



W. BROWN



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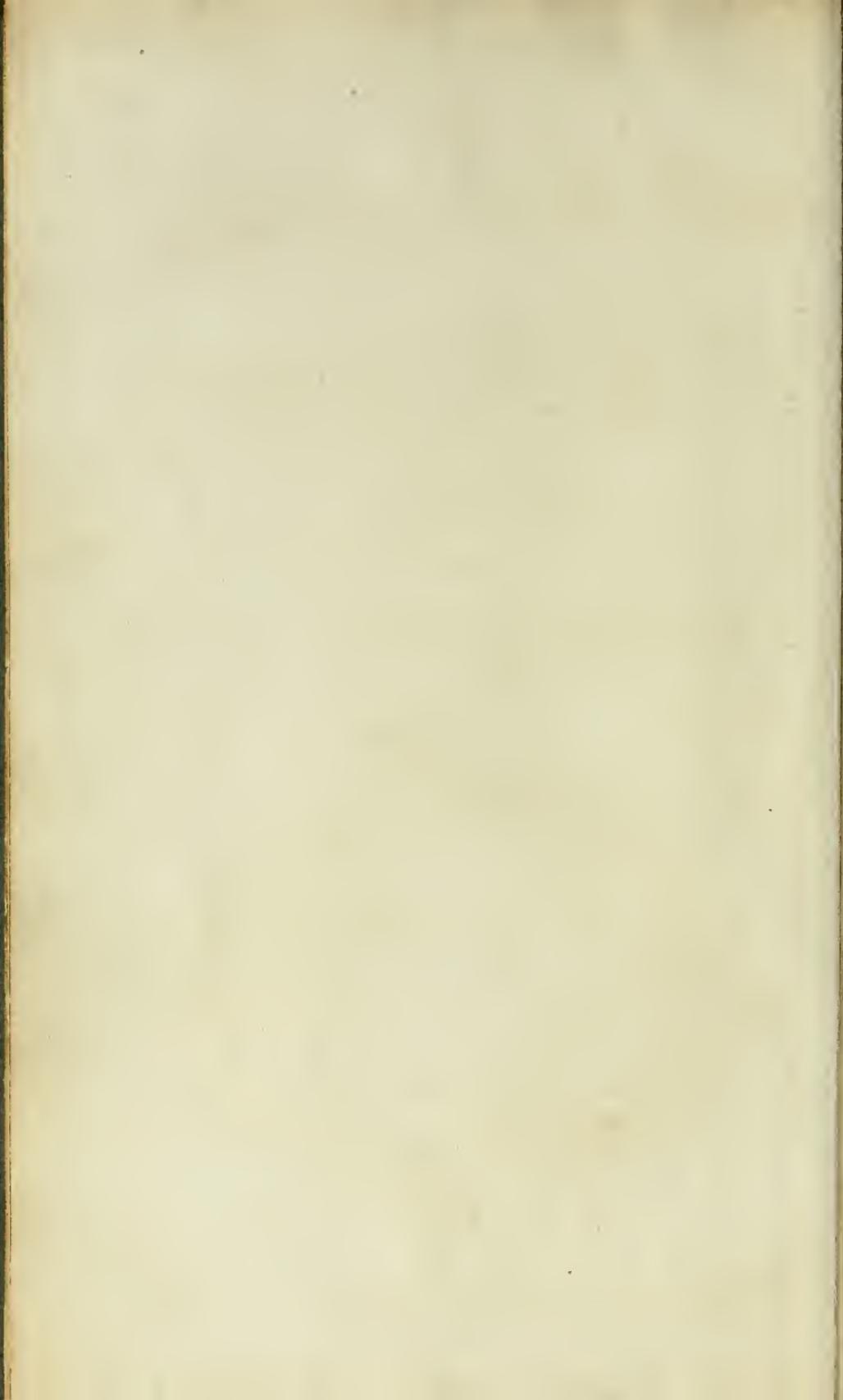
William Brown

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SCOTS MUSICAL MUSEUM.

Humbly Dedicated to The
Glee Club

Instituted at Edin: June 1771:

BY

James Johnson

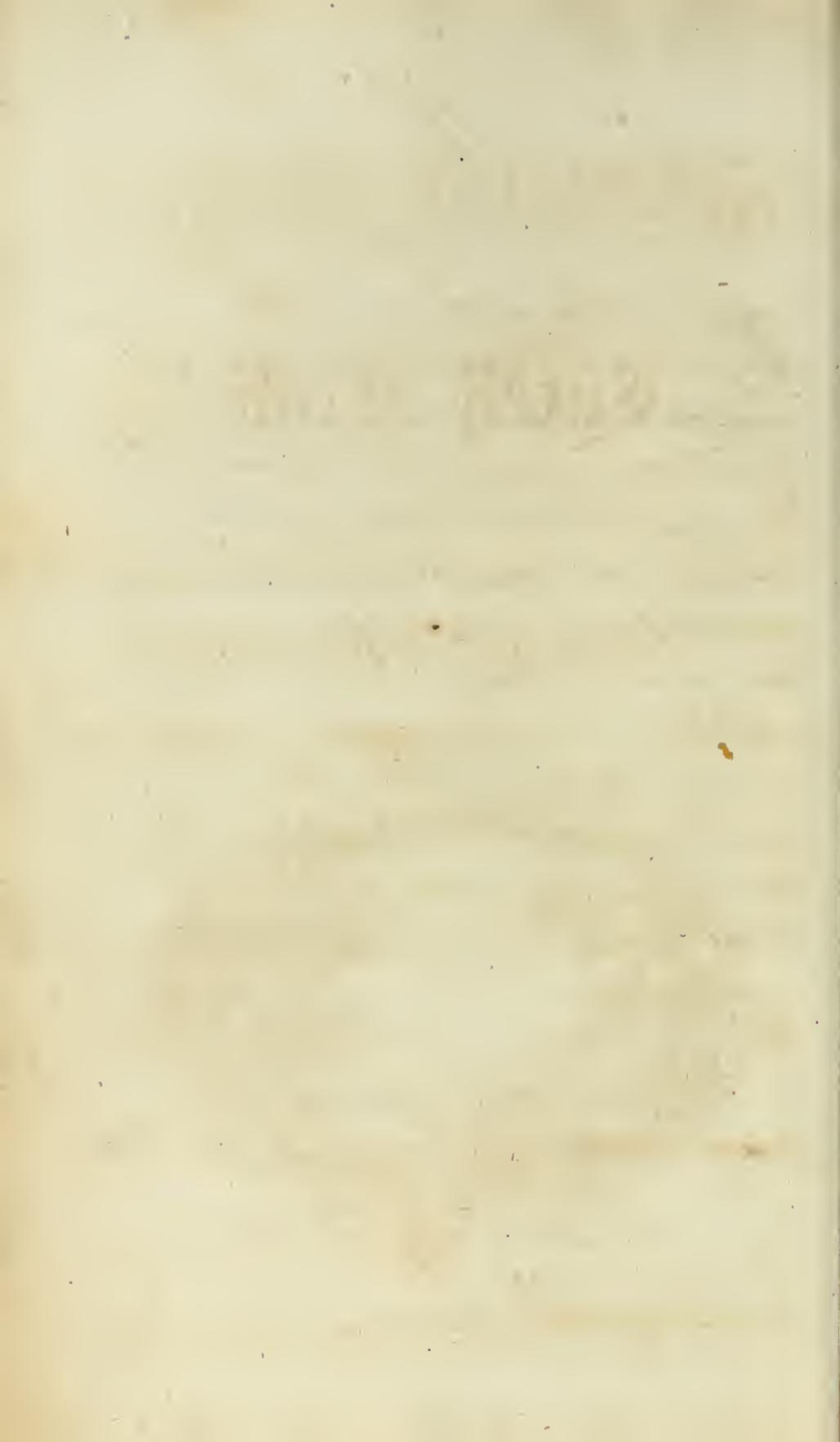
Vol. III

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P R E F A C E .

NOW that the Editor gives this third Volume of The Scots Musical Museum to the Publick, he hopes it will not be found unworthy of the Volumes already Published. — As this is not one of those many Publications which are hourly ushered into the World merely to catch the eye of Fashion in her frenzy of a day, the Editor has little to hope or fear from the herd of readers. — Conscioufness of the well-known merit of our Scottish Music, and the national fondness of a Scotch-man for the productions of his own country, are at once the Editor's motive and apology for this Undertaking; and where any of the Pieces in the Collection may perhaps be found wanting at the Critical Bar of the First, he appeals to the honest prejudices of the Last.

Materials for the 4th and in all probability the last Volume are in great forwardness.

Edin^g. February 2^d 1790

Entered in Stationer's Hall.

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Tune your Fiddles, &c.

Tune, Marquis of Huntly's Reel.

N^o
201

* Tune your fiddles, tune them sweetly, Play the Marquis

Slow

Reel discreetly, Here we are a band completely Fitted to be jolly.

Come my boys, glad and gaudie, Every youngster chuse his lasie,

Dance wi' life and be not faucy Shy nor me-lan-cho-ly.

Lay aside your fower grimaces,
Clouded brows and drumly faces,
Look about and see their Graces,
How they smile delighted!
Now's the season to be merry,
Hang the thoughts of Charon's ferry,
Time enough to turn camstary
When we're old and doited.
Now's the season &c.

Angels guard their gallant boy,
Make him long his fathers joy,
Sturdy like the Heir of Troy,
Stout and brisk and healthy:
Pallas grant him every blessing
Wit and size and strength encreasing,
Plutus, what's in thy possesing,
Make him rich and wealthy.
Pallas grant &c.

