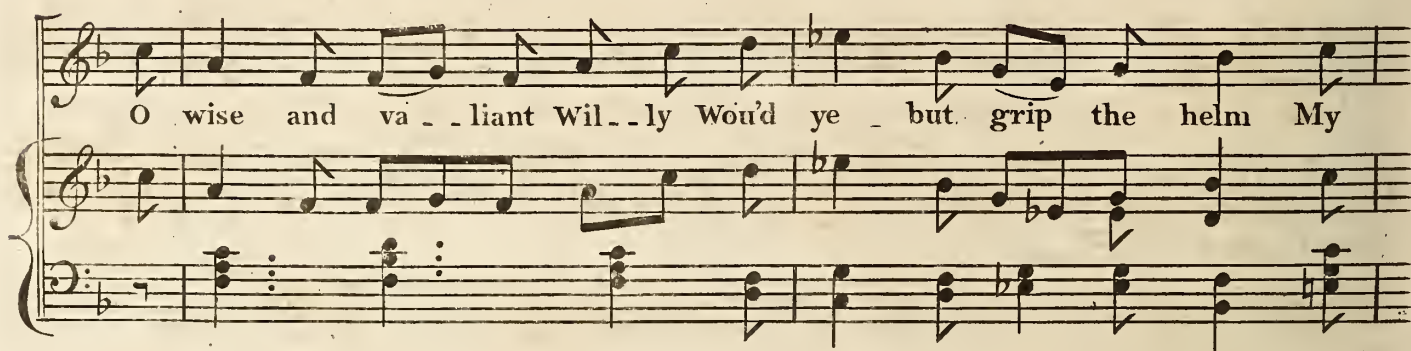
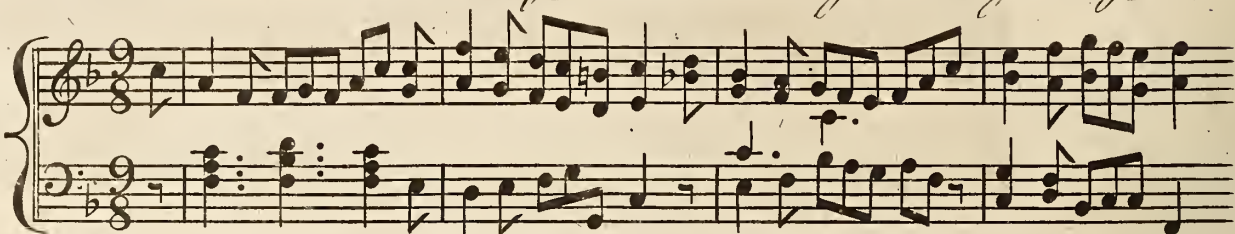
# There was a lass Air; Willy was a wanton wag.

152

*Andantino  
piu tosto  
Allegretto*





*O wise & valiant Willy - Air. Rattling roaring Willy.)**Vivace*

---

## O WISE AND VALIANT WILLY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS GRANT, Laggan.

*In Summer 1803, when it was understood that a negotiation for bringing Mr P\*\*\* again into office, had failed.*

---

### AIR.—RATTLING ROARING WILLY.

O wise and valiant Willy,  
 Would ye but grip the helm!  
 My blessings on the day  
 Ye rose to guide the realm.  
 The winds blew hard on Willy,  
 And loudly roar'd the sea,  
 When a' the rest look'd silly,  
 Like Ailsa rock was he.

O douce hard-working Willy,  
 How sair he won his fee!  
 He spent it ay as he got it,  
 And now he has naething to gi'e.  
 O douce lang-headed Willy,  
 When he began to crack,  
 He held to his point ay steady,  
 And never a foot gaed back.

O douce and stalwart Willy,  
 He's gane to ca' his plough,  
 But ere the play be play'd,  
 He'll get some mair ado.  
 There's nought in Will's kail-yard,  
 But ae bit laurel tree;  
 Yet douce and stalwart Willy  
 Is welcome ay to me.

His daddy gied him his name,  
 'Twas a' that he could gi'e,  
 Its kent his daddy's coat  
 There's nane could fill but he.  
 O bold and reckless Willy,  
 Nane bides a blast like thee,  
 In rough and blustering weather  
 Ye're welcome ay to me.

---



# BEHOLD THE HOUR, THE BOAT ARRIVE!

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

HIGHLAND AIR.—ORAN GAOIL.

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive!  
 Thou goest, thou darling of my heart:  
 Sever'd from thee, can I survive?  
 But fate has will'd, and we must part!  
 I'll often greet this surging swell;  
 Yon distant isle will often hail;  
 "E'en *here*, I took the last farewell;  
 " *There*, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail,"

Along the solitary shore,  
 While flitting sea-fowls round me cry,  
 Across the rolling, dashing roar,  
 I'll westward turn my wistful eye:  
 Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,  
 Where now my Nancy's path may be!  
 While through thy sweets she loves to stray,  
 O tell me, does she muse on me!

## O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

*The first and second Stanzas written for this work by BURNS and J. RICHARDSON.—The last Stanza is old.*

THE SAME AIR.

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,  
 With purple blossoms to the spring;  
 And I a bird to shelter there,  
 When wearied on my little wing.  
 How I would mourn when it was torn,  
 By autumn wild, and winter rude!  
 But I would sing on wanton wing,  
 When merry May its bloom renew'd.

O were my love yon vi'let sweet,  
 That peeps frae 'neath the hawthorn spray;  
 And I mysel' the zephyr's breath,  
 Among its bonnie leaves to play.  
 I'd fan it wi' a constant gale,  
 Beneath the noontide's scorching ray;  
 And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews  
 At morning dawn and parting day.

O gin my love were yon red rose,  
 That grows upon the castle wa'!  
 And I mysel' a drap of dew,  
 Into her bonnie breast to fa'!  
 Oh, there, beyond expression blest,  
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night;  
 Seal'd on her silk-soft fa'ds to rest,  
 Till fley'd awa' by Phoebus' light.



Behold the hour—Air; Oran gavoil.

154

*Duet*

Be-hold the hour the

Be-hold the hour the

*Andante*

*espressivo*

boat arrive Thou goest thou darling of my heart Ah! sever'd from thee can I sur-vive But

boat arrive Thou goest thou darling of my heart Ah! sever'd from thee can I sur-vive But

fate has will'd and we must part I'll of-ten greet this surging swell, Yon distant Isle will often

fate has will'd and we must part I'll of-ten greet this surging swell, Yon distant Isle will often

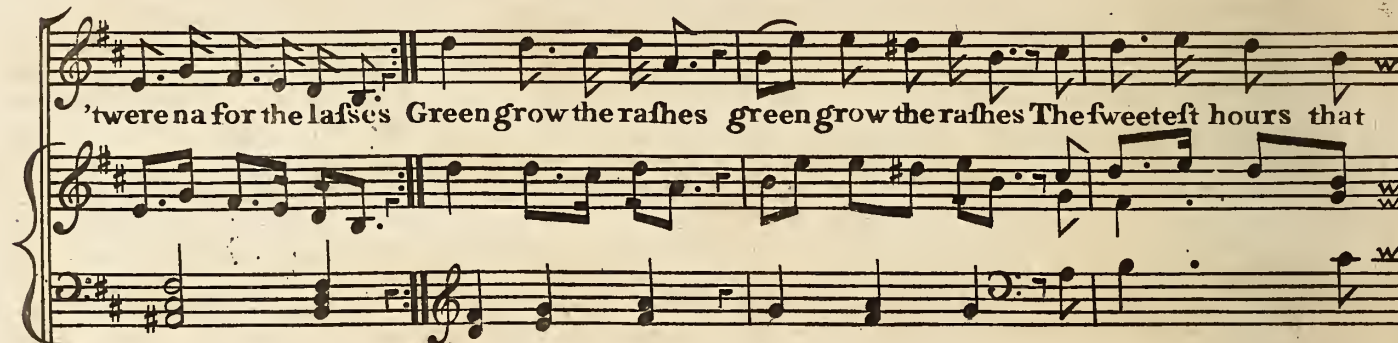
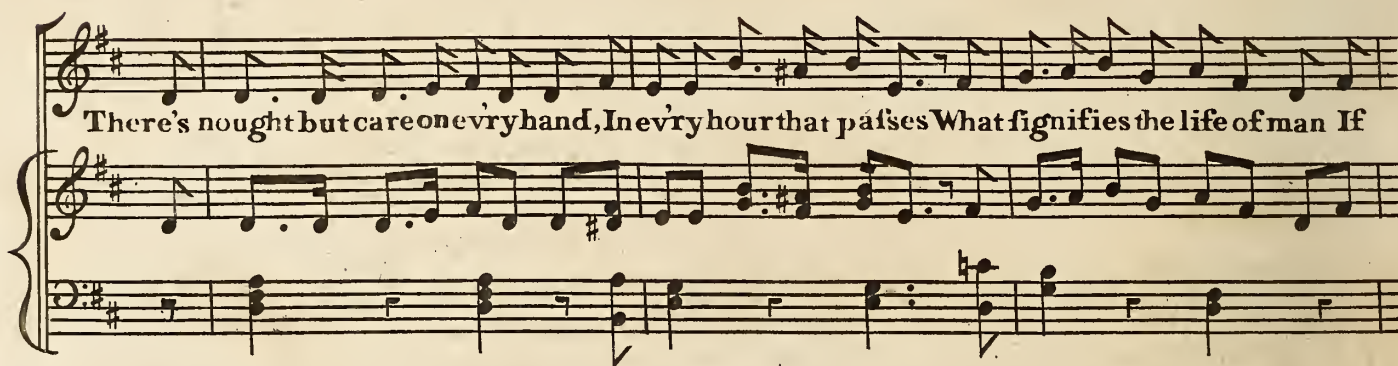
hail E'en here I took the last farewell There latest mark'd her vanish'd fail.

hail E'en here I took the last farewell There latest mark'd her vanish'd fail.

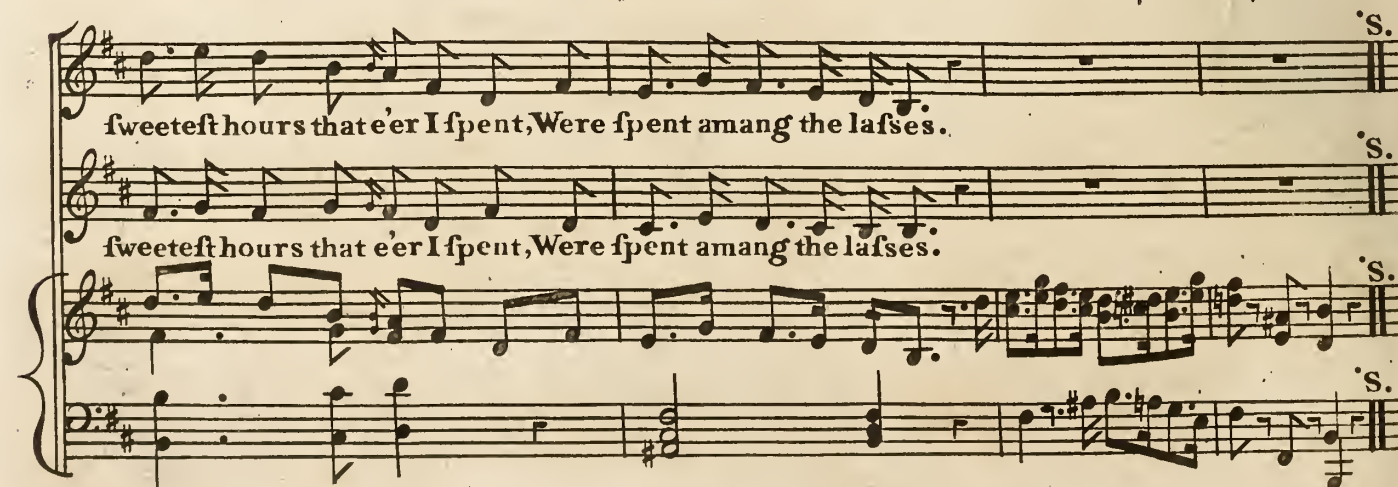
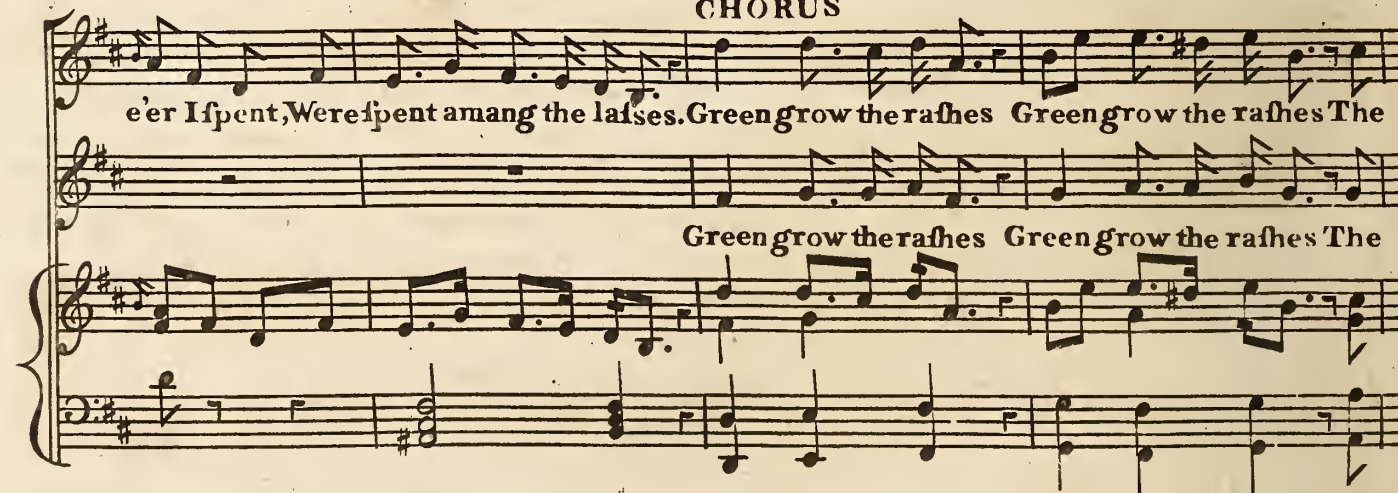


# There's nought &c. Air, Green grow the rushes.

*Allegretto  
piu tosto  
Vivace*



## CHORUS





## THERE'S NOUGHT BUT CARE ON EV'RY HAND.

WRITTEN

*By* BURNS.

AIR.—GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

THERE 's nought but care on ev'ry han',  
 In ev'ry hour that passes :  
 What signifies the life o' man  
 If 'twere na for the lasses.  
 Green grow the rashes,  
 Green grow the rashes,  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,  
 Are spent among the lasses.

Gie me a canny hour at e'en,  
 My arms about my dearie ;  
 And warldly cares, and warldly men,  
 May a' gae tapsalteerie.  
 Green grow the rashes,  
 Green grow the rashes,  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,  
 Are spent among the lasses.

The warldly race may riches chace,  
 And riches still may fly them ;  
 And tho' at last they catch them fast,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them.  
 Green grow the rashes,  
 Green grow the rashes,  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,  
 Are spent among the lasses.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,  
 Ye're nought but senseless asses ;  
 The wisest man the warld saw,  
 He dearly lov'd the lasses.  
 Green grow the rashes,  
 Green grow the rashes,  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,  
 Are spent among the lasses.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears  
 Her noblest work she classes ;  
 Her prentice han' she tried on man,  
 And then she made the lasses.  
 Green grow the rashes,  
 Green grow the rashes,  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,  
 Are spent among the lasses.



## O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR.—LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

*Her Answer.*

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet,  
Or art thou wakin, I would wit,  
For Love has bound me, hand and foot,  
And I would fain be in, jo.  
O let me in this ae night,  
This ae, ae, ae night;  
For pity's sake, this ae night,  
O rise and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,  
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;  
Take pity on my weary feet,  
And shield me frae the rain, jo.  
O let me in this ae night, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws  
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;  
The cauldness of thy heart's the cause  
Of a' my grief and pine, jo.  
O let me in this ae night, &c.

O tell na me of wind and rain,  
Upbraid na me wi' could disdain,  
Gae back the gate ye came again,  
I winna let you in, jo.  
I tell you now this ae night,  
This ae, ae, ae night;  
And ance for a' this ae night  
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,  
That round the pathless wanderer pours,  
Is nought to what poor she endures  
That's trusted faithless man, jo.  
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,  
Now trodden like the vilest weed,  
Let simple maid the lesson read,  
The wierd may be her ain, jo.  
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer day,  
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;  
Let witless, trusting woman say  
How aft her fate's the same, jo.  
I tell you now, &c.

## FORLORN MY LOVE, NO COMFORT NEAR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,  
Far, far from thee, I wander here;  
Far, far from thee, the fate severe  
At which I most repine, Love.  
O wert thou, Love, but near me,  
But near, near, near me;  
How kindly thou would'st cheer me,  
And mingle sighs with mine, Love.

Around me scowls a wintry sky,  
That blasts each bud of hope and joy;  
And shelter, shade, nor home, have I,  
Save in those arms of thine, Love. *O wert, &c.*  
But dreary tho' the moments fleet,  
O let me think we yet shall meet!  
That only ray of solace sweet  
Can on thy Henry shine, Love! *O wert, &c.*



*Let me in this ae night.*

*Andante*

*espressivo*

The first system of music shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The piano accompaniment consists of a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand, with some chords and accidentals.

The second system of music continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics "Laf-fie art thou sleeping yet Or art thou waking I would wit For". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

The third system of music continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics "Love has bound me hand and foot And I would fain be in Jo. O". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

The fourth system of music continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics "let me in this a--e night this a--e night this a--e night For pity's". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

The fifth system of music continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics "fate this a--e night O rise and let me in Jo.". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.



*Sleep'st thou so Air, Deil tak the war:*

*Andante*

*espressivo*

*S.*  
Sleep'st thou or wak'st thou fairest creature Ro-fy morn now lifts his eye Numbering  
ev'ry bud which Nature, Wa-ters with the tears of joy Now to the streaming fountain,  
or up the heathy mountain, The hart hind and roe freely wildly wanton fray: In twining  
hazel bow'rs, his lay the linnet pours; The lavrock to the sky ascends wi' fangs of joy While the  
fun and thou a-rise to blefs the day.

*h.* *s.* *p.* *s.* *s.*



# SLEEP'ST THOU, OR WAK'ST THOU, FAIREST CREATURE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By* BURNS.

AIR.—DEIL TAK' THE WARS.

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature ;	Phœbus, gilding the brow of the morning,
Rosy morn now lifts his eye,	Banishes ilk darksome shade,
Numbering ev'ry bud which nature	Nature gladdening and adorning ;
Waters wi' the tears of joy.	Such to me my lovely maid.
Now, to the streaming fountain,	When frae my Jeany parted,
Or up the heathy mountain,	Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted, (my sky :
The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray :	Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast
In twining hazel bowers,	But when she charms my sight,
His lay the linnet pours ;	In pride of beauty's light ;
The lavrock, to the sky	When through my very heart
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy ;	Her beaming glories dart ;
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.	'Tis then—'tis then, I wake to life and joy !

## MARK YONDER POMP OF COSTLY FASHION.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By* BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,	But did you see my dearest Phillis,
Round the wealthy, titled bride :	In simplicity's array ;
But when compar'd with real passion ;	Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Poor is all that princely pride.	Shrinking from the gaze of day.
What are their showy treasures,	O then the heart alarming,
What are their noisy pleasures,	And all resistless charming,
The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art :	In love's delightful fetters, she chains the willing soul !
The polish'd jewel's blaze	Ambition would disown
May draw the wond'ring gaze,	The world's imperial crown,
And courtly grandeur bright	Even av'rice would deny
The fancy may delight,	His worshipp'd deity,
But never, never can come near the heart.	And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll.



## COMING THRO' THE CRAIGS OF KYLE.

WRITTEN

By MISS JEAN GLOVER.

AIR.—O'ER THE MOOR AMANG THE HEATHER.

COMING thro' the craigs of Kyle,  
Amang the bonnie blooming heather,  
There I met a bonnie lassie  
Keeping a' her ewes thegither.  
O'er the moor amang the heather,  
O'er the moor amang the heather;  
There I met a bonnie lassie,  
Keeping a' her ewes thegither.

Said I, my dear, where is thy hame,  
In moor, or dale, pray tell me whether;  
She said, I tent the fleecy flocks  
That feed amang the blooming heather.  
O'er the moor amang the heather,  
O'er the moor amang the heather,  
She said, I tent the fleecy flocks  
That feed amang the blooming heather.

We sat us down upon a bank,  
Sae warm and sunny was the weather,  
She left her flocks at large to rove,  
Amang the bonnie blooming heather.

O'er the moor amang the heather,  
O'er the moor amang the heather,  
She left her flocks at large to rove,  
Amang the bonnie blooming heather.

While thus we sat, she sung a sang,  
'Till echo rang a mile and farther,  
And ay the burden o' the sang  
Was—o'er the moor amang the heather.  
O'er the moor amang the heather,  
O'er the moor amang the heather,  
And ay the burden o' the sang  
Was o'er the moor amang the heather.

She charm'd my heart, and ay sinsyne  
I cou'dna think on ony ither:  
By sea and sky! she shall be mine!  
The bonnie lass amang the heather.  
O'er the moor amang the heather,  
O'er the moor amang the heather:  
By sea and sky! she shall be mine!  
The bonnie lass amang the heather.

## BE MINE A COT IN SOME LONE GLEN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By JOHN RICHARDSON.

THE SAME AIR.

BE mine a cot in some lone glen,  
Around it many a brier bush growing;  
May dewy rosebuds fragrance lend,  
Among the grass sweet vi'lets blowing;  
There with thee contented living,  
There with thee contented living,  
I'll envy not the richest gifts  
In faithless fickle Fortune's giving.

To shield us from the winter's storm,  
An oak its lofty branches spreading;  
Around the door (the songsters haunt)  
The holly's verdure never fading.  
There with thee, &c.

Our garden water'd by a stream,  
Along a pebbled bed clear shining,  
Round every tree that decks its bank  
The woodbine and the ivy twining.  
There with thee, &c.

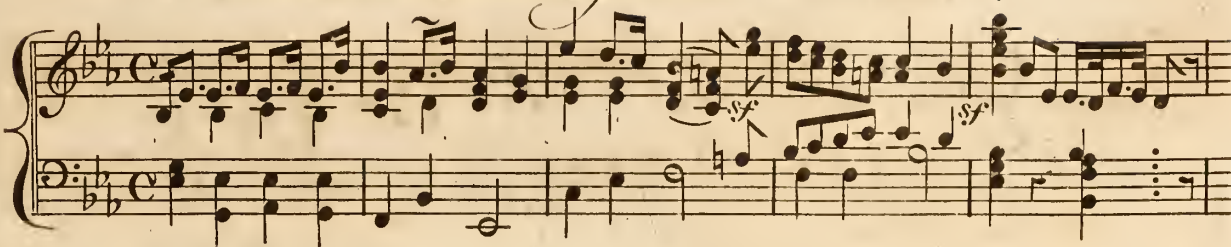
Let others through the world toil  
For honours, empty rank, and treasure,  
I'm happier in my humble cot,  
My Jeanie's love my dearest pleasure.  
There with thee contented living,  
There with thee contented living,  
I'll envy not the richest gifts  
In faithless, fickle Fortune's giving.



# O'er the muir among the heather.

158

*Andantino  
piuosto  
Allegretto*



Coming thro' the craigs of Kyle, Among the bonny

blooming heather There I met a bonny Lassie Keeping a' her ewes the gither O'er the muir among the heather.

O'er the muir among the heather There I met a bonny Lassie Keeping a' her ewes the gither

## CHORUS

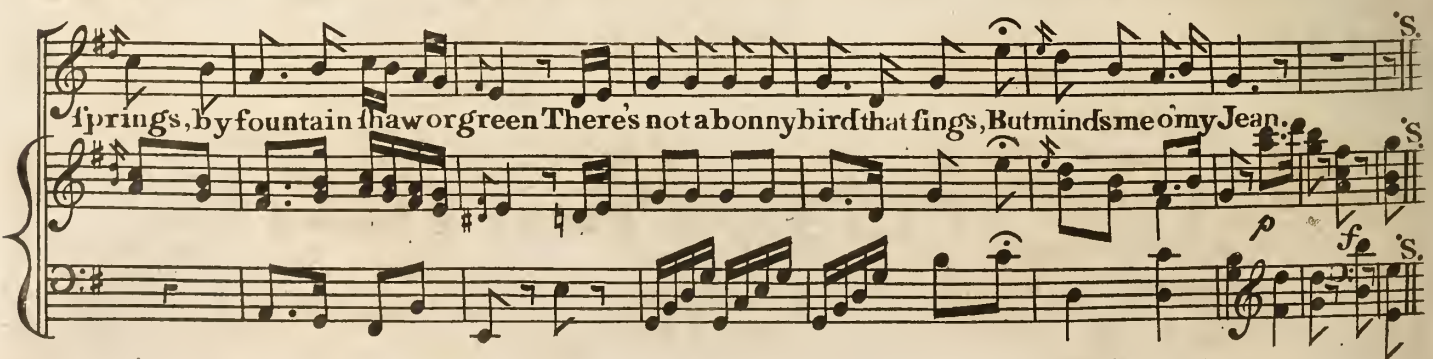
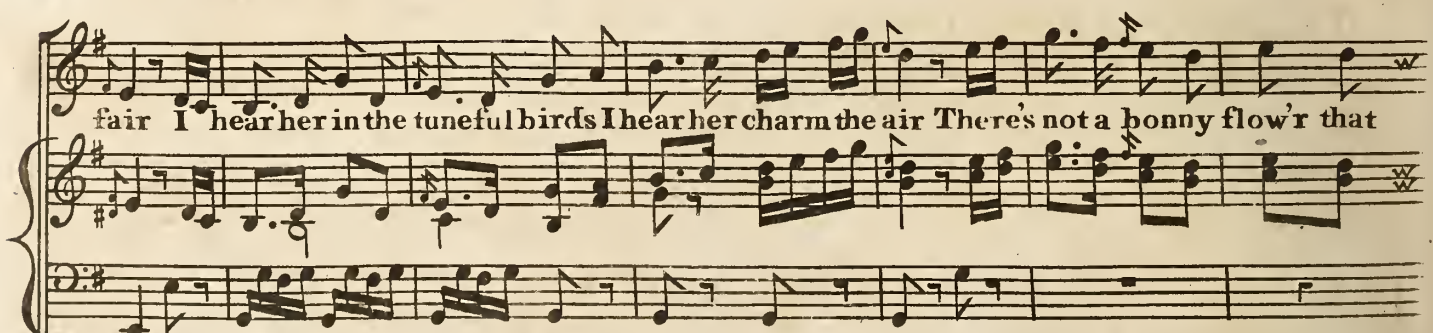
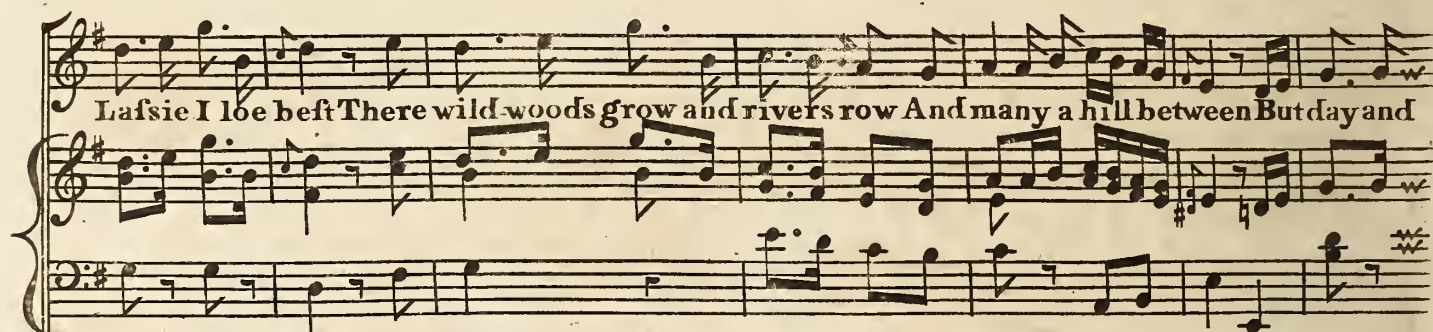
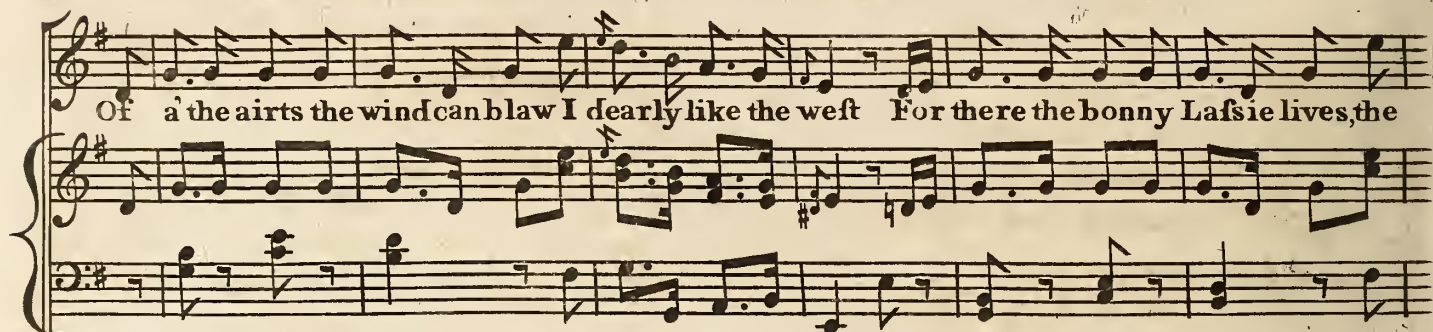
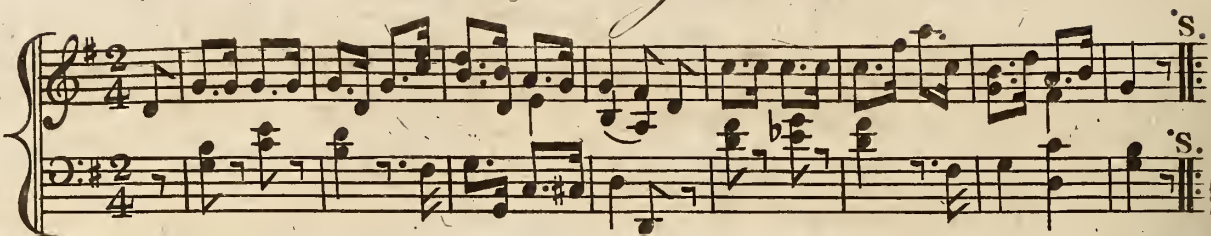
O'er the muir among the heather O'er the muir among the heather There I met a bonny Lassie Keeping a' her ewes the gither

O'er the muir among the heather O'er the muir among the heather There I met a bonny Lassie Keeping a' her ewes the gither



# The Poets air Jean.

*Andantino*  
*espressivo*





---

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

---

AIR.—THE POET'S AIN JEAN.

*Added by Mr RICHARDSON for this Work.*

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
 I dearly like the west,  
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
 The lassie I lo'e best.  
 There wild-woods grow, and rivers row,  
 And mony a hill between;  
 But day and night my fancy's flight  
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
 I see her sweet and fair;  
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
 I hear her charm the air.  
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs,  
 By fountain, shaw or green;  
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,  
 But minds me o' my Jean.

Her lips are like the red rose bud,  
 Sweet blushing to the morn,  
 Her breath is fresher than the bean,  
 The fragrance of the thorn.  
 The dew-drop in the morning sun,  
 It canna match her een;  
 O! life wou'd hae nae joys for me,  
 If 'twere na for my Jean.

Dear is the spot I saw her first,  
 The grove where aft we met,  
 But where I bade her last fareweel,  
 That place I'll ne'er forget;  
 For there within my arms she vow'd,  
 (The tear was in her ee)  
 That heav'n, and earth, and a' wou'd change,  
 Ere she prov'd fause to me.

---

THE SILVER MOON, &c.—OR,—KATE OF ABERDEEN.

WRITTEN

By CUNNINGHAM.

---

THE SAME AIR.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam  
 Steals softly thro' the night,  
 To wanton with the winding stream,  
 And kiss reflected light.  
 To beds of state, go, balmy sleep!  
 ('Tis where you've seldom been),  
 May's vigil while the shepherds keep  
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,  
 In rosy chaplets gay,  
 Till morn unbar her golden gate,  
 And give the promis'd May.  
 Methinks I hear the maids declare  
 The promis'd May, when seen,  
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,  
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,  
 We'll rouse the nodding grove;  
 The nested birds shall raise their throats,  
 And hail the maid I love:  
 And see—the matin lark mistakes,  
 He quits the tufted green:  
 Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,  
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,  
 Where midnight fairies rove,  
 Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,  
 Or tune the reed to love:  
 For see the rosy May draws nigh;  
 She claims a virgin queen:  
 And, hark! the happy shepherds cry,  
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.



## O PHELY, HAPPY BE THAT DAY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By* BURNS.

A JACOBITE AIR.

‘ O PHELY, happy be that day,  
 ‘ When roving through the gather’d hay,  
 ‘ My youthful heart was stown away,  
 ‘ And by thy charms, my Phely.

“ O Willy, ay I bless the grove  
 “ Where first I own’d my maiden love,  
 “ Whilst thou did pledge the Powers above,  
 “ To be my ain dear Willy.

‘ As songsters of the early year  
 ‘ Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,  
 ‘ So ilka day to me mair dear  
 ‘ And charming is my Phely.

“ As on the brier the budding rose  
 “ Still richer breathes and fairer blows,  
 “ So in my tender bosom grows.  
 “ The love I bear my Willy.

‘ The milder sun and bluer sky  
 ‘ That crown my harvest cares wi’ joy,  
 ‘ Were ne’er sae welcome to my eye,  
 ‘ As is a sight o’ Phely.

“ The little swallow’s wanton wing,  
 “ Tho’ wafting o’er the flowery spring,  
 “ Did ne’er to me sic tidings bring,  
 “ As meeting o’ my Willy.

‘ The bee that thro’ the sunny hour  
 ‘ Sips nectar in the op’ning flower,  
 ‘ Compar’d wi’ my delight is poor  
 ‘ Upon the lips o’ Phely.

“ The woodbine in the dewy weet,  
 “ When evening shades in silence meet,  
 “ Is nought sae fragrant or sae sweet  
 “ As is a kiss o’ Willy.

‘ Let fortune’s wheel at random rin,  
 ‘ And fools may tyne, and knaves may win;  
 ‘ My thoughts are a’ bound up in ane,  
 ‘ And that’s my ain dear Phely.

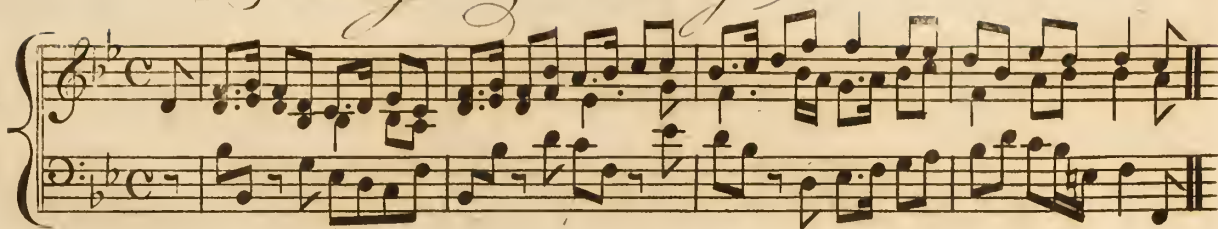
“ What’s a’ the joys that gowd can gi’e?  
 “ I care na wealth a single flie;  
 “ The lad I love’s the lad for me,  
 “ And that’s my ain dear Willy.



# Phely & Willy.

160

Duet  
Andantino  
piuttosto  
Allegretto



WILLY

O Phely happy be that day, When roving through the gather'd hay My youthful heart was stown away And

PHELY

by thy charms my Phely O Willy ay I bless the grove Where first I own'd my maiden love Whilst

thou didst pledge the Powers above To be my ain dear Wil - ly What's a' the joys that gowd can gie I

What's a' the joys that gowd can gie I

care a wealth a single flie The lad I love's the lad for me And that's my ain dear Willy.

care a wealth a single flie The lass I love's the lass for me And that's my ain dear Phely.



# *O how soon 'tis O'er the hills & far away.*

*Allegretto*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time, marked 'Allegretto'. The introduction features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal entry is marked with a fermata and a 's.' (soprano) above the first note. The lyrics are: 'O how can my poor heart be glad When absent from my Sailor lad Or how can I the thought forego He's on the seas to meet the foe Where'er I wander stay or rove Still fill my heart is with my Love My nightly dreams and thoughts by day Are with him that's far away On the seas and far away On the seas and far away Nightly dreams and thoughts by day Are with him that's far away. way On firomy seas and far away Nightly dreams and thoughts by day Are with him that's far away. way On firomy seas and far away Nightly dreams and thoughts by day Are with him that's far away.' The score concludes with a final piano accompaniment in the right hand and a sustained chord in the left hand, marked with a fermata and a 's.' above the final note.

*s.*  
O how can my poor heart be glad When absent from my Sailor lad Or how can  
I the thought forego He's on the seas to meet the foe Where'er I wander stay or rove Still fill my heart is  
with my Love My nightly dreams and thoughts by day Are with him that's far away On the seas and far a-  
On the seas and far a-  
way On firomy seas and far away Nightly dreams and thoughts by day Are with him that's far away.  
way On firomy seas and far away Nightly dreams and thoughts by day Are with him that's far away.

**CHORUS**

*s.*



---

HOW CAN MY POOR HEART BE GLAD.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By* BURNS.

---

AIR.—O'ER THE HILLS AND FAR AWA.

How can my poor heart be glad,  
When absent from my sailor lad ;  
How can I the thought forego,  
He's on the seas to meet the foe :  
Let me wander, let me rove,  
Still my heart is with my love ;  
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,  
Are with him that's far away.

On the seas and far away,  
On stormy seas and far away,  
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,  
Are with him that's far away.

At the starless midnight hour,  
When winter rules with boundless power,  
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 and far away,  
On stormy seas and far away,  
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,  
Are with him that's far away.

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 heaven 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 and far away,  
On stormy seas and far away,  
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,  
Are with him that's far away.

---



# THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

FROM

## MR SCOTT'S MINSTRELSY,

*And here published by Permission.*

### AIR.—THE BORDER WIDOW'S LAMENT.

This affecting Fragment, obtained by Mr SCOTT from recitation; is said to relate to the execution of COCKBURN of Henderland, a Border freebooter, hanged over the gate of his own tower by JAMES V., in the course of that memorable expedition in 1529, which was fatal to JOHNIE ARMSTRONG, ADAM SCOTT of Tushielaw, and many other marauders.

My love built me a bonnie bower,  
And clad it a' wi' lily flower;  
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,  
Than my true love he built for me.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear;  
He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear;  
My servants all for life did flee,  
And left me in extremitie.

I took his body on my baek,  
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;  
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,  
And happ'd him with the sod sae green.

There came a man, by middle day,  
He spied his sport, and went away;  
And brought the king, at dead of night,  
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

I sew'd his sheet, making my mane;  
I watch'd the corpse, myself alanè;  
I watch'd his body, night and day;  
No living creature came that way.

But think na ye my heart was sair,  
When I laid the mould on his yellow hair?  
O think na ye my heart was wae,  
When I turn'd about, away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,  
Since that my lovely knight is slain;  
Wi' ae look of his yellow hair,  
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

## THE CRUEL CHIEF,

FOUNDED ON AN OLD HIGHLAND TRADITION.

*From a Manuscript presented to the Editor, never before published.*

### THE SAME AIR.

With trembling feet near the close of day,  
Through yon green wood I made my way,  
I met the chief of Auchnaeloy,  
And never from that hour knew joy.

The sun was sinking in the sea,  
No more to cheer, or lighten me;  
The raven croak'd as I drew near,  
Methought the echoes cry'd, forbear!

'His valiant arm and well bent bow  
'Shall shelter thee when I am low  
'His sons may yet revenge this shame,  
'And bear our arms, and raise our name.'

He ask'd what I did there alone,  
And where the grey hair'd earle was gone,  
Who bore the banner with such pride,  
And the comely youth that fought beside.

But when I saw my true love start,  
I thought his look would split my heart,  
And when I heard my father sigh,  
I shrunk, and durst not meet his eye!

My love with downcast eyes stood near,  
And lean'd in silence on his spear,  
O had the chief been there alone,  
'Twould soon have reach'd his heart of stone.

My faltering tongue, unus'd to lie,  
The tear that glisten'd in my eye,  
My cheek by sudden fear made cold,  
Too well the fatal secret told!

O then the gloomy Auchnaeloy  
Beheld my grief with savage joy.  
"With one of these you now must part,  
"Then say who firmest holds your heart.

Why, father, didst thou urge in vain!  
Why, nature, didst thou plead in vain!  
Why did I speak the guilty word,  
Nor trust in heaven's avenging Lord!

With cords he bound me to an oak,  
And cruel words of terror spoke,  
To make me show the secret way  
Where my father dear, and my true love lay.

"Tho' not to slay them, I gave my oath,  
"I promis'd not to save them both;  
"Shall the sword then strike the hoary head?  
"Or the youthful lover's blood be shed?"

With broken voice I gave consent,  
I hop'd the chief would still relent;  
But he told me with a scornful smile,  
He had but mock'd me all the while!

"O spare my father's hoary hair,  
"My true love's spring of beauty spare;"—  
'I'll give a chief's unbroken word,  
'And pledge my honour on my sword.'

No words had I, no tear could flow,  
My father saw my silent woe;  
'My daughter, why that mournful pause,  
'I wish not life, I have no cause!

He drew an arrow to the head,  
And thro' my true love's heart it sped:—  
'Another lover you may gain,  
'But a father you would seek in vain.'

"O if this vow you break to me,  
"The gates of bliss may you never see:"—  
'If I should break my plighted word,  
'Then break the arm that wields the sword.'

"The snow of time is on my head,  
"I soon must mingle with the dead,  
"My sons fell in this fatal strife,  
"And bitter are the dregs of life.

My father sunk where my lover died,  
I kneel'd in fierce despair beside,  
"O never monster may'st thou see  
"A gallant son to honour thee!

My eyes grew dim while I led the way  
To the yellow broom where my father lay;  
Methought the birds as I went along  
Bemoan'd me in their ev'ning song!

'Forlorn and sad, without a home,  
'A wretched outcast I must roam!  
'No care have I on earth but thee,  
'Then set the youthful warrior free.

"O never may a daughter fair  
"Arise to bless thy hoary hair:  
"As my father's race now ends in me,  
"So may thy bloody house in thee!"



# The border widow's lament.

162

*Affettuoso*  
*af sai*





*Where's he &c. Air, Up & war them a' Willy.*

*Allegretto  
piuttosto  
Vivace*

The musical score is written for a single melodic line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto piuttosto Vivace'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score consists of several systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Where's he for honest po- ver- ty that hang his head and a' that The coward slave we pass him by, we  
dare be poor for a' that. For a' that and a' that our toils obscure and a' that, The  
rank is but the guinea's stamp The man's the gowd for a' that For a' that and a' that, our  
For a' that and a' that, our  
toils obscure and a' that The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.  
toils obscure and a' that The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.

CHORUS



# THE HONEST MAN THE BEST OF MEN

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *BURNS.*

The Editor has taken the liberty to alter the two first words of this Song, for the sake of the Music, and because there is an ellipsis in the line as it stands in the Author's copy, "*Is there for honest poverty*," which, in *singing* at least, has not a good effect.

AIR.—UP AND WAR THEM A' WILLY.

<p>WHERE 's he, for honest poverty That hangs his head, and a' that ? The coward slave, we pass him by, We dare be poor for a' that ! For a' that, and a' that, Our toils obscure, and a' that, The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that. <i>For a' that, &amp;c.</i></p> <p>What though on hamely fare we dine, Wear hoddin grey, and a' that ; Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine, A man 's a man for a' that : For a' that, and a' that, Their tinsel shew, and a' that, The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor, Is king o' men, for a' that. <i>For a' that, &amp;c.</i></p> <p>Ye sec yon birkie, ca'd a Lord, Wha struts and stares, and a' that ; Though hundreds worship at his word, He's but a coof for a' that :</p>	<p>For a' that, and a' that, His ribband, star, and a' that, The man of independent mind, He looks and laughs at a' that. <i>For a' that, &amp;c.</i></p> <p>A prince can make a belted knight, A marquis, duke, and a' that ; But an honest man 's aboon his might, Gude faith he maunna fa' that ! For a' that, and a' that, Their dignities, and a' that, The pith of sense, and pride of worth, Are higher rank than a' that. <i>For a' that, &amp;c.</i></p> <p>Then let us pray, that come it may, As come it will, for a' that, That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth, May bear the gree, and a' that ! For a' that, and a' that, It's coming yet, for a' that, That man to man, the warld o'er, Shall brothers be, for a' that. <i>For a' that, &amp;c.</i></p>
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## BUT ARE YOU SURE THE NEWS IS TRUE.

THE SAME AIR.

<p>BUT are you sure the news is true ? And are you sure he's weel ? Is this a time to think o' wark ? Fy, lass, fling by your wheel ! Is this a time to think o' thrift, When Colin's at the door ? Rax me my cloak, I'll down the key, And see him come ashore. There's nae luck about the house, There's nae luck at a' ; There's nae luck about the house, When our goodman's awa'. Rise up, and mak' a clean fire-side, Put on the muckle pot ; Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown, And Jock his Sunday's coat : Mak' their shoon as black as slaes, Their stockings white as snaw ; It's a' to pleasure our goodman, He likes to see them braw. <i>There's nae luck, &amp;c.</i></p>	<p>There are twa hens into the crib Ha'e fed this month and mair ; Mak' haste, and thraw their necks about, That Colin weel may fare. Bring down to me my bigonet, My bishop-satin gown ; And then gae tell the bailie's wife, That Colin's come to town. <i>There's nae luck, &amp;c.</i> My Turkey slippers I'll put on, My stockings pearl blue ; And a' to pleasure our goodman, For he's baith leal and true. Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue, His breath's like cauler air ; His very tread has music in't, As he comes up the stair. <i>There's nae luck, &amp;c.</i> And will I see his face again ? And will I hear him speak ? I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought, In troth I'm like to greet! <i>There's nae luck, &amp;c.</i></p>
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## O! SAY, MY SWEET NAN, CAN YOU LIE IN A HAMMOCK?

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By HECTOR MACNEILL, Esq.

AIR—O BONNY LASS, WILL YOU LIE IN A BARRACK.

‘ O say, my sweet Nan, can you lie in a hammock,  
 ‘ While the mountain-seas rage, can you swing in a hammock,  
 ‘ As the winds roar aloft, and rude billows dash o’er us,  
 ‘ Can my Nancy sleep soundly amid the wild chorus ?’  
 “ O yes! my dear Jack! I can lie in a hammock  
 “ While the mountain-seas rage, can sleep sound in a hammock,  
 “ Rude billows will rock me when love smiles to cheer me ;—  
 “ If *thy* slumber’s sweet, Jack, no dangers can fear me !”

‘ But say! my sweet lass, when the tempest’s all smashing,  
 ‘ The topsails all split, and the topmasts down crashing !  
 ‘ When all hands spring aloft, and no lover to cheer her,  
 ‘ Will my Nancy not shrink, when such dangers are near her ?  
 “ Ah no! my lov’d Jack, while the tempest’s loud bawling,  
 “ The topsails all split, and the topmasts down falling,  
 “ In watching *your* dangers, my own will pass over,  
 “ In prayers for your safety, no fears I’ll discover.”

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

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

TO BE SUNG BY BOTH AT SAME TIME.

‘ Come! come, then, dear Nan! let us swing in a hammock !  
 ‘ While mountain-seas dash round, sleep sound in our hammock !  
 ‘ With love such as thine, who would dread war or weather !  
 ‘ While we live, we shall love!—when we fall!—fall together !’  
 “ Come! come, then, dear Jack, let us swing in a hammock !  
 “ While mountain-seas dash round, sleep sound in our hammock !  
 “ With love such as thine, who would dread war or weather !  
 “ While we live, we shall love!—when we fall—fall together !”

## THE OLD SONG:

O SAY, BONNY LASS, WILL YOU LIE IN A BARRACK?

THE SAME AIR.

‘ O! say, bonny lass, will you lie in a barrack,  
 ‘ And marry a soldier, and carry his wallet ;  
 ‘ O! say, wou’d you leave baith your mither and daddy,  
 ‘ And follow the camp with your soldier laddy ?’  
 “ O! yes, bonny lad, I could lie in a barrack,  
 “ And marry a soldier, and carry his wallet ;  
 “ I’d neither ask leave of my mither or daddy,  
 “ But follow my dearest, my soldier laddy.”

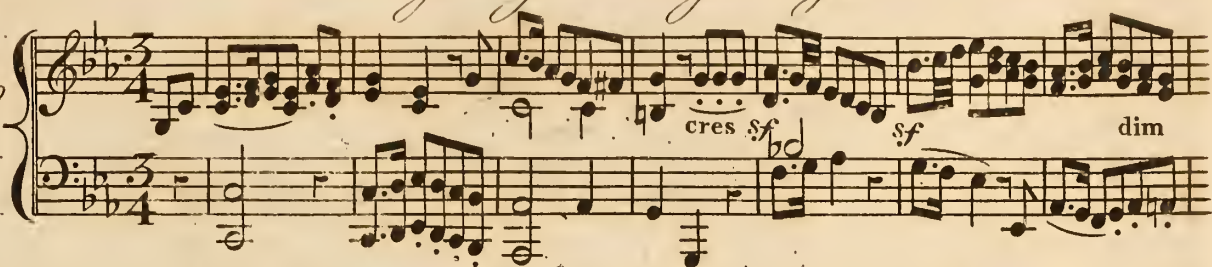
‘ O! say, bonny lass, wou’d you go a campaigning,  
 ‘ And bear all the hardships of battle and famine ;  
 ‘ When wounded and bleeding, then wou’dst thou draw near me,  
 ‘ And kindly support me, and tenderly cheer me ?’  
 “ O! yes, bonny lad, I’ll think naething of it,  
 “ But follow my Henry, and carry his wallet ;  
 “ Nor dangers, nor famine, nor wars, can alarm me,  
 “ My soldier is near me, and naething can harm me.”

‘ But say, bonny lass, when I go into battle,  
 ‘ Where dying men groan, and loud cannons rattle !  
 “ O then, bonny lad, I will share a’ thy harms,  
 “ And shou’dst thou be kill’d, I will die in thy arms !”  
 ‘ But say bonny lass, &c.



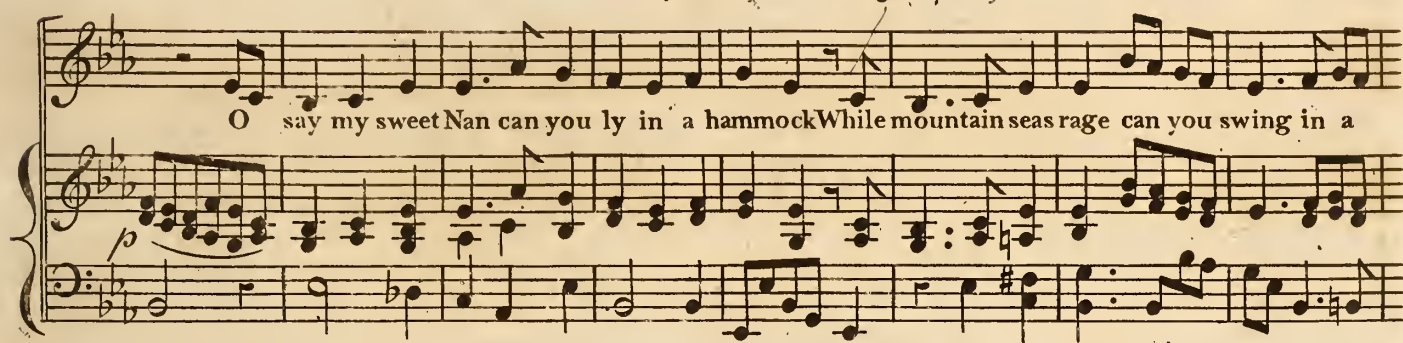
*O say &c. Air. O bonny Laps can you ly in a barrack.* 164

*Andantino*  
*espressivo*

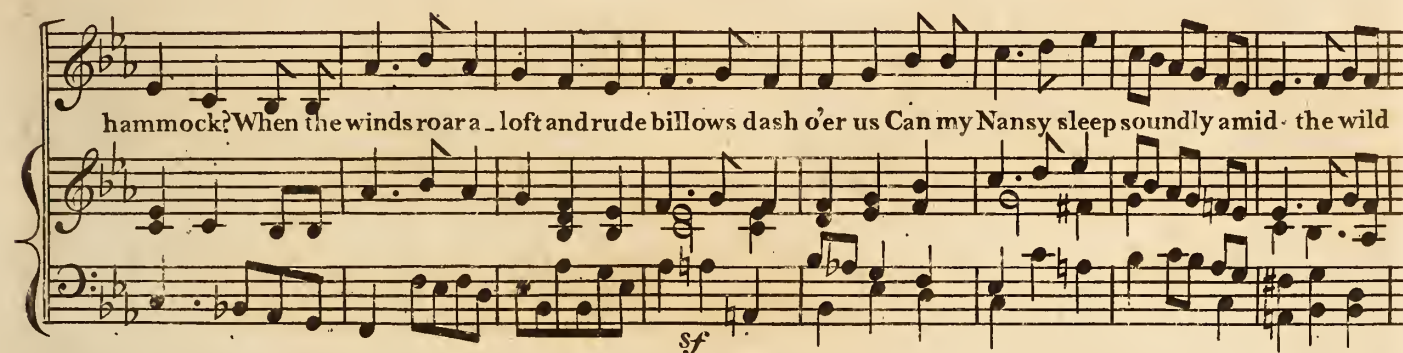


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O say my sweet Nan can you ly in a hammock While mountain seas rage can you swing in a

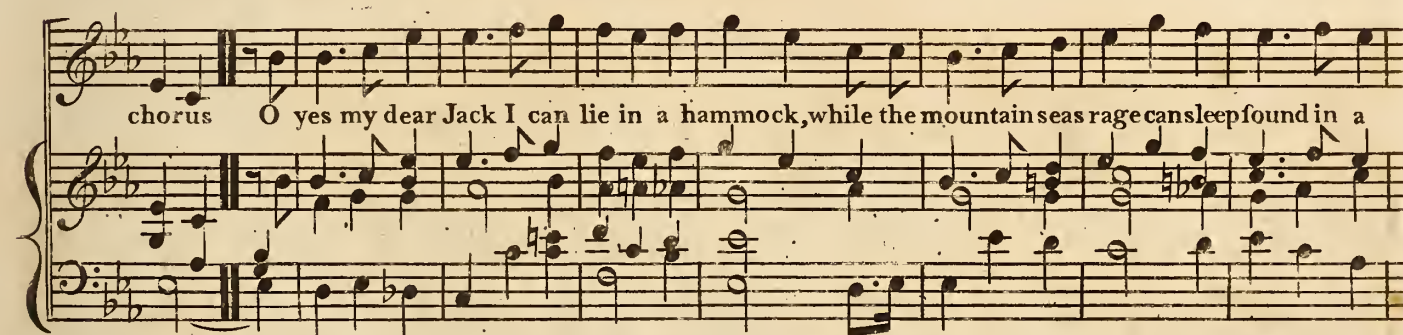


hammock? When the winds roar a loft and rude billows dash o'er us Can my Nansy sleep soundly amid the wild

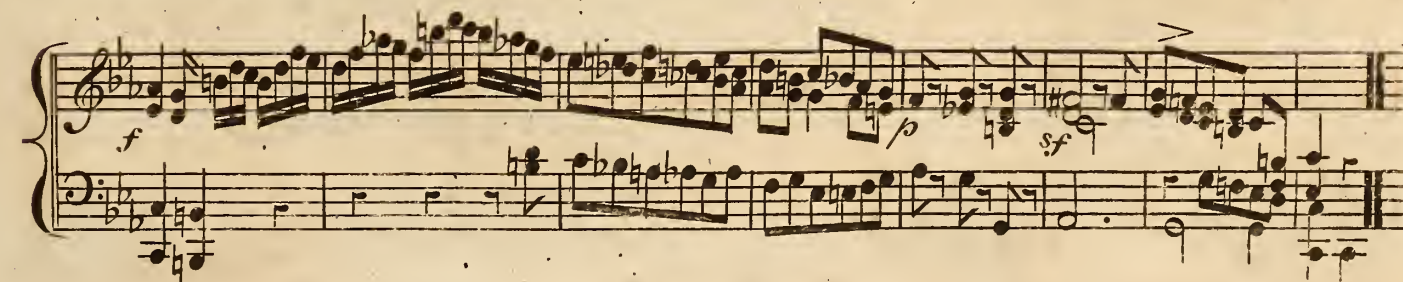
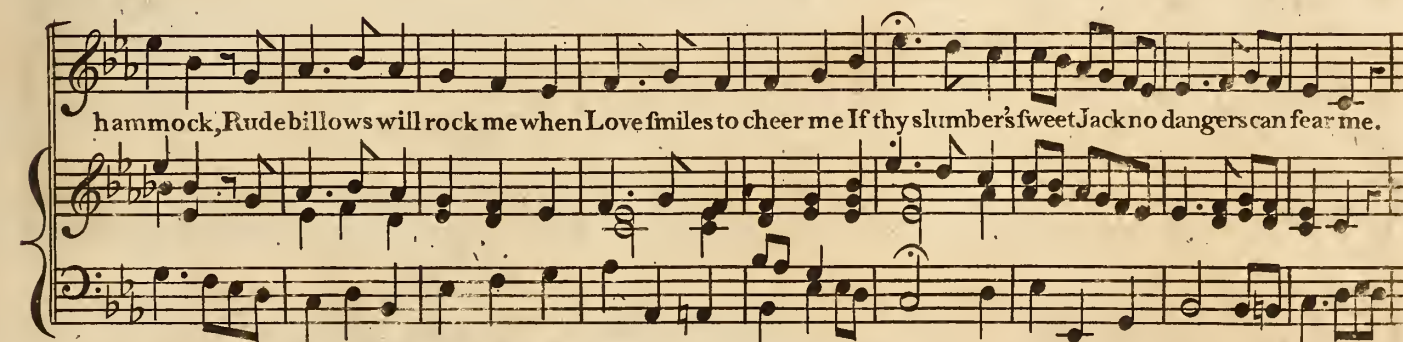


sf

chorus O yes my dear Jack I can lie in a hammock, while the mountain seas rage can sleep found in a



hammock, Rude billows will rock me when Love smiles to cheer me If thy slumber's sweet Jack no dangers can fear me.



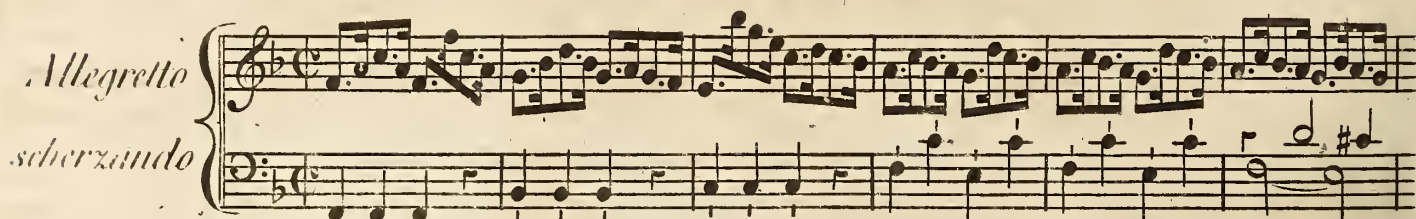
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# Auld gudeman Air, The east neuk of Tise.

165

Each half of this air must be twice sung; the first time with the upper line of words & then of course with the under line.



1<sup>st</sup> Verse — Auld gudeman ye're a drunken carle drunken carle A' the day lang ye

2<sup>d</sup> Verse — Auld gudewife ye're a flytin body flytin body Will ye hae now but

wink and drink and gape and gaunt Of sotish loons ye're the pink & pearl pink and pearl I'll fa'r'd doited

gude be thank'd the wit ye want The puttin cow should be ay a doddy ay a doddy Mak na sic an

3<sup>d</sup> Verse.

ne er do weel. Ye're a sow auld man Ye get fu' auld man Fye shame auld man to your wame auld man Sair

awsome reel. 4<sup>th</sup> Ver. It's a lee gudewife It's your tea gude wife Na na gudewife ye spend a gude wife Ye

pinch'd I win wi' spinning tow, A plack to cleed your back and pow.

need na fa' on me pell mell Ye like a drap fu' weil your sel.



# AULD GUDEMAN, YE'RE A DRUNKEN CARLE.

WRITTEN

By *ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq. of Auchinleck,*

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY HIS PERMISSION.

AIR—THE EAST NEUK O' FIFE.

*She.* AULD gudeman, ye're a drunken carle, drunken carle,  
A' the lang day ye wink and drink, and gape and gaunt;  
Of sottish loons ye're the pink and pearl, pink and pearl,  
Ill fa'rd, doited, ne'er-do-weel.

*He.* Hech, gudewife! ye're a flytin body, flytin body;  
*Will* ye hae, but gude be prais'd, the *wit* ye want;  
The puttin cow should be ay a doddy, ay a doddy,  
Mak na sic an awsome reel.

*She.* Ye're a sow, auld man,  
Ye get fou, auld man,  
Fye shame, auld man,  
To your wame auld man,  
Pinch'd I win, wi' spinnin tow,  
A plack to clead ye're back and pow.

*He.* It's a lie, gudewife,  
It's your tea, gudewife;  
Na, na, gudewife,  
Ye spend a', gudewife,  
Dinna fa' on me pell-mell,  
Ye like a drap fou-weel yoursel.

*She.* Ye's rue, auld gowk, your jest and frolic, jest and frolic,  
Dare ye say, goose, I ever lik'd to tak a drappy?  
An 'twerena just for to cure the cholic, cure the cholic,  
De'il a drap wad weet my mou.

*He.* Troth, gudewife, ye wadna swither, wadna swither,  
Soon soon to tak a cholic, whan it brings a drap o' cappy;  
But twa score o' years we hae fought thegither, fought thegither,  
Time it is to gree, I trow.

*She.* I'm wrang, auld John,  
Owr lang, auld John,  
For nought, gude John,  
We hae fought, gude John;  
Let's help to bear ilk ither's weight,  
We're far owre feckless now to fecht.

*He.* Ye're right, gudewife,  
The night, gudewife,  
Our cup, gude Kate,  
We'll sup, gude Kate;  
Thegither frae this hour we'll draw,  
And toom the stoup atween us twa!



## HARK THE MAVIS' EVENING SANG.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By BURNS.

AIR.—THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

HARK! the mavis' evening sang  
Sounding Clouden's woods amang;  
Then a faulding let us gang,

My bonnie dearie.  
Ca' the ewes to the knowes,  
Ca' them where the heather grows,  
Ca' them where the burnie rows,  
My bonnic, bonnie, dearie.  
Ca' them where the burn rows,  
My bonnie dearie.

We'll gae down by Clouden-side,  
Through the hazel's spreading wide  
O'er the waves, that sweetly glide  
To the moon sae clearly. *Ca' the ewes, &c.*

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,  
Where at moon-shine mid-night hours,  
O'er the dewy bending flowers  
Fairies dance sae cheery. *Ca' the ewes, &c.*

Gaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,  
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,  
Nought of ill may come thee near,  
My bonnic dearie. *Ca' the ewes, &c.*

Fair and lovely as thou art,  
Thou hast stown my very heart,  
I can die,—but canna part,  
My bonnie dearie. *Ca' the ewes, &c.*

## UP AMANG YON CLIFFY ROCKS.

By MR DUDGEON.

THE SAME AIR.

UP amang yon cliffy rocks,  
Sweetly rings the rising echo,  
To the maid that tends the goats,  
Lilting o'er her native notes.  
Hark! she sings, young Sandy's kind,  
And he's promis'd ay to lo'e me;  
Here's a brotch, I ne'er shall tine't,  
'Till he's fairly married to me.  
Drive away, ye drone time,  
And bring about our bridal day.

Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,  
Aften does he blaw the whistle,  
In a strain sae saftly sweet,  
Lammies list'ning dare na bleat:  
He's as fleet's the mountain roe,

Hardy as the highland heather,  
Wading through the winter snow,  
Keeping ay his flock thegither;  
But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,  
He braves the bleakest norlin blast.

Brawly can he dance and sing  
Canty glec 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 ay the bangster;  
A' his praise can ne'er be sung  
By the langest winded sangster.  
Sangs that do o' Sandy sing  
Come short, tho' they were e'er sae lang.



# Hark the Mavis Air: The maid that tends the goats.

*Andantino*

*s.*

Hark the Mavis' ev'ning fang

*s.*

*s.*

Sounding Clouden's woods amang Then a faulding let us gang My bonny dearie

Ca' the ewes to the knows Ca' them where the heather grows Ca' them where the burnie rows

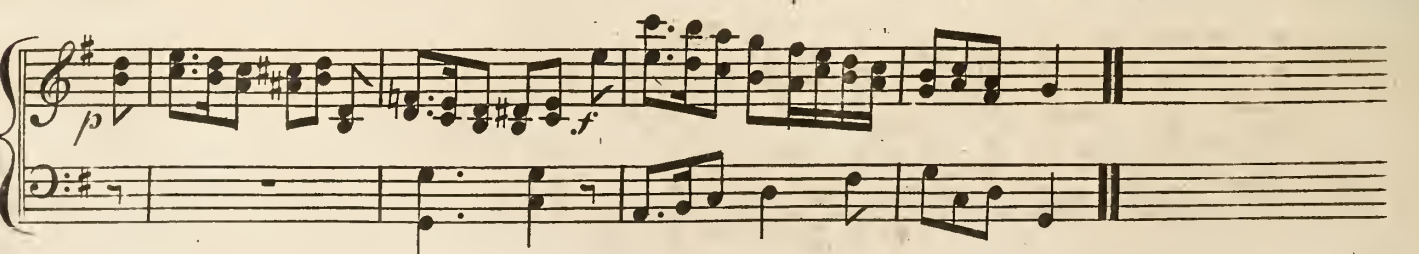
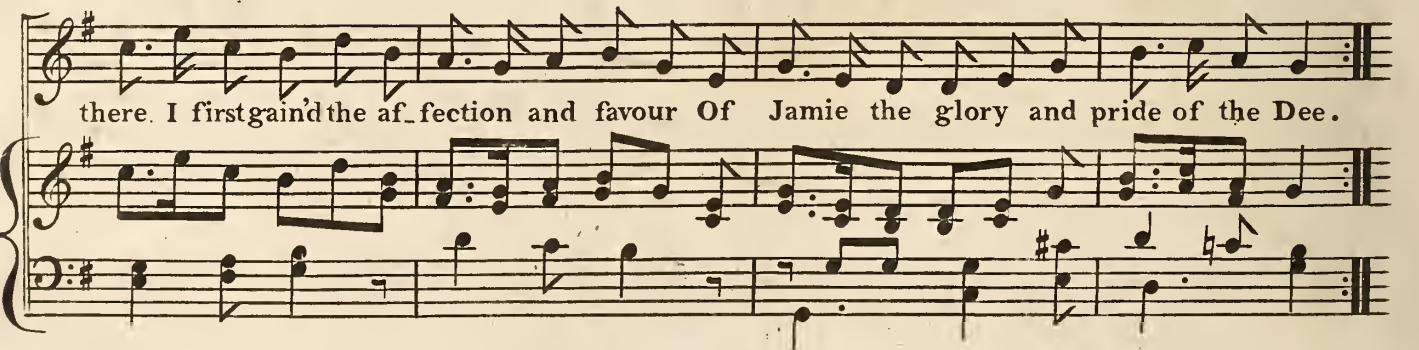
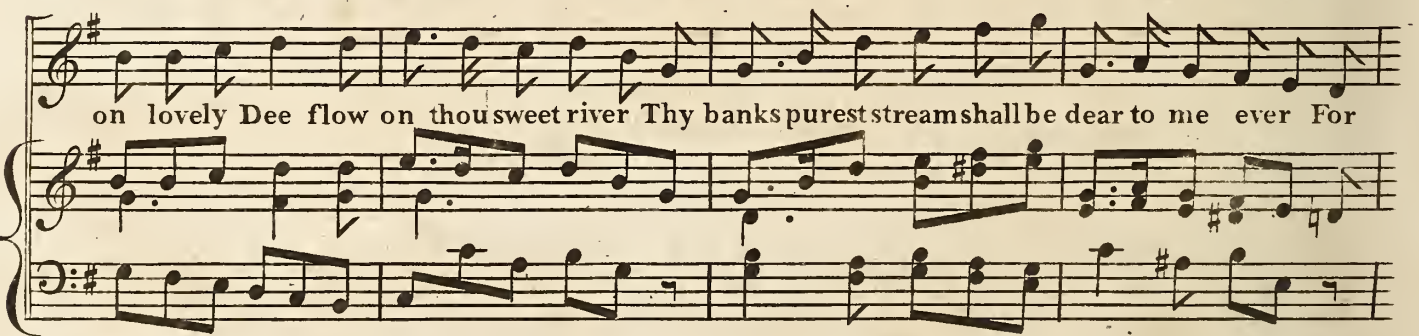
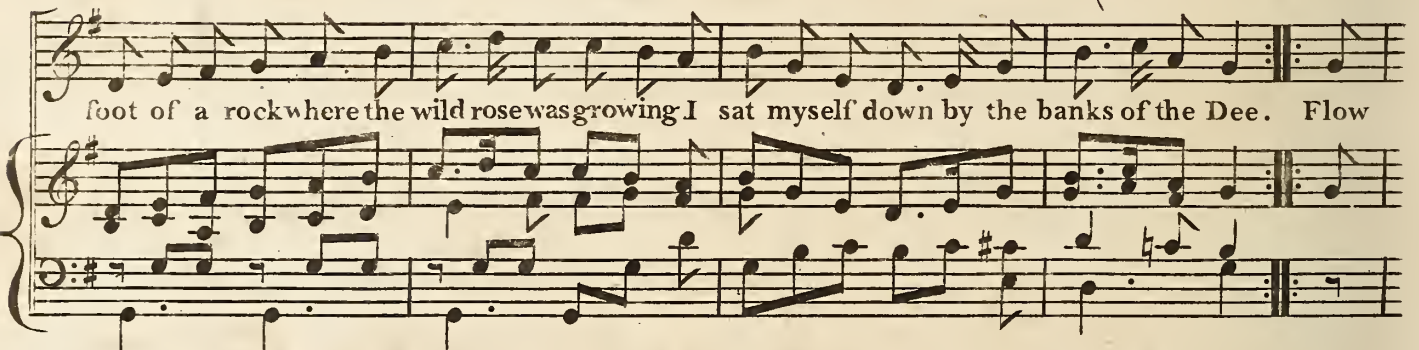
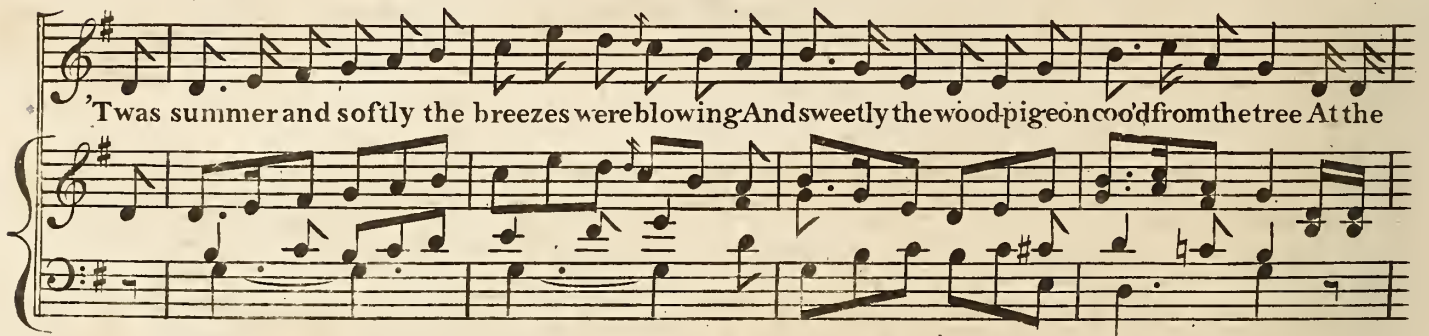
My bonny bonny dearie Ca' them where the burn rows My bonny dearie.

*s.*

*s.*

*s.*



*Twas summer &c. Air, Langooley.**Andantino*



'T WAS SUMMER, &c.---THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

WRITTEN

By JOHN TAIT, Esq.

AND RETOUCH'D BY HIM FOR THIS WORK.

AIR.---LANGOLEE.

'T WAS summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,  
And sweetly the wood-pigeon coo'd from the tree ;  
At the foot of a rock, where the wild rose was growing,  
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.  
Flow on, lovely Dee ! flow on, thou sweet river !  
Thy banks, purest stream, shall be dear to me ever ;  
For there I first gain'd the affection and favour  
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he 's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,  
To quell the proud rebels ; for valiant is he :  
And, ah ! there 's no hope of his speedy returning,  
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.  
He 's gone, hapless youth ! o'er the rude roaring billows,  
The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows ;  
And left me to wander 'mongst those once lov'd willows,  
The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

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



## I WISH I WERE WHERE HELEN LIES.

AIR.—FAIR HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL\*.

I wish I were where Helen lies,  
Where night and day on me she cries,  
I wish I were where Helen lies,  
On fair Kirkconnell lea!

Oh Helen fair! oh Helen chaste!  
Were I with thee, I would be blest,  
Where thou liest low, and at thy rest  
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

Oh Helen fair, beyond compare,  
I'll make a garland of thy hair  
Shall bind my heart for evermair,  
Until the day I die!

I wish my grave were growing green,  
A winding-sheet put o'er my e'en,  
I wish my grave were growing green  
On fair Kirkconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that hatch'd the thought,  
And curst the hand that fir'd the shot,  
When in my arms dear Helen dropt,  
And died to succour me.

O think na ye my heart was sair!  
My love dropt down and spake nae mair!  
O think na ye my heart was sair  
On fair Kirkconnell lea!

Where Helen lies, where Helen lies,  
I wish I were where Helen lies:  
Soon may I be where Helen lies,  
Who died for love of me!

\* The story of this ballad is thus given by Mr PENANT, in his Tour in Scotland: "In the burying-ground of *Kirkconnell* is the grave of the fair ELLEN IRVINE, and that of her lover: She was daughter of the house of *Kirkconnell*, and was beloved by two gentlemen at the same time; the one vowed to sacrifice the successful rival to his resentment, and watch'd an opportunity, while the happy pair were sitting on the banks of the *Kirtle*, that washes these grounds. ELLEN perceived the desperate lover on the opposite side, and fondly thinking to save her favourite, interposed, and receiving the wound intended for her beloved, fell and expired in his arms. He instantly revenged her death, then fled into Spain, and served for some time against the infidels: On his return he visited the grave of his unfortunate mistress, stretch'd himself on it, and expiring on the spot, was interr'd by her side. A sword and a cross are engraven on the tomb-stone, with, *Hic jacet ADAM FLEMING*: the only memorial of this unhappy gentleman, except an ancient ballad of no great merit, which records the tragical event." Mr PENANT probably alludes to that edition of the ballad which is given in the Statistical Account of the parish of *Kirkpatrick-Fleming*: it is much longer than the above, and contains some meagre and incongruous verses.

## O WERE I LAID WHERE COLIN LIES.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS GRANT.

THE SAME AIR.

O were I laid where Colin lies,  
Could I but close these weary eyes,  
And wake no more, with fruitless sighs,  
The joyless day to see!

Or if I still must languish here,  
Would but his passing shade appear!  
And whisper soft in fancy's ear,  
"Come, love, I wait for thee!"

When these sad eyes have ceas'd to weep,  
And weary woe is lost in sleep,  
Though drowsy dews my senses steep,  
My soul still wakes with thee.

'Tis then I rest from pain a while,  
And hear thy voice, and see thy smile,  
And all my secret griefs beguile,  
Those griefs, so dear to me.

My life, my soul, my all is gone,  
Forlorn I wander here alone,  
O were but this my parting groan,  
For death is life to me!

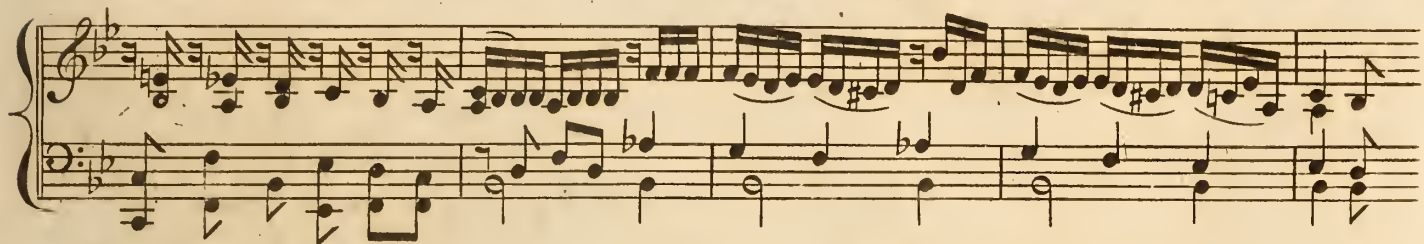
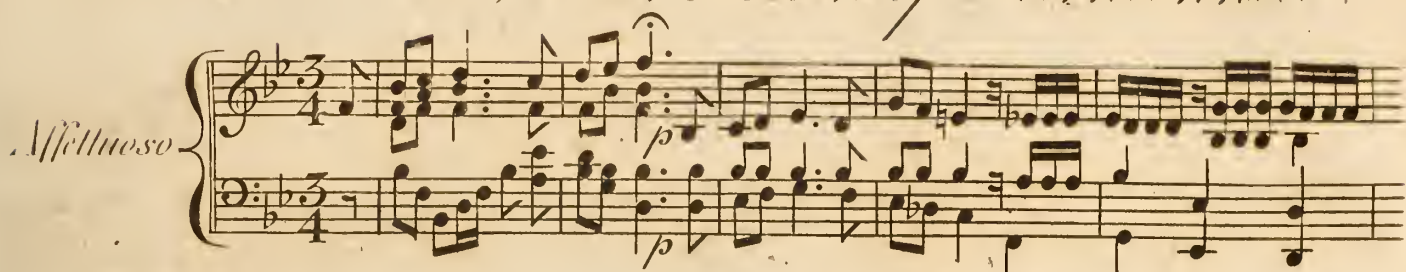
For though I knew some magic art,  
To blot thy image from my heart,  
With that lov'd form I ne'er would part,  
'Till death should set me free.

Then where our mingled ashes sleep,  
Shall faithful lovers meet to weep,  
And tenderest vows in sorrow steep,  
To love as true as we!

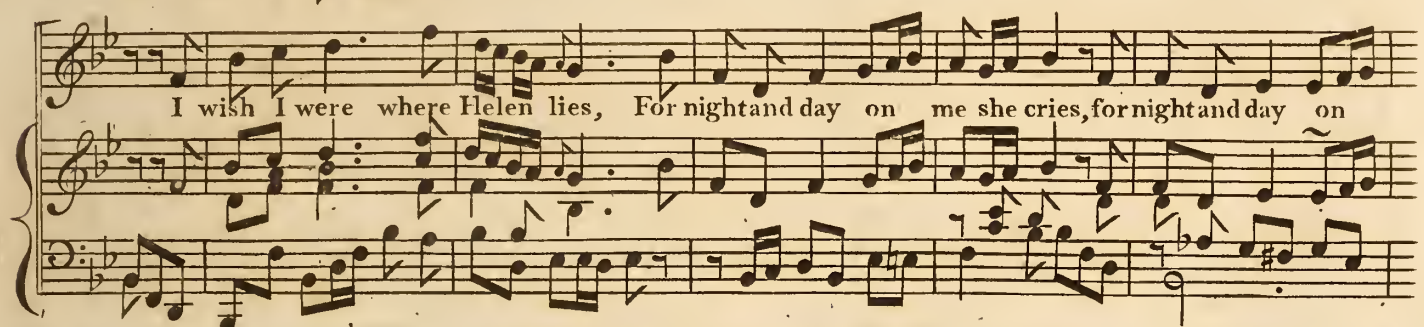


Swish Co. - Sir, Fair Helen of Kirkcunnell 168

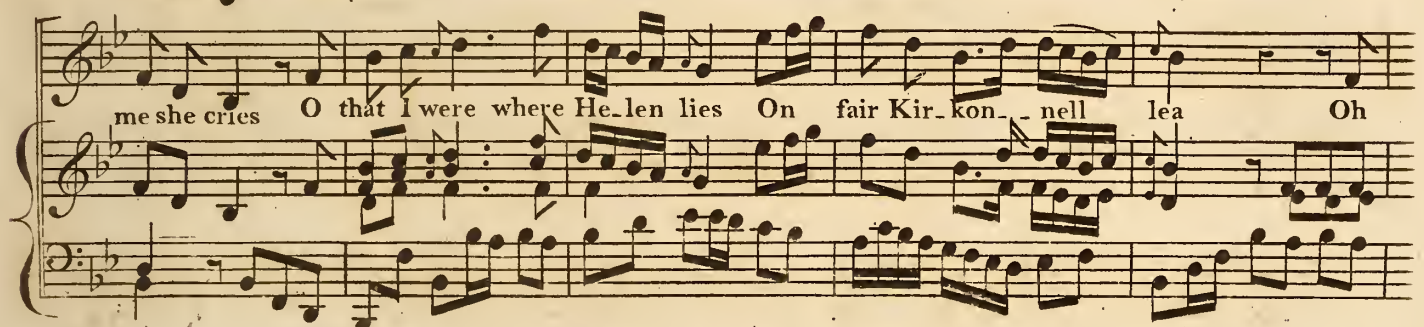
*Affettuoso*



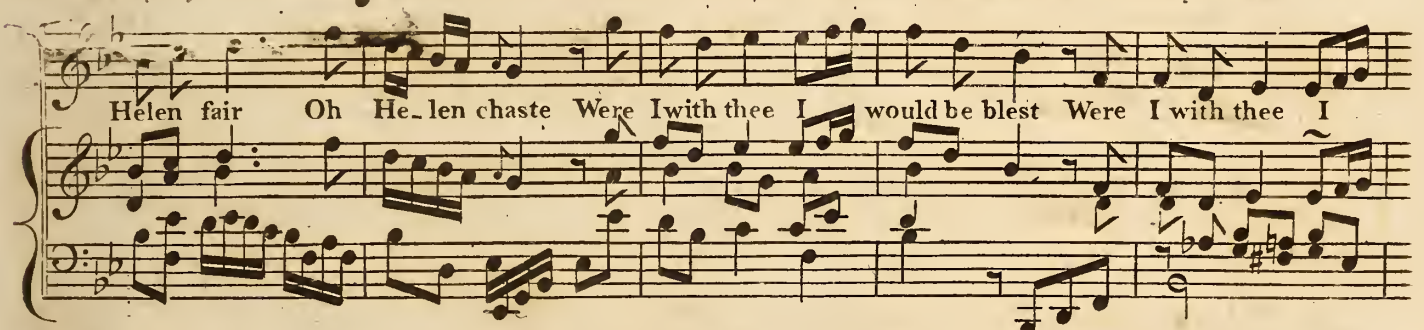
I wish I were where Helen lies, For night and day on me she cries, for night and day on



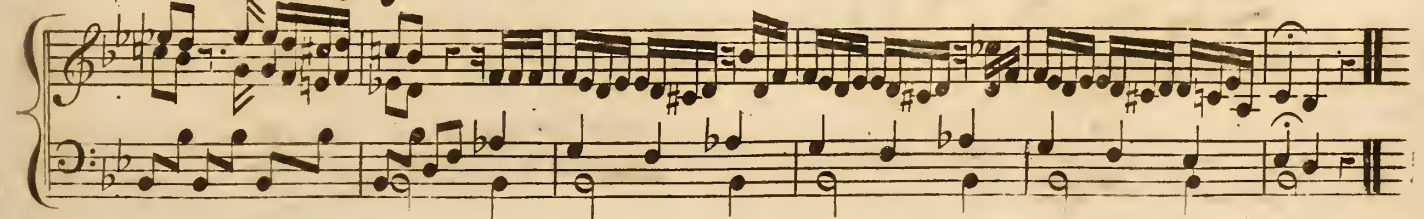
me she cries O that I were where He-len lies On fair Kir-kon-nell lea Oh



Helen fair Oh He-len chaste Were I with thee I would be blest Were I with thee I



would be blest, Where thou liest low and at thy rest On fair Kirkon-nell lea

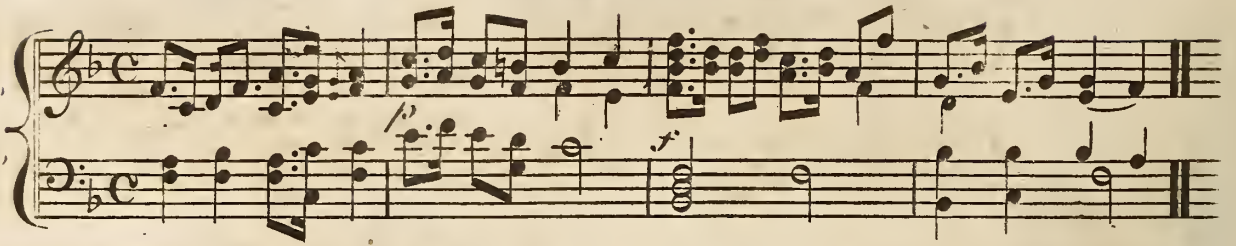




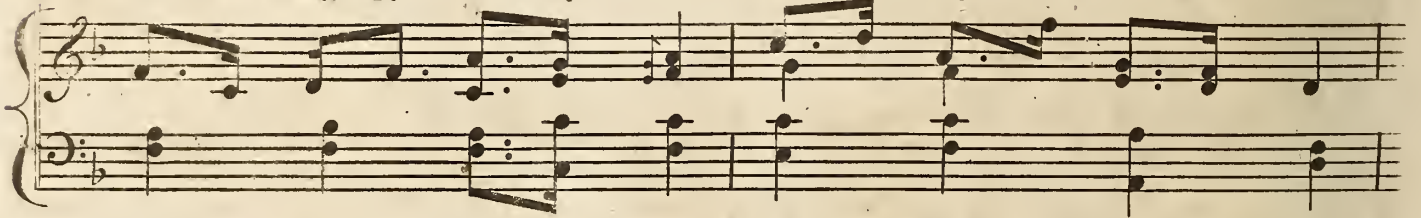
# Whistle o'er the lave o't.