Butler put about the claret
Thro' us all divide and share it,
Gordon-Castle well can spare it
It has claret plenty.
Wine's the true inspiring liquor
Draffy drink may please the Vicar,
When he grasps the foaming bicker
Vicars are not dainty.
Wine's the true &c.

Youth solace him with thy pleasure
In refin'd and worthy measure,
Merit gain him choicest treasure
From the Royal Donor.
Famous may he be in story,
Full of days and full of glory,
To the grave when old and hoary
May he go with honour.
Famous may &c.

We'll extol our noble master
Sprung from many a brave ancestor
Lord preserve him from disaster,
So we pray in duty.
Prosper too our pretty Dutchess
Safe from all distrefful touches,
Keep her out of Pluto's clutches,
Long in health and beauty.
Prosper too our &c.

Gordons join our hearty praises
Honest tho' in homely phrases
Love our chearful spirits raises
Lofty as the lark is;
Echoes waft our wishes daily
Thro' the grove and thro' the alley,
Sound o'er every hill and valley
Blessings on our Marquis.
Echoes waft &c.

Gladsmuir.

202

As o-ver Glad-muir's blood stain'd field, Sco-
 tia, Im-pe-ri-al God-defs flew; Her lif-ted
 Spear and ra-diant shield Con-spi-cuous bla-zing
 to the view. Her vi-age lately cloud-ed with def-
 pair, Now re-a-sum'd its first ma-jes-tick air.

Such seen as oft in battle warm
 She glow'd through many a martial age;
 Or mild to breathe the civil charm
 In pious plans and counsel sage:
 For, o'er the mingling glories of her face
 A manly greatness heighten'd female grace.
 Loud as the trumpet rolls its sound,
 Her voice the Pow'r celestial rais'd;
 While her victorious sons around
 In silent joy and wonder gaz'd:
 The sacred muses heard th' immortal lay,
 And thus to earth the notes of fame convey.

'Tis done! my sons! 'tis nobly done!
 Victorious over tyrant pow'r;
 How quick the race of fame was run!
 The work of ages in one hour:
 Slow creeps th' oppressive weight of slavish reigns,
 One glorious moment rose, and burst your chains.
 But late, forlorn, dejected, pale,
 A prey to each insulting foe;
 I fought the grove and gloomy vale,
 To vent in solitude my woe:
 Now to my hand the balance fair restor'd;
 Once more I wield on high th' imperial sword.
 What arm has this deliverance wrought?
 'Tis he! the gallant youth appears:
 O warm in fields, and cool in thought!
 Beyond the slow advance of years!
 Haste, let me, rescu'd now from future harms,
 Strain close the filial virtue in my arms.
 Early I nurs'd this royal youth,
 Ah! ill detain'd on foreign shores;
 I fill'd his mind with love of truth,
 With fortitude and wisdom's stores:
 For when a noble action is decreed,
 Heav'n forms the Hero for the destin'd deed.
 Nor could the soft seducing charms
 Of mild Hesperia's blooming soil,
 E'er quench his noble thirst of arms,
 Of generous deeds and honest toil:
 Fir'd with the warmth a country's love imparts,
 He fled their weakness, but admir'd their arts.
 With him I plough'd the stormy main;
 My breath inspir'd the auspicious gale;
 Reserv'd for Gladsmuir's glorious plain,
 Through dangers wing'd his daring fail:
 Where, firm'd with inborn worth he durst oppose
 His single valour to an host of foes.
 He came, he spoke, and all around,
 As swift as heav'n's quick darted flame,
 Shepherds turn'd warriors at the sound,
 And every bosom beat for fame:
 They caught heroic ardour from his eyes,
 And at his side the willing heroes rise.
 Rouse England! rouse, fame's noblest son,
 In all thy ancient splendor shine;
 If I the glorious work begun,
 O let the crowning palm be thine:
 I bring a Prince, for such is heav'n's decree,
 Who overcomes but to forgive and free.
 So shall fierce wars and tumults cease,
 While plenty crowns the smiling plain;
 And industry, fair child of peace,
 Shall in each crowded city reign:
 So shall these happy realms for ever prove
 The sweets of Union, Liberty, and Love.

Gill Morice.

203 Gill Morice was an earle's son, His name it wax - ed
 Slow 6 6 6 6

wide, It was na for his great riches, Nor yet his mickle pride;
 6 6 6

But it was for a la - dy gay, That liv'd on Carron side.
 6 6 5 6

Where will I get a bonny boy,
 That will win hofe and shoon,
 That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',
 And bid his lady cum.
 Ye maun rin this errant, Willie,
 And ye may rin wi' pride;
 When other boys' gae on their feet,
 On horseback ye fall ride.

Gae bid her tak this gay mantel,
 'Tis a' goud but the hem;
 Bid her cum to the good green wood,
 And bring nane but her lain:
 And there it is, a filken fark;
 Her ain hand sew'd the sleeve;
 And bid her cum to Gill Morice;
 Speer nae bauld baron's leave.

Oh no, oh no! my master dear!
 I dare na for my life;
 I'll nae gae to the bauld baron's
 For to tryft furth his wife.
 My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
 My dear Willie, he said,
 How can ye strive against the stream,
 For I fall be obey'd.

I will gae your black errand,
 Tho' it be to thy cost;
 Sen ye by me will nae be warn'd,
 In it ye fall find frost.
 The baron he's a man of might,
 He ne'er could 'bide a taunt,
 As ye will see before it's night,
 How sma' ye'll hae to vaunt.

But, oh my master dear, he cry'd,
 In green wood ye're your lain;
 Gi' o'er sic thoughts, I wou'd ye red,
 For fear ye shoud be ta'en.
 Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
 Bid her come here wi' speed;
 If ye refuse my high command,
 I'll gar thy body bleed.

Now, sen I maun your errand rin,
 Sae fair against my will,
 I'll make a vow, and keep it true,
 It fal be done for ill.
 And when he came to broken brigg,
 He bent his bow and swam;
 And when he came to grafs growing,
 Set down his feet and ran. &c. &c. &c.

I love my Love in secret.

204

* My Sandy gied to me a ring, Was a' be-fet wi'

diamonds fine; But I gied him a far better thing, I gied my

heart in pledge o' his ring. My Sandy O, my Sandy O, My

bony, bony Sandy O; Tho' the love that I owe to thee I dare na

thow, Yet I love my love in secret my Sandy O.

My Sandy brak a piece o' gowd,
While down his cheeks the saut tears rowd:
He took a hauf and gied it to me,
And I'll keep it till the hour I die.
My Sandy O &c.

Same Tune.

THE smiling plains profusely gay,
Are dress'd in all the pride of May,
The birds on ev'ry spray above,
To repeat, wake the vocal grove.

But ah Miranda without thee,
Nor spring, nor summer smiles on me,
All lonely in the secret shade,
I mourn thy absence, charming maid.

O soft as love! as honour fair,
Screndly sweet as vernal air,
Come to my arms for you alone,
Can all my absence past atone.
O come! and to my bleeding heart,
The sov'reign balm of love impart:
Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,
And give the year eternal spring.

When I upon thy bosom lean.

Tune, Scots Recluse.

205

* When I upon thy bosom lean, And fond-ly clasp thee
 a my ain, I glo-ry in the fa-cred ties That made us
 ane, wha ance were twain: A mutual flame in-spires us baith, The
 ten-der look, the mel-ting kifs: Even years shall ne'er def-
 -troy our love, But on-ly gie us change o' blifs.

The musical score consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The first system includes a 'hr' (hairpin) marking above the vocal line. The second system includes a 'hr' marking above the piano line. The third system includes a 'hr' marking above the vocal line. The fourth system includes a 'hr' marking above the piano line. The fifth system includes a 'hr' marking above the vocal line. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Hae I a wish? it's a' for thee;
 I ken thy wish is me to please;
 Our moments pass fae smooth away
 That numbers on us look and gaze,
 Weel pleas'd they see our happy days,
 Nor envy's sel finds aught to blame;
 And ay when weary cares arise,
 Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there, and take my rest,
 And if that aught disturb my dear,
 I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
 And beg her not to drap a tear:
 Hae I a joy, it's a' her ain;
 United still her heart and mine;
 They're like the woodbine round the tree
 That's twind till death shall them disjoi

Colonel Gardener. Tune, Sawnie's Pipe.

206

* 'Twas at the hour of dark midnight, Before the first cock's

The musical score consists of one system of music with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The score begins with a 'hr' marking above the vocal line. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Continued.

crow_ing, When west_land winds' shook Stirling's towers, With

hol_low mur_murs blowing; When Fan_ny fair, all woe_be_

-gone, Sad on her bed was ly_ing, And from the ruin'd

towers she heard The boding screech owl cry_ing.

O dismal night! she said, and wept,
O night prefiging sorrow,
O dismal night! she said, and wept,
But more I dread to-morrow.

For now the bloody hour draws nigh,
Each host to Preston bending;
At morn shall sons their fathers slay,
With deadly hate contending.

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

Aghast, she started from her bed,
The fatal tidings dreading;
O speak, she cry'd, my father's slain!
I see, I see him bleeding!

A pale corps on the fullen shore,
At morn, fair maid, I left him;
Even at the thresh-hold of his gate,
The foe of life bereft him.

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

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

Tibbie Dunbar.

Tune, Johnny M^c Gill.