*Allegretto*

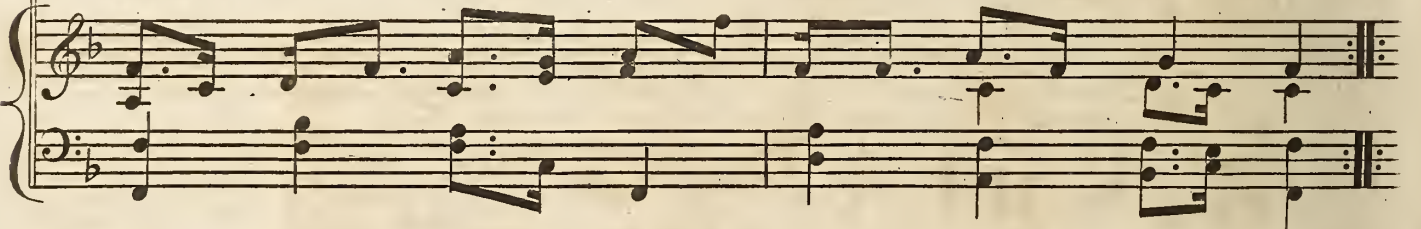
*Scherzando*



First when Mag-gy was my care Heav'n I thought was in her air



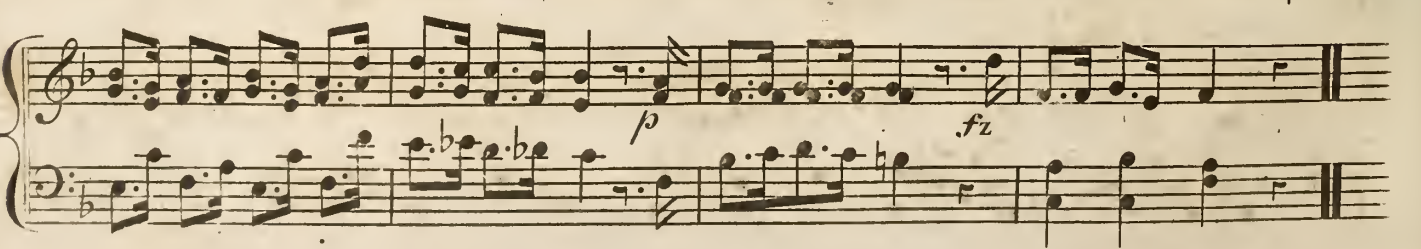
Now we're married spier nae mair But whis-tle o'er the lave o't.



Meg was meek and Meg was mild Sweet and harmless as a child



Wi-ser men than me's beguild So whis-tle o'er the lave o't.





## FIRST WHEN MAGGY WAS MY CARE.

*By* BURNS.

AIR.—WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

FIRST when Maggy was my care,  
Heaven, I thought, was in her air ;  
Now we're married, spier nae mair,  
But whistle o'er the lave o't.

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,  
Sweet and harmless as a child ;  
Wiser men than me's beguil'd,  
So whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,  
How we love, and how agree ;  
I care na by how few may see,  
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Wha I wish were maggots' meat,  
Dish'd up in her winding-sheet ;  
I could write,—but Meg maun see't,  
Whistle o'er the lave o't.



# O WHAT HAD I ADO, &c.---THE DRUNKEN WIFE O' GALLOWAY.

## AIR.---HOOLY AND FAIRLY.

O H !, what had I ado for to marry !

My wife she drinks naething but sack and canary,  
I to her friends complain'd right early,

O ! gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fairly,  
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,

O ! gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fairly.

First she drank Crommy, and syne she drank Garie,  
Now she has drunken my bonny grey marie,  
That carried me thro' the dubs and the lairie,

O gin my wife, &c.

She drank her hose, she drank her shoon,  
And syne she drank her bonny new gown ;  
She drank her sark that cover'd her rarely ;

O gin my wife, &c.

Wou'd she drink her ain things, I wou'd na care ;  
But she drinks my claiths I canna' weel spare ;  
When I'm wi' my gossips, it angers me sairly ;

O gin my wife, &c.

My Sunday's coat she has laid it a wad,  
The best blue bonnet was e'er on my head ;  
At kirk and at market I'm cover'd but barely ;

O gin my wife, &c.

My bonny white mittens I wore on my hands,  
Wi' her neighbour's wife she has laid them in  
pawns ;

My bane-headed staff that I loo'd so dearly ;  
O gin my wife, &c.

I never was for wrangling nor strife,  
Nor did I deny her the comforts of life ;  
For when there's a war, I'm ay for a parley ;  
O gin my wife, &c.

When there's ony money she maun keep the purse,  
If I seek but a bawbee, she'll scold and she'll curse,  
She lives like a queen, I scrimped and sparely ;  
O gin my wife, &c.

A pint wi' her cummers I wou'd her allow :  
But when she sits down, she gets hersel' fu' ;  
And when she is fu' she is unco camstairie ;  
O gin my wife, &c.

When she comes to the street, she roars and sherants,  
Has no fear of her neighbours, nor minds the house  
wants ;  
Rants some foolish sang, like, Up your heart, Charlie ;  
O gin my wife, &c.

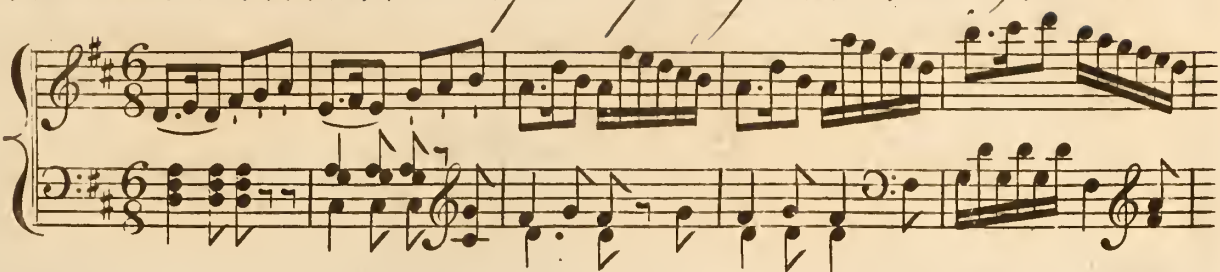
And when she comes hame, she lays on the lads,  
The lasses she ca's baith limmers and jades,  
And ca's mysel' ay an auld cuckold carlie ;  
O gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fairly,  
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,  
O ! gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fairly.



# The drunken wife of Galloway.

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*Allegretto*



Oh! what had I a - do for to marry, My wife she drinks naething but

The first line of the song is set in 6/8 time and D major. It features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are "Oh! what had I a - do for to marry, My wife she drinks naething but".

sack and ca - na - ry I to her friends com - plaind' right ear - ly

The second line of the song continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are "sack and ca - na - ry I to her friends com - plaind' right ear - ly".

O gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fair - ly hoo - ly and fair - ly

The third line of the song continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are "O gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fair - ly hoo - ly and fair - ly".

hooly and fair - ly O gin my wife wou'd drink hoo - ly and fair - ly.

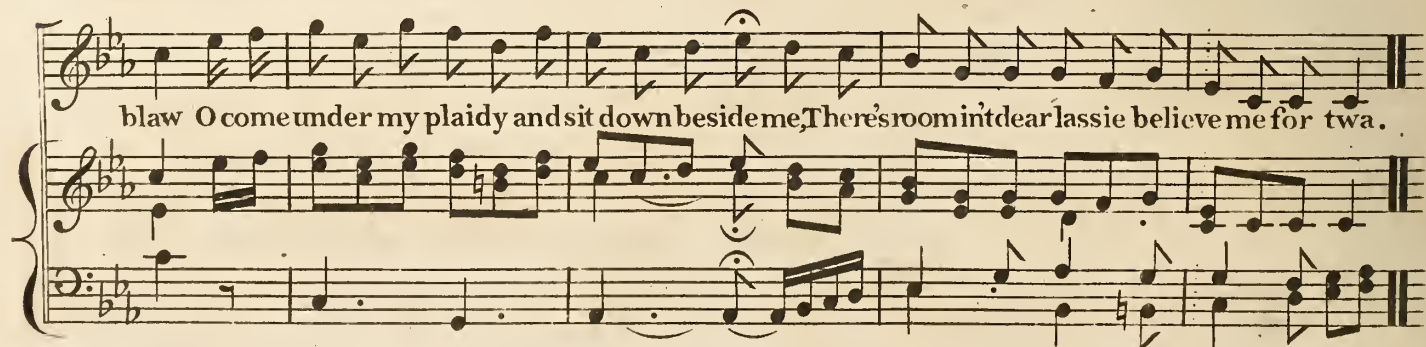
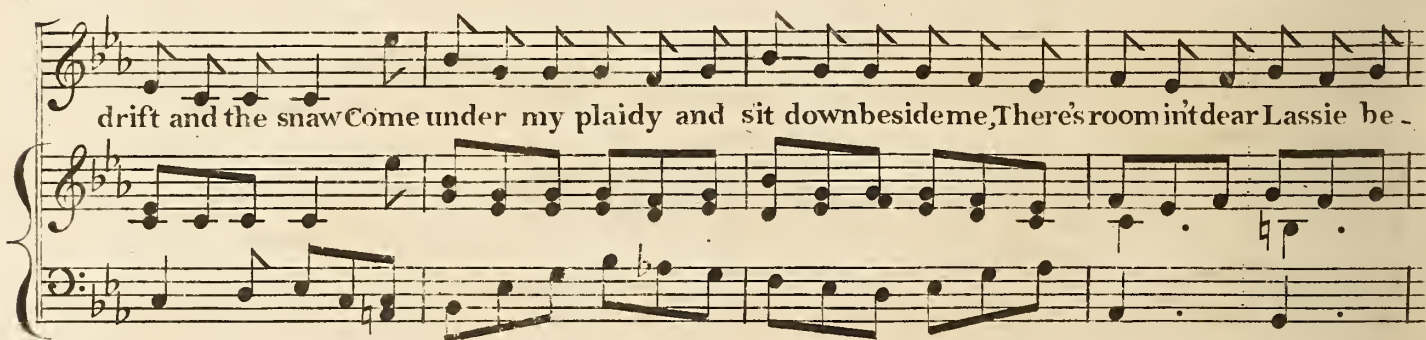
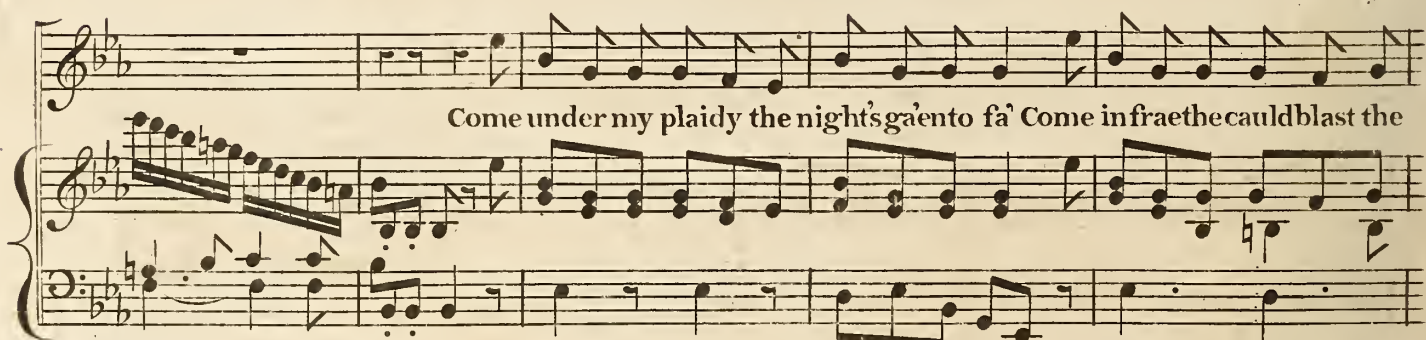
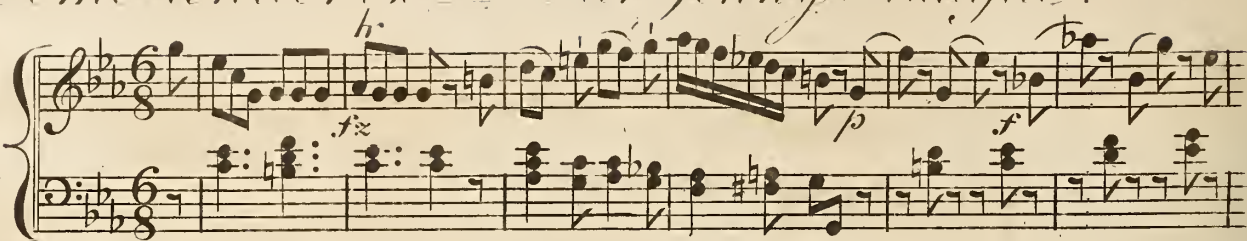
The fourth line of the song continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are "hooly and fair - ly O gin my wife wou'd drink hoo - ly and fair - ly.".

The piano conclusion consists of two staves. The right hand features a continuous eighth-note melody, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece ends with a double bar line.



# *Come under se - . . . air Johny Macgill.*

*Allegretto*





## COME UNDER MY PLAIDY, &amp;c.-----MODERN MARRIAGE DELINEATED.

*By HECTOR MACNEILL, Esq.*

AIR.---JOHNNY MACGILL.

COME under my plaidy, the night's ga'en to fa';  
 Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw;  
 Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me;  
 There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.  
 Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,  
 I'll hap ye frae ev'ry cauld blast that will blaw:  
 O come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,  
 There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.

Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald gae 'wa!  
 I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw:  
 Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy, I'll no sit beside ye:  
 Ye may be my gutchard!—auld Donald gae 'wa.  
 I'm ga'en to meet Johnny, he's young and he's  
     bonny;  
 He's been at Meg's bridal, sae trig and sae braw!  
 O nane dances sae lightly! sae gracefu'! sae tightly!  
 His cheek's lik the new rose, his brow's lik the snaw.

Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa;  
 Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naithing ava;  
 The hale o' his pack he has now on his back:  
 He's therty, and I am but threescore and twa.  
 Be frank now and kindly: I'll busk you ay finely;  
 To kirk or to market they'll few gang sae braw;  
 A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,  
 And flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye ca'.

My father ay tell'd me, my mither and a',  
 Ye'd mak a gude husband, and kcep me ay braw;  
 It's true I lo'e Johnny, he's gude and he's bonny,  
 But waes me! ye ken he has naithing ava!  
 I hae little tocher; you've made a gude offer;  
 I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but sma'!  
 Sae gie me your plaidy; I'll e'en sit beside ye,  
 I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa'.

She sat down ayont him, aside the stane wa',  
 Whar Johnny was list'ning, and heard her tell a'.  
 The day was appointed! his proud heart it dunted,  
 And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.  
 He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary!  
 And thowless, he tint his gate deep 'mang the snaw;  
 The howlet was screamin, while Johnny cried, 'Wo-  
     men  
 Wou'd marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them ay bra'!'

O the deel's in the lasses! they gang now sae bra',  
 They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;  
 The hale o' this marriage, is gowd and a carriage;  
 Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw!  
 O the deel's in the lasses! they gang now sae bra'.  
 They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;  
 The hale o' this marriage, is gowd and a carriage;  
 Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw!



COME, REST YE HERE, JOHNIE, WHAT NEWS FRAE THE SOUTH.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq. of Auchinleck.*

AIR.---THE SOLDIER LADDIE.

COME, rest ye here, Johnie, what news frae the south?  
 Here's whey in a luggie to slocken your drowth,  
 Our soldiers are landed, my hopes are maist deeing,  
 I'm fear'd John to ask ye, is Jamie in being?  
 Aye, troth, lass, they're landed, and hameward they're coming,  
 In braw order marching, wi' fifing and drumming:  
 I sell't my grey plaid, my cauld winter's warm happin,  
 To cheer their leal hearts wi' a gill and a chappin.

Your father's gudebrither, the serjeant, wi' glee,  
 Pu'd a crown frae his pouch, and loud laughing, quo' he,  
 Ye're owr auld to list, or ye'd rug this fast frae me---  
 Mair drink here—"but, John, O nae word o' poor Jamie?"  
 The deil's i' the lassie, there's nought in her noddle  
 But Jamie, ay Jamie, she cares na ae boddle  
 For grey-headed heroes; weel, what should I say now,  
 The lad's safe and weel, and what mair wad ye hae now?

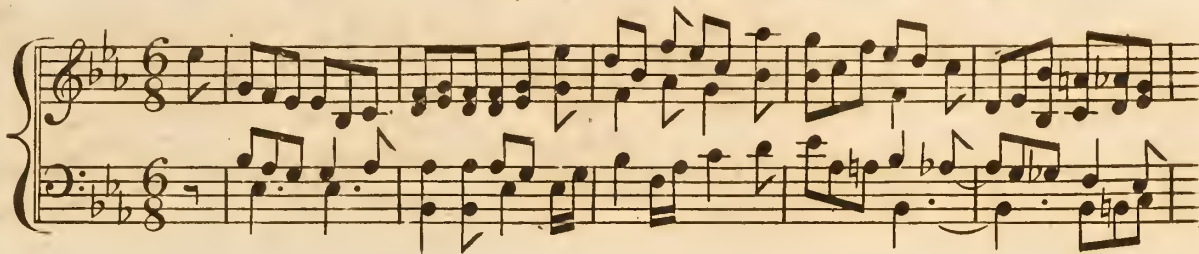
He's weel! Gude be prais'd, my dear laddie is weel!  
 Sic news! hech man, John, ye're a sonsy auld cheel!  
 I'm doited—I'm dais'd—its fu' time I were rinnin,  
 The wark might be done ere I think o' beginnin.  
 I'll rin like a mawkin, and busk in my braws,  
 And link owr the hills where the caller wind blaws,  
 And meet the dear lad, wha was true to me ever,  
 And dorty nae mair—O I'll part wi' him never!



*Come rest &c — Air, The soldier laddie?*

172

*Allegretto*



Come rest ye here Johnie what news frae the South Here's whey in a luggie to slocken your drowth Our

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The lyrics are: "Come rest ye here Johnie what news frae the South Here's whey in a luggie to slocken your drowth Our".

Soldiers are landed my hopes are maist deeing I'm feard John to ask ye is Jamie in being? Aye

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Soldiers are landed my hopes are maist deeing I'm feard John to ask ye is Jamie in being? Aye".

troth lass they're landed and hame ward they're coming In braw order marching wi' fifeing and drumming I

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "troth lass they're landed and hame ward they're coming In braw order marching wi' fifeing and drumming I".

sell't my grey plaid my cauld winter's warm happin To cheer their leal hearts wi' a gill and a chappin.

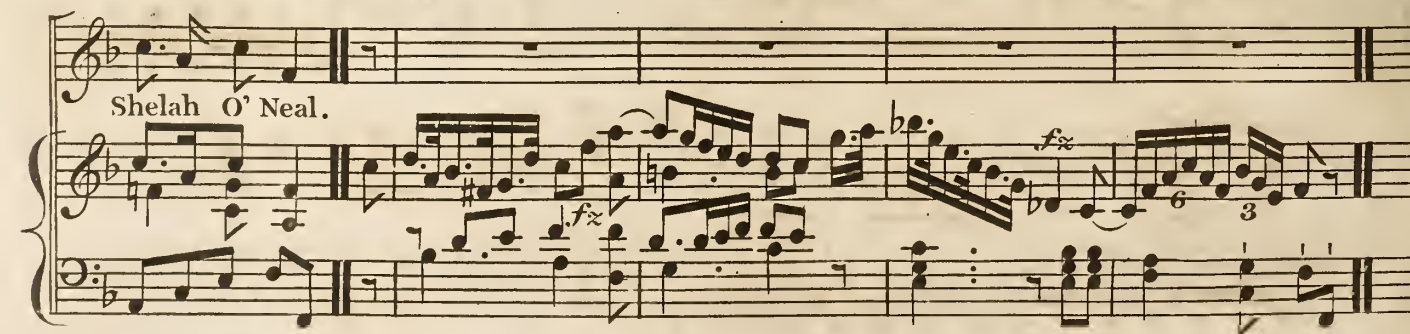
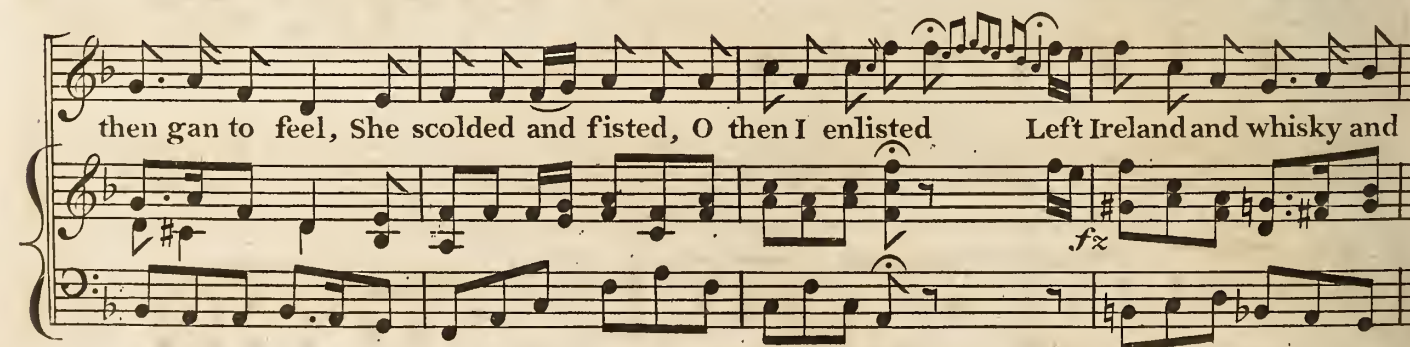
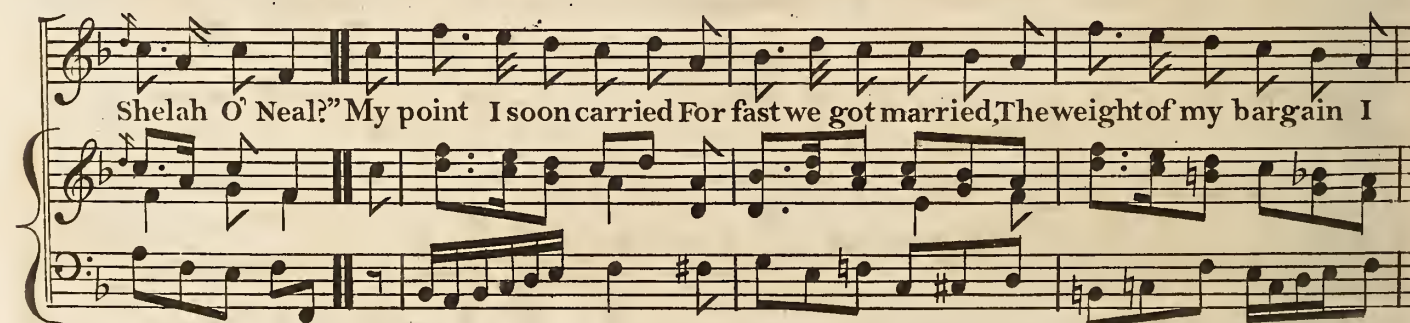
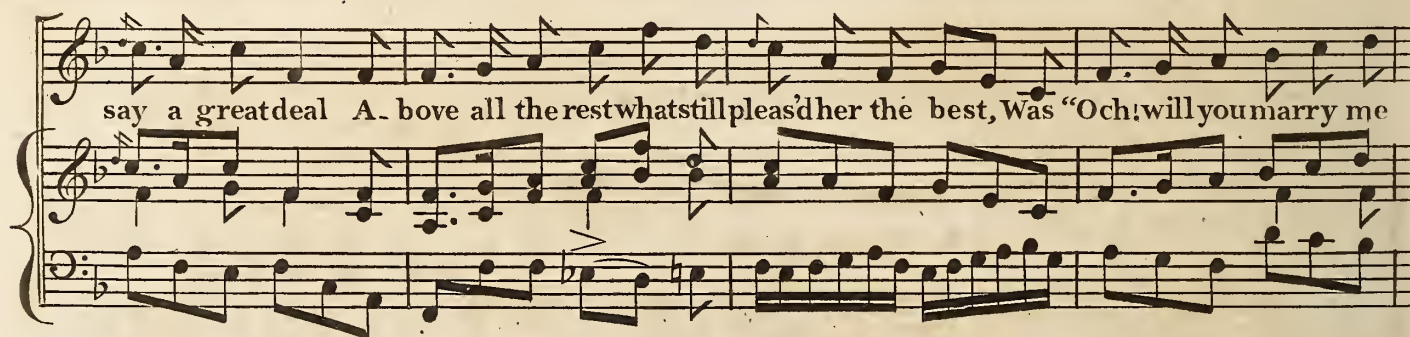
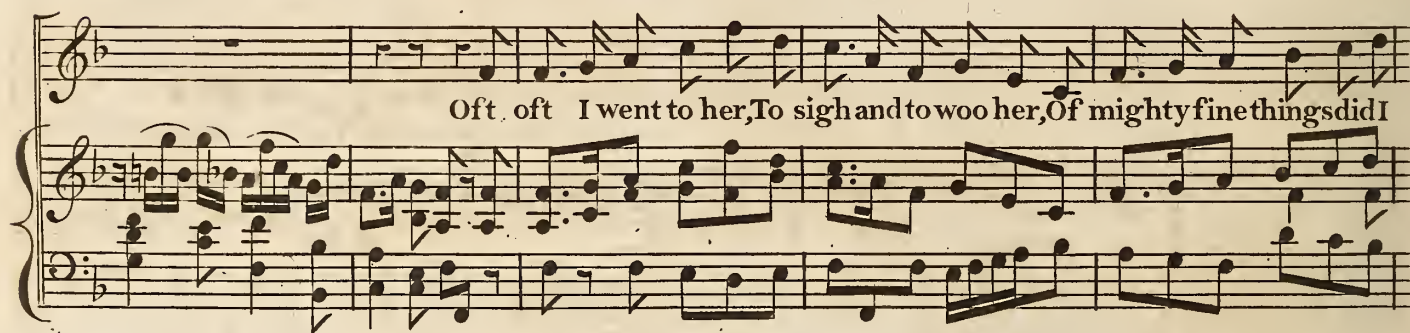
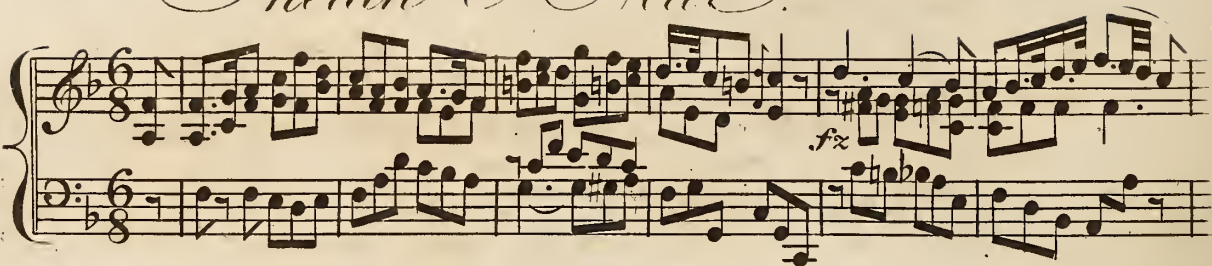
The fourth line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "sell't my grey plaid my cauld winter's warm happin To cheer their leal hearts wi' a gill and a chappin.".

The piano conclusion is written for a grand staff in 6/8 time, featuring a key signature of two flats. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic and ends with a double bar line.



# Shelah O' Neal

*Allegretto*





## OFT I WENT TO HER, &amp;c.-----OR, SHELAH O'NEAL.

THE AIR AND THE VERSES

*By ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq. of Auchinleck,*

AND HERE PUBLISH'D BY HIS PERMISSION.

OFT, oft, I went to her, to sigh and to woo her ;  
 Of mighty fine things did I say a great deal ;  
 Above all the rest, what still pleas'd her the best,  
 Was, " Och ! will you marry me, Shelah O'Neal ?"  
 My point I soon carried, for fast we got married ;  
 The weight o' my bargain I then 'gan to feel ;  
 She scolded and fisted, O then I enlisted,  
 Left Ireland, and whisky, and Shelah O'Neal.

But tir'd and dull-hearted, my corps I deserted,  
 And fled off to regions far distant from home,  
 To Frederick's army, where nought was to harm me,  
 Not the devil himself, in the shape of a bomb.  
 I fought ev'ry battle, where cannon did rattle,  
 Felt sharp shot, alas ! and their sharp-pointed steel ;  
 But in all the wars round, thank my stars, I ne'er found  
 Aught so sharp as thy tongue, O curs'd Shelah O'Neal !



---

AT WILLIE'S WEDDING O' THE GREEN.

WRITTEN

By *ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq. of Auchinleck,*

AND HERE PUBLISH'D BY HIS PERMISSION.

---

AIR---JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.

AT Willie's wedding o' the green,  
 The lasses, bonny witches,  
 Were buskit out in aprons clean,  
 And snaw-white Sunday's mutches.  
 Auld Maysie bade the lads tak' tent,  
 But Jock wad nae believe her;  
 And soon the fool his folly kent,  
 For---Jenny dang the weaver.  
 Sing, Jenny dang, &c.

In ilka countra-dance and reel,  
 Wi' her he wad be babbin;  
 When she sat down, then he sat down,  
 And till her wad be gabbin:  
 Whare'er she gaed, or but or ben,  
 The coof wad never leave her,  
 Ay cacklin like a clockin hen;  
 But---Jenny dang the weaver.  
 Sing, Jenny dang, &c.

Quoth he, " My lass, to speak my mind,  
 " Good haith! I need na swither;  
 " You've bonny een, and gif you're kind,  
 " I needna court anither."  
 He hum'd and ha'd---the lass cried, Feugh!  
 And bade the fool no deave her;  
 Then snapt her thumb, and lap and leugh,  
 And---dang the silly weaver!  
 Sing, Jenny dang, &c.

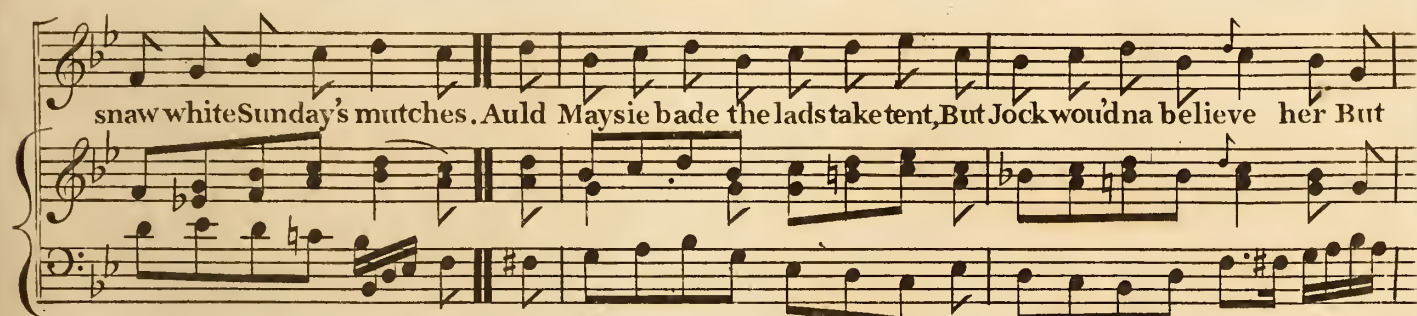
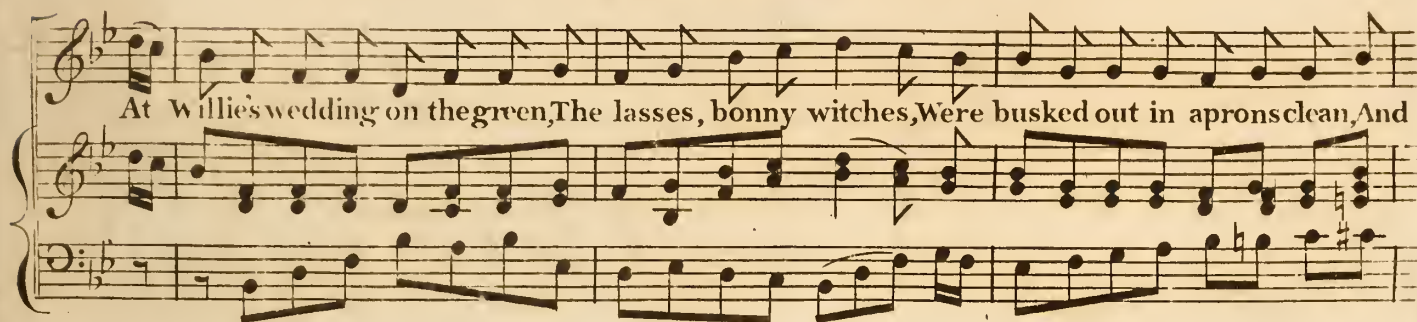
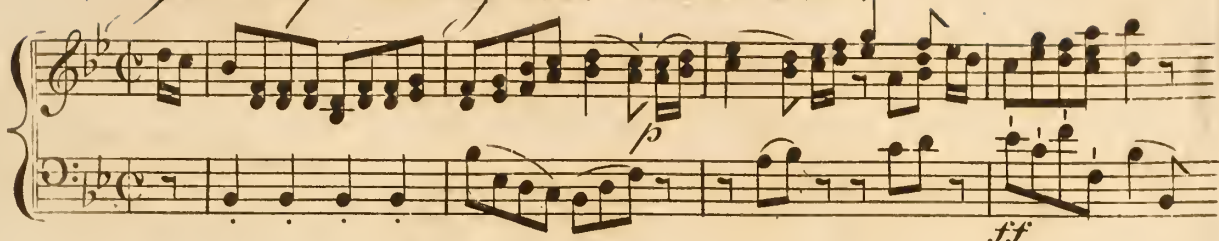
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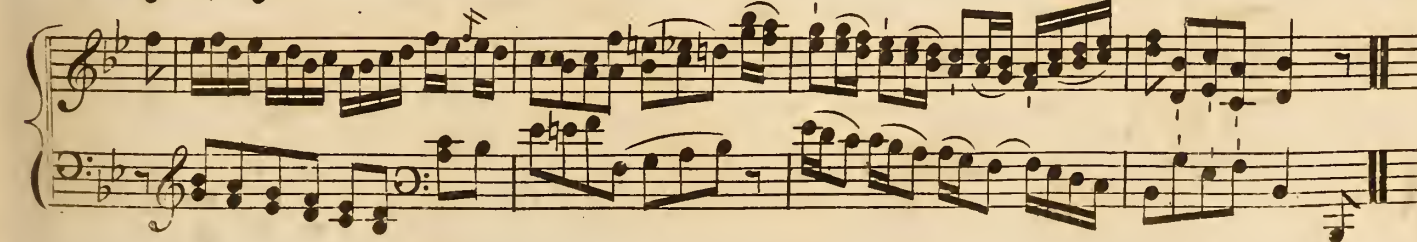
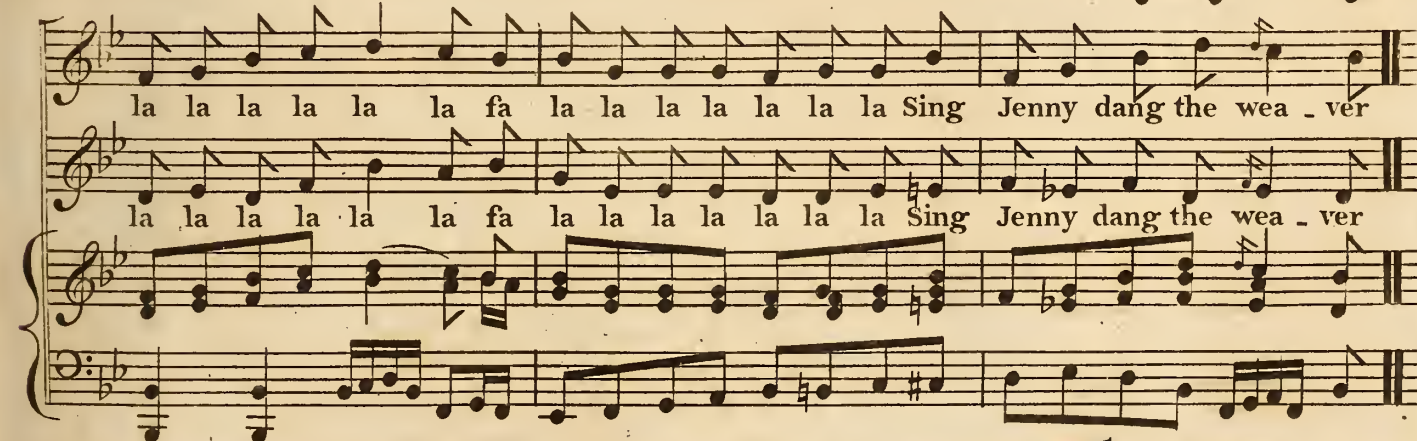
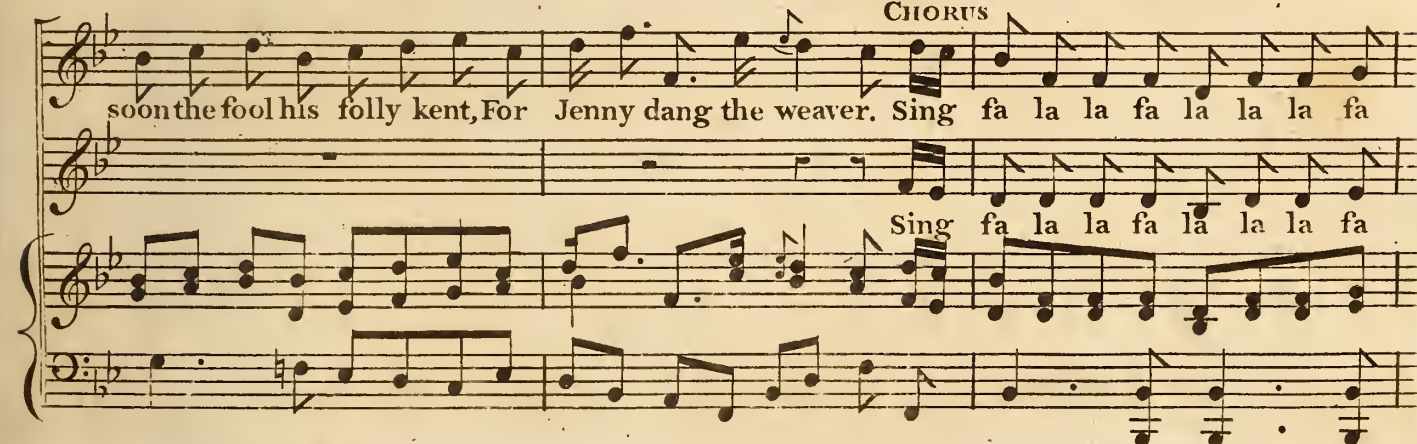
# Jenny dang the weaver.

*Waver*

*Scherzando*



## CHORUS





# Pat & Kate

*Duet*  
*Vivace*

PAT. KATE

Och pretty Kate my darling Kate Here take my hand and I am your Mate, I'd

PAT. KATE

rather die, fy Kate fy fy Did e'er fool talk at such a rate

KATE.

PAT. Pat you are a teasing lad The basest plague that e'er I had, The

O Kate I am a pleasing lad The neatest swain that e'er you had, I

live long day, You prate a way I really be lieve you'll put me mad,

sigh all day I pine a way I really be lieve you'll put me mad.



# OCH! PRETTY KATE, MY DARLING KATE:

## *A Love-Dialogue.*

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq. of Auchinleck.*

### IRISH AIR.

“ OCH! pretty Kate, my darling Kate,  
 “ Here, take my hand, and I’m your mate,”  
 ‘ I’d sooner die,’ “ Fye, Kate, fye, fye!”  
 ‘ Did ever fool talk at such a rate?’  
 ‘ O Patrick, you’re a teasing lad,  
 ‘ The basest plague that e’er I had :  
 ‘ The live long day, you prate away,  
 ‘ I really believe you’ll put me mad.’  
 “ O Kate, I am a pleasing lad,  
 “ The neatest swain that e’er you had :  
 “ I sigh all day, I pine away,  
 “ I really believe you’ll put me mad.”

“ Ah! little Norah would be mine,  
 “ I know by many a leering sign.”  
 ‘ Then take your drab, you boasting blab,  
 ‘ For Katrine never will be thine.’  
 ‘ O Patrick, you’re a teasing lad,  
 ‘ The basest plague that e’er I had :  
 ‘ The live long day, you prate away,  
 ‘ I really believe you’ll put me mad.’  
 “ O Kate, I am a pleasing lad,  
 “ The neatest swain that e’er you had :  
 “ I sigh all day, I pine away,  
 “ I really believe you’ll put me mad.”

“ No, Kate, sweet Kate alone can please,  
 “ She keeps the key of all my ease :  
 “ Then, if you frown, poor Patrick’s down,  
 “ You’ll kill me, Kate, it’s plain as pease.”  
 ‘ O Patrick, you’re a teasing lad,  
 ‘ The basest plague that e’er I had :  
 ‘ The live long day, you prate away,  
 ‘ I really believe you’ll put me mad.  
 “ O Kate, I am a pleasing lad,  
 “ The neatest swain that e’er you had :  
 “ I sigh all day, I pine away,  
 “ I really believe you’ll put me mad.”



# MY SORROW, DEEP SORROW, INCESSANT RETURNING.

TRANSLATED FOR THIS WORK, FROM THE GAELIC,

By *MRS GRANT.*

## AIR.---MACGREGOR OF RUARA'S LAMENT.

The following Translation of the very popular and ancient Gaelic Song of MACGREGOR NA RUARA, the Editor has no doubt will be peculiarly acceptable to those who know the original, and can judge of the fidelity of the English version. It would appear that Macgregor had, by some intestine commotion, been banished from his inheritance of Glenlyon; and, while wandering as an out-law through the mountains of Inverness-shire, that he, along with several foster-brothers, his guides and protectors, had been surpris'd and kill'd by his enemies. One of the foster-brothers who survived, gives vent to his feelings in the lamentation which follows: viz.

My sorrow, deep sorrow, incessant returning,  
Time still as it flies adds increase to my mourning,  
When I think of Macgregor, true heir of Glenlyon,  
Where still to sad fancy his banners seem flying.  
Of Macgregor na Ruara, whose pipes far resounding,  
With their bold martial strain set each bosom a bounding,  
My sorrow, deep sorrow, incessant returning,  
Time still as it flies adds increase to my mourning.

The badge of Strathspey from yon pine by the fountain,  
Distinguish'd the hero when climbing the mountain,  
The plumes of the eagle gave wings to his arrow,  
And destruction fled wide from the bow bent so narrow;  
His darts, so well polish'd and bright, were a treasure  
That the son of a king might have boasted with pleasure.  
When the brave son of Murdoch so gracefully held them,  
Well pois'd and sure aim'd, never weapon excell'd them.

Now, dead to the honour and pride I inherit,  
Not the blow of a vassal could rouse my sad spirit!  
Tho' insult or injury now should oppress me,  
My protector is gone, and nought else can distress me.  
Deaf to my loud sorrows, and blind to my weeping,  
My aid, my support, in yon chapel lies sleeping.  
In that cold narrow bed he shall slumber for ever,  
Yet nought from my fancy his image can sever.