207

* O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dun_bar; O

wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tib_bie Dunbar; Wilt thou ride on a

horse, or be drawn in a car, Or walk by my side, O sweet

Tibbie Dun_bar. I care na thy daddie, his lands and his

money, I care na thy kin, fae high and fae lord_ly: But

say thou wilt hae me for bet_ter for waur, And

come in thy coatie sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

Tune, Scots Jenny.

208

* When west winds did blow with a soft, gentle breeze, And
 Slow
 sweet blooming verdure did clothe all the trees, I went forth one morning to
 hail the new spring, And hear the sweet songsters all warble and sing.
 I saw the green forest, I saw the gay plain, But nature to
 me was delightful in vain, For love had invaded the peace of my
 mind, And Jenny, dear Jenny, was fair and unkind.

The musical score is written in two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The score consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Ye Powers, who reside in the regions above,
 Deprive me of life, or inspire her with love.
 Make Jenny's fair bosom to feel for my pain,
 That I may sweet peace and contentment regain.
 Then in a retreat with my dear I would dwell;
 Contentment should guard us in some humble cell;
 Remote, we'll live happy, tho' simple our fare;
 Our health all our wealth, and to love all our care.

My Harry was a Gallant gay.

Tune, Highlanders' Lament.

209

* My Harry was a gallant gay, Fu' stately s'rade he on the plain; But

Slow

now he's banish'd far awa, I'll never see him back a-gain. O for him

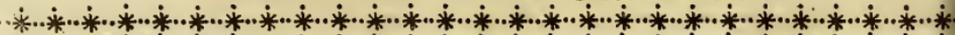
Chorus

back again, O for him back a-gain, I wad gie a Knockhaspie's land For

Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen;
I set me down and greet my fill,
And ay I wish him back again.
O for him &c.

O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain!
Then I might see the joyfu' fight,
My Highlan Harry back again.
O for him &c.



The Highland Character.

210

In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome, from the

$\frac{5}{3}$ NB. o means no Thoro' bass

heath cover'd mountains of Scotia. we come, Where the Romans endeavour'd our

country to gain, But our Ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.

Chorus

Such our love of liberty, our country and our laws, That like our Ancestors of
 old, we stand by freedoms cause, We'll bravely fight like heroes bold for
 honour and applause; And defy the French with all their art to alter our laws.

Figured bass notation: 0, 0, 0, 7, 6, 6, 6, 7, 5, 6, 5, 6, 6, 6, 6, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 4, 3.

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,
 No luxurious tables enervate our race;
 Our loud sounding pipe bears the true martial strain,
 So do we the old Scottish valour retain.
 Such our love &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
 Are swift as the roe which the hound doth assail,
 As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear,
 Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.
 Such our love &c.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
 So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes;
 We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
 Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.
 Such our love &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
 In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance;
 But when our claymores they saw us produce,
 Their courage did fail and they sued for a truce.
 Such our love &c.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
 May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase;
 And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
 That our friends still prove true and our beauties prove kind.
 Cho^s Then we'll defend our liberty, our country and our laws,
 And teach our late posterity to fight in Freedoms cause,
 That they like our Ancestors bold, for honour and applause,
 May defy the French, with all their art, to alter our laws.

Leader haughs and Yarrow.

211

The morn was fair, fast was the air, All nature's sweets were

springing, The buds did bow with silver dew, Tenthousand birds were singing;

When on the bent, with blyth content, Young Jamie, sang his marrow, Nae

• bonnier las e'er trod the grafs, On leader haughs and yarrow.

How sweet her face, where ev'ry grace
 In heavenly beauty's planted;
 Her smiling een, and comely mein,
 That nae perfection wanted;
 I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
 But bless my bonny marrow:
 If her dear smile my doubts beguile,
 My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
 And day and night affright ye;
 But if ye're kind, wi' joyful mind
 I'll study to delight ye;
 Our years around with love thus crown'd,
 From all things joy shall borrow:
 Thus none shall be more blest than we,
 On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

Yet tho' she's fair, and has full share
 Of ev'ry charm enchanting,
 Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
 Poor me, if love be wanting.
 O bonny las! have but the grace
 To think ere ye gae further,
 Your joys maun flit, if you commit
 The crying sin of murder.

O sweetest Sue! 'tis only you
 Can make life worth my wishes,
 If equal love your mind can move
 To grant this best of blisses.
 Thou art my sun, and thy least frown
 Would blast me in the blossom;
 But if thou shine, and make me thine,
 I'll flourish in thy bosom.

The Taylor fell thro' the bed, &c.

221

212

* The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a', The

Tay- lor fell thro' the bed thim- ble an' a'; The

blank-ets were thin and the sheets they were sma', The

Tay- lor fell thro' the bed, thim- ble an' a'.

The fleepy bit lafsie she dreaded nae ill,
 The fleepy bit lafsie she dreaded nae ill;
 The weather was cauld and the lafsie lay still,
 She thought that a Taylor could do her nae ill.

Gie me the groat again, cany young man,
 Gie me the groat again, cany young man;
 The day it is short and the night it is lang,
 The dearest filler that ever I wan.

There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane,
 There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane,
 There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
 To see the bit Taylor come skippin again.

Ay waukin, O.

213

* Sim-mer's a pleafant time, Flower's of ev'ry colour; The

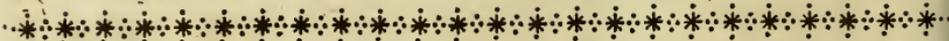
Slow

water rins o'er the heugh, And I long for my true lover! Ay waukin, O,

Waukin still and weary: Sleep I can get nane, For thinking on my Dearie.

When I fleep I dream,
 When I wauk I'm irie;
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my Dearie.
 Ay waukin &c.

Lanely night comes on,
 A' the lave are fleepin:
 I think on my bony lad
 And I bleer my een wi' greetin.
 Ay waukin &c.



The Breaft knots.

214

* Hey the bonny, hey the bonny, O the bonny breaft knots;

Brisk

Tight and bonny were they a', When they got on their breaft knots. There

was a bridal in this town, And till't the lafs-es a' were boun', With

Continued.

mankie facings on their gown, And some of them had breast-knots.

Chorus

Hey the bonny, how the bonny, O the bon-ny breast-knots,

Tight and bonny were they a' When they got on their breast-knots.

And there was mony a lufy lad,
As ever handled grape and gaud,
I wat their manhood well they shaw'd,
At ruffling of the breast-knot.

Hey the bonny &c.

At nine o' clock they did conveen,
Some clad in blue, some clad in green,
Wi' glancing buckles in their sneen,
And flowers upon their waift-coat.

Hey the bonny &c.

The bride by this time was right fain,
When that she saw sae light a train,
She pray'd the day might keep frae rain,
For spoiling of their breast-knots.

Hey the bonny &c.

Forth came the wives a' wi' a phrase,
And wish'd the lassie happy days,
And muckle thought they of her claihts,
And specially the breast-knots.

Hey the bonny &c.

Forth spake the mither, fan she saw,
The bride and maidens a' sae bra',
Wi' cackling clouts, black be their fa',
They have made a bonny cast o't.

Hey the bonny &c.

Next down their breakfast it was set,
Some barley lippies of milk meat,
It leiped them it was sae het,
As soon as they did taste o't.

Hey the bonny &c.

Till some frae them the spoons they threw,
And swore that they had burnt their mou,
And some into their cutty blew,
I wat their will they mist not.

Hey the bonny &c.

When ilka ane had claw'd their plate,
The piper lad he looked blate
Altho' they said that he should eat,
I trow he lost the best o't.

Hey the bonny &c.

Syne forth they got a' wi' a loup,
O'er creels and deals and a' did coup,
The piper said, wi' them d - l scoup,
He'd make a hungry feast o't.

Hey the bonny &c.

Syne off they got a' wi' a fling,
Each lass unto her lad did cling,
And a' cry'd for a different spring,
The bride she sought the breast-knot.

Hey the bonny &c.

Fan they ty'd up their marriage band,
At the bridegroom's they neist did land,
Forth came auld Madge wi' her split ma
And bread and cheefe a hift o't. (wn

Hey the bonny &c.

She took a quarter and a third,
On the bride's head she gae a gird,
Till farls flew athort the yird,
And parted round the rest o't.

Hey the bonny &c.

The bride then by the hand they took
Twice, thrice they led her round y' crook,
Some said goodwife well mat ye brook,
And some great count they cast not.

Hey the bonny &c.

All ran to kilns and barns in ranks,
Some sat on deals, & some on planks,
The piper lad stood on his flanks,
And dirled up the breast-knot.

Hey the bonny &c.

Beware o' bonie Ann.