He that shar'd the kind breast which my infancy nourish'd,  
Now hid in the earth, leaves no trace where he flourish'd.  
No obsequies fitting his pale corse adorning,  
No funeral honours to soothe our long mourning,  
No virgins high born, with their tears to bedew thee,  
To deck out thy grave, or with flowrets to strew thee.  
My sorrow, deep sorrow, incessant returning,  
Time still as it flies adds increase to my mourning.

## FROM THE CHACE ON THE MOUNTAINS, &c.

### THE SAME AIR.

FROM the chace on the mountains as I was returning,  
By the side of a fountain Malvina sat mourning;  
To the winds that loud whistled, she told her sad story,  
And the vallies re-echo'd Macgregor a Ruara!  
Like a flash of red light'ning o'er the heath came Macara,  
More fleet than the roe-buck on lofty Ben Lara;  
"Oh! where is Macgregor? say where does he hover?  
"Say, son of bold Calmar, why tarries my lover?"

The voice of soft sorrow from his bosom thus sounded,  
'Low lies your Macgregor, pale, mangled, and wounded,  
'Spent with watching and toil, to the rocks I convey'd him,  
'Where the sons of black malice to his foes have betray'd him.'  
As the blast from the mountain soon nips the fair blossom,  
So died the soft bud of fond hope in her bosom;  
"O Macgregor, she cried, is betray'd and surrounded,  
"By falsehood betray'd, and by treachery wounded!"

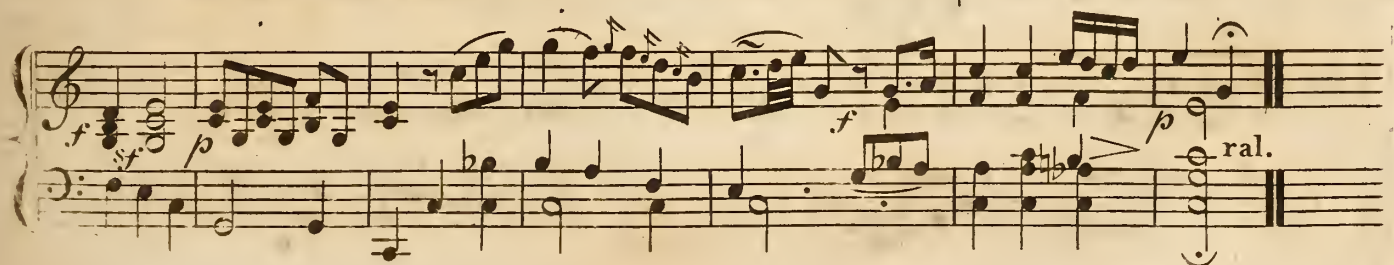
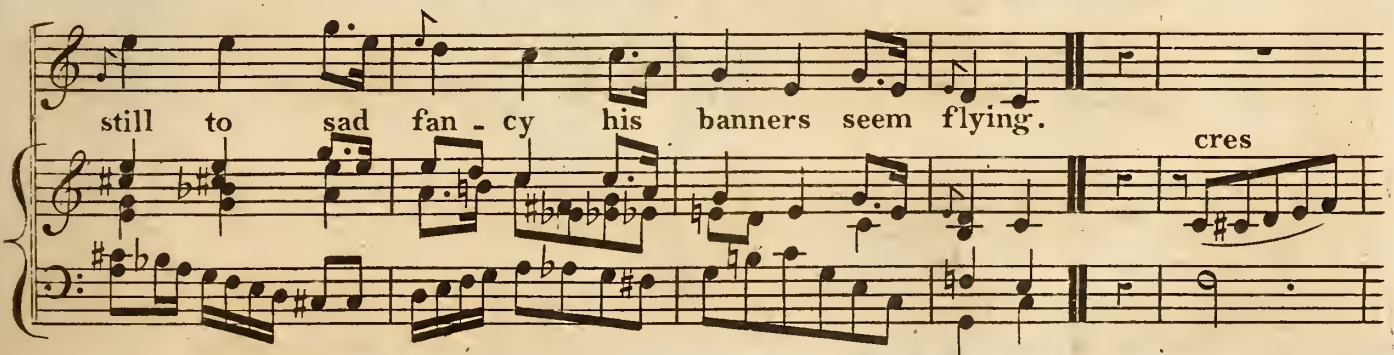
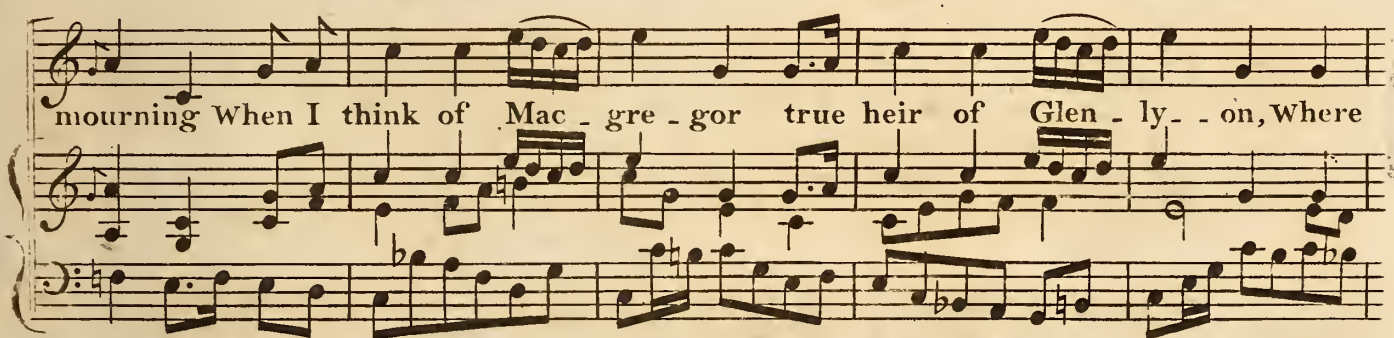
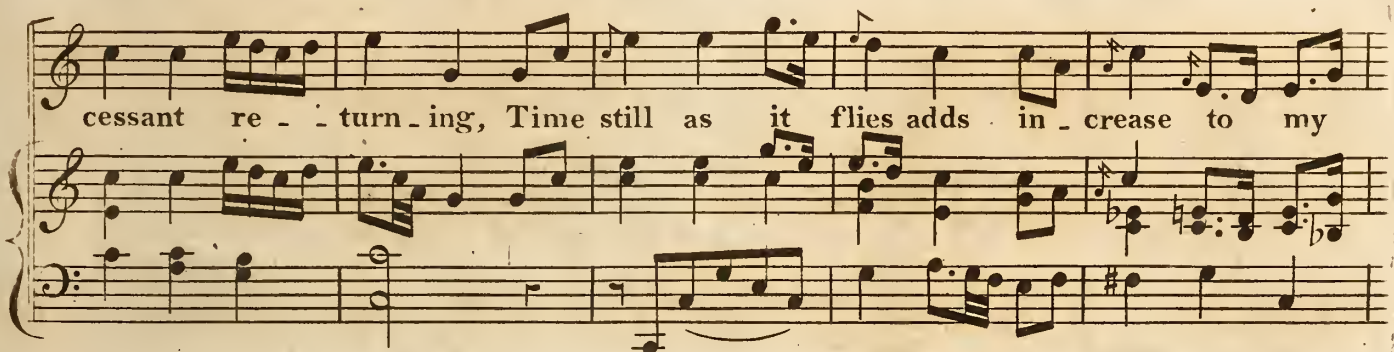
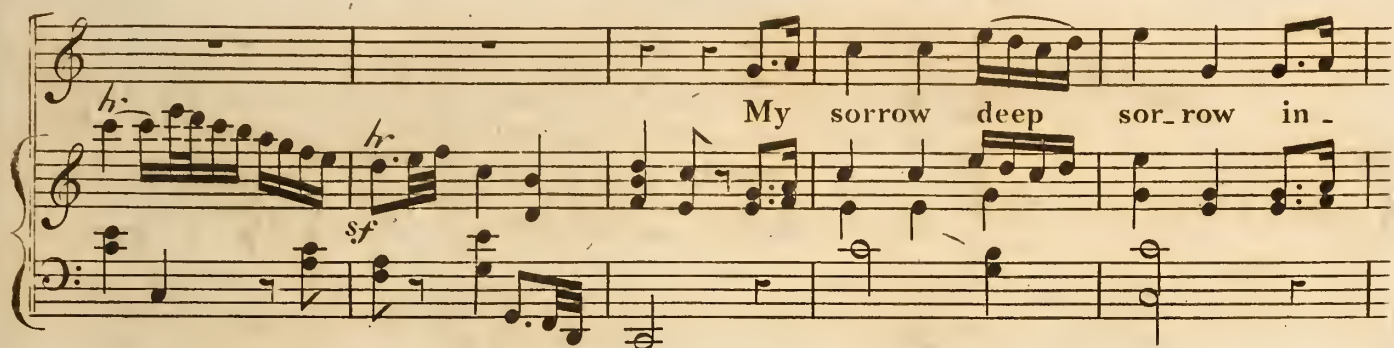
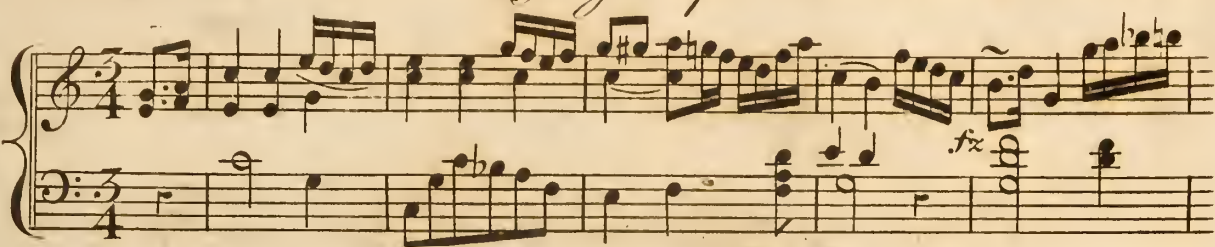
Near the brook in the vale now the green turf does hide her,  
And Macgregor in silence reposes beside her:  
Secure is their dwelling from foes and black slander,  
Near the loud roaring waters their spirits oft wander.



*My sorrow &c. Air; M. Gregor of Ruaras lament.* 176

*Andante*

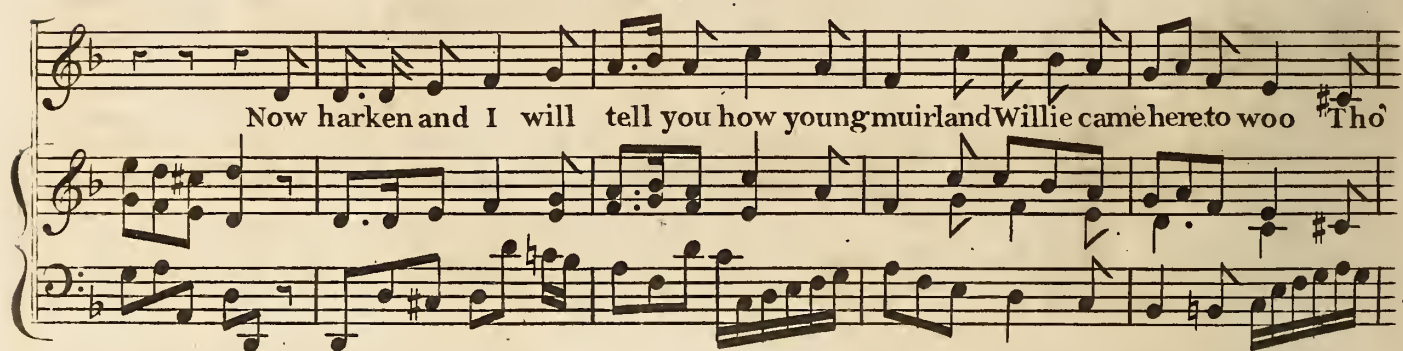
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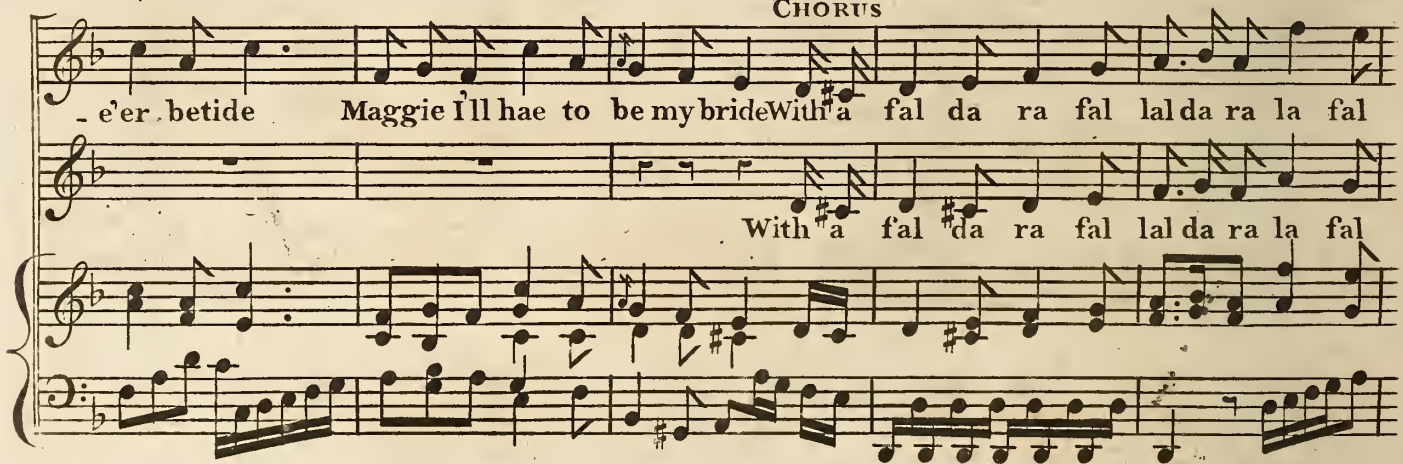


# Muirland Willie.

*Intro*



## CHORUS





## HARKEN, AND I WILL TELL YOU HOW.

## AIR.---MUIRLAND WILLY.

**H**ARKEN and I will tell you how  
Young muirland Willie came to woo,  
Tho' he cou'd neither say nor do ;  
The truth I tell to you,  
But ay he cries, whate'er betide,  
Maggy I'sc hae to be my bride,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his grey yade as he did ride,  
Wi' durk and pistol by his side,  
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,  
Wi' meikle mirth and glee,  
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er you muir,  
Till he came to her daddy's door,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,  
I'm come your doughter's love to win,  
I carena for making meikle din ;  
What answer gi'e ye me ?  
Now, wooer, quoth he, would ye light down,  
I'll gi'e ye my doughter's love to win,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

Now wooer, sin' ye are lighted down,  
Where do ye won, or in what town ?  
I think my doughter winna gloom  
On sic a lad as ye.  
The wooer he step'd into the house,  
And wow but he was wondrous crouse,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three owsen in a pleugh,  
Twa gude ga'en yades and gear enough,  
The place they ca' it Cauldencugh ;  
I scorn to tell a lie :  
Besides, I hae frae the great laird,  
A peat-pat, and a lang kail yard,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,  
She was the brawest in a' the town ;  
I wat on him she didna gloom ;  
But blinkit bonnilie.  
The lover he stended up in haste,  
And gript her hard about the waist ;  
With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,  
I'm young; and hae enough o' gear ;  
And for mysell you needna fear,  
Troth tak me when you like.  
He took aff his bonnet, and spat out his clow,  
He dighted his gab, and prie'd her mou'.  
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu' law,  
She hadna will to say him na,  
But to her daddy she left it a',  
As they twa cou'd agree.  
The lover he ga'e her the tither kiss,  
Sync ran to her daddy, and tell'd him this,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,  
Sic daffin, laughin, and sic fun,  
The minstrels they did never blin',  
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.  
And ay they bobit, and ay they beck't,  
And ay they cross'd and merrilie met \*,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

Your doughter wad na say me na,  
But to yoursell she's left it a',  
As we cou'd 'gree between us twa ;  
Say, what'll ye gi'e me wi' her ?  
Now, wooer, quo' he, I hae na meikle,  
But sic's I hae, ye's get a pickle.  
With a fal, dal, &c.

A kilnfu' of corn I'll gi'e to thee,  
Three souns of sheep, twa good milk kye,  
Ye's hae the wedding-dinner free ;  
Troth I dow do nae mair.  
Content, quo' he, a bargain be 't,  
I'm far frae hamc, mak' haste, let's do 't,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal-day it came to pass,  
Wi' mony a blythsome lad and lass ;  
But sicken a day there never was,  
Sic mirth was never scen.  
This winsome couple straked hands,  
Mess John ty'd up the marriage-bands,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,  
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,  
Frae tap to tae they were bra' new,  
And blinkit bonnilie.  
Their toys and mutches were sae clean,  
They glanced in our lads's een,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

\* The critical observer will find that the Editor has altered two lines of the last stanza, the second and the last. He thought it a pity that there should be any thing in such a truly excellent song, to prevent its being *generally* acceptable.



# THICKEST NIGHT SURROUND MY DWELLING!

WRITTEN

By *BURNS.*

AIR.---STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

The speaker is supposed to be lying concealed in some cave of the Highlands, after the defeat and dispersion of his party, in following the fortunes of the Chevalier de St GEORGE.

THICKEST night surround my dwelling!  
Howling tempests o'er me rave!  
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,  
Roaring by my lonely cave.  
Chrystal streamlets gently flowing,  
Busy haunts of base mankind,  
Western breezes softly blowing,  
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,  
Wrongs injurious to redress,  
Honour's war we strongly waged,  
But the Heavens deny'd success.  
Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,  
Not a hope that dare attend;  
The wide world is all before us,  
But a world without a friend!

## POW'RS CELESTIAL WHOSE PROTECTION.

THE SAME AIR.

POW'rs celestial, whose protection  
Ever guards the virtuous fair,  
While in distant climes I wander,  
Let my Mary be your care.  
Let the form so fair and faultless,  
Fair and faultless as your own,  
Let my Mary's kindred spirit  
Draw your choicest influence down.

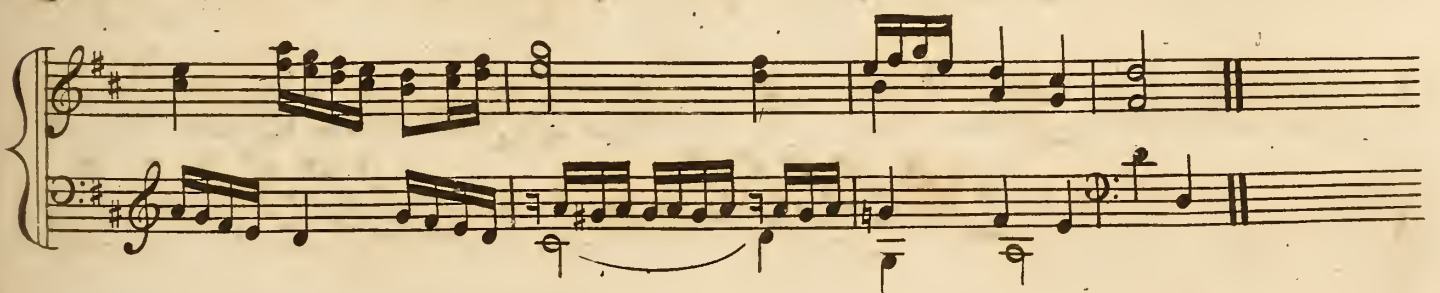
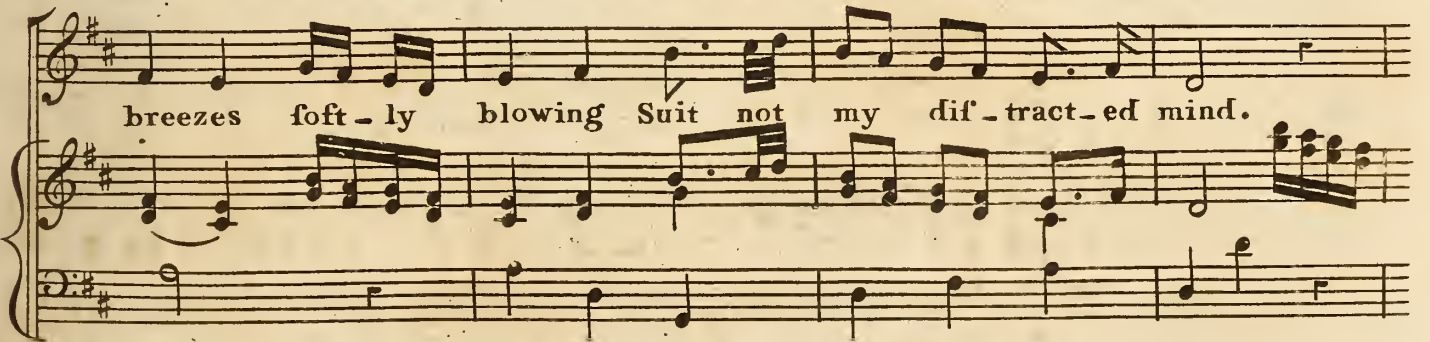
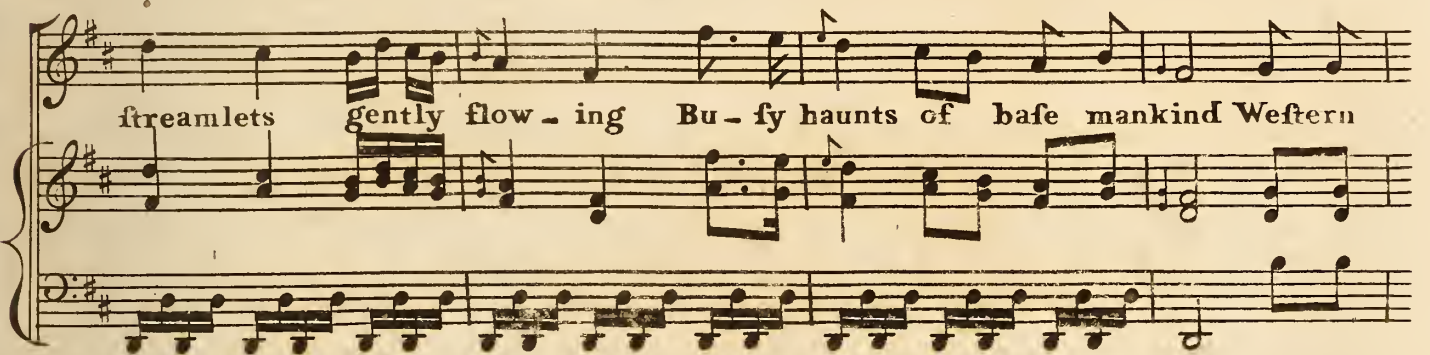
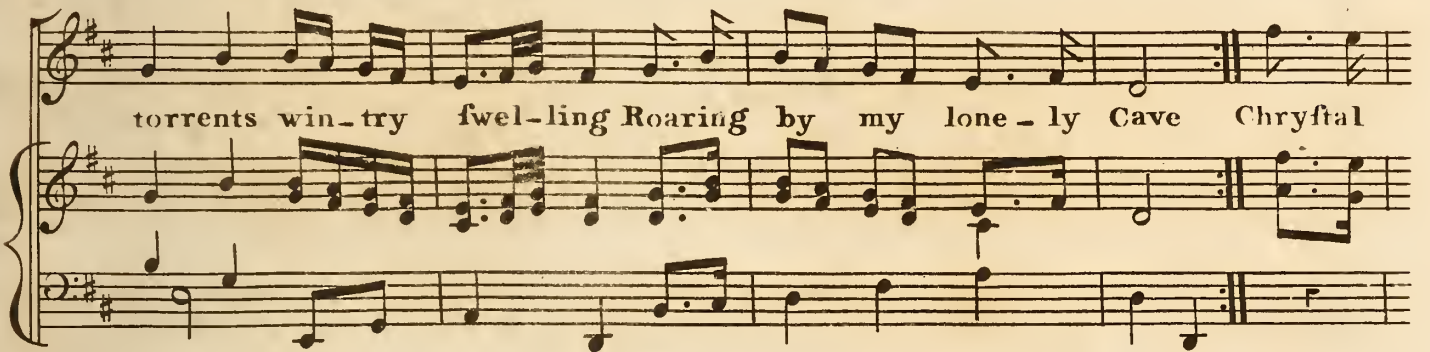
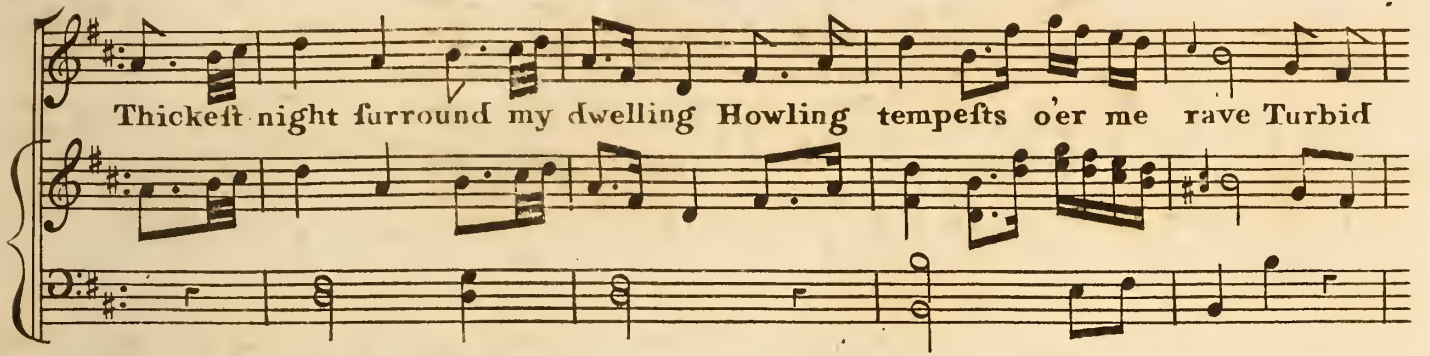
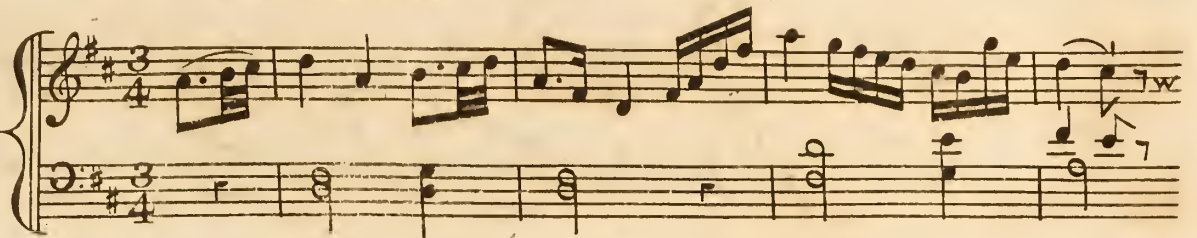
Make the gales you waft around her,  
Soft and peaceful as her breast;  
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,  
Soothe her bosom into rest.  
Guardian angels! O protect her,  
When in distant lands I roam;  
To realms unknown, while fate exiles me,  
Make her bosom still my home.



# Strathallan's lament.

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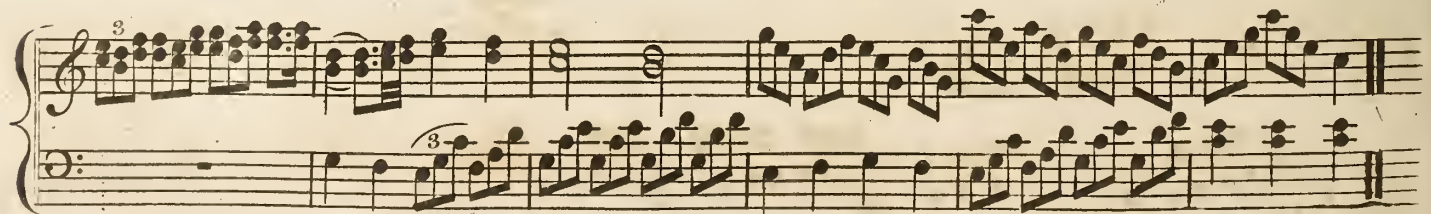
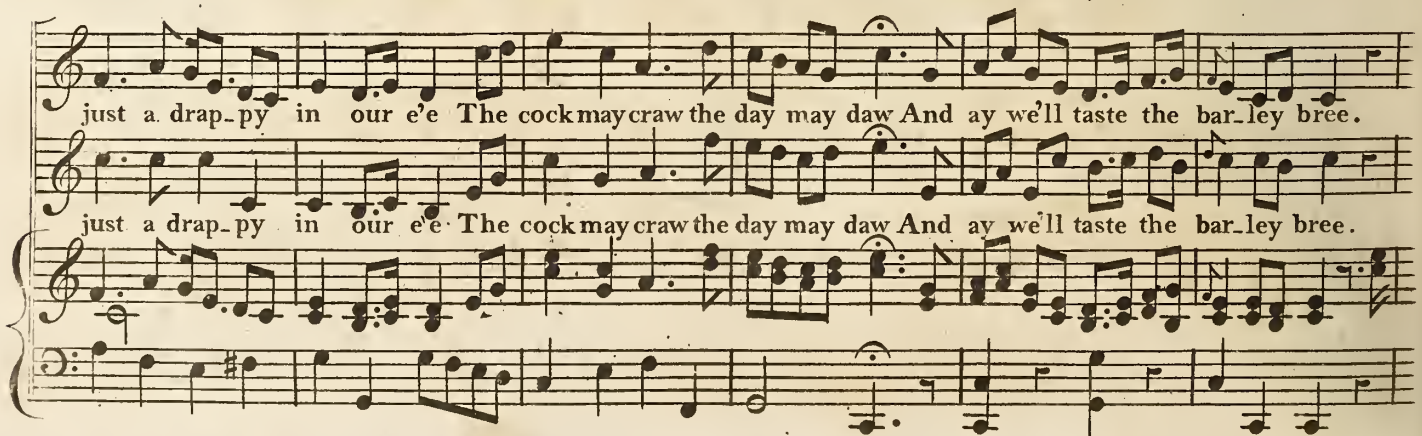
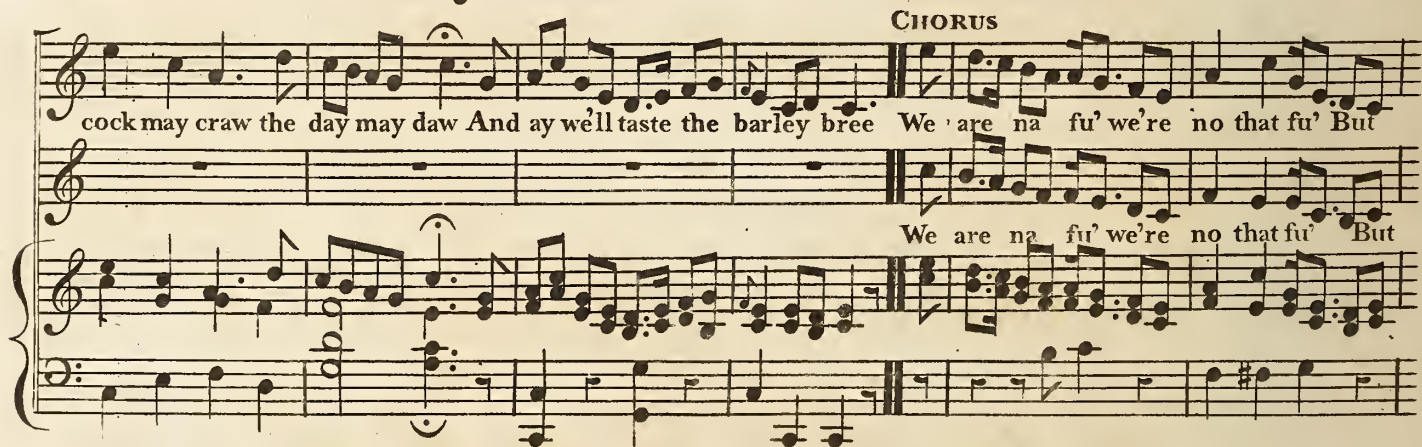
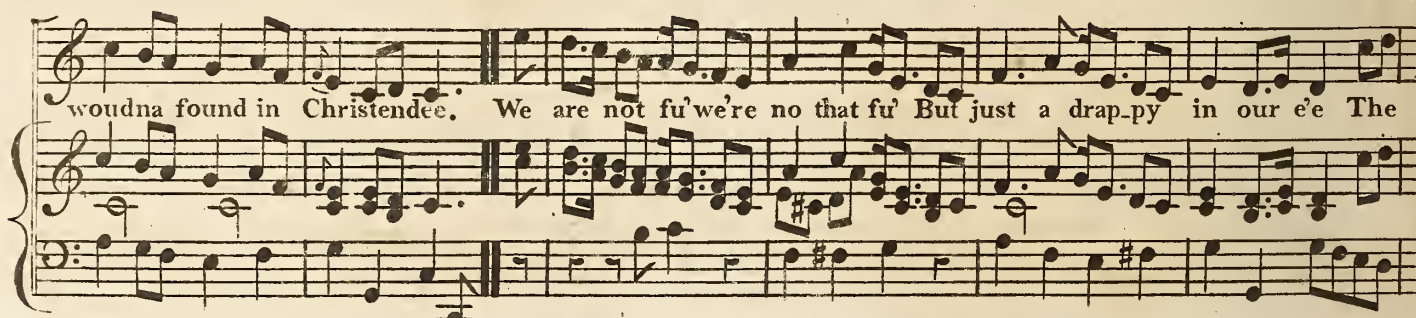
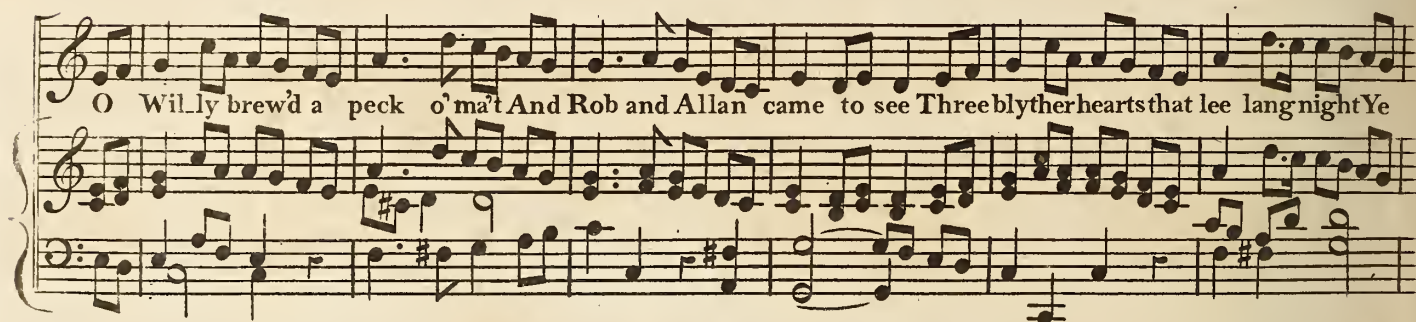
*Andante*  
*risoluto*





# The happy Toppers.

*Allergretto*





## O WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

*By BURNS.*

AIR.---THE HAPPY TRIO,---COMPOSED BY ALLAN MASTERTON.

O WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,  
 And Rob and Allan came to see \*;  
 Three blythier hearts, that lee lang night,  
 Ye wad na found in Christendie.  
 We are na fou, we're nae that fou,  
 But just a drappy in our e'e;  
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,  
 And ay we'll taste the barley bree.  
 We are na fou, &c.

Here are we met, three merry boys,  
 Three merry boys, I trow, are we;  
 And mony a night we've merry been,  
 And mony mae we hope to be.  
 We are na fou, we're nae that fou,  
 But just a drappy in our e'e;  
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,  
 And ay we'll taste the barley bree.  
 We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon,---I ken her horn,  
 That's blinking in the lift sae hie;  
 She shines sae bright, to wyle us hame,  
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!  
 We are na fou, we're nae that fou,  
 But just a drappy in our e'e;  
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,  
 And ay we'll taste the barley bree.  
 We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,  
 A cuckold coward loun is he!  
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa',  
 He is the king amang us three.  
 We are na fou, we're nae that fou,  
 But just a drappy in our e'e;  
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,  
 And ay we'll taste the barley bree.  
 We are na fou, &c.

\* The POET,---the COMPOSER of the Air,---and Mr WILLIAM NICOL of the High School, Edinburgh.



# WHAT AILS THIS HEART OF MINE.

WRITTEN

*By* MISS BLAMIRE.

THE AIR COMPOSED FOR THE WORDS, BY WILLIAM CLARK,

ORGANIST, EDINBURGH,

*And never before published.*

WHAT ails this heart of mine,  
 What means this wat'ry ee?  
 What gars me ay turn cauld as death,  
 When I tak' leave o' thee?  
 When thou art far awa',  
 Thou'lt dearer grow to me;  
 But change o' place, and change o' folk  
 May gar thy fancy jee.

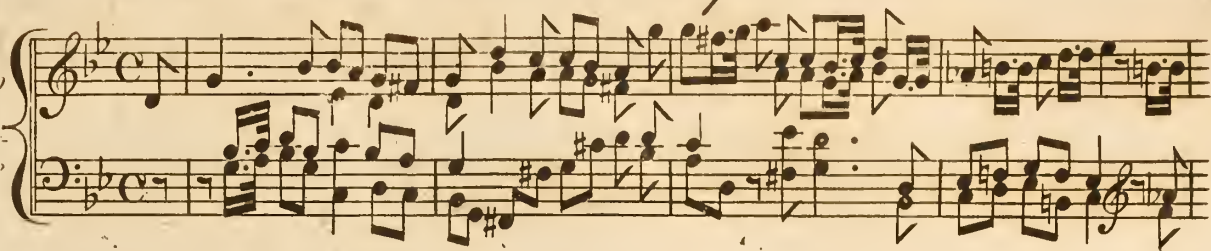
Then I'll sit down and moan,  
 Beneath yon spreading tree,  
 And gin a leaf fa' in my lap,  
 I'll ca't a word frae thee!  
 Syne I'll gang to the bower  
 Which thou wi' roses tied,  
 'Twas there by mony a blushing bud  
 I strove my love to hide.

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



# What ails this heart of mine.

*Duett*  
*Andantino*  
*con molto*  
*espressione*



What ails this heart of mine What means this wat'ry

What ails this heart of mine What means this wat'ry

ee What makes me ay turn could as death when I take leave o' thee When thou art far a-way Thou'lt

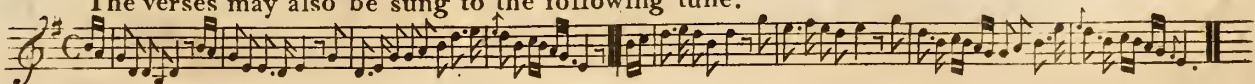
ee What makes me ay turn could as death when I take leave o' thee When thou art far a-way Thou'lt

dearer be to me But change o' folk and change o' place may gar thy fan-cy jee.

dearer be to me But change o' folk and change o' place may gar thy fan-cy jee.

The verses may also be sung to the following tune.

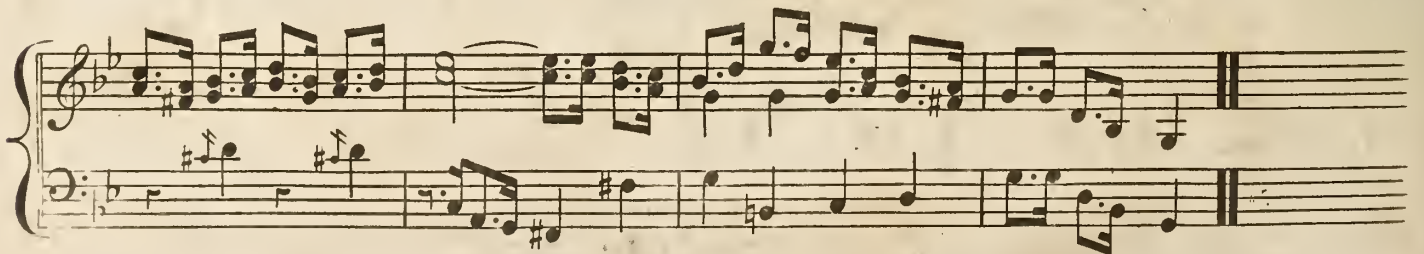
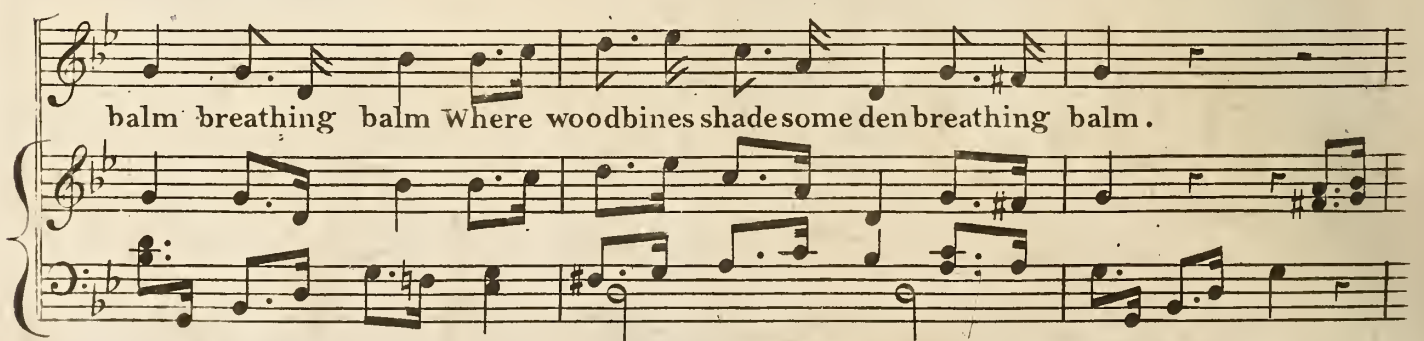
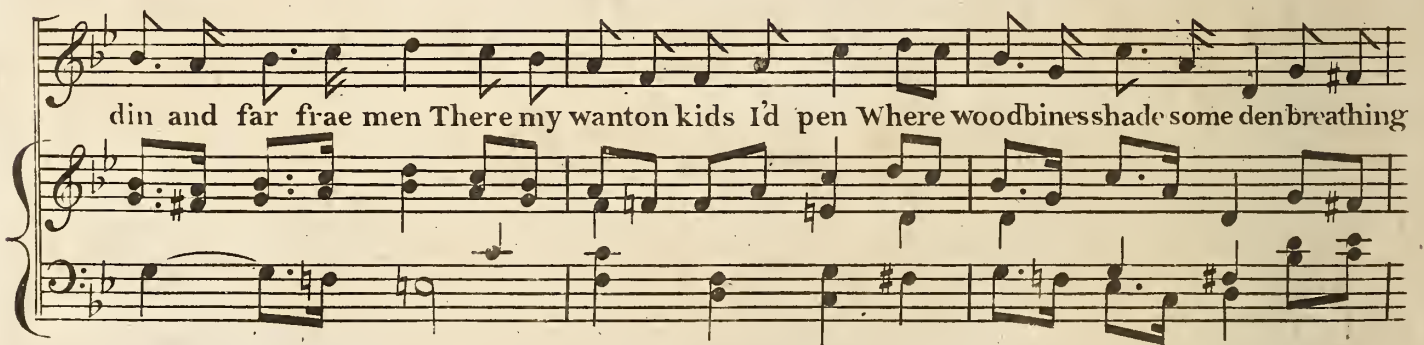
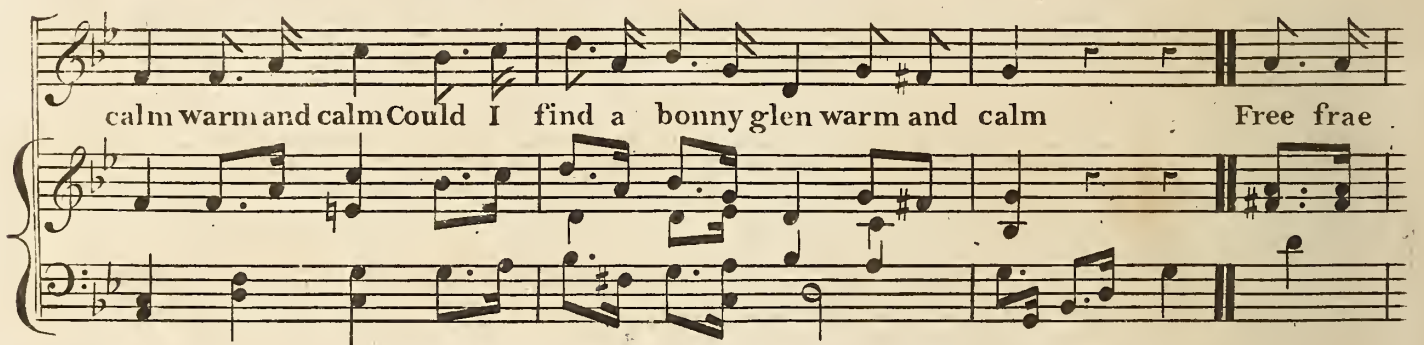
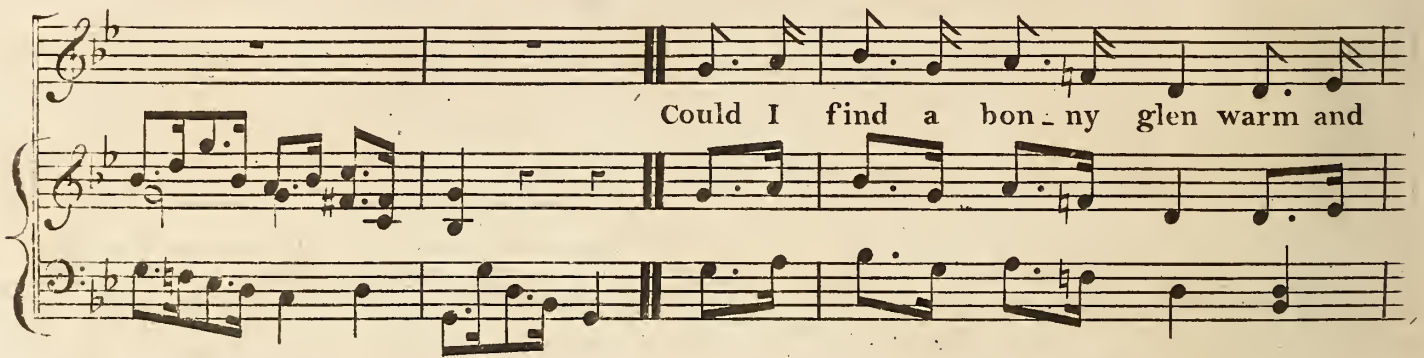
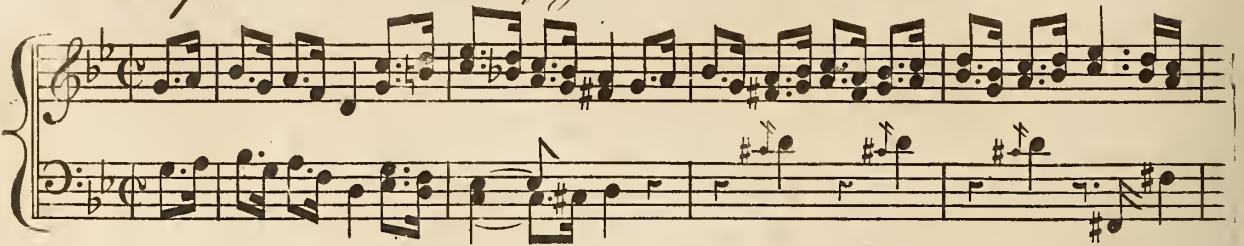
*Andante*  
*espressivo*





*Could I find a bonny glen - Air. The wish.*

*Allegretto*





COULD I FIND A BONNY GLEN, WARM AND CALM, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By MRS GRANT.*

AIR.---THE WISH.

COULD I find a bonny glen,  
Warm and calm, warm and calm,  
Could I find a bonny glen,  
    Warm and calm,  
Free frae din, and far frae men,  
There my wanton kids I'd pen,  
Where woodbines shade some den,  
Breathing balm, breathing balm,  
Where woodbines shade some den,  
    Breathing balm.

Where the steep and woody hill  
Shields the deer, shields the deer,  
Where the steep and woody hill  
    Shields the deer,  
Where the wood-lark singing shrill,  
Guards his nest beside the rill,  
And the thrush with tawny bill  
Warbles clear, warbles clear,  
And the thrush with tawny bill  
    Warbles clear.

Where the dashing waterfall  
Echoes round, echoes round,  
Where the dashing waterfall  
    Echoes round,  
And the rustling aspin tall,  
And the owl at ev'ning's call,  
Plaining from the ivy'd wall,  
Joins the sound, joins the sound,  
Plaining from the ivy'd wall,  
    Joins the sound.

There my only love I'd own,  
All unseen, all unseen,  
There my only love I'd own,  
    All unseen ;  
There I'd live for her alone,  
To the restless world unknown,  
And my heart should be the throne  
For my queen, for my queen ;  
And my heart should be the throne  
    For my queen.



## THERE LIV'D ANCE A CARLE IN KELLYBURN-BRAES.

AIR.---KELLYBURN-BRAES.

*This Song, which is said to be old, was communicated by BURNS, and probably received some touches from him.*

THERE liv'd ance a carle in Kellyburn-braes,  
Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,  
And he had a wife was the plague of his days,  
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Ae day as the earle gaed up the lang glen,  
Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,  
He met wi' auld Nick, wha said, how do ye fen?  
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

"I've got a bad wife, Sir, that's a' my complaint,  
"Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;  
"For, saving your presenee, to her ye're a saint!  
"And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

"Its neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,  
"Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;  
"But gi'e me your wife, man, for her I must have,  
"And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

"O welcome most kindly, the blythe carle said,  
"Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;  
"But if ye can match her ye're waur than ye're ca'd,  
"And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

So Nickie then got the auld wife on his baek,  
Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;  
And like a poor pedlar he trudg'd wi' his paek,  
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Now he's ta'en her hame to his ain reeky den,  
Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,  
To its blackest nook he has carried her ben,  
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then straight he makes fifty, the piek o' his band,  
Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,  
Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand,  
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony mad bear,  
Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;  
Whae'er she gat hands on, eam' near her nae mair,  
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

A reekit wee deevil looks ower the wa',  
Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;  
O help, master, help, or she'll ruin us a',  
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Auld Sootie then swore by the edge of his knife,  
Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;  
He pitied the man that was ty'd to a wife,  
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

I hae been a de'il now the feck o' my life,  
Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;  
But ne'er was in h—ll till I met wi' a wife,  
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

So Clootie was glad to return wi' his paek,  
Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;  
And to her ain henpeck e'en carried her back,  
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

## HECH! WHAT A CHANGE,---OR, OLD AND NEW TIMES IN EDINBURGH.

WRITTEN

By ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq. of Auchinleck,

AND HERE PUBLISH'D BY HIS PERMISSION.

THE SAME AIR.

*In singing the following words to the air, the crotchet which ends the 2d, 4th, 6th, and 8th lines, must be made two quavers: and a quaver must sometimes be added at the beginning of the lines.*

HECH! what a change ha'e we now in this town!  
The lads a' sae braw, the lasses sae glancin',  
Folk maun be dizzie gaun ay in the roun',  
For de'il a haet 's done now but feastin' and dancin'.

Gowd's no that seanty in ilk siller pock,  
When ilka bit laddie maun ha'e his bit stagie;  
But I kent the day when there was nae a Jock  
But trotted about upon honest shanks-nagie.

Little was stown then, and less gaed to waste,  
Barely a mullin for mice, or for rattens,  
The thrifty house-wife to the flesh-market pac'd,  
Her equipage a'—just a gude pair o' pattens.

Folk were as good then, and friends were as leal,  
Tho' coaches werc scant, wi' their eattle a-cantrin';  
Right air we were tell't by the house-maid or chiel,  
Sir, an' ye please, here 's your lass and a lantern.

The town may be elouted and piec'd, till it meets  
A' neebours benorth and besouth, without haltin',  
Brigs may be biggit ower lums and ower streets,  
The Nor'loch itsel' heap'd heigh as the Calton.

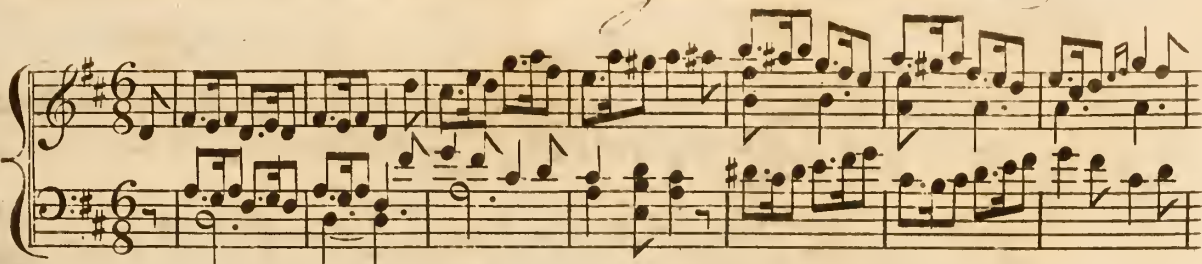
But whar is true friendship, and whar will you see  
A' that is gude, honest, modest, and thrifty?  
Tak' grey hairs and wrinkles, and hirple wi' me,  
And think on the seventeen hundred and fifty.



*There lived a carle in Kellyburn braes.*

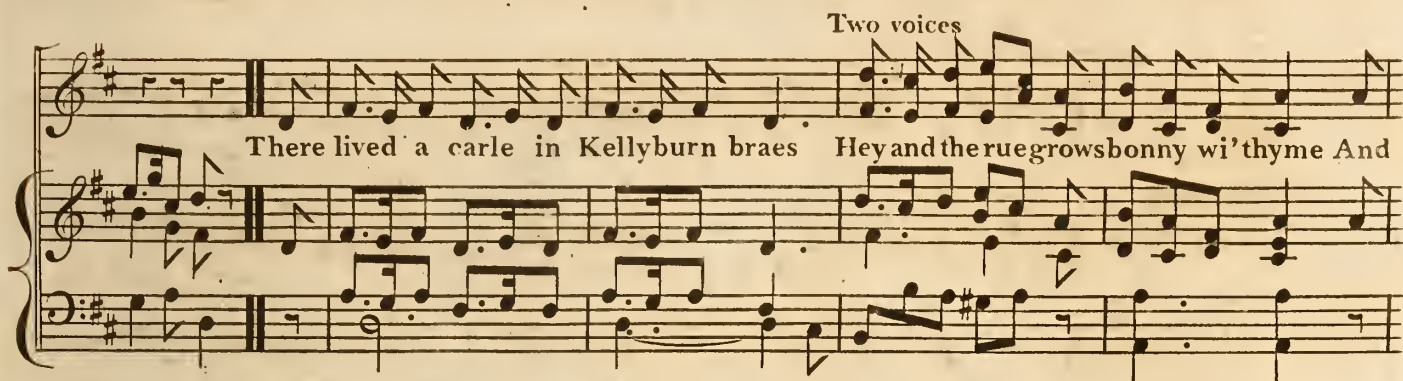
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*Vivace*



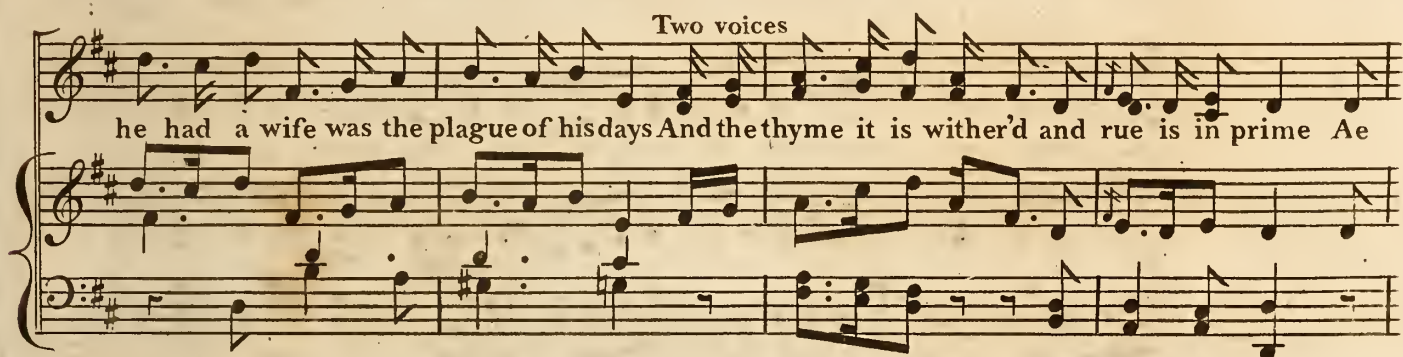
Two voices

There lived a carle in Kellyburn braes Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme And



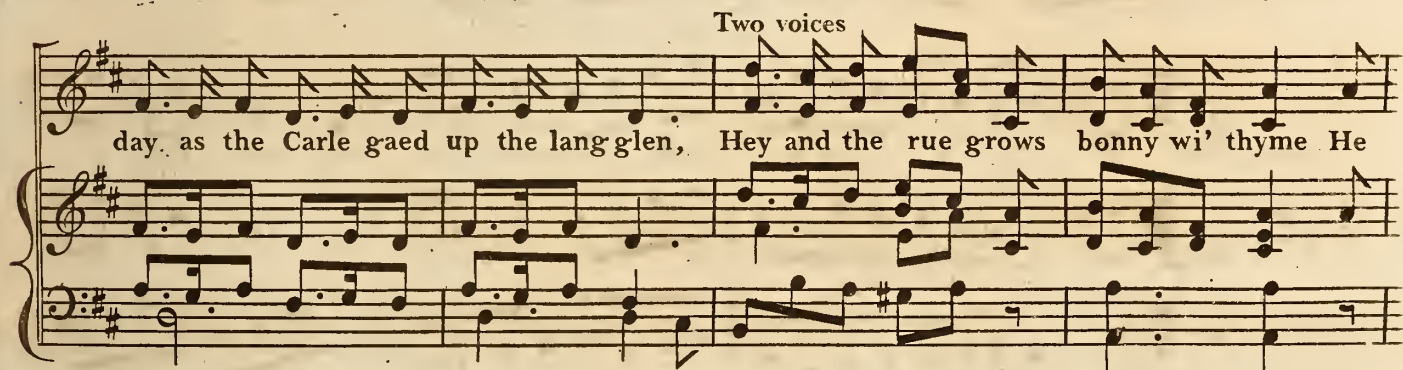
Two voices

he had a wife was the plague of his days And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime Ae



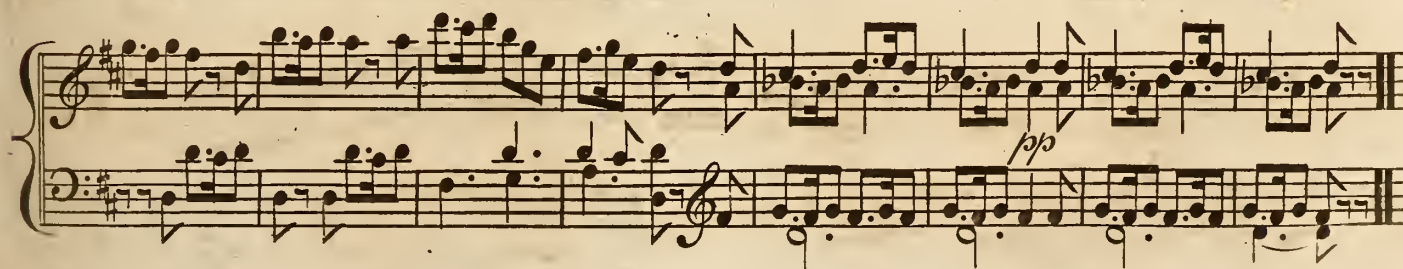
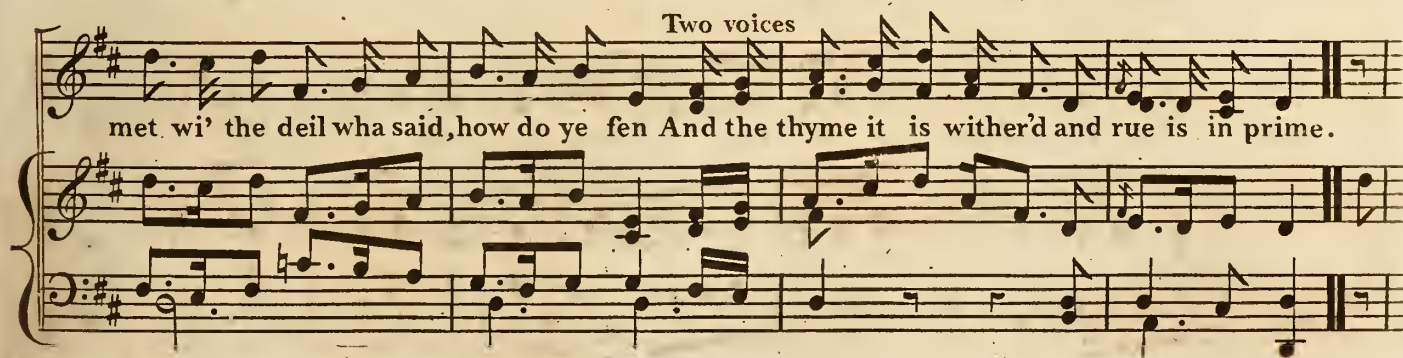
Two voices

day as the Carle gaed up the lang-glen, Hey and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme He



Two voices

met wi' the deil wha said, how do ye fen And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.





*Ye gales &c — Air: The Boatman?*

*Andantino*

Ye gales that gent - ly wave the sea And please the can - ny

boat - man Bear me fraehence or bring to me My brave my bon ny

Scot - man In ha - ly bands we join'd our hands Yet may not this dis -

co - ver While parents rate a large es - tate Be - fore a faith - fu' lover.

*p* *f*



YE GALES THAT GENTLY WAVE THE SEA.

By *ALLAN RAMSAY*.

AIR.---THE BOATMAN.

YE gales that gently wave the sea,  
And please the canny boatman;  
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me  
My brave, my bonny Scot-man:  
In haly bands we join'd our hands,  
Yet may not this discover,  
While parents rate a large estate;  
Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuse in Highland glens  
To herd the kid and goat, man,  
E'er I cou'd for sic little ends  
Refuse my bonny Scot-man.  
Wae worth the man wha first began  
The base ungenerous fashion,  
Frac greedy views love's arts to use,  
While stranger to its passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,  
Haste to thy longing lassie,  
Who pants to press thy balmy mouth,  
And in her bosom hause thee.  
Love gi'es the word, then haste on board,  
Fair winds and tenty boatman,  
Waft o'er, waft o'er frae yonder shore,  
My blythe, my bonny Scot-man.

HOW MILD THAT EVE THE SUN WENT DOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *JOHN RICHARDSON*.

THE SAME AIR.

How mild that eve the sun went down,  
The west with roses strewing;  
How gently sigh'd the evening gale,  
The closing flowers bedewing;  
When first you promis'd to be mine,  
And in my arms reclining,  
Vow'd by the evening's lovely star,  
That hour so brightly shining.

The crimson light that hardly pierc'd  
The thorn's luxuriant blossom,  
With deeper blushes gently ting'd  
Thy glowing cheek and bosom.  
Oft yet I feel the balmy gale  
That breath'd, our souls delighting,  
Oft yet I hear each warbler's song  
To love and joy inviting.

I hear the murmur of the rill  
Beneath the birches flowing;  
Still see the wild flowers varied hues  
That on its banks were growing.  
For ever dear shall mem'ry hold  
That evening's sacred pleasure!  
And dear the partner of its joys  
Beyond all earthly treasure!



# WHEN FIRST I CAME TO BE A MAN.

WRITTEN BY

*The Rev. MR JOHN SKINNER.*

AIR---JOHN O' BADENYON.

WHEN first I came to be a man,  
Of twenty years or so,  
I thought myself a handsome youth,  
And fain the world would know;  
In best attire I stept abroad,  
With spirits brisk and gay,  
And here and there, and ev'ry where,  
Was like a morn in May.  
No care I had, nor fear of want,  
But rambled up and down;  
And for a beau I might have pass'd  
In country or in town:  
I still was pleas'd where-e'er I went,  
And when I was alone,  
I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myself  
With John of Badenyon.

Now, in the days of youthful prime,  
A mistress I must find;  
For love, they say, gives one an air,  
And ev'n improves the mind:  
On Phillis fair, above the rest,  
Kind fortune fix'd my eyes;  
Her piercing beauty struck my heart,  
And she became my choice:  
To Cupid then, with hearty pray'r,  
I offer'd many a vow,  
And danc'd and sung, and sigh'd and swore,  
As other lovers do:  
But when at last I breath'd my flame,  
I found her cold as stone;  
I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe  
To John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd  
With foolish hopes and vain,  
To friendship's port I steer'd my course,  
And laugh'd at lovers pain:  
A friend I got by lucky chance,  
'Twas something like divine;  
An honest friend's a precious gift,  
And such a gift was mine.  
And now, whatever might betide,  
A happy man was I;  
In any strait I knew to whom  
I freely might apply:  
A strait soon came, my friend I try'd,  
He heard and spurn'd my moan;  
I hied me home, and tun'd my pipe  
To John of Badenyon.

I thought I should be wiser next,  
And would a patriot turn;  
Began to doat on Johny Wilkes,  
And cry up Parson Hornc.  
Their noble spirit I admir'd,  
And prais'd their manly zeal,  
Who had with flaming tongue and pen  
Maintain'd the public weal.  
But ere a month or two was past,  
I found myself betray'd;  
'Twas *self* and *party* after all,  
For all the stir they made.  
At last I saw these factious knaves  
Insult the very throne,  
I curs'd them a', and tun'd my pipe  
To John of Badenyon.

What next to do, I mus'd a while,  
Still hoping to succeed:  
I pitch'd on books for company,  
And gravely tried to read;  
I bought and borrow'd ev'ry where,  
And study'd night and day;  
Nor miss'd what dean or doctor wrote,  
That happen'd in my way.  
Philosophy I now esteem'd  
The ornament of youth,  
And carefully, thro' many a page,  
I hunted after truth:  
A thousand various schemes I try'd,  
And yet was pleas'd with none;  
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe  
To John of Badenyon.

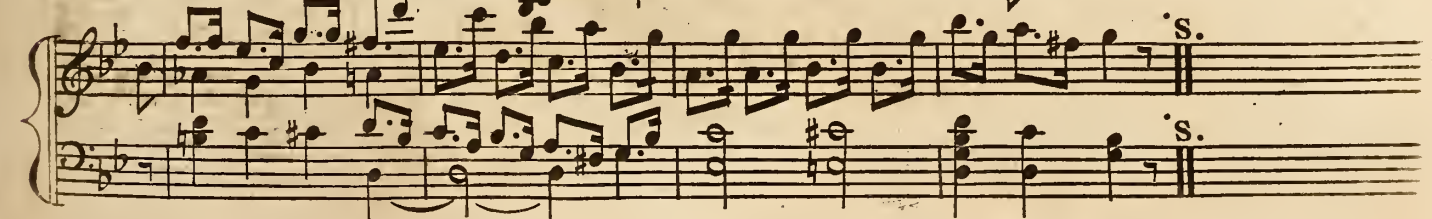
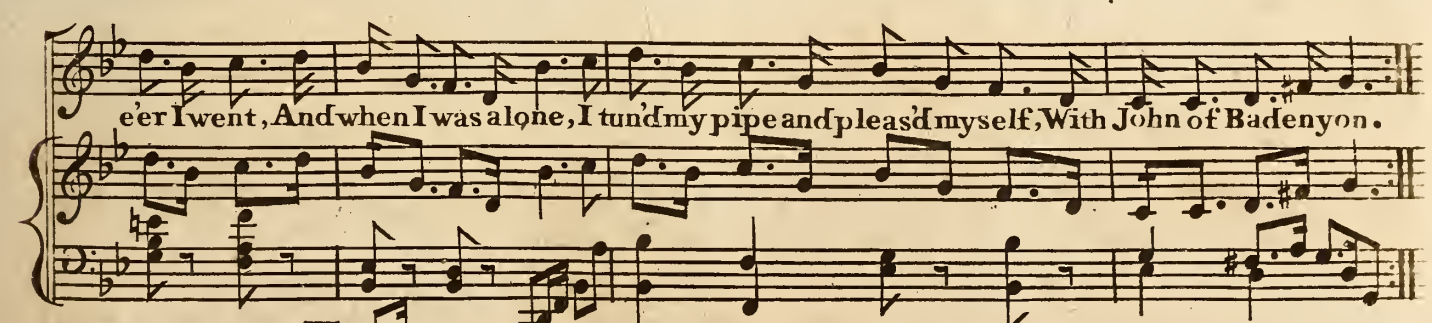
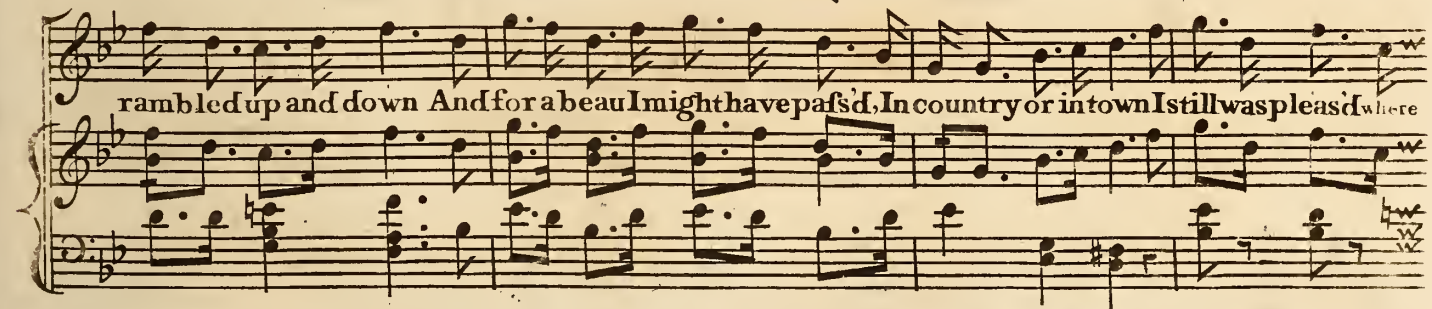
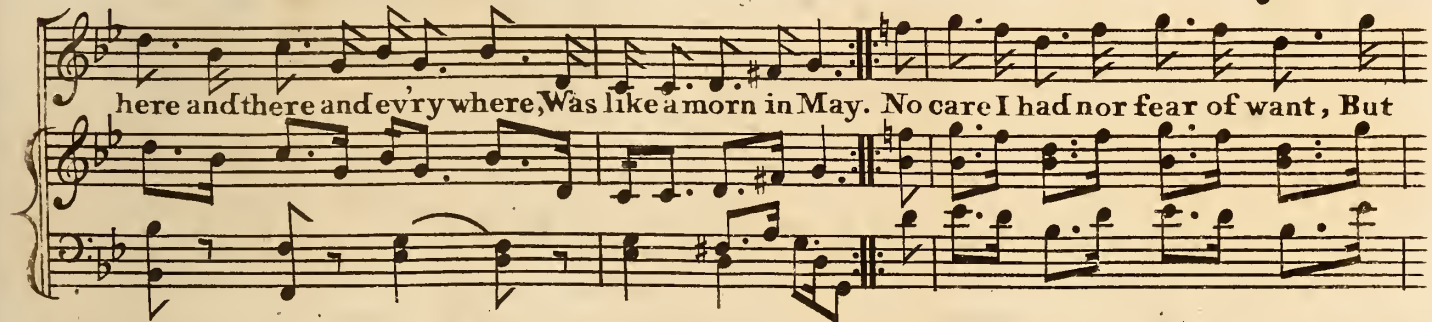
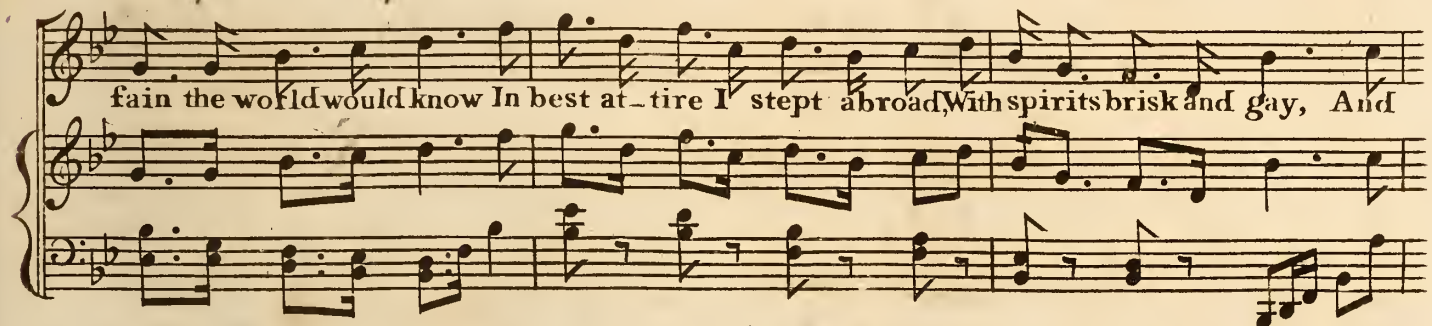
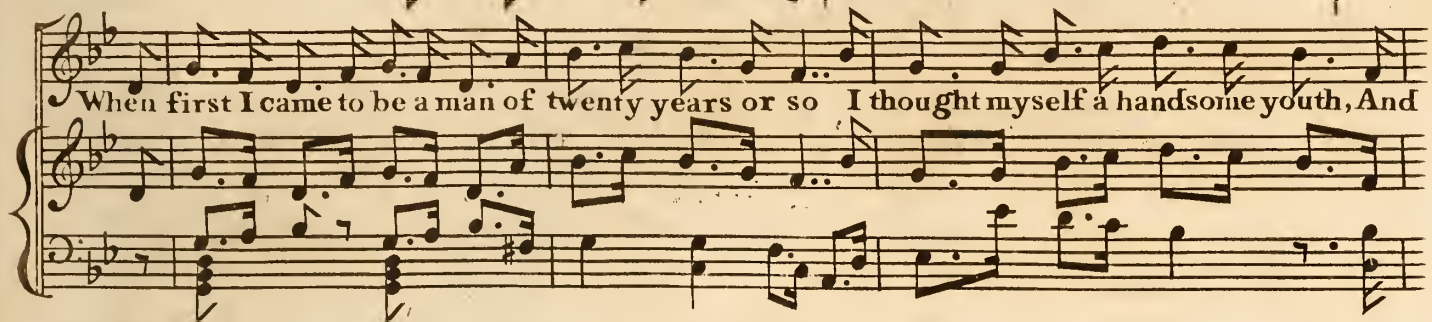
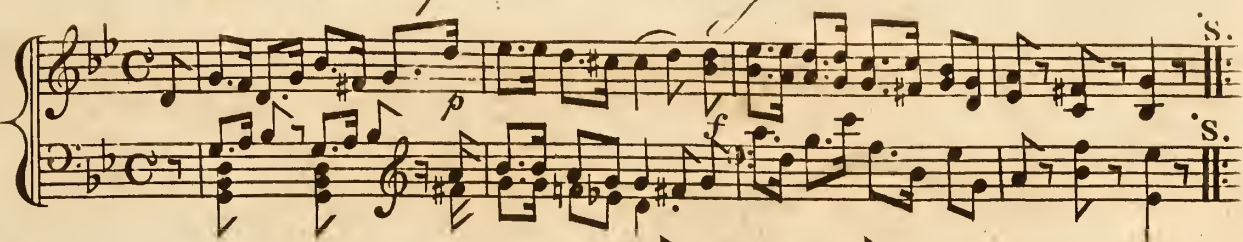
And now, ye youngsters, ev'ry where,  
Who want to make a show,  
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope  
For happiness below;  
What you may fancy pleasure here,  
Is but an empty name;  
For girls, and friends, and books, and so,  
You'll find them all the same.  
Then be advis'd, and warning take,  
From such a man as me;  
I'm neither pope nor cardinal,  
Nor one of high degrees;  
You'll find displeasure ev'ry where,  
Then do as I have done;  
E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself  
With John of Badenyon.



# John of Badenyon?

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*Andantino*





*I lo'e &c Air; Happy Dick Dawson.*
*Andantino*
*grazioso*


I lo'e ne'er a laddie but ane He lo'es ne'er a lassie but

 The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are "I lo'e ne'er a laddie but ane He lo'es ne'er a lassie but".

me He promis'd to make me his ain And his ain I surely will

 The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "me He promis'd to make me his ain And his ain I surely will".

be. He coft me a rokely o' blue, And a pair o' mittens sae

 The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "be. He coft me a rokely o' blue, And a pair o' mittens sae".

green The price was a kiss o' my mou' And I paid him his debt yes - treen

 The fourth line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "green The price was a kiss o' my mou' And I paid him his debt yes - treen".


 The fifth line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "green The price was a kiss o' my mou' And I paid him his debt yes - treen". The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *f*, *sf*, and *p*.



# I LO'E NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.

By HECTOR MACNEILL, Esq.

AIR.---HAPPY DICK DAWSON.

*This air is so like, "My Lodging is on the cold ground," that the one must have been taken from the other.*

I LO'E ne'er a laddie but ane,  
He lo'es ne'er a lassie but me,  
He promis'd to make me his ain,  
And his ain I surely will be.  
He coft me a rokely o' blue,  
And a pair o' mittens sae green;  
The pricc was a kiss o' my mou',  
And I paid him his debt yestreen:

My mither's ay making a fraise,  
And says I'm o'er young for a wife;  
But lang e'er she counted my days,  
My father had ta'en her for life.  
Sae mither just settle your tongue,  
And dinna be flyting sae bauld;  
For if we're not married when young,  
We'll never be married when auld.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,  
Their land, and their lordly degree;  
I carena for aught but my dear,  
For he's ilka thing lordly to me:  
His words are sae sugar'd and sweet!  
His sense drives ilk fear far awa!  
I listen---poor fool! and I greet;  
Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

"Dear lassie," he eries, wi' a jeer,  
"Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;  
"Tho' we've little to brag of, ne'er fear,  
"What's gowd to a heart that is wae?  
"Our laird has baith honours and wealth,  
"Yet see, how he's dwining wi' care;  
"Now we, tho' we've naithing but health,  
"Are cantic and leal evermair.

"O Marion! the heart that is true  
"Has something mair costly than gear,  
"Ilk e'en it has naithing to rue;  
"Ilk morn it has naithing to fear.  
"Ye wardlings! gae, hoard up your store,  
"And tremble for fear aught ye tyne:  
"Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,  
"While thus in my arms I lock mine!"

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile,  
Waes me! can I tak' it amiss,  
When a lad sae unpraetis'd in guile,  
Smiles saftly, and ends wi' a kiss!  
Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment  
Your lovers wi' fause scorn and strife,  
Play your pranks---for I've gi'en my consent,  
And this night I'll tak' Jamie for life.



## KEEN BLAWS THE WIND, &amp;c.-----A FRAGMENT.

By MR PICKERING.

## AIR.---THE MINSTREL.

KEEN blows the wind o'er Donocht head,  
 The snaw drives snelly thro' the dale,  
 The Gaberlunzie tirls my sneck,  
 And shivering tells his waefu' tale---  
 "Cauld is the night, O let me in,  
 "And dinna let your minstrel fa',  
 "And dinna let his winding-sheet  
 "Be naething but a wreath o' snaw."

"Full ninety winters ha'e I seen,  
 "And piped where gorcocks whirring flew,  
 "And mony a day ye've danc'd, I ween,  
 "To lilt which from my drone I blew."  
 My Eppie wak'd, and soon she cry'd,  
 Get up, gudeman, and let him in,

For weel ye ken the winter night  
 Was short when he began his din.  
 My Eppie's voice, O wow its sweet!  
 E'en tho' she bans and scolds a wee,  
 But when its tun'd to sorrow's tale,  
 O haith! its doubly dear to me.  
 Come in, auld carle, I'll steer my fire,  
 I'll make it bleeze a bonnie flame;  
 Your bluid is thin, ye've tint the gate,  
 You should na stray sae far frae hame.

Nae hame have I, the minstrel said,  
 Sad party strife o'erturn'd my ha',  
 And, weeping at the eve of life,  
 I wander thro' a wreath o' snaw.

## AS I STOOD BY YON ROOFLESS TOWER.----A VISION.

By BURNS.

## THE SAME AIR.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,  
 Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,  
 Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,  
 And tells the mid-night moon her care.  
 The winds were laid, the air was still,  
 The stars they shot along the sky;  
 The fox was howling o'er the hill,  
 And the distant echoing glens reply.

The stream adown its hazelly path  
 Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's  
 Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,  
 Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.  
 The cauld blue north was streaming forth  
 Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din;  
 Athort the lift they start and shift,  
 Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

\* By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,  
 And, by the moon-beam, shook to see  
 A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,  
 Attir'd as minstrels wont to be:  
 Had I a statue been o' stane,  
 His daring look had daunted me;  
 And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,  
 The sacred posy---Libertie!

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,  
 Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear,  
 But oh, it was a tale of woe,  
 As ever met a Briton's ear!  
 He sang wi' joy his former day,  
 He weeping wail'd his latter times;  
 But what he said it was nae play,  
 I winna ventur't in my rhymes †.

\* Variation.—Now looking over firth and fauld,  
 Her horn the pale-fae'd Cynthia rear'd,  
 When, lo, in form of minstrel auld,  
 A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd.

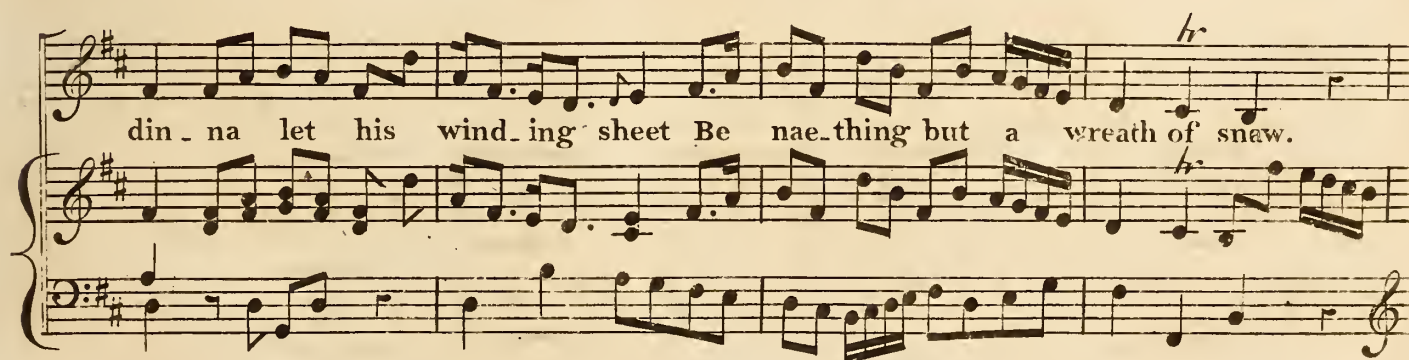
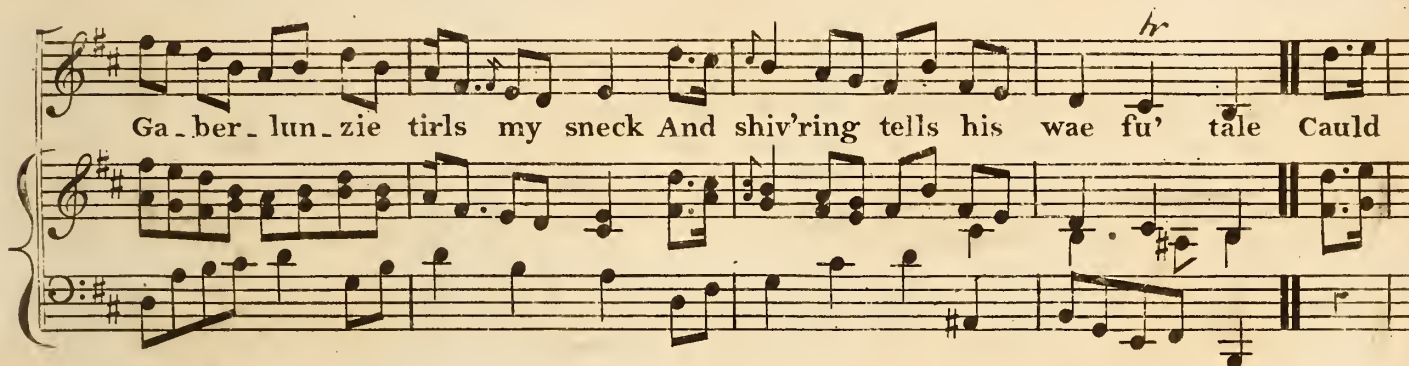
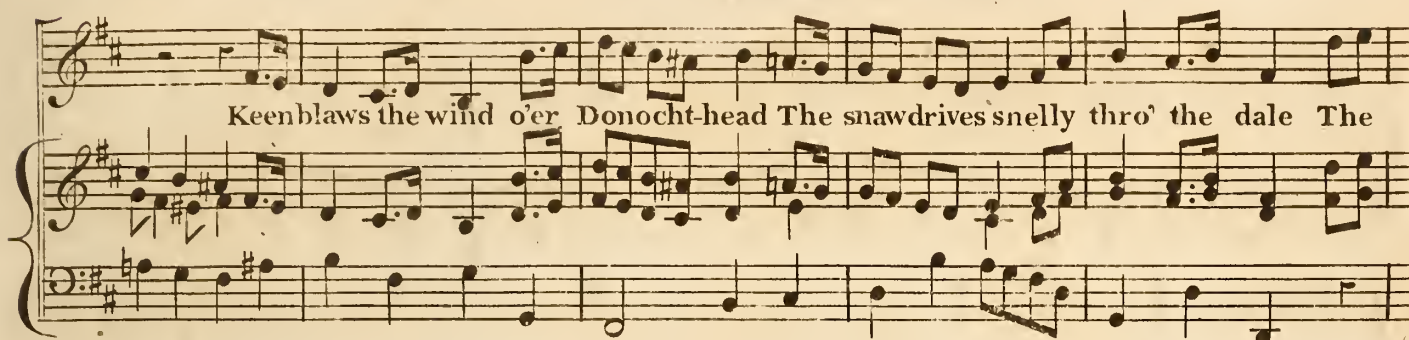
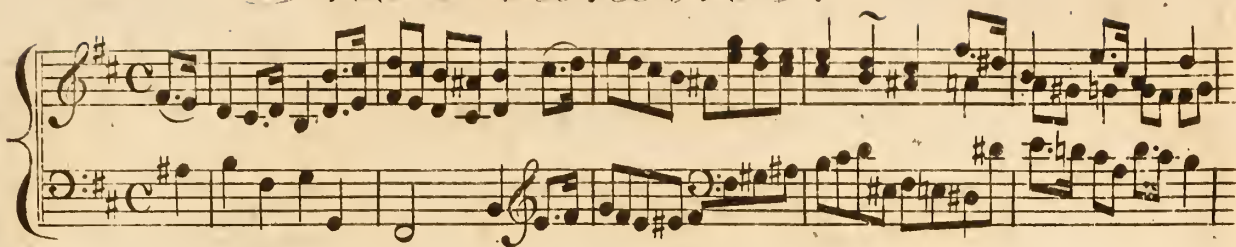
† The following note is from the pen of Dr CURRIE: "This poem, an imperfect copy of which was printed in JOHNSON'S Museum, is here given from the Poet's M.S., with his last corrections. The scenery, so finely described, is taken from nature. The Poet is supposed to be musing by night on the banks of the river Cluden, and by the ruins of Linluden Abbey, founded in the twelfth century, of whose present situation the reader may find some account in PENANT'S Tour in Scotland, or GROSE'S Antiquities of that division of the island. Such a time and such a place are well fitted for holding converse with aerial beings. Though this poem has a political bias, yet it may be presumed that no reader of taste, whatever his opinions may be, would forgive its being omitted. Our Poet's prudence suppress'd the song of *Libertie*, perhaps fortunately for his reputation. It may be questioned whether, even in the resources of his genius, a strain of poetry could have been found worthy of the grandeur and solemnity of this preparation."