215 * Ye gallants bright I red you right, Be-ware o'

Slow

bonie Ann; Her come-ly face fae fu' o' grace, Your

heart she will tre-pan. Her een fae bright, like stars by

night, Her skin is like the fwan; Sae jimp-ly lac'd her

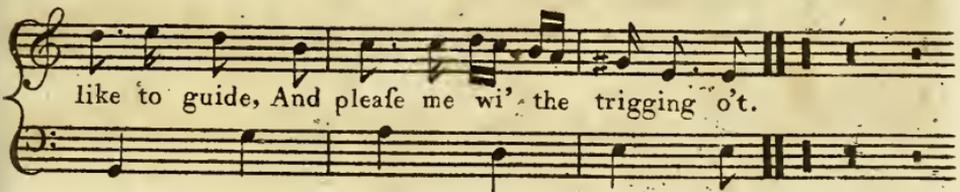
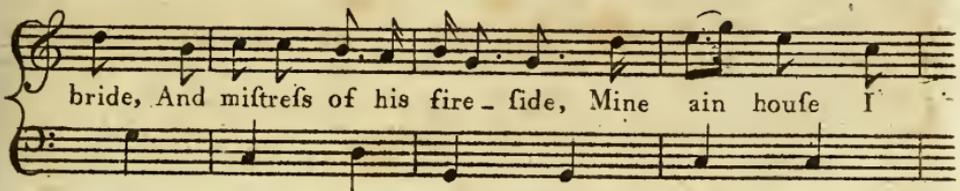
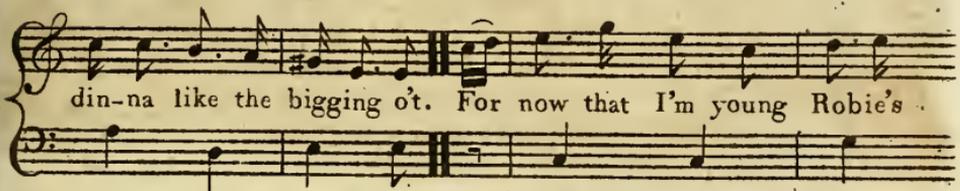
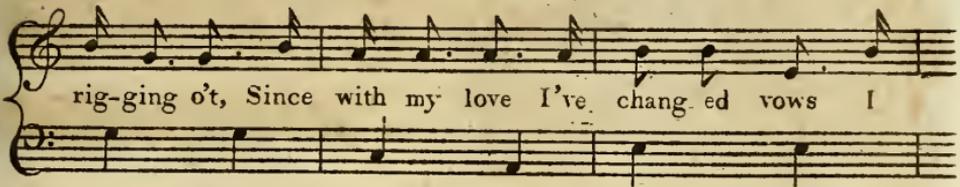
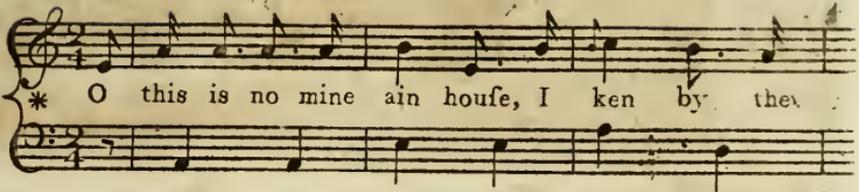
gen-ty waift, That fweet-ly ye might span.

The musical score consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like 'hr' (hairpins).

Youth, grace and love attendant move,
 And pleasure leads the van:
 In a' their charms and conquering arms,
 They wait on bonie Ann,
 The captive bands may chain the hands,
 But loove enslaves the man:
 Ye gallants braw, I red you a',
 Beware o' bonie Ann.

This is no mine ain houfe.

216



Then farewell to my father's houfe,
 I gang where love invites me;
 The strictest duty this allows,
 When love with honour meets me.
 When Hymen moulds me into ane,
 My Robie's nearer than my kin,
 And to refuse him were a fin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I am in mine ain houfe,
 True love shall be at hand ay,
 To make me still a prudent spouse,
 And let my man command ay;
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
 The common pest of married life,
 That makes ane wearied of his wife,
 And breaks the kindly band ay.

My Wife's a wanton, wee thing.

217

* My wife's a wanton, wee thing, My wife's a wanton

Lively

wee thing, My wife's a wanton wee thing, She win-na be

guid-ed by me. She play'd the loon or she was married, She

play'd the loon or she was married, She play'd the loon or she was

married, She'll do it again or she die.

She fell'd her coat and she drank it,
She fell'd her coat and she drank it,
She row'd herself in a blanket,
She winna be guided for me.
She mind't na when I forbade her,
She mind't na when I forbade her,
I took a rung and I claw'd her,
And a braw gude bairn was she.

Laddie lie near me.

218

* Hark the loud tempest shakes Earth to its center, How

mad were the task on a journey to venture, How dismal's my

Continued.

prospect! of life, I am weary, O lif-ten my love I be-

-feech thee to hear me. Hear me, hear me, in ten-der-ness

hear me, All the long winter night Laddie be near me.

Nights tho' protracted, tho' piercing the weather,
 Yet summer was endless, when we were together;
 Now since thy, absence I feel most severely
 Joy is extinguish'd and being is dreary.

Dreary, dreary painful and dreary
 All the long winter night Laddie be near me.

Seize the sweet moments while yet they invite thee,
 Pleasures here slighted, hereafter may slight thee,
 Distance and time may no longer endear thee,
 Come, my dear youth while thy presence can cheer me.

Cheer me, cheer me heaven knows it would cheer me
 All the long winter night Laddie be near me.

What is my fault my soul's darling acquaint me,
 Let jealous fury no longer torment thee,
 Judge for thy self how, I love and revere thee,
 Heaven and thy heart from suspicion will clear me.

Clear me, clear me justice must clear me
 All the long winter night Laddie lie near me.

D.

Old Words.

LANG hae we parted been,
 Lafsie my dearie;
 Now we are met again,
 Lafsie lie near me.

Cho^s Near me, near me.

Lafsie lie near me

Lang haft thou lien thy lane.

Lafsie lie near me.

A' that I hae endur'd,
 Lafsie, my dearie,
 Here in thy arms is cur'd,
 Lafsie lie near me.

Cho^s Near me, &c.

The brisk young Lad.

219

* There came a young man to my dad-die's door, My
Lively
daddie's door, my daddie's door, There came a young man to my
daddie's door, Came seeking me to woo. And wow, but he was a
braw young lad, A brisk young lad and a braw young lad, And
wow but he was a braw young lad, Came seeking me to woo.

But I was bakin when he came,
When he came, when he came;
I took him in and gae him a scone,
To thow his frozen mou?
And wow but, &c.

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

I fet him in aside the bink,
I gae him bread, and ale to drink,
And n'er a bly-th styme wad he blink,
Until his wame was fou.
And wow but, &c.

Out came the goodman, and high he shouted,
Out came the goodwife, and low she louted,
And a' the town-neighbours were gather'd -
And there lay he I trow. (about it,
And wow but, &c.

Gae, get ye gone, ye cauldrie wooer,
Ye four-looking, cauldrie wooer,
I fraightway show'd him th the door,
Saying, come nae mair to woo.
And wow but, &c.

Then out came I, and sneer'd and smild,
Ye came to woo, but ye're a' beguild,
Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' besyld
We'll hae nae mair of you.
And wow but, &c.

The Gardener wi' his Paidle.

220

* When ro-ly May comes in wi' flowers, To deck her

Slowish

gay, green spreading bowers; Then busy, busy are his hours, The

Gardner wi' his paidle. The chryf-tal wa-ters gent-ly

fa; The merry birds are lov-ers a; The scen-ted breezes

round him blaw, The Gardner wi' his paidle.

When purple morning starts the hare
 To steal upon her early fare;
 Then thro' the dews he maun repair,
 The Gardener wi' his paidle.
 When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws of Nature's rest;
 He flies to her arms he lo'es the best,
 The Gardener wi' his paidle.

Bonny Barbara Allan.

221

It was in and a_bout the Mar_tinmas time, When the

Slow

green leaves were a fal_ling, That Sir John Graham in the

west countrie Fell in love with Barbara Al_lan.

He sent his man down thro' the town,
 To the place where she was dwelling;
 O haste and come to my master dear,
 Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
 To the place where he was lying,
 And when she drew the curtin by,
 Young man, I think youre dying.

O its I'm sick, and very very sick,
 And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan.

O the better for me ye's never be,
 Tho' your heart's blood were a spilling.

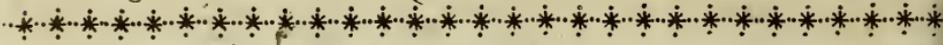
O dinna ye mind, young man, said she,
 When ye the cups was fillin
 That ye made the healths gae round and
 And slighted Barbara Allan. (round,

He turn'd his face unto the wa',
 And death was with him dealing,
 Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
 And be kind to Barbara Allan.

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
 And slowly, slowly left him;
 And fighting, said, she could not stay,
 Since death of life had rest him.

She had nae gane a mile but twa,
 When she heard the deid-bell knellin
 And ev'ry jow that the deid-bell geid
 It cry'd, woe to Barbara Allan!

O mother, mother, mak my bed,
 O make it fast and narrow;
 Since my love died for me to-day,
 I'll die for him to-morrow.



Young Philander.

222

Young Philander wood me lang but I was peevish & forbad him, I

would na tent his loving fang, But now I wish I wish I had him. Ilk

morning when I view my glaſs, Then I perceive my beauty going, When the
 wrinkles ſeize the face, Then we may bid a dieu to wooing. My
 beauty ayes, ſo much admir'd; I find it fading faſt, and flying; My
 cheeks which coral like appear'd, Grow pale the broken blood decaying;

Ah! we may ſee ourſelves to be

Like ſummer fruit that is unſhaken;

When ripe, they ſoon fall down and die, I, by his fond expreſſions, thought (ing:

And by corruption quickly taken.

Uſe then your time, ye virgins fair,

Employ your day before 'tis evil;

Fifteen is a ſeaſon rare,

But five an twenty is the devil.

Juſt when ripe, conſent unto 't,

Hug nae mair your lanely pillow;

Women are like other fruit,

They loſe their reliſh when too mellow.