# The Minstrel.

186

*Andante*  
*espressivo*





*'Tis nae very lang & tir: The blythesome bridal.*

*Allegretto*

'Tis nae ve-ry lang sin syne, That I had a lad o' my ain But

now he's a-wa to a nither, And left me a my lane The

lassie he's courting has sil-ler And I have nane at a It's

nought but the love o' the to cher That's ta'en my lad a-wa.



## 'TIS NAE VERY LANG SINSYNE.

AIR.---FY LET'S A' TO THE BRIDAL.

'T is nae very lang sinsyne  
That I had a lad of my ain;  
But now he's awa' to anither,  
And left me a' my lane.  
The lass he's courting has siller,  
And I hae nane at a';  
'Tis nought but the love of the tocher  
That's tane my lad awa'.

But I'm blythe that my heart's my ain,  
And I'll keep it a' my life,  
Until that I meet wi' a lad  
Wha has sense to wale a good wife.  
For though I say't mysell,  
That shou'd nae say't, 'tis true,  
The lad that gets me for a wife,  
He'll ne'er hae occasion to rue.

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

But I wish they were buckled together,  
And may they live happy for life;  
Tho' Willie does slight me, and's left me,  
The chield he deserves a good wife.  
But, O! I'm blythe that I've miss'd him,  
As blythe as I weel can be;  
For ane that's sae keen o' the siller  
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

But, as the truth is, I'm hearty,  
I hate to be serimpit and scant;  
The wee thing I ha'e I'll mak' use o't  
And nae ane about me shall want.  
For I'm a good guide o' the warld,  
I ken when to had and to gi'e;  
But whinging and cringing for siller  
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

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

## THE DOGS.-----A POLITICAL SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK IN 1802,

By HECTOR MACNEILL, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

You ask me why great dogs should snarle,  
When we little dogs can agree?  
I answer, the cause of all quarrel  
Is nought but—the *love of a fee*.  
Look round for a clear illustration;  
Look round and as clearly you'll see,  
That every great dog in his station  
Is snarling for love of a fee.

The first on the list of the great, Sir,  
Is mighty great Bounapart:  
He quarrels with kingdom and state, Sir,  
Unbounded dominion's his fee.  
The great dog of all the great Prussias  
Snarl'd fierce till he met Dumouris'r,  
Then run—broke his word, and ne'er blushes  
But laughs at John Bull for his fee.

From kings, Sir, look down to our commons,  
Ev'n there, too, great dogs disagree;  
All bark about freedom, like Romans,  
But all for the love of a fee.  
Our *demo-dogs* all turn debate dogs,  
And yelp under LIBERTY's lee;  
Make *every* thing bad in our state dogs,  
And houl for the—*want* of a fee.

Our *loyal* dogs bark what they're able,  
Make every thing happy and free;  
Look round to the treasury table,  
And modestly bawl for a fee:  
Each party the other despises,  
(The Outs and Inns ne'er can agree)  
Self-interest's the blister that rises,  
The plaster that heals is a fee.

Make Brinsely the clerk of the navy,  
Give Charlie the exchequer key,  
I warrant they soon cry peccavi,  
And snarle no more for a fee.  
See Billy, the boast of our nation!  
None once was more snarling than he;  
But mark now!—how calm in his station,  
For long has he finger'd the fee.

You ask, then, if truth is a vapour?  
And honour vain phantoms that flee?  
I answer, if truth lights the taper,  
The extinguisher's always a fee.  
Then ask not why great dogs will quarrel,  
But wonder how such e'er agree,  
Dogs must show their teeth when they snarle  
For the bone of contention—a fee.



# A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN

By *BURNS.*

AIR.---THE WHITE COCKADE.

A HIGHLAND lad my love was born,  
The lawland laws he held in scorn;  
But he still was faithful to his clan,  
My gallant braw John Highlandman.  
Sing hey, my braw John Highlandman,  
Sing ho, my braw John Highlandman,  
There's not a lad in a' the land  
Was match for my John Highlandman!

With his philabeg and tartan plaid,  
And good claymore down by his side,  
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,  
My gallant braw John Highlandman!  
Sing hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,  
And liv'd like lords and ladies gay;  
For a lawland face he feared none,  
My gallant braw John Highlandman!  
Sing hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,  
But ere the bud was on the tree,  
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,  
Embracing my John Highlandman.  
Sing hey, &c.

But oh! they catch'd him at the last,  
And bound him in a dungeon fast;  
My curse upon them every one,  
The've hang'd my braw John Highlandman!  
Sing hey, &c.

And now a widow I must mourn  
Departed joys that ne'er return;  
No comfort but a hearty can,  
When I think on John Highlandman.  
Sing hey, my braw John Highlandman,  
Sing ho, my braw John Highlandman,  
There's not a lad in a' the land  
Was match for my John Highlandman!

## THE OLD SONG,

TO THE SAME AIR.

MY love was born in Aberdeen,  
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen;  
But now he makes our hearts fu' sad,  
He takes the field wi' his white cockade.  
O he's a ranting, roving lad,  
He is a brisk and a bonny lad,  
Betide what may, I will be wed,  
And follow the boy wi' the white cockade.

I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,  
My gude grey mare, and hawkit cow,  
To buy mysel a tartan plaid,  
To follow the boy wi' the white cockade.  
O he's a ranting, roving lad,  
He is a brisk and a bonny lad,  
Betide what may, I will be wed,  
And follow the boy wi' the white cockade.



# A highland lad Air: The white cockade.

*Vivace.  
Brillante  
ma non  
troppo presto*

The introduction consists of two staves of music in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The tempo and performance instructions are written to the left of the staves.

A highland lad my Love was born, The lawland laws he held in scorn But he still was faithful

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

to his clan, My gal-lant braw John Highlandman Sing hey my braw John Highlandman Sing

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

ho my braw John Highlandman There's not a lad in a' the land Was match for my John Highlandman

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

**CHORUS**

Sing hey my braw John Highlandman Sing ho my braw John Highlandman There's not a lad in a' the land Was match for my John Highlandman.

Sing hey my braw John Highlandman Sing ho my braw John Highlandman There's not a lad in a' the land Was match for my John Highlandman.

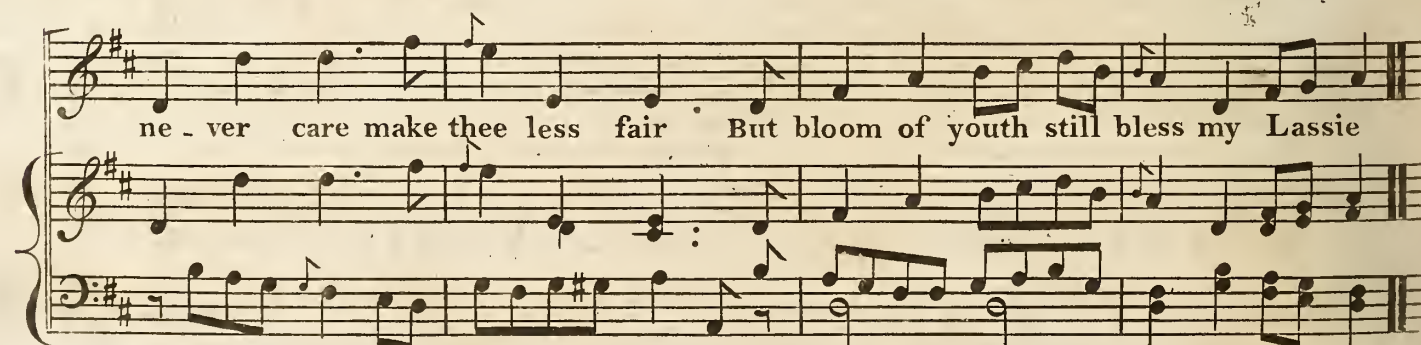
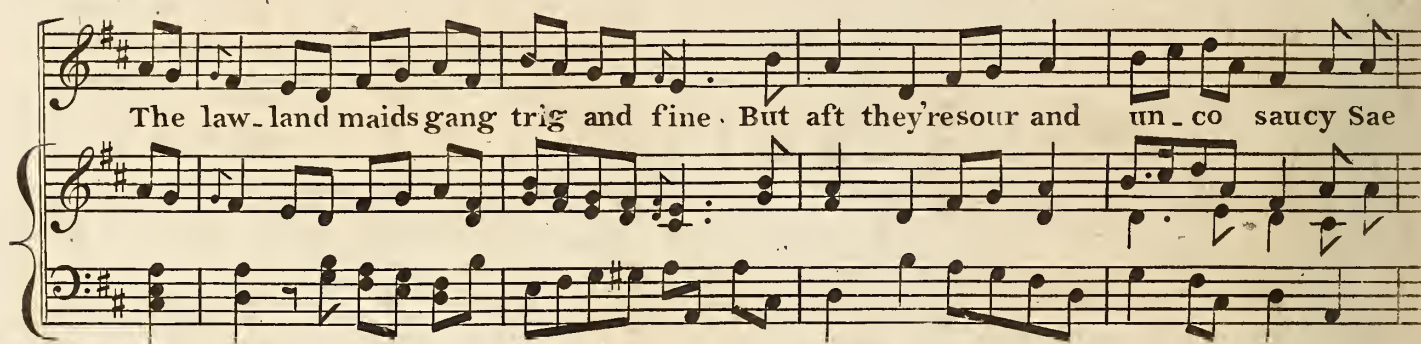
The chorus section is marked with a bold 'CHORUS' and contains two lines of repeated lyrics. The musical notation for the chorus is written on a grand staff, with the piano accompaniment featuring a prominent bass line.

The final line of the song features a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piece concludes with a final chord marked 'sf' (sforzando).



# The old highland laddie

*Allegretto*





---

THE LAWLAND MAIDS GANG TRIG AND FINE.

By *ALLAN RAMSAY*.

---

AIR.---THE OLD HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE lawland maids gang trig and fine,  
 But aft they're sour and unco saucy;  
 Sae proud they never can be kind,  
 Like my good-humour'd highland lassie.  
 O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,  
 My hearty smiling highland lassie;  
 May never care make thee less fair,  
 But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

Than ony lass in burrows-town,  
 Wha mak' their cheeks with patches motie,  
 I'd tak' my Katie but a gown,  
 Barefooted, in her little coatie.  
 O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier or brecken bush,  
 Whene'er I kiss and court my dawtie,  
 Happy and blythe as ane wad wish,  
 My flighterin heart gangs pittie-pattie:  
 O my bonny, &c.

There's nane shall dare by deed or word,  
 'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,  
 While I can wield my trusty sword,  
 Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.  
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest heathery hills I'll steno,  
 With cockit gun and ratches tenty,  
 To drive the deer out of their den,  
 To feast my lass on dishes dainty.  
 O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,  
 And berries ripe, invite my treasure  
 To range with me, let great fowk gloom,  
 While wealth and pride confound their  
 pleasure.  
 O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,  
 My hearty smiling highland lassie,  
 May never care make thee less fair,  
 But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

---

COME, FETCH TO ME A PINT O' WINE.

---

THE SAME AIR.

COME, fetch to me a pint o' wine,  
 And fill it in a silver tassie,  
 That I may drink before I go  
 A service to my bonnie lassie.  
 The boat rocks at the pier of Leith,  
 Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry,  
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,  
 And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
 The glitt'ring spears are ranked ready,  
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,  
 The battle closes deep and bloody:  
 It's not the roar o' sea or shore,  
 Wou'd make me longer wish to tarry;  
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,  
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.



---

SAE FLAXEN WERE HER RINGLETS.

WRITTEN

By BURNS.

---

IRISH AIR.---OONAGH.

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,  
 Her eye-brows of a darker hue,  
 Bewitchingly o'er arching  
 Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.  
 Her smiling, sae wyling,  
 Wou'd make a wretch forget his woe ;  
 What pleasure, what treasure,  
 Unto these rosy lips to grow :  
 Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,  
 When first her bonnie face I saw ;  
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,  
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion ;  
 Her pretty ancle is a spy,  
 Betraying fair proportion,  
 Wou'd make a saint forget the sky ;  
 Sae warming, sae charming,  
 Her faultless form and gracefu' air ;  
 Ilk feature---auld nature  
 Declar'd that she cou'd do nae mair !  
 Her's are the willing chains o' love,  
 By conquering beauty's sov'reign law ;  
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,  
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,  
 And gaudy shew at sunny noon ;  
 Gi'e me the lonely valley,  
 The dewy eve, and rising moon ;  
 Fair beaming, and streaming  
 Her silver light the boughs amang ;  
 While falling, recalling,  
 The amorous thrush concludes his sang ;  
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove  
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,  
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,  
 And say thou lo'es me best of a'.

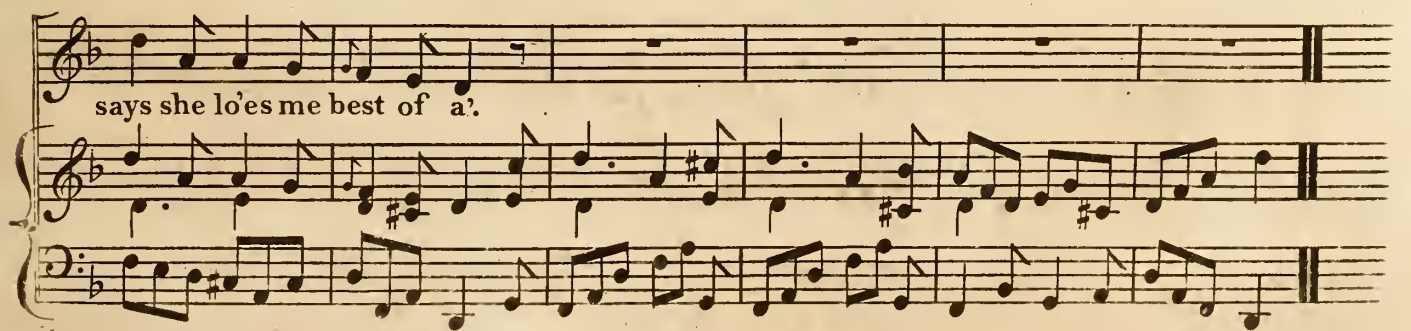
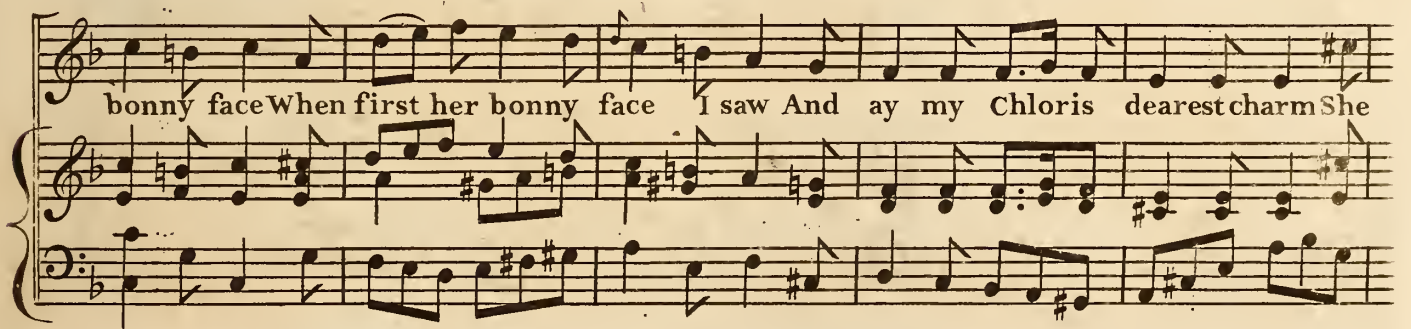
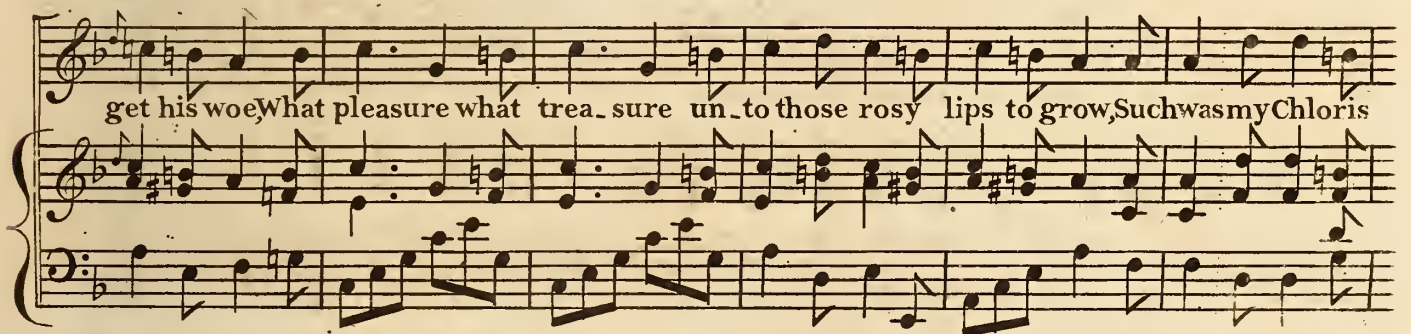
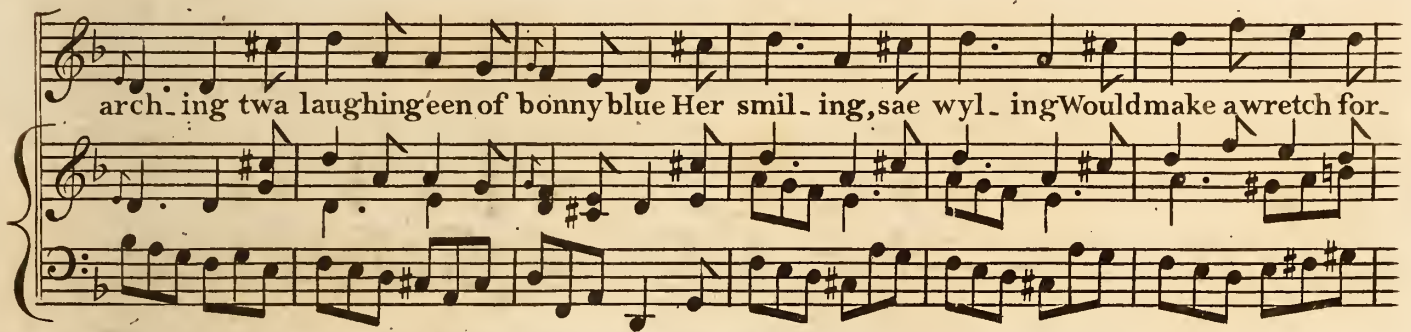
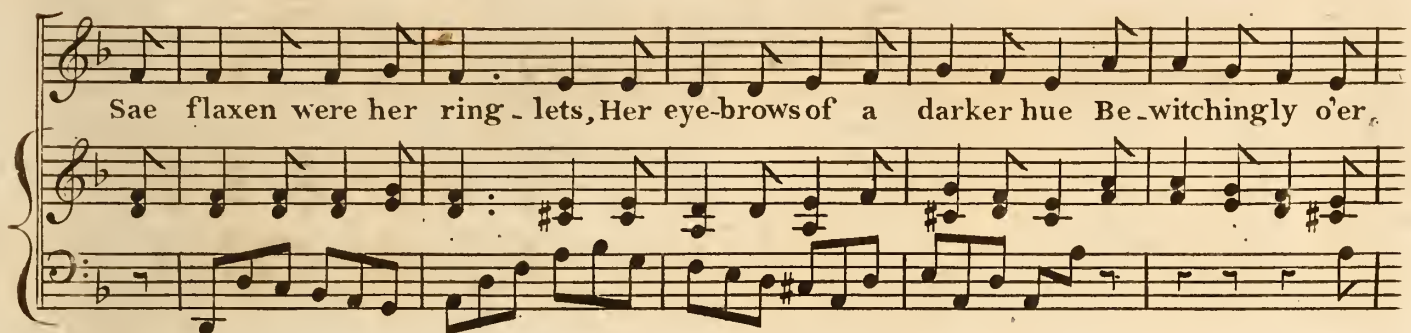
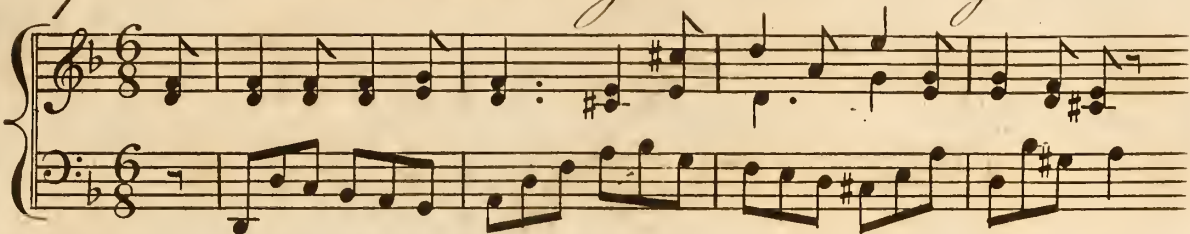
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*Sae flaxen were her ringlets - Air, Conagh.*

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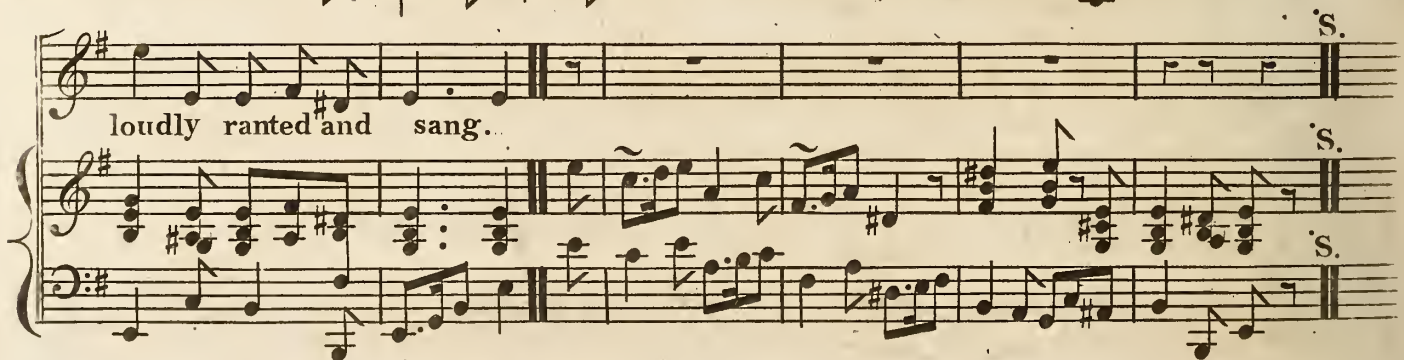
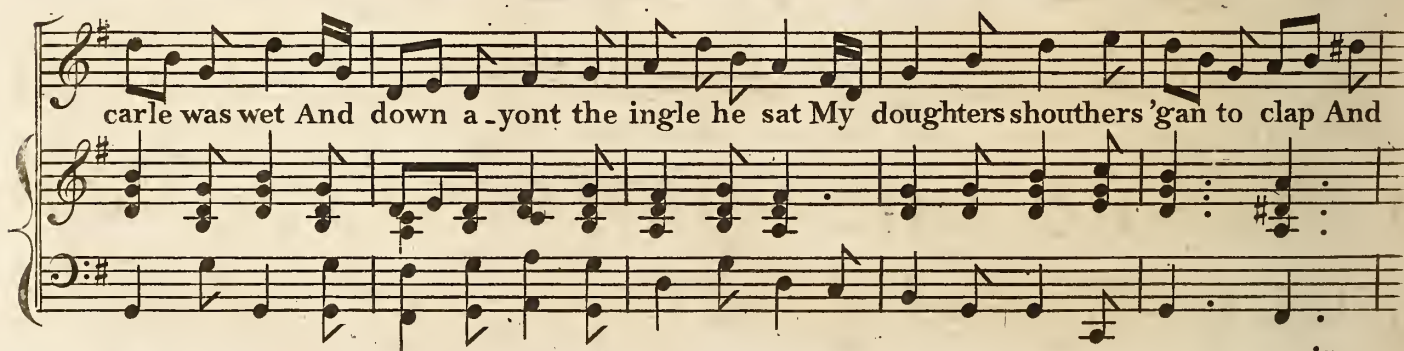
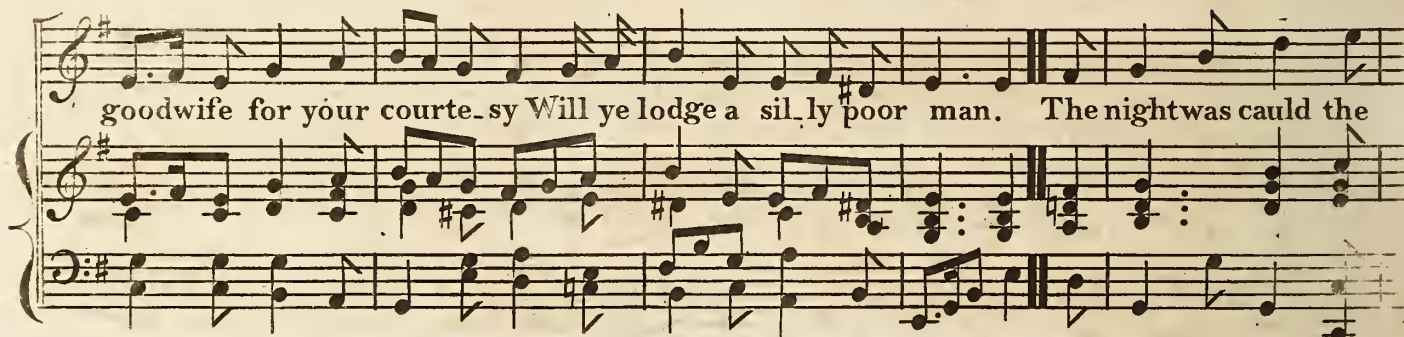
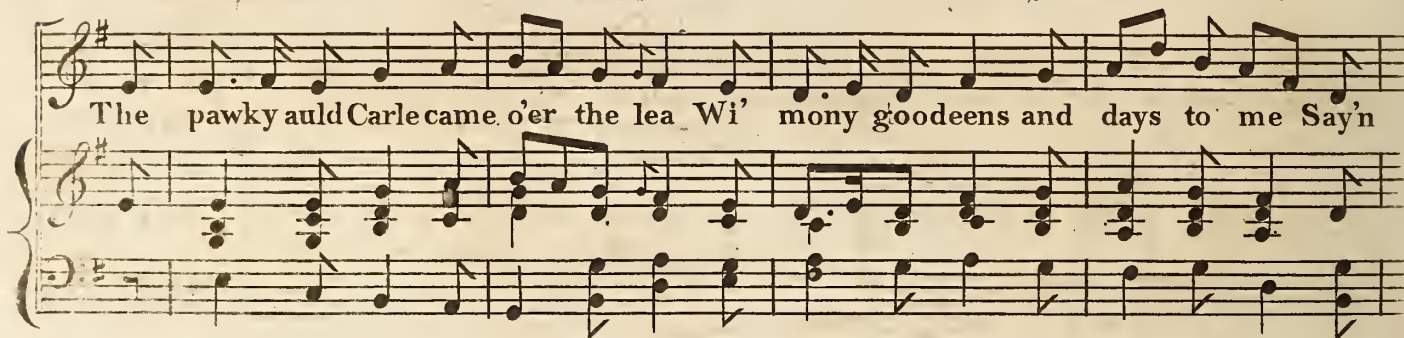
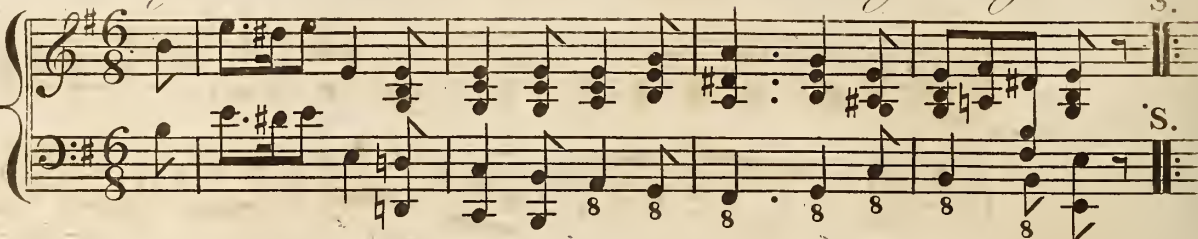
*Allegretto*





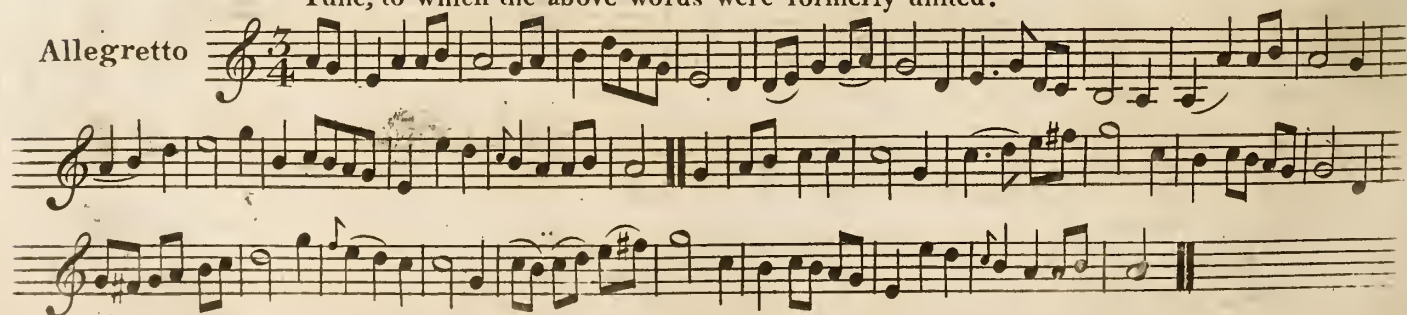
*The pawky auld carle. Air: The brisk young lad.*

*Allegretto  
piu tosto  
Vivace*



Tune, to which the above words were formerly united.

*Allegretto*





## THE GABERLUNZIE MAN,

SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN

By KING JAMES V.

## AIR.---THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

The Editor finds that the GABERLUNZIE MAN may be sung with *much* greater effect to this air, than to the tune with which the verses have commonly been joined; *the brisk young lad* being a lively air, within the compass of every ordinary voice, while the other air not only wants vivacity, but requires a range of voice which few possess, and of course is seldom or never sung. The Editor has therefore united this excellent humorous ballad to the livelier air; but to satisfy those who wish to see the other tune, it is engraved at the foot of the plate. The critical reader will perceive that, in some instances, the Editor has been obliged to shorten the word Gaberlunzie, and *slightly* to alter a few words for the sake of the Singer; but it is to be observed, that greater alterations would be necessary, if the ballad were sung with the old tune, which does not by any means suit the measure, any more than the spirit, of the lines; so that it seems more than questionable whether the one was ever intended for the other.

THE pawky auld earle came o'er the lea;  
W' mony good-eens and days to me,  
Saying, gudewife, for your courtesie,  
Will ye lodge a silly poor man?  
The night was eauld, the earle was wat,  
And down ayont the ingle he sat;  
My doughter's shouthers he 'gan to elap,  
And eadgily ranted 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  
Wi' at thir slee twa together were saying;  
When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O! quo' he, were ye as blaek  
As e'er the crown o' my daddie's hat,  
'Tis I wad lay you by my baek,  
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 eleid me braw, and lady like,  
And awa wi' thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;  
They raise a wee before the cock,  
And wylily they shot the loek,  
And fast to the bent they're gane.  
Up in the morn the auld wife raise,  
And at her leisure put on her elaise;  
Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,  
To spier for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,  
The strae was eauld, he was away;  
She elapt her hands, cry'd, dulefu' day!  
For some o' our gear will be gane.  
Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,  
But nought was stown that cou'd be mist;  
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, praise be blest!  
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 waken my bairn,  
And bid her come quickly ben.  
The servant gaed where the doughter lay,  
The sheets were cauld, she was away,  
And fast to her gudewife 'gan to say\*,  
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 burnt, and he's be slain,  
The wearyfu' 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 eurs'd and she bann'd.

Mean time, far hind out ower the lea,  
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane cou'd see,  
The twa in kindly sport and glee,  
Cut frae a new cheese a whang.  
The prieving was gude, it pleas'd them baith;  
To lo'e her for ay he gave her his aith:  
Quo' she, to leave thee I will be laith,  
My winsome Gab'lunzie man.

O kend my minnie I were wi' you,  
Ill-fardly wad she crook her mou;  
Sik a poor man she'd never trow,  
After the Gab'lunzie man.  
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet ower young,  
And hae nae learnt the beggars tongue,  
To earry wi' me frae town to town  
The Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' eauk 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 blaek elout ower my e'e;  
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,  
While we shall be merry and sing.

\* This line in singing might be altered as follows, "Gudewife!" she cry'd, "gudewife! I say,"



## TIBBIE FOWLER O' THE GLEN.

AIR.---TIBBIE FOWLER.

TIBBIE FOWLER o' the glen,  
 There's o'er mony wooing at her,  
 Seven but, and seven ben,  
 And mony mair wooing at her.  
 Wooing at her, puing at her,  
 Courting at her, canna get her;  
 Filthy elf, it's for her pelf  
 That a' the lads are wooing at her.  
 Wooing at her, &c.

Ten cam east, and ten cam west,  
 Ten cam rowing o'er the water;  
 Twa cam down the lang dyke-side,  
 There's twa and thirty wooing at her.  
 Wooing at her, puing at her,  
 Courting at her, canna get her;  
 Filthy elf, it's for her pelf  
 That a' the lads are wooing at her.  
 Wooing at her, &c.

She's got pendles in her lugs,  
 Cockle-shells wad set her better;  
 High heel'd shoon and siller tags,  
 And a' the lads are wooing at her.  
 Wooing at her, puing at her,  
 Courting at her, canna get her;  
 Filthy elf, it's for her pelf  
 That a' the lads are wooing at her.  
 Wooing at her, &c.

Be a lassie e'er sae black,  
 If she hae the name o' siller,  
 Set her up on Tintoc tap,  
 The wind will blaw a man till her.  
 Be a lassie e'er sae fair,  
 If she want the penny siller;  
 A flie may fell her in the air  
 Before there come a man 'till her.  
 Wooing at her, &c.

## WILLIE WASTLE'S WIFE.

By BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,  
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie,  
 Willie was a wabster gude,  
 Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie;  
 He had a wife was dour and din,  
 O Tinkler Madgie was her mither;  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,  
 The cat has twa, the very colour;  
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,  
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;  
 A whiskin beard about her mou',  
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither;  
 Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd,  
 Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter;  
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,  
 To balance fair in ilka quarter;  
 She has a hump upon her breast,  
 The twin o' that upon her shouther;  
 Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,  
 And wi' her loof her face a washin;  
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,  
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;  
 Her walie nieves, like midden-creels,  
 Her face wad fyle the Logan-water;  
 Sic a wife as Willie had,  
 I wad na gie a button for her.



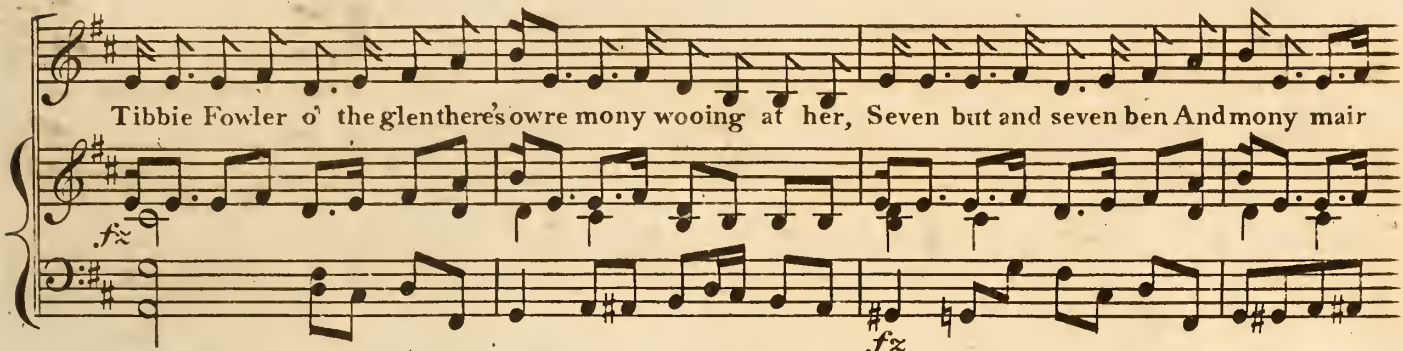
# Tibbie Fowler.

192

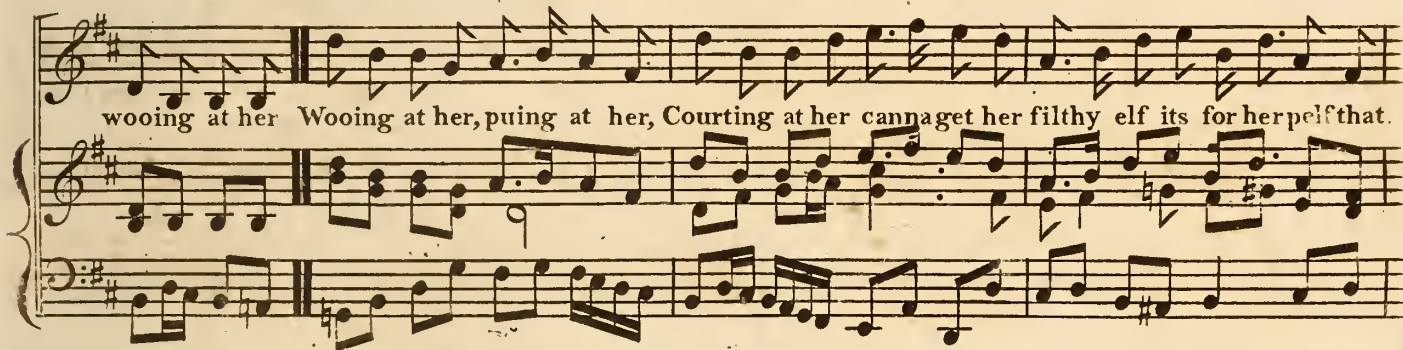
*Scherzando  
ma non  
troppo presto*



Tibbie Fowler o' the glen there's owre mony wooing at her, Seven but and seven ben And mony mair



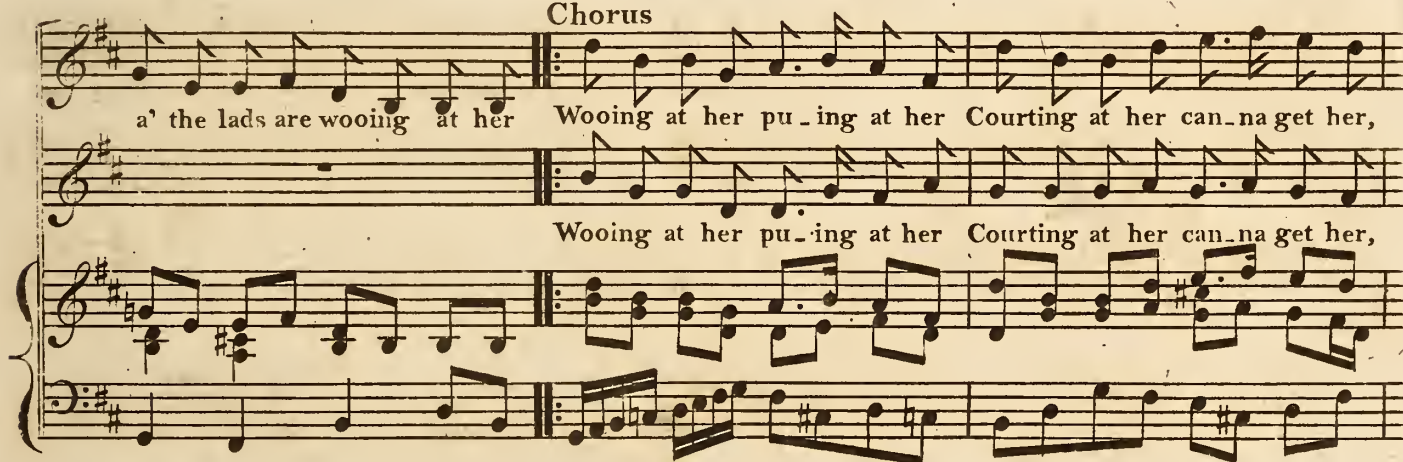
wooing at her Wooing at her, puing at her, Courting at her cannaget her filthy elf its for herpelf that.



## Chorus

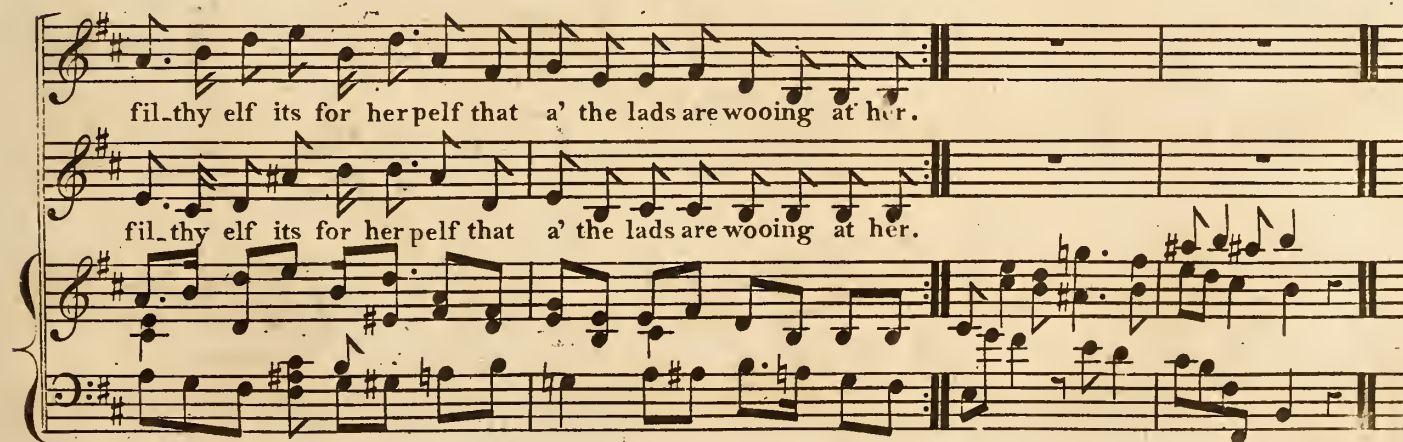
a' the lads are wooing at her Wooing at her pu-ing at her Courting at her can-na get her,

Wooing at her pu-ing at her Courting at her can-na get her,



fil-thy elf its for herpelf that a' the lads are wooing at her.

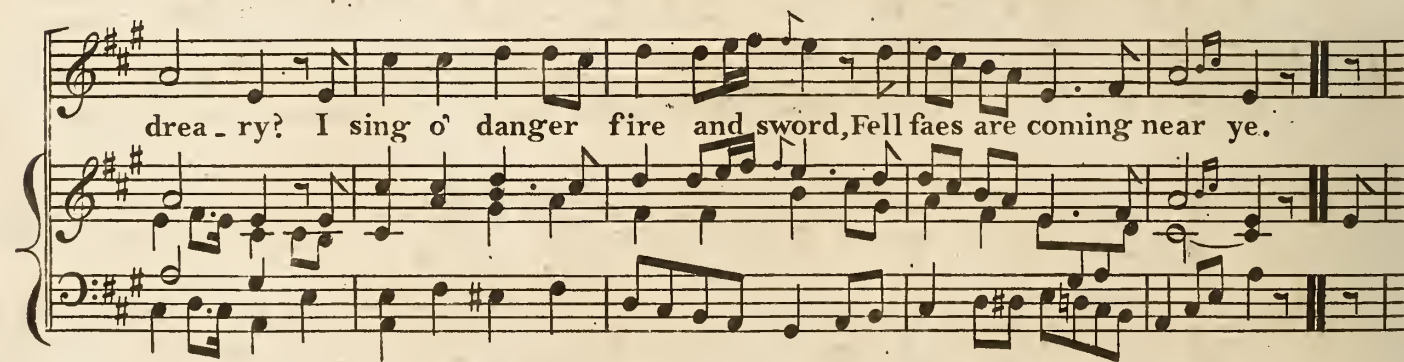
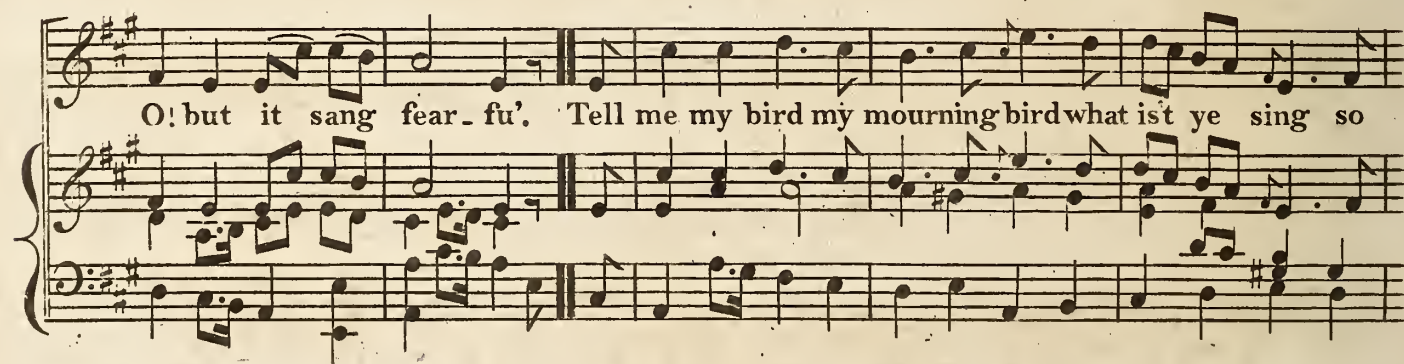
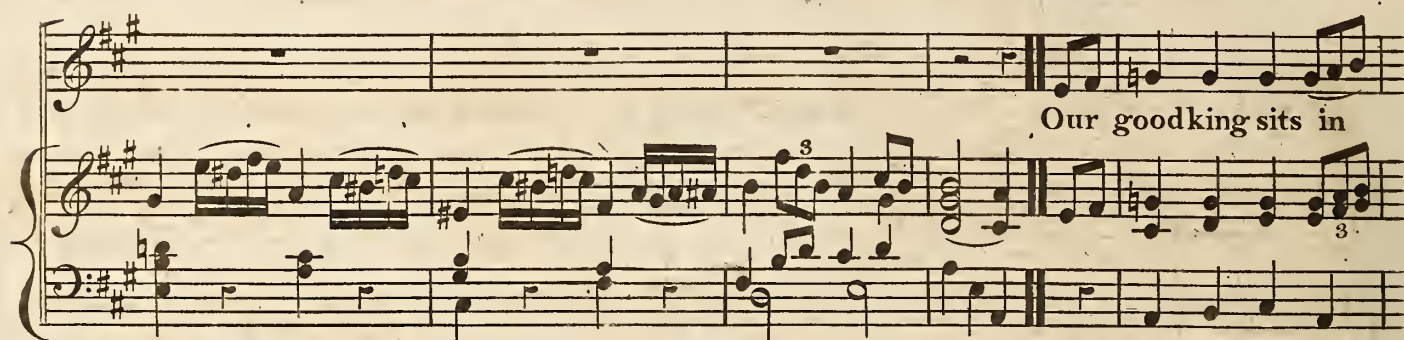
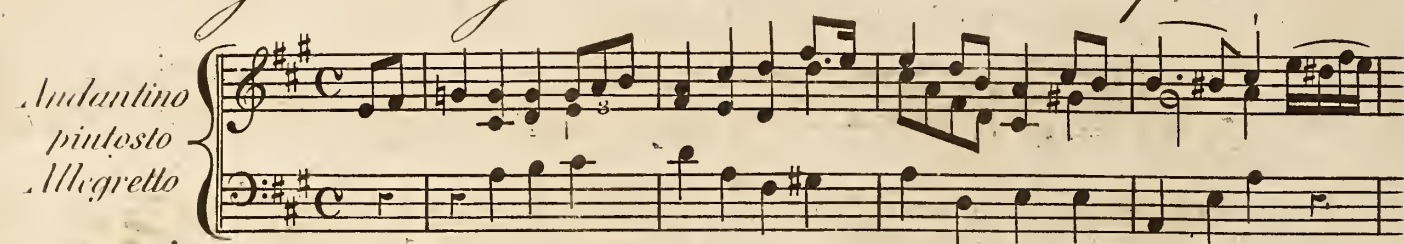
fil-thy elf its for herpelf that a' the lads are wooing at her.





# Our good king Air, Sir Patrick Spence.

*Andantino  
piu tosto  
Allegretto*





# OUR GOOD KING SITS IN WINDSOR TOWER.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By *HECTOR MACNEILL, Esq.*

AIR.---SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

OUR good King sits in Windsor tower,  
The sun beams glint sae cheerfu',  
A birdie sang in yonder bower,  
And O! but it sang fearfu'!  
Tell me, my bird, my mourning bird,  
What is 't you sing so dreary?  
I sing o' danger, fire and sword,  
Fell faes are coming near ye!  
  
The King stept on his terrace light,  
His heart was bauld and cheery,  
I fear no foe, by day or night,  
While Britain's sons are near me.  
The bird ay sang upon the thorn,  
And ay its sang was fearfu',  
Good King your ships maun sail the morn,  
For England's faes are near you.

The King look'd frae his castle hie,  
His look was blythe and airy,  
There's no a foe dares face the sea,  
Brave England's tars are there ay;

The birdie sang upon the thorn,  
But now its sang grew cheerfu',  
Good King we'll laugh your faes to scorn,  
There's nought I see to fear now.

The birdie flew on blythesome wing!  
And O but it sang rarely!  
And ay it sang, God bless our King!  
Bauld Britons love him dearly.  
It flew o'er hill, it flew o'er lea,  
It sang o'er moor and heather,  
Till it cam to the *North Countrie*,  
Whare a' sang blythe thegither.

They sang o' fame, and martial might,  
(The pride o' Scottish story;)  
They sang o' EDWARD's wars, and flight,  
And BRUCE's radiant glory!  
They laugh'd at GALLIA's threaten'd ills,  
Their shield was Patriot-honour!  
They rush'd down *Freedom's* heath-flow'rd hills,  
And rattling join'd her banner!

## THE OLD SONG:

TO THE SAME AIR.

THE King sits in Dunfermlin toun,  
Drinking the bluid-red wine:  
Whar sall I get a gude sailor,  
To sail this ship o' mine?  
Then up and spak an eldern knight,  
Wha sat at his right knie;  
Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor  
That sails upon the sea.

The King has written a braid letter,  
And sign'd it wi' his hand;  
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,  
Wha walked on the sand.  
The first line that Sir Patrick red,  
A loud laugh laughed he;  
The neist line that Sir Patrick red,  
The teir blinded his eie.

"O wha can he be that has don  
"This deid o' ill to me,  
"To send me at this time o' yeir  
"To sail upo' the sea?"

"Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men a',  
"Our gude ship sails the morn:"  
"O say na sae, my master deir,  
"For I feir deidly storn."

"I saw the new moon late yestrene,  
"Wi' the auld moon in her arm;  
"And I fear, I fear, my master deir,  
"That we will cum to harm."  
Our Scottish nobles were right laith  
To weit their shyning shoon;  
But lang or a' the play was ovr,  
They wat their heids aboon.

O lang, lang may their ladies sit,  
And luik outowr the sand,  
Or cir they see the bonnie ship  
Cum sailing to the land!  
Mair than haf ovr to Aberdour,  
It's fifty fathom deip,—  
And there lyes gude Sir Patrick Spence,  
Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.



---

NOW WAT YE WHA I MET YESTREEN.

---

AIR.---EDINBURGH KATE.

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen,  
 Coming down the street, my jo?  
 My mistress in her tartan screen,  
 Fu' bonny, braw, and sweet, my jo:  
 My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,  
 That never wish'd a lover ill;  
 Since ye're out of your mother's sight,  
 Let's tak a walk up to the hill.

O Katie, wilt thou gang wi' me,  
 And leave the dinsome town a while;  
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,  
 And a' the summer's gawn to smile;  
 The mavis, blackbird, and the lark,  
 The bleating lambs and whistling hynd,  
 In ilka dale, green shaw and park,  
 Will nourish health, and glad your mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day  
 Bends his morning draught of dew,  
 We'll gae to some hurn-side and play,  
 And gather flow'rs to busk your brow.  
 We'll pou the daisies on the green,  
 The lucken gowans frae the bog:  
 Between-hands now and then we'll lean,  
 And rest upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,  
 A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,  
 A canny, saft, and flow'ry den,  
 Where circling birks have form'd a bow'r:  
 Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,  
 We'll to that caller shade remove,  
 There will I lock thee in mine arm,  
 And breathe the tender tale of love\*.

\* The critical reader will find a slight alteration made upon the last line of each of the two last stanzas of the above song.

---

THE ANSWER.

MY MITHER'S AY GLOWRIN O'ER ME.

---

THE SAME AIR.

My mither's ay glowrin o'er me,  
 Though she did the same before me,  
 I canna get leave to look to my Love,  
 Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take your offer,  
 Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher;  
 Then, Sandy, you'll fret, and wyte your poor Kate,  
 Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

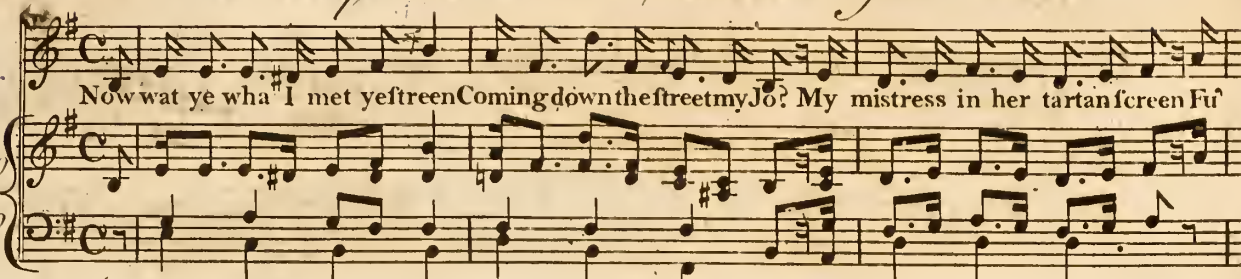
For though my father has plenty  
 Of siller, and plenishing dainty,  
 Yet he's unco swear to twin wi' his gear;  
 And sae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,  
 Be wylie in ilka motion;  
 Brag weel o' ye'r land, and there's my leal hand,  
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion

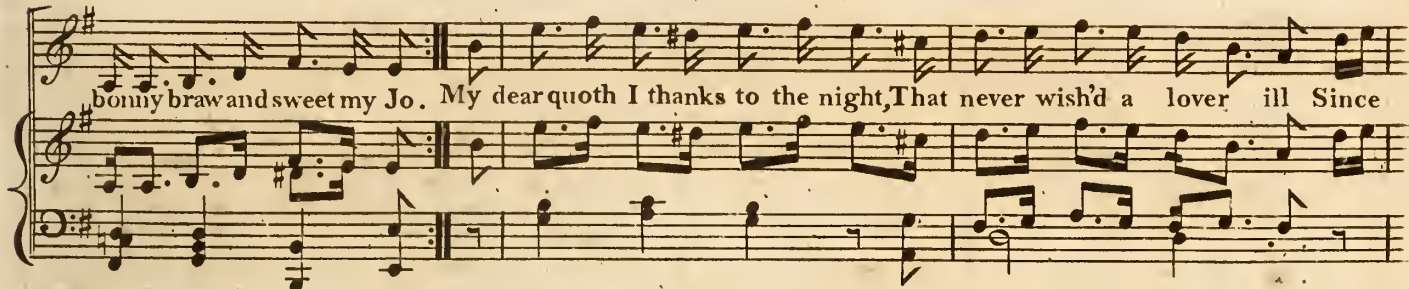


# Now wat ye se - Air Edinburgh Kate. 194

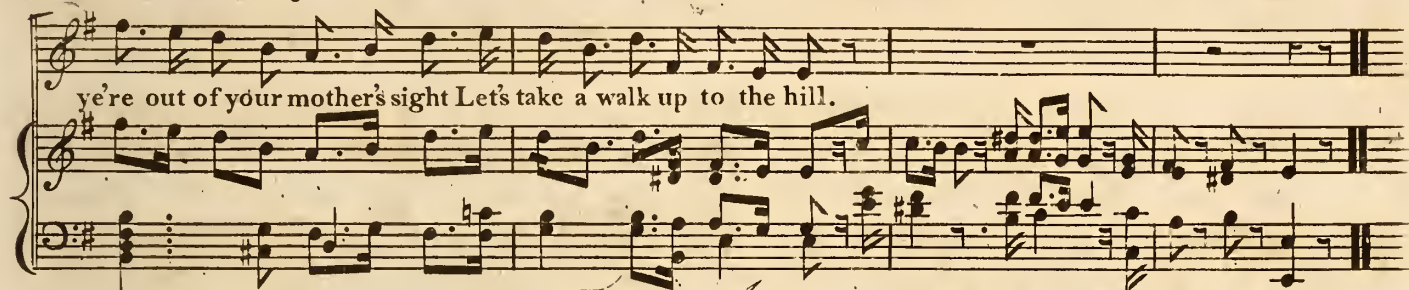
*Andantino*  
*grazioso*



Now wat ye wha I met yestreen Coming down the street my Jo? My mistress in her tartan screen Fu'



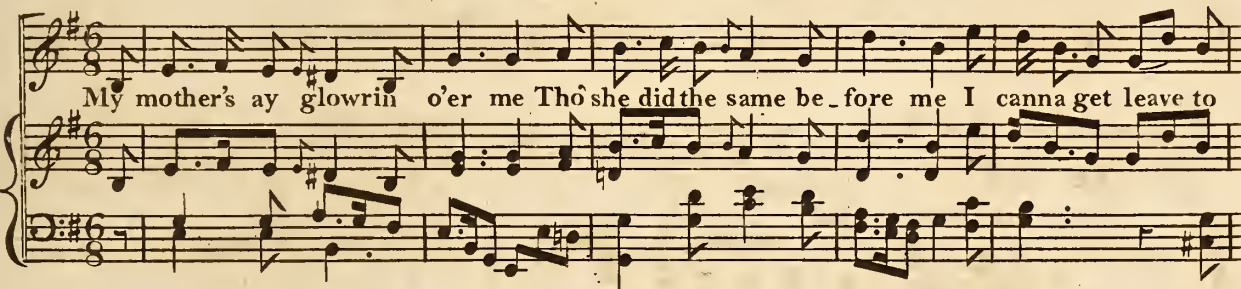
bonny braw and sweet my Jo. My dear quoth I thanks to the night, That never wish'd a lover ill Since



ye're out of your mother's sight Let's take a walk up to the hill.

## The Answer

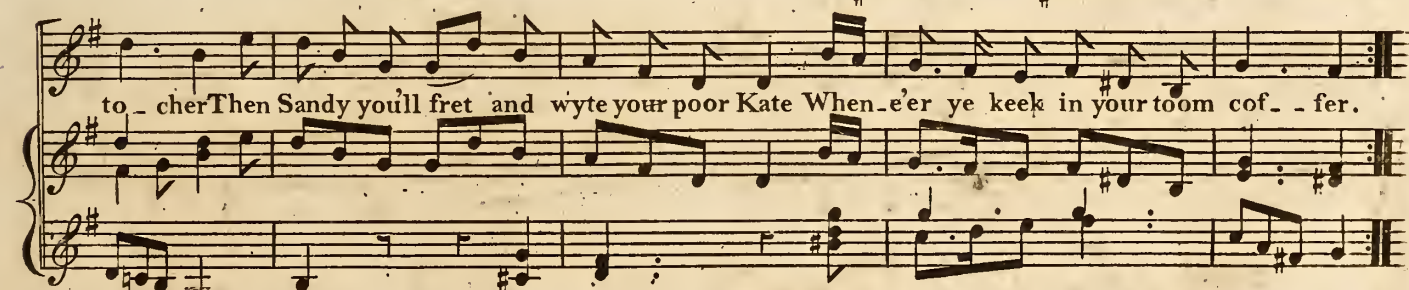
*Allegretto*



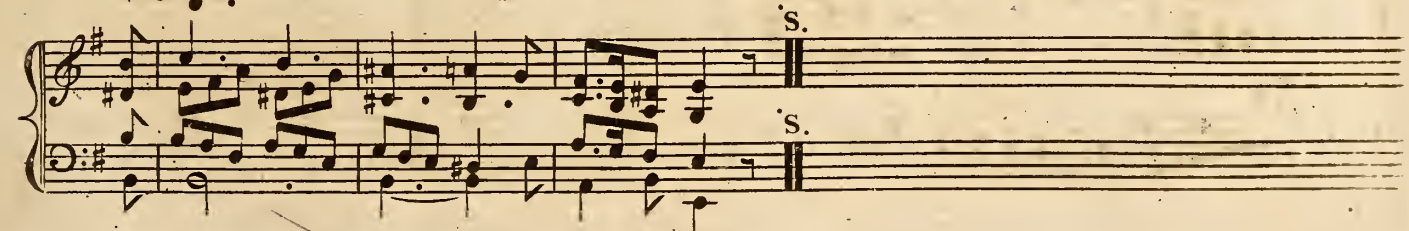
My mother's ay glowrin o'er me Tho she did the same be fore me I canna get leave to



look at my Love Or else she'll be liket o devour me. Right fain wou'd I take your of fer Sweet Sir but I'll tine my



to cher Then Sandy you'll fret and wyte your poor Kate When e'er ye keek in your toom cof fer.



S.  
S.



195 *When o'er the Air, The lea rig*

*Allarghetto*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a forte (*f*) section, and ends with a piano (*p*) section. The left staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It provides a harmonic accompaniment to the right staff. Both staves end with a repeat sign and a fermata.

When o'er the hill the eas-tern star tells bughtin time is near my Jo; And

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature remains one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The system ends with a repeat sign and a fermata.

cat-tle frae the furrow'd field re-turn sae dowf and weary O Down

The second system continues the song. The vocal melody is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The system ends with a repeat sign and a fermata.

by the burn where scent-ed birks wi' dew are hang-ing clear my Jo, I'll

The third system continues the song. The vocal melody is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The system ends with a repeat sign and a fermata.

meet thee on the lea rig my ain kind dea-rie O!

The fourth system continues the song. The vocal melody is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The system ends with a repeat sign and a fermata.

*cres*

The final system of the song features a piano conclusion on two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a forte (*f*) section, and ends with a piano (*p*) section. The left staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It provides a harmonic accompaniment to the right staff. Both staves end with a repeat sign and a fermata.



---

WHEN O'ER THE HILL THE EASTERN STAR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By BURNS.*

---

AIR.---THE LEA-RIG.

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star  
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;  
And owsen frae the furrowed field  
Return sae dowf and weary O:  
Down by the burn, where scented birks  
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,  
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie O.

At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen,  
I'd rove and ne'er be irie O,  
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,  
My ain kind dearie O.

Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,  
And I were ne'er sae weary O,  
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,  
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;  
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,  
Adown the burn to steer, my jo:  
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin grey,  
It makes my heart sae cheary O,  
To meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie O.

---

YE BRAES OF TOUCH, HOW SWEET YE SMILE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By A LADY.*

---

THE SAME AIR.

YE braes of Touch \*, how sweet ye smile,  
When ev'ning lingers in the sky;  
Your lovely shades my cares beguile  
Ev'n seen thro' sorrow's wat'ry eye.  
Not fairer flowers Arcadia blest,  
Not sweeter Tempe's verdant vale,  
When in thy green retreats I rest,  
Where music floats on ev'ry gale.

Ye braes of Touch, how fresh ye bloom,  
When spring calls forth her earliest flow'rs,  
I feel my heart its peace resume  
When shelter'd in your vocal bow'rs.

Your dashing falls, your tranquil groves,  
Your wand'ring streams that murmur sweet,  
Where ease reclines, and freedom roves  
Around the Muse's fav'rite seat.

Your every wildly varied charm,  
When bright with summer's ardent beams,  
Can wounded mem'ry's power disarm,  
And raise the soul to happier themes.  
Ye braes of Touch, how gay ye smile,  
When rising larks salute the day,  
Your rural charms my cares beguile,  
And wake the long forgotten lay.

\* TOUCH, near Stirling, the seat of ARCHIBALD SETON, Esq.—The word is pronounc'd with the guttural sound of the Scottish dialect; but as that sound would be difficult to the English singer, it may be pronounced as if it were spell'd *rouk*.



## THE GYPSIES CAME TO OUR GOOD LORD'S GATE.

AIR.---JOHNY FAW,---OR, THE GYPSIE LADDIE.

*Some verses commonly printed as part of this ballad, are here omitted, as being unfit for this work.*

THE gypsies came to our good lord's gate,  
And wow but they sang sweetly;  
They sang sae sweet, and sae compleat,  
That down came our fair lady.

And she came tripping down the stair,  
Wi' a' her maids before her;  
As soon as they saw her weil-far'd face,  
They coost the glamer o'er her.

'O come with me,' says Johny Faw,  
'O come with me my deary;  
'For I vow and swear, by the hilt of my sword,  
'Your lord shall nae mair come near ye.'

"Here, take frae me this gay mantle,  
"And bring to me a plaidie;  
"Tho' kith and kin and a' had sworn,  
"I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

"Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,  
"And my good lord beside me;  
"This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,  
"Whatever shall betide me."

And when our lord came hame at e'en,  
And speir'd for his fair lady,  
The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,  
She's awa' wi' the gypsie laddie.

"Gae saddle to me the black blaek steed,  
"Gae saddle and make him ready,  
"Before I either eat or sleep,  
"I'll gae seek my fair lady."

And we were fifteen well-made men,  
Of courage stout and steady,  
And we were a' put down for ane,  
A fair young wanton lady.

*A person of the name of JOHNE FAW is said to have been king of the gypsies in the time of JAMES V., who, about the year 1542, issued a curious proclamation, ordaining all sheriffs, &c. to assist Johny Faw, there stiled, "Lord and Erle of Litill Egipt," in seizing and securing certain fugitive gypsies, in order that they might be punish'd by Johny, their lord and master, conform to his laws: for which purpose the magistrates were to lend him their prisons, stocks, fetters, &c. And the king charges his lieges not to molest the said Johny Faw, and his company, in their lawful business within the realm, or in passing through, remaining in, or going forth of the same, under penalty; and all skippers, masters of ships, and mariners were ordered to receive him and his company, upon their expences, for furthering them to parts beyond sea. See M<sup>r</sup> Laurin's Remarkable Cases, p. 774.*

*It is not improbable that this Johny Faw is the Hero of the above ballad; and the rank and title of the Heroine seems to be ascertained, from the following verse of a different copy:*

There was seven gypsies in a gang,  
And they were brisk and bonny O,  
And they're to be hang'd all in a row,  
For the Earl of Castle's \* lady O.

\* Cassills.

## CRAZ'D WALTER CAME TO OUR LADY'S GATE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS GRANT.

THE SAME AIR.

CRAZ'D WALTER came to our lady's gate,  
And he sung sad and sweetly;  
O soft is the smile of my lovely Kate,  
It melts my soul completely.  
The lady view'd with a scornful frown  
The gentle maniac's sorrow,  
O look not on me so proudly down,  
I'll wed you, love, to-morrow.

I'll twine a chaplet round your brow  
Of rue, and the wilding's blossom;  
I'll plunge where spreading lillies grow  
In yon still water's bosom.  
No roof defends me from the sky,  
No blazing hearth does cheer me,  
When wand'ring late where owls do cry,  
The passing strangers fear me.

When bright the frosty moon shines late,  
Through dark blue skies so clearly,  
Come, see my haunt, O lovely Kate,  
Where I watch the day-spring early.

Beneath yon broad oak's solemn shade,  
The wither'd leaves I gather;  
There is poor Walter's lowly bed,  
In wild and wint'ry weather.

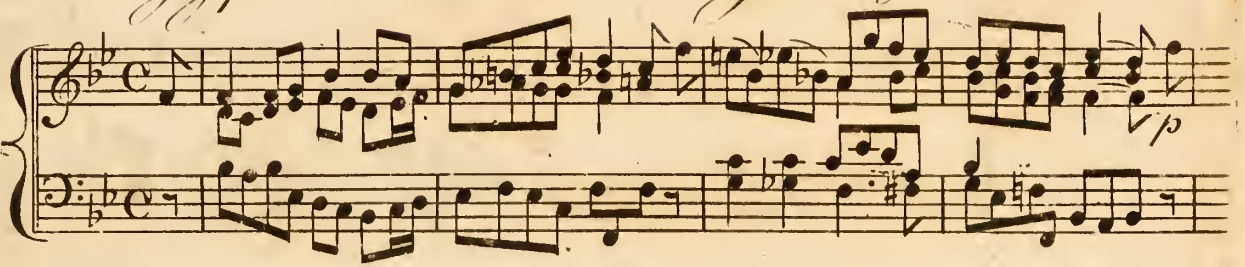
There, in the dreary hour of night,  
When stormy clouds are flying,  
I watch your chamber's distant light,  
To view your shadow trying.  
When slumber wraps your careless mind  
In downy ease reclining,  
My love-notes mingle with the wind,  
In restless anguish pining.

Frown, ye dark storms of angry night,  
Come with your terrors round me;  
Chace from my brain that smile so bright,  
The look that first did wound me.  
Or smile once more, my lovely Kate,  
To soothe poor Walter's sorrow;  
Think of the wretched wanderer's fate,  
Who sees no joyful morrow.



# The gypsies came - Air: Johnny Faw. 196

*Andante  
espressivo*



The gypsies came to our good Lord's gate And wow but

The first system of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The piano part includes dynamic markings: 'cres' (crescendo), 'f' (forte), and 'p' (piano). The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic and rhythmic foundation.

they sang sweetly They sang sae sweet and sae complete, That down came the fair

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains its accompaniment pattern, supporting the vocal melody. The lyrics describe the gypsies singing and a fair lady descending.

La - - dy And she came trip - ping down the stair And a' her maids be

The third system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of 'p' (piano). The lyrics describe the lady's descent and the reaction of her maids.

- fore her As soon as they saw her well fa'd face They cast the glamor o'er her

The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamic markings: 'cres' (crescendo) and 'f' (forte). The lyrics describe the gypsies casting a glamor over the lady.

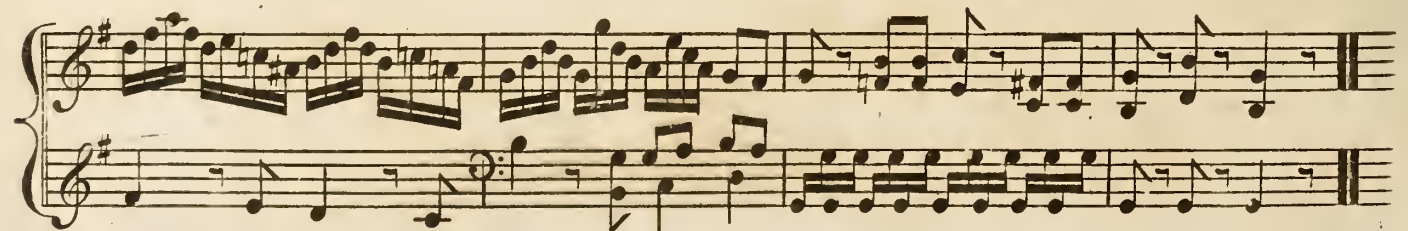
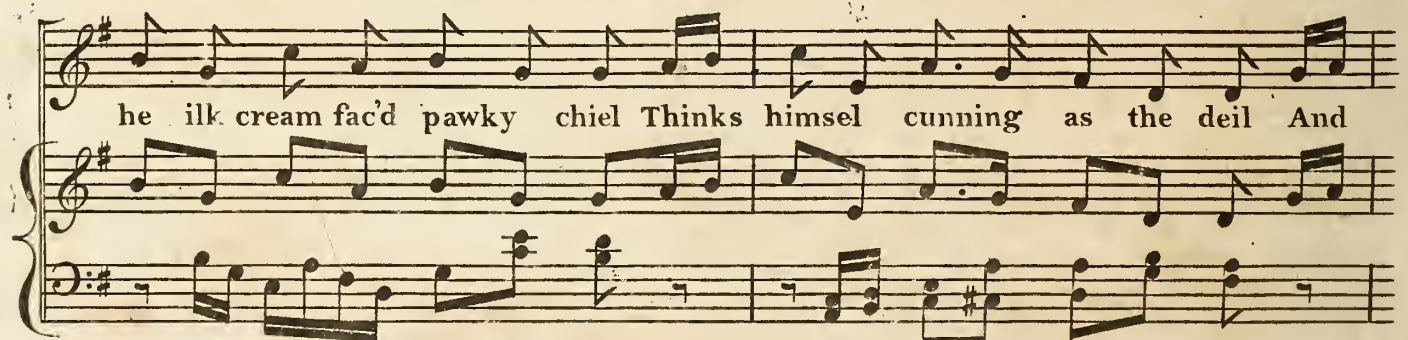
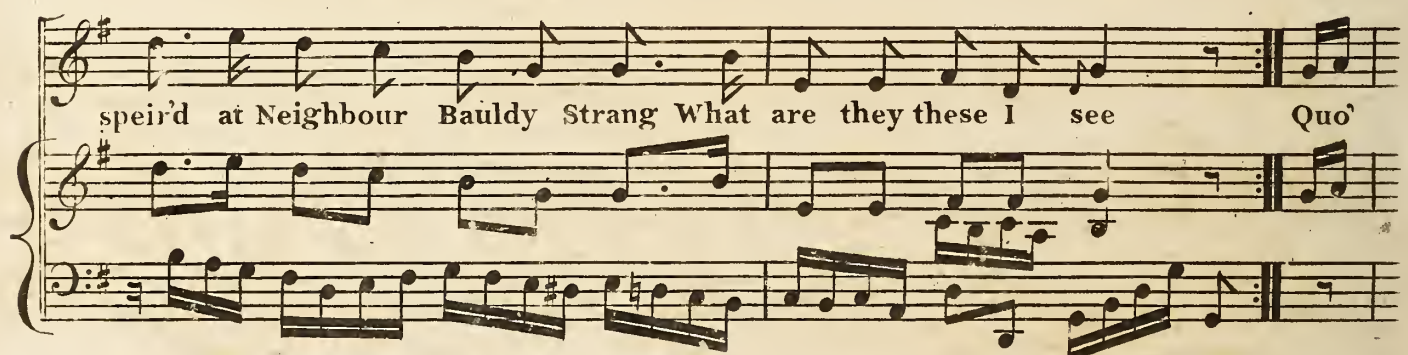
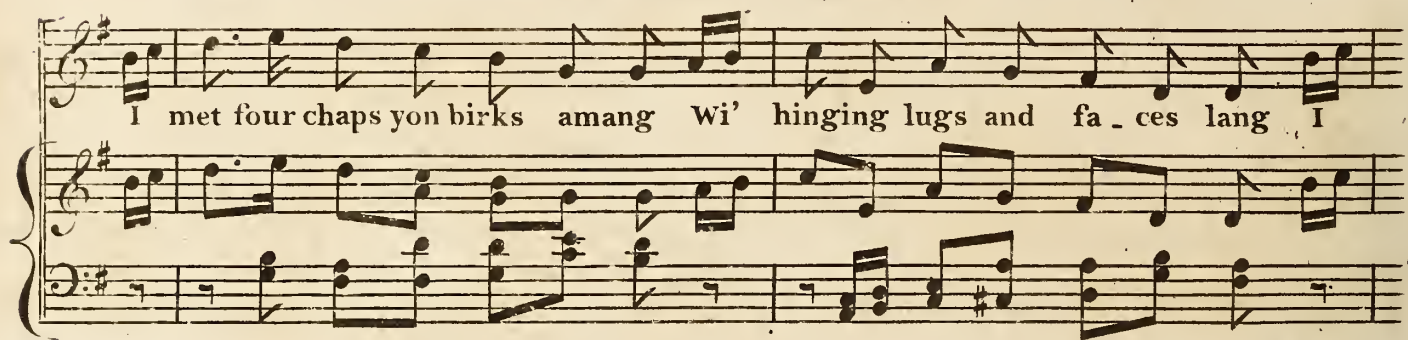
The final system shows the piano accompaniment for the last line of the song. It features a continuation of the eighth-note accompaniment pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand, concluding the piece.



# Jenny's Hawbee!

*Allegretto*

*Scherzando*





WRITTEN

AND HERE PUBLISH'D BY HIS PERMISSION.

AND HERE PUBLISH'D BY HIS PERMISSION.

AIR.---JENNY'S BAWBEE.

A Norland laird niest trotted up,  
Wi' bawsen'd naig and siller whup,  
Cried, "There's my beast, lad, had the grup,  
Or tie't till a tree.  
"What's gowd to me, I've walth 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 THING came niest, (but life has rubs),  
Foul were the roads, and fou the dubs,  
And jaupit a' was he.  
He danc'd up, squintin' through a glass,  
And grinn'd, " I'faith a bonnie lass!"  
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 ery'd, " Tehee !"  
" I kent that I could never fail !"  
But she prin'd the dish-clout to his tail,  
And sous'd him wi' a water-pail,  
And kept her bawbee !



## CRO CHALLIN:

TRANSLATED FROM THE GAELIC FOR THIS WORK

By MRS GRANT.

## HIGHLAND AIR---CRO CHALLIN.

*The following Song from the Gaelic, when sent to the Editor, was accompanied by some remarks of the Translator, which shall here be prefixed: "The verses of CRO CHALLIN have lived from the days when agriculture was in its infancy, and continues "still to soothe every fold, and lull every cradle in these wild regions. A literal translation I don't pretend to give, but I "will venture to appeal to every judge of Gaelic, and of Poetry, whether I have not rendered the spirit of this curious fragment of antiquity. The changes which time and culture have effected on manners, are best traced in popular songs, more "particularly the Gaelic fragments, in which the transitions from the life of a Hunter to that of a Herdsman, and from "that to the more laborious and stationary pursuits of Agriculture, are strongly mark'd. Anciently the Hunter was admired as a person of manly courage, who, in the pursuit of a livelihood, exerted the virtues of patience and fortitude, and followed Nature into her most sublime retirements. Herdsmen were then accounted the sons of little men; sordid, inferior beings, who preferred ease and safety to noble daring, and boundless variety; and were considered to be as much below the "Hunter, as the cattle they tended were inferior in grace and agility to the deer the others pursued. Interest, however, reversed such opinions: In process of time, the maidens boasted of the numerous herds of their lovers, and viewed the Huntsman as a poor wandering adventurer. About this time the Song here translated seems to have been composed. The enamoured nymph, willing to think Colin as rich as others, talks in an obscure and figurative manner of the Cattle of Colin (Cro Challin), and pursues the metaphor through many playful allusions to the deer, roes, fawns, &c. and their manner of sporting and feeding, in a style too minute for translation: in the end, however, it appears that the boasted cattle of Colin were no other than those wild commoners of nature, and his sole profession that of hunting! I have endeavoured to "preserve the tender simplicity of the original, and to render almost literally, the fond repetition of endearing epithets. The "love songs of those days were the breathings of real passion: nobody thought of that most absurd of all things, a fictitious "love song.*

*"It is silly sooth,  
"And dallies with the innocence of love  
"Like the old age."*

MY Colin, lov'd Colin, my Colin, my dear,  
Who wont the wild mountains to trace without fear;  
O where are thy flocks, that so swiftly rebound,  
And fly o'er the heath without touching the ground?

So dappled, so varied, so beauteous their hue,  
So agile, so graceful, so charming to view;  
O'er all the wide forest, there's nought can compeer  
With the light bounding flocks of my Colin, my dear.

My Colin, dear Colin, my Colin, my love,  
O where are thy herds that so loftily move,  
With branches so stately their proud heads are crown'd,  
With their motion so rapid the woods all resound.

Where the birch trees hang weeping o'er fountains so clear,  
At noon-day they're sleeping round Colin, my dear;

O Colin, sweet Colin, my Colin, my joy,  
Must those flocks and those herds all thy moments employ!

To yon waterfall's dashing I tune my sad strain,  
And gather these violets for Colin in vain;  
At sun-set he said he would meet with me here,  
Then where can he linger, my Colin, my dear.

O Colin, my darling, my pleasure, my pride,  
While the flocks of rich shepherds are grazing so wide,  
Regardless I view them, unheeded the swains,  
Whose herds scatter'd round me adorn the green plains.

Their offers I hear, and their plenty I see,  
But what are their wealth and their offers to me;  
While the light bounding roes, and the wild mountain deer  
Are the cattle of Colin, my hunter, my dear.



*My Colin lov'd Colin - Air, Crochallin*

198

*Andante  
con molto  
espressione*



My COLIN lov'd CO-LIN my

*Pia e legato assai*

COLIN my dear Who wont the wild mountains to trace with-out

fear O where are thy flocks that so swiftly re - bound, and

fly o'er the heath without touch - ing the ground.

Turn for  
the conclusion



*Colon to Flora Air: The rock & a wee pickle tow.*

*Allegretto  
piu tosto  
Vivace*

O were I as fleet as the wings of the wind, in chace of the roes when springing Love; At the

sound of your voice I wou'd loiter be hind, So sweet is the charm of your singing Love I

heard it, I fear'd it, I knew that soft charm wou'd slacken my speed and e. nervate my arm; the

deer drawing near now no more in alarm through brakes in the woods are springing Love



## COLIN TO FLORA.-----O WERE I AS FLEET, &amp;c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

By MRS GRANT.

## AIR.---THE ROCK AND A WEE PICKLE TOW.

O WERE I as fleet as the wings of the wind,  
 In chace of the roes when springing, love,  
 At the sound of your voice I would loiter behind,  
 So sweet is the charm of your singing, love.  
 I heard it, I fear'd it, I knew that soft charm  
 Would slacken my speed, and enervate my arm;  
 See the deer, drawing near, now no more in alarm,  
 Secure through the woodlands are springing, love.

While echo delighted repeats the sweet sound,  
 And rocks with the music are ringing, love;  
 The hinds with their fawns come enraptur'd around,  
 And lose all their fears in your singing, love\*.

\* *When the maids milking the cows in distant glens sing Cro Challin, or any other melody, the deer frequently draw near to listen.*

If Flora to Mora can gather the deer,  
 All heedless of danger, her accents to hear;  
 While gazing and praising that melody clear,  
 Can Colin his bow be stringing, love.  
 Let my arrows be scatter'd, my bow be unstrung,  
 And the deer all in safety be springing, love;  
 Let me gaze on your eyes, and attend to your tongue,  
 While the woodlands in concert are ringing, love.  
 While pining and twining the chaplet for me,  
 Thy hunter still chaces a vision of thee;  
 My youth and my truth from inconstancy free,  
 I vow'd to you at the beginning, love.

## THE OLD SONG OF

## THE ROCK AND A WEE PICKLE TOW.

THERE was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow,  
 And she wad gae try the spinning o't;  
 But lootin her down, her rock took a low,  
 And that was an ill beginning o't.  
 She spat on't, she flet on't, and trãmp'd on its pate,  
 But a' she could do it wad hae its ain gate;  
 At last she sat down, and she bitterly grat  
 That ever she try'd the spinning o't.  
 I hae been a wife these threescore o' years,  
 And ay I kept free o' the spinning o't;  
 But how I was sarket, foul fa' them that speirs,  
 To mind me o' the beginning o't.  
 The women are now a-days turned sae braw,  
 That ilk ane maun hae a sark, some maun hae twa;  
 The warld was better when fient ane awa,  
 But a wee rag at the beginning o't.  
 Foul fa' them that ever advis'd me to spin,  
 That had been sae lang o' beginning o't,  
 I well might have ended as I had begun,  
 And never have try'd the spinning o't.

But she's a wise wife wha kens her ain weird,  
 I thought anes a-day it wad never be speir'd,  
 How loot ye the low tak the rock by the beard,  
 When ye gaed to try the spinning o't?

The spinning, the spinning, it gars my heart sab,  
 To think on the ill beginning o't;  
 I thought ere I died to have made out a wab  
 And this was the first beginning o't.  
 But had I nine doughters, as I hae but three,  
 The safest and soundest advice I wou'd gie,  
 That they frae spinning wou'd keep their hands free,  
 For fear of an ill beginning o't.

But if they in spite of my counsel would run  
 The dreary sad risk o' the spinning o't,  
 Let them find a lown seat lighted up by the sun,  
 Syne venture upon the beginning o't:  
 But, to do as I've done, alake and avow,  
 To busk up a rock at the cheek of a low,  
 They'll say that I had little wit in my pow,—  
 The meikle deil tak the spinning o't!



---

GOOD NIGHT, &c.-----THE OLD CHIEFTAIN TO HIS SONS.

WRITTEN

By *ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq. of Auchinleck.*

---

AIR.---GOOD NIGHT AND JOY BE WI' YE.

Good night and joy be wi' ye a' ;  
 Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart :  
 May life's fell blasts out o'er ye blow !  
 In sorrow may ye never part !  
 My spirit lives, but strength is gone ;  
 The mountain fires now blaze in vain :  
 Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,  
 And in your deeds I'll live again.

When on yon muir our gallant clan  
 Frae boasting foes their banners tore,  
 Wha show'd himsel a better man,  
 Or fiercer wav'd the red claymore ?  
 But when in peace,---then mark me there---  
 When thro' the glen the wanderer came,  
 I gave him of our hardy fare,  
 I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear,  
 Be canty, but be good and leal ;  
 Your ain ills ay ha'e heart to bear,  
 Anither's ay ha'e heart to feel.  
 So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,  
 I'll see you triumph ere I fa' :  
 My parting breath shall boast you mine :  
 Good night and joy be wi' ye a' !