If opportunity be loſt,

You'll find it hard to be regained;

Which now I may tell to my coſt,

Tho' but myſel nane can be blamed.

If then your fortune you reſpect,

Take the occaſion when it offers;

Nor a true lover's ſuit neglect,

Left you be ſcoff'd for being ſcoffers.

I, by his fond expreſſions, thought (ing:

That in his love he'd neer prove chang-

But now, alas! 'tis turn'd to nought,

And, paſt my hope, he's gane a ranging.

Dear maidens, then, take my advice,

And let na coyneneſs prove your ruin;

For if ye be o'er fooliſh nice,

Your ſuiters will give over wooing.

Then maidens auld you nam'd will be,

And in that fretful rank be number'd,

As lang as life; and when ye die,

With leading apes be ever cumber'd.

A puniſhment, and hated band,

With which we cannot be contented,

Then be not wiſe behind the hand,

That the miſtake may be prevented.

On a bank of Flowers.

223

On a bank of flowers in a summer day, For
 summer lightly drest, The youthful blooming Nelly lay, With
 love and sleep oppressed. When Willie wand'ring thro' the
 wood, Who for her favour oft had fud; He gaz'd, he wish'd, he
 fear'd, he blush'd, And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes like weapons sheath'd
 Were seal'd in soft repose;

Her lips, still as the fragrant breath'd
 It richer dy'd the rose.

The springing lilies sweetly prest,

Wild, wanton kiss'd her rival breast;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes light waving in the breeze,
 Her tender limbs embrace;

Her lovely form, her native ease,
 All harmony and grace;

Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
 A faltering, ardent kiss he stole;

He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake
 On fear-inspired wings,

So Nelly starting, half-awake,
 Away affrighted springs:

But Willy follow'd, — as he should,
 He overtook her in the wood;

He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
 Forgiving all and good.

The day returns, my bosom burns,

Tune, Seventh of November.

224

* The day returns, my bosom burns, The blifs-ful

day we twa did meet, Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd, Ne'er

summer-fun was half sae fweet. Then a' the pride that loads the

tide, And crosses o'er the ful-try line; Than kingly robes, than

crowns and globes, Heav'n gave me more it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,

Or nature aught of pleasure give;

While joys above, my mind can move,

For thee and thee alone I live!

When that grim foe of life below

Comes in between to make us part;

The iron hand that breaks our band,

It breaks my blifs—it breaks my heart!

My love she's but a Lalsie yet.

225

My love she's but a lalsie yet, My love she's but a lassie yet, We'll

let her stand a year or twa, She'll no be half fae fauky yet. I

rue the day I fought her O, I rue the day I fought her O, Wha

gets her needs na fay he's wood, But he may fay he's bought her O.

Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet, We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
 Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet: We're a' dry wi' drinking o't:
 Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will, The minifter kist the fidler's wife,
 But here I never mist it yet. He could na preach for thinkin o't.

The Gaberlunzie-man.

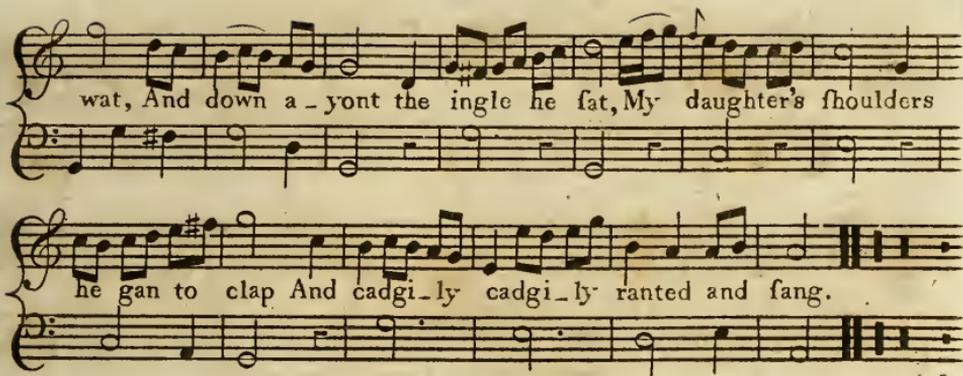
226

The pawky auld carl came o'er the lee, Wi' many good e'ens and

days to me, Saying goodwife for your cour- te- sie Will

ye lodge a fil-ly filly poor man. The night was cauld, the carl was

Continued.



O vow! quo' he, were I as free,
As first when I saw this country,
How blyth and merry wad I be!
And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir flee twa together were say'ng,
When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O! quo' he, ann ye were as black
As e'er the crown of my dady's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa wi' me thou shou'd gang.
And O! quo' she, ann I were as white,
As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
I'd clead me brow and lady-like,
And awa' wi' thee I would gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raise a wee before the cock,
And wilyly they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure pat on her claife;
Synne to the servants bed she gaes,
To speer for the filly poor man.

(lay,
She gaed to the bed where the beggar
The s'trae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hands, cry'd, Walladay!
For some of our gear will be gane.
Some ran to coffers, and some to kifts,
But nought was stown that cou'd be mist,
She danc'd her lanè, 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 earn,
Gae butt the houfe, lafs, and wauken my
And bid her come quickly ben. (bairn,

The servant gade where the daughter lay,
The sheets was cauld, she was away,
And fast to her goodwife did say,
She's aff wi' the gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haste ye find these traytors again;
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
The wearifu' gaberlunzie-man.

Some rade upo' horse, some ran a foot,
The wife was wood and out o' her wit;
She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
But ay she curs'd and ay she bann'd.

Mean, time far hind out o'er the lee
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,
The twa with kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang:
The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith.
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
Ill-fardly wad she crook her mou',
Sick a poor man she'd never trow,
After the gaberlunzie-man.
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And ha' nae learn'd the beggars tongue,
To follow me frae town to town,
And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And spindles & whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the gaberlunzie on.
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my eye,
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry and sing.

Cauld frosty morning.

227 * 'Twas past ane o' clock in a cauld frosty morning, When cankert No-

- vember blows over the plain, I heard the kirk bell re-peat the loud warning, As,

restless, I sought for sweet slumber in vain: Then up I a-rose, the silver moon

shining bright; Mountains & vallyes appearing all hoary white, Forth I would

go a-mid the pale, silent night, To seek the fair one, the cause of my pain.

Sae gently I ftaw to my lovely Maid's chamber,
 And rapp'd at her window, low down on my knee;
 Begging that she would awauk from sweet slumber,
 Awauk from sweet slumber and pity me.
 For, that a stranger to a' pleasure, peace and rest,
 Love into madness had fired my tortur'd breast,
 And that I should be of a' men the maist unblest,
 Unless she would pity my sad miserie!

My true-love arose and whispered to me,
 (The moon looked in, and envy'd my love's charms;)
 "An innocent maiden, ah, would you undo me!"
 I made no reply, but leapt into her arms:
 Bright Phebus peep'd over the hills and found me there;
 As he has done, now, seven lang years and mair:
 A faithfuller, constanter, kinder, more loving Pair,
 His sweet-chearing beam nor enlightens nor warms.

228

* Hark! yonder Eagle lone-ly wails; His faithful bosom

grief af_sails: Last night I heard him in my dream, When

death and woe were all the theme. Like that poor bird I make my

moan, I grieve for dearest Delia gone, With him to gloomy

rocks I fly, He mourns for love and so do I.

'Twas mighty love that tam'd his breast, Dark as his feathers was the fate
 'Tis tender grief that breaks his rest. That robb'd him of his darling Mate.
 He droops his wings, he hangs his head, Dimm'd is the lustre of his eye,
 Since she he fondly lov'd was dead. That wont to gaze the sun-bright sky.
 With Delia's breath my joy expir'd; To him is now for ever lost
 'Twas Delia's smiles my fancy fir'd; The heartfelt bliss he once could boast,
 Like that poor Bird, I pine, and prove Thy sorrows, hapless bird, display
 Nought can supply the place of love. An image of my soul's dismay.

Jamie come try me.

229 * Jamie come try me, Jamie come try me, If thou would

Very Slow

win my love Jamie come try me. If thou should ask my love,

Could I de_ny thee? If thou would win my love Jamie come try me.

If thou should kifs me, love,
Wha could espy thee?
If thou wad be my love,
Jamie come try me.
Jamie come &c.

Magie's Tocher.

230 The meal was dear short fyne, The maut & a' the gither, And

Maggie was just in her prime, When Williè made courtship till her.

Twa pistols charg'd be_guets, To gie the cour_ting shot, And

fyne came ben the las, Wi' swats drawn frae the butt, He

Continued:

first speer'd at the guidman, And syneat Giles the mither, An
 ye wad gi's a bit land, We'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My daughter ye shall hae,
 I'll gi' you her by the hand:
 But I'll part wi' my wife by my fay,
 Or I part wi' my land.

Your tocher it fall be good,
 There's nane fall hae its maik,
 The lafs bound in her snood,
 And Crummie wha kens her stake:
 With an auld bedden o' claiths,
 Was left me by my mither,
 They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
 Ye may cuddle in them the gither.

Ye speak right well, guidman,
 But ye maun mend your hand,
 And think o' modesty,
 Gin ye'll not quat your land:
 We are but young, ye ken,
 And now we're gawn the gither;
 A house is but and ben,
 And Crummie will want her fother.
 The bairns are coming on,
 And they'll cry, O their mither;
 We have nouter pat nor pan,
 But four bare legs the gither.