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Edinburgh :

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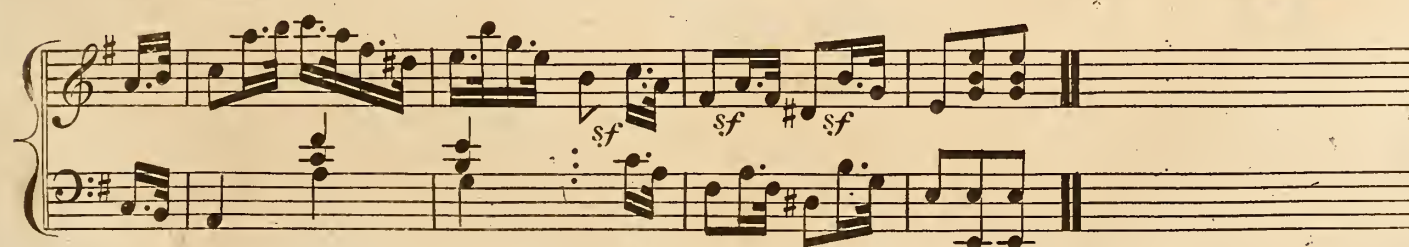
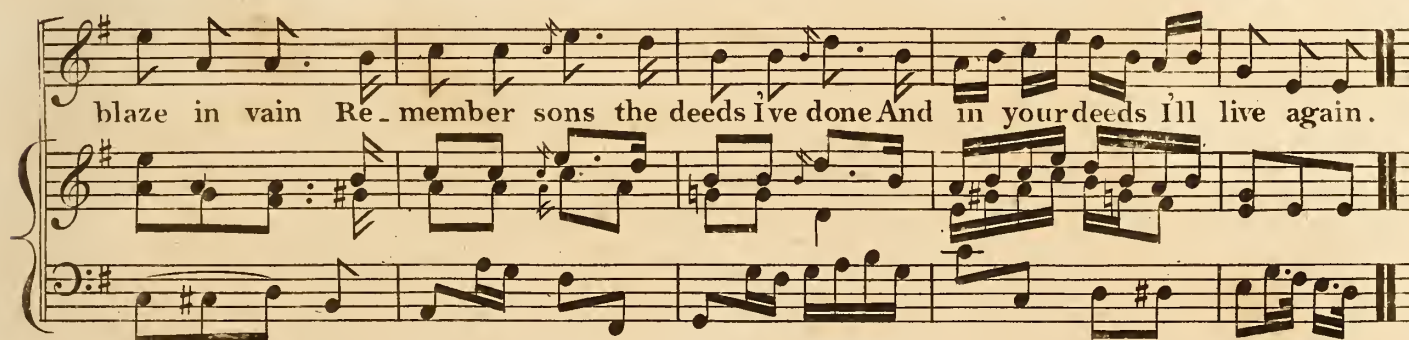
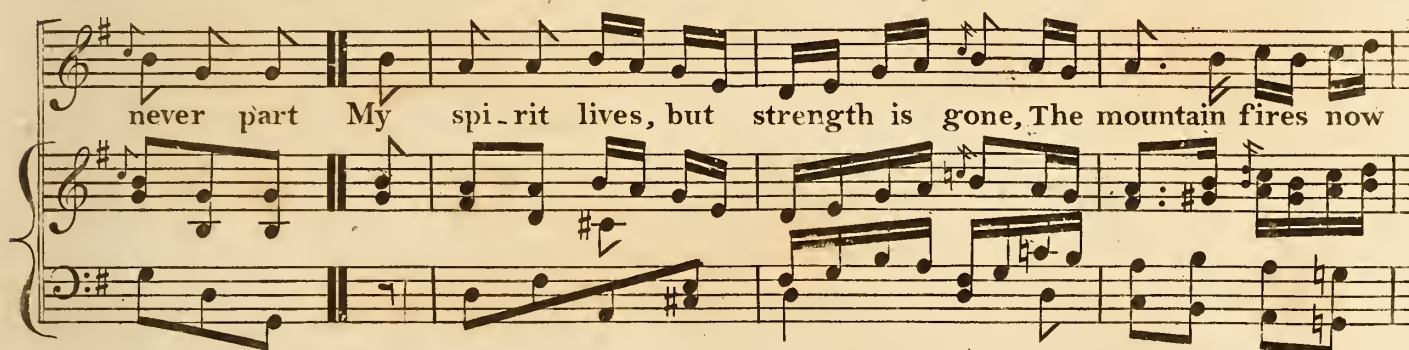
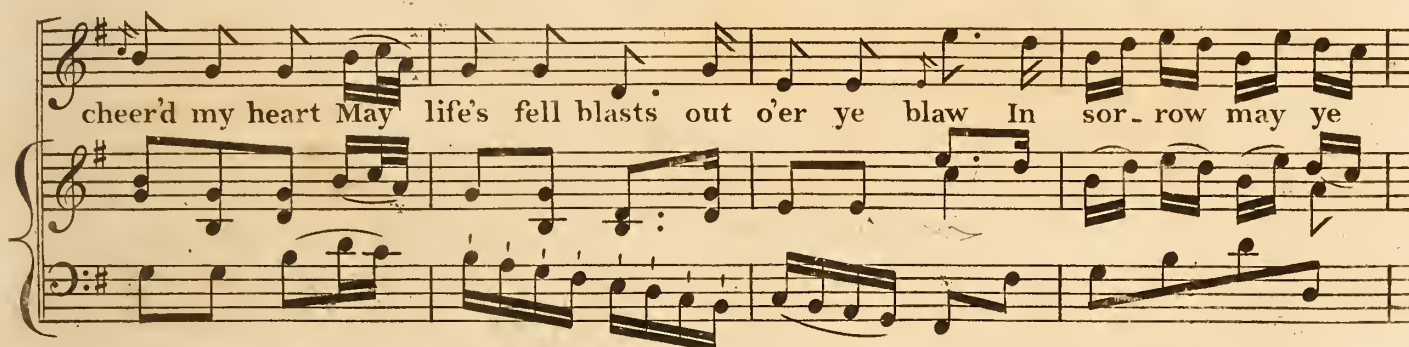
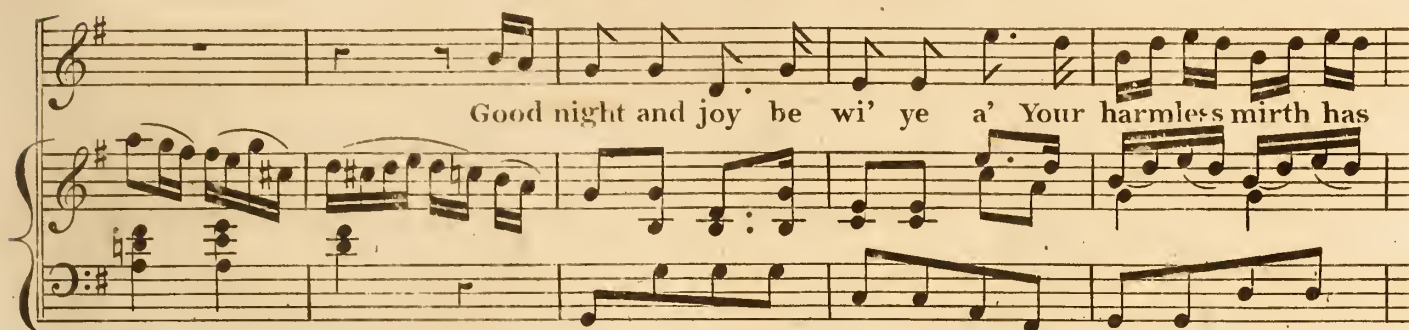
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1805.



*Good night & joy be wi' ye!*

*Allegretto  
e ben  
marcato*









# GLOSSARY OF THE SCOTTISH WORDS

WHICH OCCUR IN

G. THOMSON'S COLLECTION OF THE SONGS,

MADE UP FROM THE BEST AUTHORITIES.

The *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The *oo* and *ui* have the sound of the French *u*. The Scottish diphthong *æ* sounds like the French *e*, masculine.

Many Southern and Northern words are originally the same, having only letters taken away, or changed for others, of which many instances occur in this glossary; such as, *A'*, for *all*, *Ca'* for *call*, *Cauld*, for *cold*, *Fause*, for *false*, *Grane*, for *groan*, &c. &c.

## A

*A'*, all  
*Abeigh*, at a shy distance  
*Aboon*, above, up  
*Ae*, one  
*Aff*, off, *Aff-hand*, unpremeditated  
*Aft*, on foot  
*Afore*, before  
*Aft*, oft  
*Aften*, often  
*Aitlins*, perhaps,  
*Aik*, oak  
*Ain*, own  
*Air*, early  
*Airle*, or *Aries*, earnest-money  
*Airts*, points of the compass  
*Aith*, oath  
*Ajee*, aside  
*Alane*, alone  
*Amang*, or *Amo'*, among  
*An'*, and, if  
*Ance*, once  
*An*, one  
*Aneath*, beneath  
*Anither*, another  
*Artfu'*, artful  
*Arthur's Seat*, a hill close to Edinburgh  
*Ase*, ashes  
*Askent*, to the one side  
*Asteer*, abroad, stirring  
*Athort*, athwart  
*Atween*, between  
*Auld*, old  
*Auldfarren*, sagacious, cunning  
*Aunt*, aunt,  
*Ava*, at all  
*Awa'*, away  
*Awn*, owing  
*Awsome*, frightful, terrible  
*Ay*, always, for ever  
*Ayont*, beyond

## B

*Ba'*, ball  
*Bablin*, hobbling and dancing  
*Bade*, stay'd  
*Bagrie*, trash  
*Bailie*, a magistrate

*Baith*, both  
*Bairn*, a child  
*Band*, bond  
*Bangster*, blusterer,—sometimes, the conqueror  
*Bann'd*, swore  
*Bannock*, bread thicker than cakes, soft and round  
*Banns*, swears in a passion  
*Bansters*, those who bind corn in harvest  
*Bardies*, dimin. of bards  
*Basin'd*, or *Bawsand*, white-faced, or freckled in the face with white  
*Bauld*, bold  
*Baube*, a halfpenny  
*Bawdrans*, the cat  
*Bawk*, a grassy spot or stripe in a corn field  
*Bawmy*, balmy  
*Be*, by  
*Beastie*, dimin. of beast  
*Beckt*, curtsied  
*Beet*, to add fuel to the fire  
*Befa'*, befall  
*Beforn*, before  
*Belang*, belong  
*Ben*, inner room or parlour  
*Bend*, drink  
*Bent*, the open field, or open country  
*Bicker*, a wooden dish  
*Bide*, to suffer, also to stay  
*Biel*, or *Bield*, shelter  
*Bien*, wealthy; a *bien* house, a warm well furnished house  
*Big*, to build  
*Biggit*, built  
*Bigonet*, cap or coif  
*Billie*, brother  
*Binge*, to do obeisance  
*Birdie*, a little bird  
*Birk*, birch, birch-tree  
*Birken-snaaw*, a small wood  
*Birkie*, a familiar epithet, applied chiefly to a forward young man  
*Birl*, to drink; to club for liquor  
*Blae*, pale, looking sickly

*Blaw*, to blow, also to boast  
*Bleer'd*, *Bleer-eet*, dim, or red about the eyes  
*Bleeze*, blaze  
*Blether*, to talk idly  
*Blethers*, nonsense  
*Blether-skate*, a foolish babbling fellow  
*Blin'*, blind; also cease,—never *blin'*, never stop  
*Blinkit*, glanced, twinkled  
*Blude*, blood  
*Bluntie*, a bashful person  
*Blythe*, cheerful  
*Bobbin*, hobbling and dancing  
*Bobbit and Beckt*, hobbled and curtsied  
*Bodle*, one sixth of a penny English  
*Bog*, *Bogie*, a marsh  
*Bogle*, hobgoblin  
*Bonnilie*, handsomly, beautifully  
*Bonzing*, drinking heartily  
*Brae*, the side of a hill  
*Braid*, broad  
*Brak*, broke  
*Braw*, fine, handsome  
*Brawly*, or *Brawlie*, very well, finely, heartily  
*Brechen*, or *Brachen*, ferri  
*Bree*, or *Broe*, broth  
*Barley-bree*, ale  
*Breed*, breadth  
*Brecks*, breeches  
*Brent*, appears to be sometimes used for beautiful  
*Brent brow*, a high fine forehead. In Burns's John Anderson, *brent* seems oppos'd to bald; and thus the Poet probably meant by *brent brow*, a brow covered with fine ringlets of hair  
*Brig*, a bridge  
*Brither*, a brother  
*Broach*, a kind of buckle for the neckerchief  
*Bruilzie*, a broil, a combustion  
*Buckled*, married

*Buckshin*, an inhabitant of Virginia  
*Bught*, a little fold where the ewes are milked  
*Bughling-time*, the time of milking the ewes  
*Bun*, or *Bunker*, a long chest which serves for a seat.—*Bun*, sometimes used for backside  
*Burn*, water, a rivulet  
*Burnie*, dimin. of burn  
*Burrow*, a borough or town  
*Busk*, to dress  
*Buskins*, dresses  
*Buss*, bush  
*But*, without  
*Bnt an' ben*, the country kitchen and parlour  
*Byre*, a cow-house

## C

*Ca'*, to call, to name, to drive  
*Cadgily*, cheerfully  
*Caller*, fresh, sound,  
*Cam*, came  
*Camstarie*, obstinate, ill to manage  
*Canker'd*, angry, passionately snarling  
*Canna*, cannot  
*Cannie*, gentle, dexterous  
*Cannilie*, gently, dexterously  
*Canty*, cheerful, merry  
*Cappy*, ale in a wooden dish  
*Carena*, care not; *I carena by*, I am indifferent  
*Carl*, a name for an old man  
*Carlin*, a stout old woman  
*Carts*, cards  
*Castocks*, the core and stalk of cabbage  
*Ca't*, or *Ca'd*, called, driven  
*Cauld*, cold  
*Chanter*, a part of a bagpipe  
*Chaps*, persons,  
*Chappit-stocks*, mashed cabbage  
*Chappin*, an English quart  
*Chearf'*, cheery, cheerful



*Chield*, young fellow, a slight and familiar term  
*Christendie*, Christendom  
*Claise*, or *Clase*, clothes  
*Claith*, cloth  
*Claithing*, clothing  
*Clamb*, did climb  
*Claver*, clover  
*Clavers*, nonsense  
*Claute o' gear*, a small portion of money avariciously hoarded  
*Claw*, to scratch  
*Claymore*, broad sword  
*Cleed*, to clothe  
*Cleeds*, doth clothe  
*Clink*, cash  
*Clocken*, hatching hen  
*Clout*, stroke, also, to mend  
*Coft*, bought  
*Coggie*, a small wooden dish, used for drinking  
*Coila*, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire, so called, saith tradition, from Coiluz, a Pictish monarch  
*Collie*, a country cur  
*Coof*, a blockhead, a ninny  
*Coost*, did cast  
*Cour*, cover, also to stoop from fear  
*Cuthie*, kind, loving  
*Crack*, conversation, to converse  
*Cragie*, or *Craigie*, the throat  
*Craig*, a rock, also the throat  
*Craik*, to cry or call incessantly; also the name of a bird  
*Cramasie*, crimson  
*Crap*, a crop, also, did creep  
*Craw*, a crow of a cock, also a rook  
*Creel*, or *Creill*, a kind of stout basket, carried chiefly on a person's back  
*Creepie*, a low seat  
*Cronach*, or *Coronach*, a highland dirge or lamentation  
*Croon*, to hum a tune  
*Crouse*, cheerful, courageous  
*Crowdy-moudy*, a sort of gruel  
*Crummy*, a cow's name  
*Cunmers*, gossips  
*Curtsy*, an old fashioned head-dress  
*Cushat*, the dove or wood-pigeon  
*Cutts*, lots  
*Cutty*, short  
*Cutty gun*, is said to mean a short tobacco pipe

## D

*Daddie*, a father  
*Daft*, merry, giddy, foolish  
*Daffin*, merriment, foolishness

*Dainty*, pleasant, good humoured  
*Dais'd*, stupified  
*Dandily*, much carress'd, fondled  
*Dang*, beat, overcame  
*Danton*, daunt, affright  
*Dauntingly*, in a bold daring manner  
*Daw*, dawn  
*Dawin*, dawning  
*Dawt*, to fondle, caress  
*Dawty*, darling  
*Dead*, death  
*Dearie*, dimin. of dear  
*Deave*, to stun the ears with noise  
*Deed*, indeed  
*Deid*, dead  
*Deil*, the devil  
*Delyte*, delight  
*Describe*, to describe  
*Dight*, to wipe, to clean  
*Din*, sallow  
*Dine*, dinner-time  
*Dinna*, do not  
*Dinsome*, noisy  
*Disna*, does not  
*Dochter*, daughter  
*Docken*, dock (the herb)  
*Doddy*, a ewe without horns  
*Doggie*, little dog  
*Doilt*, confused, silly  
*Doin*, doing  
*Doited*, crazy, as in old age  
*Dool*, sorrow  
*Dorty*, saucy, nice  
*Douce*, or *Douse*, sober, prudent  
*Dowf*, pithless, wanting force  
*Dought*, was, or were able  
*Doure*, sullen  
*Dow*, dove  
*Dow*, am able, can  
*Dowie*, worn with grief, fatigue  
*Downa*, am not able, cannot  
*Doylt*, or *Doilt*, confused, stupid  
*Dozen'd*, cold, almost lifeless  
*Drappie*, a little drop  
*Dringing*, slow, spiritless  
*Drone*, part of a bagpipe  
*Drouket*, drenched  
*Drouth*, thirst, drought  
*Drumlie*, muddie  
*Dubs*, mire  
*Dule*, or *Dool*, sorrow  
*Dulefu'*, sorrowful  
*Dunted*, beat  
*Dunts*, strokes, blows,  
*Durk*, a poinard or dagger  
*Dwalt*, dwelt,  
*Dwining*, decaying  
*Dyke*, wall  
*Dyvour*, a bankrupt

## E

*Ear*, early  
*E'e*, the eye  
*Een*, the eyes  
*E'en*, or *E'enin*, evening  
*Eerie*, frightened, dreading apparitions  
*Eild*, old age  
*Eneugh*, enough

## F

*Fa'*, fall, befall—*Manna fa'* that, must not attempt that  
*Fae*, a foe  
*Fain*, earnest desire, also joyful—*Fidgen fain*, restless from joy  
*Faithfu'*, faithful  
*Fald*, fold  
*Fand*, found  
*Fare*, go  
*Fash*, trouble  
*Fash'd*, troubled  
*Faught*, fight  
*Fauld*, fold, also sheep-fold  
*Faulding*, to fold, to shut sheep in the fold  
*Faun*, fallen  
*Faut*, fault  
*Fause*, false  
*Fearfu'*, fearsome, frightful  
*Fecht*, fight  
*Fechtín*, fighting  
*Feck*, a considerable part—*maist feck*, the greatest number—*nae feck*, very few  
*Feckless*, feeble, weak  
*Fen*, or *Fend*, to be above want, to make shift to live  
*Ferlie*, wonder  
*Fidgin*, fidgeting  
*Fient*, Fiend, devil  
*Fier*, a brother, a friend  
*Flee*, a fly  
*Fleech*, to supplicate in a flattering manner  
*Fleechin*, supplicating  
*Flet*, scolded  
*Fley'd*, frightened, scared  
*Flie*, a fly  
*Flightering*, or *Flittering*, flutering  
*Flying*, scolding  
*Fou*, full, also drunk  
*Forby*, besides  
*Fore*, to the fore, alive, preserved  
*Forgather*, meet with, encounter  
*Forpet*, fourth part of a peck  
*Foursome reel*, a dance of four persons  
*Fowk*, folk  
*Frae*, from  
*Fraise*, making a fraise, is to pretend a great deal of kindness

*Fu*, full, also drunk  
*Fumart*, the Polecat  
*Fyle*, to soil, to dirty

## G

*Gab*, the mouth, also pert speaking  
*Gaberlunzie-man*, a walletman or tinker, who appears to have been formerly a Jack of-all-trades  
*Gae*, to go,—*gaed*, went,—*gane*, gone,—*gaun*, going  
*Gain*, serve, will be sufficient  
*Gane*, gone  
*Gang*, to go, to walk,  
*Gar*, to make, to force  
*Garse*, grass  
*Gar't*, forced  
*Gat*, got, begot  
*Gate*, road  
*Gaud*, ploughing, or rather the instrument used for driving oxen in a plough  
*Gaunt*, to yawn  
*Gawky*, an idle, staring, idiotical person  
*Gear*, riches, goods of any kind  
*Geck*, to mock, to toss the head in derision  
*Geordie*, George  
*Genty*, small and handsome  
*Ghaist*, a ghost  
*Gie*, to give,—*gied*, gave,—*gi'en*, given  
*Giff*, if  
*Gill*, half an English pint  
*Gimmer*, a ewe from one to two years old  
*Gin*, if, also against  
*Girdle*, an iron plate on which oat-cakes, &c. are baked  
*Girnin*, peevish, snarling  
*Glammer*, charm, spell  
*Glaive*, a sword  
*Gleg*, sharp, ready  
*Gleim*, shine  
*Glen*, a deep narrow valley  
*Glent*, shine, glitter  
*Gley*, to squint,—*Gleed*, squinting,—*Agley*, off at a side  
*Glib*, smooth and quick  
*Glint*, to glance, to pass quickly like a transient gleam  
*Gloamin*, the twilight  
*Glour*, to stare, to look earnestly  
*Glour'd*, star'd  
*Gorcocks*, mountain game  
*Gowan*, the flower of the daisy, dandelion, hawkweed  
*Gowd*, gold  
*Gowdspink*, goldfinch  
*Gowff'd*, struck  
*Gowk*, a cuckoo, also a term of contempt



*Graith*, dress, accoutrements  
*Grat*, wept  
*Gree*, agree—to bear the gree,  
to be decidedly victor.  
*Greed*, covetousness  
*Greet*, to shed tears, to weep  
*Grip*, to hold fast  
*Grippet*, catch'd, held fast  
*Grunzie*, mouth  
*Gude*, or *Guid*, the Supreme  
Being; also good  
*Gudebrither*, brother-in-law  
*Gude een*, good evening  
*Gude haith*, a petty oath  
*Gudeman*, or } the master and  
*Guidman*, or } mistress of the  
*Gudewife*, } house  
*Gude-willie*, ready to give  
*Gutcher*, or *Gutchar*d, grand-  
father

## H

*Ha'*, hall  
*Had*, hold  
*Ha'-house*, a house with a hall  
in it  
*Hadden*, holden  
*Haddin*, a small stock'd farm  
*Hae*, to have  
*Haffit*, the temple, the side  
of the head  
*Hafflins*, nearly half, partly  
*Hairst*, harvest  
*Haith*, a petty oath  
*Halanshaker*, ragamuffin  
*Hale*, whole  
*Haly*, holy  
*Hame*, home  
*Hamely*, homely, kind  
*Han'*, or *Haun*, hand  
*Hanker*, to doubt or waver  
*Hap*, to wrap, to cover, an  
outer garment  
*Happity-leg*, lame leg  
*Harn*, coarse linen  
*Haud*, to hold  
*Haue*, embrace  
*Hawick gill*, a double gill, i. e.  
an English pint  
*Hawkie*, a cow, properly one  
with a white face  
*Hawkit*, white faced  
*Healsome*, healthful  
*Heartsome*, gladsome, plea-  
sant  
*Heather*, heath  
*Hech!* Oh! strange!  
*Hecht*, promised  
*Hein-shin'd*, sharp or out-  
shin'd  
*Hellim*, helm  
*Heeze*, to elevate, to raise  
*Heezy*, a tossing, a scolding,  
a beating  
*Hersel*, herself  
*Hey*, an exclamation, to give  
notice of any thing; also  
expressive of a sigh or wish

*Hie*, or *Hiegh*, high  
*Hind*, far hind, far beyond  
*Hiney*, honey  
*Hinging*, hanging  
*Hirdum dirdum*, frolic and  
fun  
*Hirple*, to walk crazily, to  
creep  
*Hirplin*, creeping  
*Hixzie*, hussy, a young girl  
*Hodden grey*, coarse cloth  
*Hool*, outer skin or ease  
*Hoolie*, slowly, leisurely  
*Hoolie*, take leisure, stop  
*Hoscns*, stockings  
*Hlost*, to cough  
*Howe*, hollow, a dell  
*Howlet*, an owl  
*Hunder*, hundred  
*Hurkle*, to crouch like a cat  
*Hussy's-cap*, housewifery  
*Hushion*, or *Hoggar*, an old  
stocking without a foot

## I

*I'*, in  
*Ilk*, *Ilka*, each, every  
*Ilfard*, ill favoured, ugly  
*Ingle*, fire, fire-place  
*Irie*, frightened, dreading appa-  
ritions  
*Ise*, I shall or will  
*Ither*, other, one another  
*Itsel'*, itself

## J

*Jad*, jade; also a familiar  
term among country folks  
for a giddy young girl  
*Jag*, the best part of calf lea-  
ther uncurried  
*Jaw*, coarse raillery, to jirk  
as water  
*Jeed*, moved  
*Jeer*, to joke, to taunt  
*Jimp*, slender in the waist  
*Jinkin*, dodging, turning  
quickly  
*Jinker*, that turns quickly, a  
sprightly girl, a wag  
*Jo*, a sweetheart  
*Jow*, means both the swing-  
ing motion and pealing  
sound of a large bell

## K

*Kail*, colewort, a kind of  
broth  
*Kail-yard*, a cottager's gar-  
den  
*Kame*, comb  
*Kauk*, chalk  
*Kauk and keil*, i. e. by fortune  
telling. Fortune-tellers, pre-  
tending to be dumb, wrote  
their answers with chalk  
and red ochre; see Song 191

*Kebbuck*, a cheese  
*Keek*, a peep, to peep  
*Keil*, red ochre  
*Ken*, to know  
*Kend* or *Ken't*, knew  
*Kenna*, know not  
*Kepp*, catch  
*Kent*, a long staff which shep-  
herds use for leaping over  
ditches  
*Kin*, *Kith*, kindred, friends  
*Kine*, race or breed  
*Kimmer*, a female gossip  
*Kirk*, church  
*Kirn*, churn  
*Kist*, chest, a shop-counter  
*Kit*, a small wooden vessel,  
hooped and staved  
*Knowe*, a small round hillock  
*Knurl*, a churl  
*Kye*, cows  
*Kyle*, a district of Ayrshire

## L

*Lade*, load  
*Laddie*, diminutive of lad  
*Laigh*, low  
*Laird*, a man of landed pro-  
perty  
*Lairing*, wading and sinking  
in snow, mud, &c.  
*Laith*, loath  
*Lambie*, *Lammy*, dimin. of  
lamb  
*Lane*, alone; *my lane*, my-  
self alone  
*Lanely*, lonely  
*Lang*, *Langsome*, long; *to*  
*think lang*, to weary  
*Langer*, longer  
*Lang kail*, coleworts uncut  
*Langsyne*, long since, old  
times  
*Lap*, leapt  
*Lassie*, dimin. of lass  
*Lat*, let  
*Lauch*, law, custom  
*Lave*, the rest, the others,  
*Laverock*, the lark  
*Law*, low  
*Lawin*, a tavern reckoning  
*Lawland*, lowland  
*Leal*, loyal, true, faithful  
*Lear*, learning  
*Lea-rig*, grassy ridge  
*Learn*, used for teach  
*Leglen*, a milking pale with  
one handle  
*Lee-lang*, live-long  
*Leesome*, lovely, agreeable  
*Leest*, lest  
*Leeze me*, a phrase of congra-  
tulatory endearment  
*Len'*, lend  
*Leugh*, laugh'd  
*Lift*, the sky  
*Lightly*, to slight, to sneer at  
*Lightsome*, pleasant

*Lilt*, a ballad, a tune, to sing  
*Limmer*, a kept mistress, a  
strumpet  
*Link*, to walk quickly or trip-  
pingly  
*Linn*, a water fall  
*Linsywoolsey*, made from  
linen and wool mixed  
*Lint*, flax  
*Lint-tap*, flax on the distaff  
*Lintwhite*, a linnet  
*Loan*, a village common, the  
place for milking cows  
*Loch*, a lake  
*Loe*, or *Loo*, love  
*Loo'd*, lov'd  
*Loof*, the palm of the hand  
*Loor*, rather  
*Loot*, did let  
*Lootin*, stooping  
*Louv*, flame  
*Loun*, calm, still  
*Lows'd*, let loose  
*Loun*, a fellow, a ragamuffin  
*Loup*, leap, jump  
*Loupin*, jumping  
*Loury's burn*, St Laurence  
river  
*Lucken*, gowans, cabbage dai-  
sies  
*Lug*, the ear; also a handle  
*Luggie*, a small wooden dish  
with a handle  
*Luve*, love  
*Luver*, lover  
*Lyart*, hoary

## M

*Mae*, more  
*Mak'*, make  
*Mailin*, a farm  
*Mane*, moan  
*Mantile*, a mantle, a cloak  
*Mair*, more  
*Mammy*, mother; also nurse  
*Man*, *maun*, must  
*Mang*, among  
*Marrow*, mate, equal, com-  
rade  
*Maskin-pat*, a tea-pot  
*Mavis*, the thrush  
*Maukin*, a hare  
*Mauna*, or *maunna*, must not  
*Maw*, to mow, or cut down  
*Meikle*, much, big  
*Merle*, the black bird  
*Mess John*, a parson  
*Middin*, dunghill  
*Minnie*, or *Mither*, mother  
*Mirk*, dark  
*Mishanter*, mischance, mis-  
fortune  
*Mony*, many  
*Morn*, the next day  
*Mou*, the mouth  
*Muck'd*, cleansed  
*Muckle*, or *Meikle*, much,  
big



*Muggins*, coarse hose with-  
out feet  
*Muir*, moor  
*Mutch*, a coif, a linen cap  
*Myself*, myself

## N

*Na*, no, not  
*Nae*, not, not any  
*Naebody*, nobody  
*Naething*, nothing  
*Naig*, a nag, a horse  
*Nane*, none  
*Neath*, beneath  
*Neebor*, a neighbour  
*Neep*, turnip  
*Neuk*, nook  
*Nick*, *Auld Nick*, one of the  
many names for the devil  
*Niest*, next  
*Nieves*, fists  
*Norland*, or *Norlin*, of or be-  
longing to the North

## O

*O*, of  
*O'erword*, by-word  
*Ony*, or *onie*, any  
*Or*, is often used for ere, be-  
fore  
*O't*, of it  
*Ousen*, oxen  
*Owk*, week  
*Owre*, over, too  
*Owrlay*, cravat  
*Oxter*, the arm-pit—*In his*  
*oxter*, under his arm, or, in  
his arms

## P

*Pactiou*, contract, agreement  
*Paidlet*, play'd in shallow wa-  
ter  
*Pairrick*, a partridge  
*Papp'd*, pop'd  
*Pat*, put; also a pot  
*Paukie*, cunning  
*Pearlings*, thread lace  
*Peat-pat*, a piece of moss  
ground from whence fuel  
is dug  
*Peats*, turf for firing  
*Pendles*, jewels, ear-rings  
*Pet*, silent anger; also one too  
much carressed  
*Philabeg*, a very short petty-  
coat worn by highlanders  
instead of breeches  
*Phraise*, fuss, fair speeches  
*Pickle*, a small quantity  
*Pine*, pain, uneasiness  
*Pith*, strength  
*Placads*, placards, proclama-  
tions  
*Plack*, a coin, value the third  
part of an English penny

*Plaiden*, coarse woollen cloth  
*Plaidy*, a small plaid, gene-  
rally of chequered and va-  
riegated stuff  
*Plenishing*, household furni-  
ture  
*Plough*, the plough  
*Poind*, to seize on goods by  
a legal warrant  
*Poortith*, poverty  
*Posie*, a fanciful composition  
or collection  
*Pou*, or *Pu'*, to pull  
*Pouch*, a pocket  
*Pou't*, did pull  
*Pouther'd*, powdered  
*Pow*, the head, the skull  
*Pozie*, a small concealed hoard  
*Prie*, to taste  
*Prieving*, tasting  
*Prin'd*, pinn'd  
*Pu'd*, pull'd  
*Puing*, pulling  
*Puttin cow*, butting, mis-  
chievous cow

## Q

*Qean*, a buxom lass  
*Quey*, a cow from one year to  
two years old  
*Quo'*, *quoth*, says

## R

*Randie*, a gipsy, a sturdy va-  
grant, a scold  
*Rang*, reigned  
*Ranty tanty*, probably used  
only in an alliterative way,  
like hirdum dirdum  
*Raird*, roar'd  
*Raise*, rose  
*Rash*, a rush  
*Ratches*, hunting dogs  
*Raw*, in a raw, in a row  
*Rax*, to stretch, to reach  
*Reaver*, robber or pirate  
*Red up*, put in order  
*Rede*, counsel, to counsel  
*Ree*, half drunk, fuddled  
*Reeky*, smoky  
*Reif*, rapine, robbery  
*Rig*, a ridge  
*Rin*, to run, to melt; *Rinin*,  
running  
*Rogie*, a little rogue  
*Rokely*, a cloak  
*Rouse*, to praise, to commend  
*Row*, to roll, to wrap  
*Rowing*, rolling  
*Rowte*, to low, to bellow  
*Rowth*, plenty  
*Rowthy*, having plenty  
*Rucks*, ricks  
*Rugging*, pulling, taking away  
by force  
*Rung*, a cudgel  
*Runkled*, wrinkled

## S

*Sab*, sob  
*Sabbing*, or *Sobbin*, sobbing  
*Sae*, so  
*Saft*, soft  
*Sair*, sore; also to serve  
*Sang*, song  
*Sark*, a shirt or shift  
*Saul*, soul  
*Saut*, salt  
*Sax*, six  
*Saxpence*, sixpence  
*Scour*, to run fast; also a  
heartly draught of liquor  
*Scrimp*, *Scrimpit*, narrow,  
straitened  
*Sel'*, self; *a lody's sel'*, one's  
self alone  
*Sell't*, sold  
*Sey*, *greensey apron*, serge, or  
woollen  
*Shachl't*, clumsy and mis-  
shapen  
*Shanks*, legs—*rade on good*  
*shanks nagie*, walk'd on his  
legs  
*Shanna*, shall not  
*Shaw*, to shew; also a woody  
grove by a water side  
*Sheen*, shoes  
*Shearer*, a reaper  
*Shearing*, reaping  
*Shiel*, or *Shield*, shed, hovel  
*Shill*, shrill  
*Shoon*, shoes  
*Shot the lock*, put back the  
bolt  
*Shouther*, shoulder  
*Shyre*, clear, thin.—*As shyre*  
*a lick*, as clever a wag  
*Sic*, *Sicken*, such  
*Sicker*, secure, firm  
*Sidelins*, sidelong, slanting  
*Siller*, silver, money  
*Simmer*, summer  
*Sin*, or *Sith*, since  
*Sinsyne*, since that time  
*Skaith*, damage; to injure  
*Skiegh*, proud, nice, high  
mettled  
*Skelp*, to strike, to slap; also  
to walk with a smart trip-  
ping step  
*Slae*, sloe  
*Slap*, a gate, a breach in a  
fence  
*Slaw*, slow  
*Slee*, sly  
*Slocken*, to quench  
*Sma'*, small  
*Smoor*, to smother  
*Smoor'd*, smothered  
*Snapper*, stumble  
*Snaw*, snow  
*Snell*, bitter, biting  
*Snood*, the band for tying up  
a woman's hair  
*Snool*, one whose spirit is bro-

ken; to chide, to dispirit by  
hard labour  
*Sonsie*, jolly, having engag-  
ing looks  
*Sooth*, truth, a petty oath  
*Soum of sheep*, ten sheep  
*Souple*, flexible, swift  
*Souter*, a shoemaker  
*Sowp*, a small quantity of any  
thing liquid; also a spoon-  
ful  
*Sowther*, solder, to cement  
*Soy*, some kind of raw silk  
*Spak*, spake  
*Speel*, climb  
*Spier*, to ask, to enquire  
*Spindles and whorles*, imple-  
ments used in spinning with  
the distaff  
*Spring*, a quick tune on a  
musical instrument  
*Spuilzie*, or *Spoolie*, to plun-  
der  
*Sprush*, spruce  
*Stack*, a rick of corn, hay, &c.  
*Staig*, a horse  
*Stalwart*, strong, valiant  
*Stane*, a stone  
*Staw*, did steal; also to surfeit  
*Steeks*, closes  
*Steer*, to molest, to stir  
*Sten*, or *stend*, to move with  
a hasty long step, sudden  
motion  
*Stirk*, bullock  
*Stock*, a plant of colewort,  
cabbage, &c.  
*Stock-and-horn*, a shepherd's  
pipe; made by inserting a  
reed pierced like a flute into  
a cow's horn, the mouth-  
piece being like that of a  
hautboy  
*stockit*, stocked  
*Stoit*, totter  
*Stot*, to rebound  
*Stoor*, sounding hollow, strong,  
and hoarse  
*Stot*, an ox  
*Stoup*, a vessel for measuring  
or holding liquor  
*Stoure*, dust in motion  
*Stown*, stolen  
*Strack*, did strike  
*Strae*, straw,—*a fair strae*  
*death*, a natural death  
*Straikit hands*, struck hands  
*Strang*, strong  
*Strappan*, tall and handsome  
*Strathspey*, a highland dance  
*Sturt*, trouble, vexation  
*Style*, a gate; *back style*, the  
private or back entry  
*Sumph*, blockhead  
*Suthron*, southern, an old  
name for the English nation  
*Swaird*, sword  
*Swankie*, a tight, strapping  
young fellow



*Swat*, did sweat  
*Swats*, ale  
*Swith*, get away  
*Swither*, to hesitate  
*Syne*, since, then

## T

*Tae*, a toe  
*Taiken*, token  
*Tak*, to take  
*Takin*, taking  
*Tane*, the one  
*Tap*, the top  
*Tappit hen*, the Scottish quart stoup  
*Tapsalteerie*, heels o'er head  
*Tartan*, cross striped stuff of various colours, worn by the highlanders  
*Tassie*, a cup  
*Tawkin*, talking  
*Teats*, small parcels  
*Ted*, to scatter, to spread  
*Tees'd*, nibbled  
*Tent*, care for, heed, caution; also a field-pulpit  
*Tentie*, heedful, cautious  
*Tentless*, heedless  
*Thae*, these  
*The night*, to-night  
*Theek*, to thatch  
*Thegither*, together  
*Thir*, these  
*Thowe*, a thaw, to thaw  
*Thowless*, lazy, spiritless  
*Thrang*, throng  
*Threesome reel*, a dance of three persons  
*Thraw*, to sprain, to turn, twist, to contradict  
*Tiff*, in order  
*Till*, to; *Till't*, to it  
*Timmer*, timber  
*Tine*, to lose; *Tint*, lost  
*Tinkler*, tinker  
*Tip*, or *Tippenny*, ale at two-pence the Scotch pint  
*Tippence*, two pence  
*Tirl*, to attempt to open the door  
*Tither*, the other

*Titty*, sister  
*Tocher*, a marriage-portion  
*Tod*, a fox  
*Todlin*, tottering  
*To the fore*, alive, preserved  
*Toofall of the night*, before nightfall  
*Toolie*, fight, struggle  
*Toom*, empty  
*Toom'd*, emptied  
*Tosh*, neat, tight  
*Towmond*, a twelvemonth  
*Toy*, a very old fashion of female head-dress  
*Tramp*, to trample  
*Trews*, highland pantaloons  
*Trig*, spruce, neat  
*Trow*, to believe  
*Troth*, truth, a petty oath  
*Tryste*, an appointment; also a fair for cattle  
*Tuik*, took  
*Tullochgorum*, the name of a gentleman's seat in Strath-spey  
*Tulzie*, a quarrel, a fight  
*Twa*, two; *Twa three*, a few  
*'Twad*, 'twould, it would  
*Twasald*, double  
*Twal*, twelve  
*Twin*, part with  
*Tyke*, a dog  
*Typpenny*; see *Tippenny*  
*Tyne*, or *tine*, to lose

## U

*Unco*, strange, prodigious, very  
*Unfald*, unfold  
*Unskait'h'd*, unhurt  
*Upo'*, upon

## V

*Vap'rin*, vapouring  
*Vaunty*, or *vogie*, boasting, proud

## W

*Wa'*, wall  
*Wa's*, walls

*Wab*, web  
*Wabster*, weaver,  
*Wad*, would; also a pledge  
*Wadna*, would not  
*Wae*, woe  
*Waesfu'*, woeful  
*Wale*, choice; to choose  
*Walloch*, a highland dance  
*Wallop*, to move swiftly with great spirit  
*Walth*, wealth  
*Waly*, ample, jolly; also an interjection of distress  
*Wame*, the belly  
*Wamefu'*, a bellyfull  
*Wan*, won  
*Wark*, work  
*Warl*, or *warld*, world  
*Warlock*, a wizard  
*War't*, were it  
*Warst*, worst  
*Waes*, or *waes me*, woes me  
*Wat*, wet; also wot or know  
*Waught*, a large draught  
*Wauks*, wakens  
*Waukin'*, awake, to keep awake, also watching  
*Waur*, worse; also to worst  
*Weaponshaw*, shew of arms or weapons, a kind of militia review  
*Wearifu'*, wearisome, vexatious  
*Web*, or *wab*, a piece of cloth  
*Wede*, rooted out  
*Wee*, little  
*Weel*, or *weill*, well  
*Ween*, think  
*Weet*, or *wat*, wet, rain  
*Weetin*, wetting  
*Weir*, war  
*Weird*, fortune, fate  
*We'se*, we shall  
*Westlin*, western  
*Wha*, who  
*Whae'er*, whoever  
*Wham*, whom  
*Whan*, when  
*Whang*, large slice  
*Whare*, where  
*Whare'er*, wherever

*Whatreck*, nevertheless  
*Whiles*, sometimes  
*Whinger*, a hanger, a highland dirk  
*Whinging*, whining  
*Whisk*, to pull out hastily  
*Whist*, silence!  
*Whoop*, whip off  
*Whyles*, sometimes  
*Wi'*, with  
*Widdiefu'*, trifling and mischievous  
*Wifie*, a diminutive endearing term for a wife  
*Wightlly*, strongly  
*Wilfu'*, wilful  
*Wimplin*, waving, meandering  
*Win*, or *won*, to reside, dwell  
*Winna*, will not  
*Wns ome*, gay, desirable, agreeable  
*Wist*, known, thought  
*Won*, or *win*, to dwell  
*Woo'*, wool  
*Worry*, to choke, to suffocate  
*Wouk*, week,  
*Wow*, an interjection of surprise  
*Wrack*, to tease, to vex  
*Wraith*, a spirit, a ghost  
*Wrang*, wrong; to wrong  
*Wreeth*, a drifted heap of snow  
*Wud*, mad  
*Wyle*, to beguile by flattery  
*Wylie*, cunning  
*Wylily*, cunningly  
*Wyte*, blame

## Y

*Yade*, a mare  
*Yamer*, to complain peevishly  
*Yearn*, curdle  
*Ye'se*, ye shall  
*Yestreen*, yesternight  
*Yett*, gate  
*Yill*, ale  
*Yowe*, a ewe  
*Yowie*, diminutive of ewe  
*Yule*, Christmas