Your tocher's be good enough
 For that you need nae fear,
 Twa good ftilts to the pleugh,
 And ye your sell maun steer:
 Ye shall hae twa good pocks
 That anes wère o' the tweel,
 The t'ane to had the grots,
 The ither to had the meal;
 With an auld kift made of wands,

And that fall be your coffer,
 Wi' aiken woody bands,
 And that may had your tocher.

Consider well, guidman,
 We hae but borrowed gear,
 The horse that I ride on
 Is Sandy Wilson's mare:
 The saddle's nane of my ain,
 And thae's but borrow'd boots,
 And when that I gae hame,
 I maun tak to my koots:
 The cloak is Geord Watt's,
 That gars me look sae croufe;
 Come fill us a cogue of fwats,
 We'll make nae mair toom rufe.

I like you weel, young lad,
 For telling me fae plain,
 I married when little I had
 O' gear that was my ain:
 But fin that things are fac,
 The bride she maun come furth,
 Tho' a' the gear she'll hae,
 It'll be but little worth.

A bargain it maun be,
 Fy cry on Giles the mither:
 Content am I, quo' she,
 E'ngar the hissie come hither.
 The bride she gade till her bed,
 The bridegroom he came till her;
 The fidler crap in at the fit,
 And they cuddl'd it a' the gither.

My bony Mary.

231

* Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine, And fill it in a
 fil - ver taf - fie; That I may drink be - fore I go A
 fer - vice to my bo - nie las - sie. The boat rocks at the Pier o'
 Leith, Fu' loud the wind blows frae the Ferry, The ship rides by the
 Ber - wick - law, And I maun leave my bo - ny Mary.

The trumpets found, the banners fly,
 The glittering spears are ranked ready,
 The shouts o' war are heard a far,
 The battle closes deep and bloody:
 It's not the roar o' sea or shore,
 Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,
 It's leaving thee, my bony Mary!

The lazy mist.

232

* The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill, Concealing

course of the dark winding rill; How languid the scenes, late so

sprightly, appear, As Autumn to Winter resigns the pale year. The

forests are leafless, the meadows are brown, And all the gay

foppery of summer is flown: Apart let me wander, apart let me

muse, How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues.

How long I have liv'd - but how much liv'd in vain;
 How little of life's scanty span may remain:
 What aspects, old Time, in his progress, has worn;
 What ties, cruel Fate, in my bosom has torn.
 How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd!
 And downward, how weaken'd how darken'd, how pain'd!
 Life is not worth having with all it can give,
 For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

The Captain's Lady.

233

* O mount and go, Mount and make you ready, O

mount and go, And be the Captain's Lady. When the drums do beat,

And the cannons rattle, Thou shalt fit in state, And see thy love in

battle. When the drums do beat, And the cannons rattle, Thou shalt

fit in state, And see thy love in battle. Cho^s. O mount & go &c.

When the vanquish'd foe
 Sues for peace and quiet,
 To the shades we'll go
 And in love enjoy it.
 Cho^s. O Mount &c.

Johnie Cope.

234

* Sir John Cope trode the north right far, Yet ne'er a re-bel

Continued.

he cam naur, Until he landed at Dunbar Right early in a morning.

Hey Johnie Cope are ye wauking yet, Or are ye sleeping I would wit; O

haste ye get up for the drums do beat O fye Cope rise in the morning.

He wrote a challenge from Dunbar,
Come fight me Charlie an ye daur;
If it be not by the chance of war
I'll give you a merry morning.
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

On the morrow when he did rise,
He look'd between him and the skies;
He saw them wi' their naked thighs,
Which fear'd him in the morning
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon
He drew his sword the scabbard from—
"So Heaven restore to me my own,
"I'll meet you, Cope, in the morning."
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

O then he flew into Dunbar,
Crying for a man of war; (tar,
He thought to have pass'd for a rustie
And gotten awa in the morning.
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

Cope swöre with many a bloody word
That he would fight them gun and sword,
But he fled frae his nest like an ill scar'd
And Johnie he took wing in y^e morning (bird,
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

Sir Johnie into Berwick rade,
Just as the devil had been his guide;
Gien him the warld he would na stay'd
To foughten the boys in the morning.
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

It was upon an afternoon,
Sir Johnie march'd to Preston town
He says, my lads come lean you down,
And we'll fight the boys in the morning.
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

Says the Berwickers unto Sir John.
O what's become of all your men?
In faith says he, I dinna ken,
I left them a' this morning.
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

But when he saw the Highland lads
Wi' tartan trews and white cockauds,
Wi' swords & guns & rungs & gauds,
O Johnie he took wing in the morning.
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

Says Lord Mark Car ye are na blate,
To bring us the news o' your ain defeat
I think you deserve the back o' the gate
Get out o' my fight this morning.
Hey Johnie Cope &c.

I Love my Jean.

Tune, Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.

235

* Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, I dear-ly like the

west, For there the bony Lafsie lives, The Lafsie I lo'e best: There's

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 bony flower, that springs By fountain, shaw, or green, There's

not a bony bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jean. H.

Tune, O dear mother, what shall I do.

236

O dear Peggy, love's be-guiling; We ought not to

Slowly

trust his smiling; Better far to do as I do, Left a harder

luck be-tide you. Laf-ses, when their fancy's carried,

Think of nought but to be married, Run-ning to a

life def-troys Hartsome, free, and youth-fu' joys.

Old Words.

O dear minny, what shall I do?
O dear minny, what shall I do?
O dear minny, what shall I do?
Daft thing, doylt thing, do as I do.

If I be black, I canna be lo'ed;
If I be fair, I canna be gude;
If I be lordly, the lads will look by me:
O dear minny, what shall I do?

Cho.^s O dear minny &c.

The linkin laddie.

237

Waes me that eer I made your bed. Waes me that eer I faw ye, For

Slowish

now I've loft my maiden head, And I ken na how they ca' ye. My

name's weel kend in my ain countrie, They ca' me the linkin laddie: An'

ye had na been as willing as I, Shame fa' them wad eer hae bade ye



Alloa House.

238

The spring time returns, and cloaths the green plains, And

Al-lo-a shines, more chearful and gay; The lark tunes his throat & the

neighbouring fwains Sing merri-ly round me where-e-ver I stray.

Continued.

But Sandy no more re_turns to my view; No spring time me
chears no mu_sic can charm; He's gone! and I fear me, for ever a_
_dieu, A_dieu ev'ry pleasure this bosom can warm!

O Alloo Houfe! how much art thou chang'd!
How filent, how dull to me is each grove.
Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd,
Alas! where to please me my Sandy once strove!
Here Sandy I heard the tales that you told;
Here listened too fond, whenever you sing;
Am I grown less fair, then, that you are turn'd cold,
Or foolish, believ'd a false, flattering tongue.

So spoke the fair maid; when sorrow's keen pain,
And shame, her last falt'ring accents supprest;
For fate at that moment brought back her dear swain,
Who heard, and, with rapture, his Nelly address'd.
My Nelly, my fair, I come, O my love,
No pow'r shall thee tear again from my arms,
And, Nelly! no more thy fond shepherd reprove,
Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy charms.

She heard; and new joy shot thro' her soft frame;
And will you, my love! be true, she reply'd!
And live I to meet my fond shepherd the same!
Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride!
O Nelly! I live to find thee still kind;
Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true:
Then adieu! to all sorrow; what soul is so blind,
As not to live happy for ever with you.

Tune, Carle, an' the king come.

239

Peggy, now the king's come, Peggy, now the king's come,

Thou may dance, and I shall sing, Peggy, since the king's come. Nae

mair the hawkies shalt thou milk, But change thy plaiding -coat for

filk, And be a lady of that ilk, Now Peggy, since the king's come.

Old Words.

Chorus

CARL an the king come,
 Carl an the king come;
 Thou shalt dance and I will sing,
 Carl an the king come.

An somebodie were come again,
 Then somebodie maun cross the main,
 And every man shall hae his ain,
 Carl an the king come.
 Cho.^s Carl an &c.

I trow we swapp'd for the warfe,
 We gae the boot and better horse;
 And that we'll tell them at the cross,
 Carl an the king come.
 Cho.^s Carl an &c.

Coggie an the king come,
 Coggie an the king come,
 I'll be fou and thou'll be toom,
 Coggie an the king come.
 Cho.^s Coggie an &c.

The Siller Crown.

240

And ye fall walk in filk at-tire, And filler hae to

spare, Gin ye'll con fent to be his bride, Nor

think o' Don-ald mair. O, wha wad buy a fil-ken

gown, Wi' a poor bro-ken heart, Or what's to me a

fil-er crown, Gin frae my love I part.

The mind whafe every wifh is pure	His gentle manners wan my heart,
Far dearer is to me.	He, gratefu' took the gift;
And e'er I'm forc'd to break my faith,	Cou'd I but think, to seek it back
I'll lay me down and die:	It wou'd be war than theft.
For I hae pledged my virgin troth	For langest life, can ne'er repay
Brave Donalds fate to share,	The love he bears to me.
And he has gien to me his heart	And e'er I'm forced to break my troth
Wi' a' its virtues rare.	I'll lay me down and die.

St. Kilda Song.

241

By the stream so cool and clear, And thro' the caves where

Slow with Expression

breezes languish, Soothing still my tender anguish,

Hoping still to find my lover, I have wander'd far and

near, O where shall I the youth discover.

Sleeps he in your breezy shade,
 Ye rocks with moss and ivy waving,
 On some bank where wild waves laving,
 Murmur through the twisted willow;
 On that bank, O were I laid,
 How soft should be my lover's pillow!

The Mill Mill O.

242

Be-neath a green shade I fand a fair maid, Was

Slow

sleeping sound and still! O; A' lowan wi' love my fan-cy did

Continued.

rove A_ round her wi' good will O: Her bosom I prest; but
 sunk in her rest, She stir'dna my joy to spill O: While kindly she
 slept, close to her I crept, And kifs'd & kifs'd her my fill O.

Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
 T'employ my courage and skill..O,
 Frae her quietly I staw, hoist sails and awa,
 For the wind blew fair on the billow.
 Twa years brought me hame, where loud-fraising fame
 Tald me with a voice right shrill..O,
 My las, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
 Nor kend wha had done her the ill..O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,
 I ferlying speir'd how she fell..O,
 Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she. Let me die,
 Sweet Sir, gin I can tell..O.
 But love gave command, I took her by the hand,
 And bade a' her fears expel..O,
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
 Wha had done her the deed mysel..O.

My bonny sweet las, on the gowany grafs,
 Beneath the Shilling-hill..O,
 If I did offence, I'fe make ye amends
 Before I leave Peggy's mill..O.
 O the mill, mill..O, and the kill, kill..O,
 And the coggin of the wheel..O;
 The sack and the sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
 And round with a sodger reel..O.



The Wae-fu Heart.

243

Very Slow

Gin living worth cou'd win my heart, You wou'd na
 speak in vain, But in the darksome grave it's laid Ne-
 ver to rise a - gain. My wae-fu' heart lies low wi'
 his Whose heart was on-ly mine And oh! what a heart was
 that to lose, But I maun no re - pine.

Yet oh! gin heav'n in mercy soon
 Wou'd grant the boon I crave,
 And tak' this life now naething worth
 Sin Jamie's in his grave.
 And see his gentle spirit come
 To show me on my way,
 Surpris'd nae doubt, I still am here,
 Sair wondring at my stay.

I come, I come, my Jamie dear
 And oh! wi' what gude will
 I follow, wharfoe'er ye lead,
 Ye canna lead to ill.
 She said, and soon a deadlie pale
 Her faded cheek posseft,
 Her wae-fu' heart forgot to beat
 Her sorrows funk to rest.

Lafs gin ye lo'e me, tell me now.

244

I ha'e laid a herring in fa't, Lafs gin ye lo'e me

Moderato

tell me now. I ha'e brew'd a forpet o' ma't an I

canna come il_ka day to woo. I ha'e a calf will foon be a cow,

Lafs gin ye lo'e me tell me now, I ha'e a pig will

foon be a fow, an' I canna come il_ka day to woo.

I've a house on yonder muir,
Lafs gin ye lo'e me tell me now,
Three sparrows may dance on the floor,
And I canna come ilka day to woo;
I ha'e a butt and I ha'e a benn,
Lafs gin ye lo'e me tak me now;
I ha'e three chickens and a fat hen,
And I canna come ony mair to woo.

I've a hen wi' a happity leg,
Lafs gin ye lo'e me tak me now,
Which ilka day lays me an egg,
And I canna come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a kebbock upon my shelf,
Lafs gin ye lo'e me tak me now,
I downa eat it a' my self,
And I winna come ony mair to woo.

The Lovers' address to Rose bud. By a Lady.

245

Sweet nurling of the tears of morning, By Zephyr's balmy

Slow

kiss - es prest, O soon thy par - ent stem adorning, Thou shalt

spread thy fra - grant breast. Yet not too soon be fond of shining,

Beauty's days are bright but few, This hour in prime, the

next de - clining, Its charms will pall u - pon the view.

Emma fair flow'r all hearts now warming, Love will teach thee when resigning,
 She must yeild to fates decree, On that breast thy blushing pride,
 Soon like her, thou shalt be charming, How thy modest head declining,
 Soon she'll fade and pass like thee. May deck her beauties, yet not hide.
 As thou art the fairest blossom, If some hand too boldly daring
 Thy blest lot shall envy move; There disturbs thy blest repose,
 Go breath thy sweets on Emma's bosom, Be not of thy vengeance sparing,
 Seat of innocence and love. Sheath thy prickles in my foes.

Cease, cease my dear friend to explore.

246

Cease, cease my dear friend to ex - plore From whence and how

Slow

piercing my smart, Let the charms of the nymph I a-dore Ex-
 -cuse and in-terpret my heart. Then how much I admire you shall
 prove, When like me you are taught to ad-mire, And imagine how
 boundless my love, When you number the charms that in-spire.

Than sunshine more dear to my sight,
 To my life more essential than air,
 To my soul she is perfect delight,
 To my sense all that's pleasing and fair,
 The swains who her beauty behold
 With transport applaud ev'ry charm,
 And swear that the breast must be cold
 Which a beam so intense cannot warm.

Ah! say will she slightly forego,
 A conquest, tho' humble, yet sure;
 Will she leave a poor shepherd to woe,
 Who for her ev'ry bliss would procure.
 Alas! too presaging my fears,
 Too jealous my soul of it's bliss,
 Methinks she already appears,
 To forsee, and elude my address.

Does my boldness offend my dear maid,
 Is my fondness loquacious, and free,
 Are my visits too frequently paid,
 Or my converse unworthy of thee?

Yet when grief was too big for my ^{(breast,}
 And labour'd in sighs to complain,
 It's struggles I oft have suppress'd,
 And silence impos'd on my pain.

And oft while, by tenderness caught
 To my charmer's retirement I flew ^{(ht,}
 I reproach'd the fond absence of thought,
 And in blushing confusion, withdrew.
 My speech, tho' too little refin'd,
 Tho' simple and awkward my mien,
 Yet still shouldst thou deign to be kind,
 What a wonderful change might be seen!

Ah! Strephon how vain thy desire,
 Thy numbers and music how vain,
 While merit and fortune conspire,
 The smiles of the nymph to obtain.
 Yet cease to upbraid the soft choice,
 Tho' it ne'er should determine for thee,
 If thy heart in her joy may rejoice,
 Unhappy thou never canst be -

Auld Robin Gray.

247

When the sheep are in the fauld & the ky at hame, &
 a' the world to sleep are gane, The waes of my heart fa' in
 showrs frae my ee, When my gudeman lyes found by me.

Young Jamie lood me well and he fought me for his bride,
 But saving a crown he had naething beside,
 To make that crown a pound my Jamie gade to fea,
 And the crown and the pound were baith for me.
 He had nae been awa a week but only twa,
 When my mother she fell sick and the cow was stown awa,
 My father brake his arm and my Jamie at the fea,
 And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.
 My father coudna work and my mother coudna spin,
 I toil'd day and night but their bread I coudna win,
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith and wi' tears in his ee,
 Said Jenny for their fakes O marry me.
 My heart it said nay I look'd for Jamie back,
 But the wind it blew high and the ship it was a wrack,
 The ship it was a wrack why didna Jenny die,
 And why do I live to fay waes me.
 Auld Robin argued fair tho' my mother didna speak,
 She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break,
 So they gied him my hand tho' my heart was in the fea,
 And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.
 I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
 When fitting fae mournfully at the door,
 I saw my Jamie's wreath for I coudna think it he,
 Till he said I'm come back for to marry thee.
 O fair did we greet and mickle did we fay,
 We took but ae kifs and we tore ourselves away,
 I wish I were dead but I'm no like to die,
 And why do I live to fay waes me.
 I gang like a ghaist and I carenae to spin,
 I darena think on Jamie for that wad be a sin,
 But I'll do my best a gudewife to be,
 For auld Robin Gray is kind to me.

Leith Wynd.

Jenny.

248

Were I a - fsur'd you'd con - ftant prove, You

Slowish

should nae mair complain; The ea - fy maid be - set wi' love, Few

words will quickly gain: For I must own, now since you're free, This

too fond heart of mine Has lang, a black - fole

true to thee, With'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

I'm happy now; ah! let my head
 Upon thy breast recline;
 The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead;
 Is Jenny then fae kind.
 O let me briz thee to my heart,
 And round my arms entwine:
 Delightfu' thought! we'll never part,
 Come, pres thy mouth to mine.

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

249

* Firft when Maggy was my care, Heaven, I thought, was in her air;

Now we're mar_ried, spier nae mair, But Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Meg was meek and Meg was mild, Sweet and harmlefs as a child;

Wifer men than me's beguild, fo Whistle o'er the lave o't.

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

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

X

Tak your auld cloak about ye.

250

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld, And frost & snaw on

il-ka hill, And Boreas with his blafsts fae bauld, Was

Continued.

threat'ning a' our ky to kill. Then Bell my wife, wha loves na strife,

She said to me right hastily, Get up good - man save

Cromie's life, And tak your auld cloak a - bout ye.

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

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

In days when our King Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but half a crown;
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And ca'd the taylor thief and loun.
 He was the king that wore a crown,
 And thou the man of laigh degree,
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about ye.

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

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

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

Happy Clown.

251

Hid from himself, now by the dawn, He starts as fresh as

Lively

ros-es blawn; And rang-es o'er the heights and lawn

After his bleeting flocks. Healthful and in-no-cently gay, He

chants and whist-les out the day; Untaught to smile, and

then be-tray Like court-ly weather-cocks.

Life happy, from ambition free,
 Envy, and vile hypocrisy,
 Where truth and love with joy agree,
 Unfulled with a crime:

Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
 In proping of their pride and state:
 He lives, and unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.

252

When merry hearts were gay, Careless of ought but play,

Poor Flora slipt away Sadning to Mora, † Loose flow'd her coal black hair,

quick heav'd her bosom bare, & thus to the troubled air She vented her sorrow.

'Loud howls the northern blast,
'Bleak is the dreary waste;
'Haste thee O Donald haste
'Haste to thy Flora.

'Twice twelve long months are o'er,
'Since in a foreign shore,
'You promis'd to fight no more,
But meet me in Mora.

"Where now is Donald dear,
(Maids cry with taunting sneer
"Say is he still sincere
"To his lov'd Flora. —

Parents upbraid my moan;
'Each heart is turn'd to stone —
'Ah Flora, thou'rt now alone
'Friendless in Mora!

'Come then, oh come away,
'Donald no longer stay —
'Where can my rover stray
From his dear Flora. —
'Ah sure he ne'er could be
'False to his vows and me —
'O Heaven! — is not yonder he
'Bounding in Mora!

'Never O wretched fair!
(Sigh'd the sad messenger,
'Never shall Donald mair
'Meet his lov'd Flora!

† A small valley in Athole, so named by the two lovers.

'Cold, cold beyond the main,
'Donald thy love lies slain; —
'He sent me to soothe thy pain
'Weeping in Mora.

'Well fought our gallant men
'Headed by brave Burgoyne,
'Our heroes were thrice led on
To British glory. —
'But ah! tho' our foes did flee,
'Sad was the loss to thee,
'While ev'ry fresh victory
'Drown'd us in sorrow.

"Here take this trusty blade,
(Donald expiring said,) —
"Give it to yon dear maid
"Weeping in Mora. —
"Tell her oh Allan tell,
"Donald thus bravely fell,
"And that in his last farewell
"He thought on his Flora."

Mute stood the trembling fair,
Speechless with wild despair,
Then striking her bosom bare
Sigh'd out poor Flora! —
Oh Donald! oh welladay!
Was all the fond heart could say
At length the sound died away
Feebly in Mora.

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth.

Patie Sings

253

By the de-licious warmness of thy mouth, And rowing

Slow

eyes that smiling tell the truth I guess my las-sie, that, as

well as I, You're made for love; and Whe should you de-ny.

Peggy Sings

But ken ye, lad, gin we confes o'er soon, Ye think us cheap, & fyne the

woong's done: The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power, Like

un-ripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

NB. The 2^d Measure must be repeated for Patie's last verse.

Patie Sings

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
 Their sweetness they may tine; and fae may ye:
 Red cheeked you completely ripe appear,
 And I ha'e thold and woo'd a lang haff-year.

Peggy finging, falls into Patie's arms.

Then dinna pu me, gently thus I fa'
 Into my Patie's arms, for good and a':
 But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
 And mint nae farer till we've got the grace.

Patie (with his left hand about her waist.)

O charming armfu' hence ye cares away,
 I'll kifs my treasure a' the live-lang day;
 A' night I'll dream my kifses o'er again,
 Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sung by both.

254

Sun gallop down the westlin skies, Gang soon to bed, and

Briskly

quickly rise, O lash your steeds post time a-way, And

haste a-bout our bridal day! And if ye're wearied, honest light,

Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night, And if ye're wearied,

honest light, Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

O, were I on Parnassus Hill,

Tune, My love is lost to me.

255

255 * O were I on Par-nassus hill; Or had o' He-li-
 -con my fill; That I might catch po-e-tic skill, To
 sing how dear I love thee. But Nith maun be my Muf-es
 well, My Mufe maun be thy bo-nie fell; On Cor-fincon I'll
 glowr and spell, And write how dear I love thee.

The musical score consists of five systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the treble staff of each system. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay! By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
 For a' the lee-lang simmer's day, The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame,
 I coudna sing, I coudna fay, And ay I muse and sing thy name,
 How much, how dear, I love thee. I only live to love thee.
 I see thee dancing o'er the green, Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
 Thy waist fae jimp, thy limbs fae clean, Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een- Till my last, weary sand was run;
 By Heaven and Earth I love thee. Till then and then I love thee.

256

Ullin, Carril and Ryno, Voices of the days of old, let me

Plaintive

hear you while yet it is dark, to please and a wake my foul, I hear you.

not ye sons of song; in what hall of the Clouds is your Rest; do you

touch the shadowy Harp, Robed with morning mist, where the rising

Sun comes forth from his greenheaded waves from his greenheaded waves.

Continued.

buckle and a'. His coat is the hue of his bon-net fae blue; His

fecket is white as the new driven snaw; His hose they are blae, & his

shoon like the flae, And his clear fil-ler buc-kles they

dazzle us a'. His coat is the hue of his bon-net fae blue; His

fecket is white as the new driven snaw; His hose they are blae and his-

shoon like the flae, And his clear filler buckles they dazzle us a'.

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin;
 Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw;
 But chiefly the filler, that gars him gang till her,
 The Pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'.
 There's Meg wi' the mailin that fain wad a haen him;
 And Susie whase daddy was laird o' the Ha;
 There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy—
 But th' laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a'.

My heart's in the Highlands,

Tune, Failte na miofg.

259

Slow

* My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here; My heart's in the Highlands a chafing the deer; A chafing the wild deer, and following the roe, My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go. Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the north, The birth place of Valour, the country of Worth, Wher-ever I wander, wher-ever I rove, The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
 Farewell to the straths and green vallies below:
 Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud pouring floods.
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands a chafing the deer:
 Chafing the wild deer, and following the roe;
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

John Anderson my Jo.

260

John Ander-son my jo, John, When we were first Ac-

Lively

-quent; Your locks were like the ra-ven, Your bony brow was

brent; But now your brow is beid, John, Your

locks are like the snaw; But blefs-ings on your

frofty pow, John Ander-son my Jo.

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

Ah, why thus Abandon'd &c.

261

* Ah, why thus abandon'd to mourning and woe, Why thus, lonely

Philomel, why flows thy sad strain? For spring shall return & a lover be-frow,

And thy bosom no trace of dejection retain; Yet if pity inspire thee ah, cease not thy

lay, Mourn sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn, O soothe him whose

pleasures like thine pass a-way, Full swiftly they pass but they never re-turn.

Deil tak the Wars.

262

Deil tak the war that hurried Willy. frae me, Wha to loo me

just had sworn; They made him captain fure to un-do me; Wae is

Continued.

me, he'll ne'er re - turn! A thousand loons abroad will fight him, He frae
 thousands ne'er will run; Day & night I did in - vite him, To stay safe from
 sword or gun; I us'd alluring graces With muckle kind embraces, Now fighting now
 crying, then tears dropping fall; And had he my soft arms prefer'd to war's a -
 - larms, My love grown mad without the man of Gad I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wash'd and patch'd to make me look provoking,
 Snares they said would catch the men;
 And on my head a huge commode fat cocking,
 Which made me shew as tall again:
 For a new gown I paid muckle money,
 Which with golden flowers did shine:
 My love well might think me gay and bonny,
 Nae scots lafs was e'er so fine.

My petticoat I spotted,
 Fringetoo with thread I knotted,
 Lac'd shoes and silken hose garter'd o'er the knee;
 But oh! the fatal thought,
 To Willy these are nought,
 Wha rid to towns, and rifled wi' dragoons,
 When he, filly loon, might hae plunder'd me.

Awa whigs awa.

263

A_wa whigs a_wa, A_wa whigs a_wa, Ye're but a

pack o' traitor louns, Ye'll do nae gude at a'. Our thrisles

flourish'd fresh and fair, And bonie bloom'd our roses; But

whigs cam like a frost in June, And wither'd a' our poesies.

Chorus

A_wa whigs a_wa, A_wa whigs a_wa, Ye're but a pack o'

traitor louns, Ye'll do nae gude at a'.

Our ancient crown's fan in the dust;
Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't,
And write their names in his black beuk
Wha gae the whigs the power o't!
Cho.^s Awa whigs &c.

Our sad decay in church and state
Surpases my describing:
The whigs cam o'er us for a curse,

And we hae done wi' thriving.
Cho.^s Awa whigs &c.

Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap,
But we may see him wauken:
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin.
Cho.^s Awa whigs &c.

Ca' the ewes to the knowes,

264

Ca' the ewes to the knowes, Ca' them whare the

Slow

hea - ther grows, Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,

My bon - nie dear - ie.

As I gaed down the water-side,
There I met my shepherd-lad,
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
An he ca'd me his dearie.
Cho^s Ca' the ewes &c.

Ye fall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Caulf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
And ye fall be my dearie.
Cho^s Ca' the ewes &c.

Will ye gang down the water-side
And see the waves fae sweetly glide.
Beneath the hazels spreading wide,
The moon it shines fu' clearly.
Cho^s Ca' the ewes &c.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd-lad,
And ye may rowe me in your plaid,
And I fall be your dearie.
Cho^s Ca' the ewes &c.

I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd-lad, to play the fool,
And a' the day to fit in dool,
And nae body to see me.
Cho^s Ca' the ewes &c.

While waters wimple to the sea;
While day blinks in the lift fae hie;
Till clay-cauld death fall blin' my ee,
Ye fall be my dearie.
Cho^s Ca' the ewes &c.

Highland Song.

265

Se, do mholla mholla mholla fe-do mholla ní mí gu

Andante

brach. Er mo ríara is thu mo Luasa ameafg na' hifil agus nafil s'thú

fir mhae au Dun-uafil sinac an Tuanic núr ghás a. bár. D.C.

Translation.

Thy praise I'll ever celebrate.
Truly thou art my Lover either among the
lowly or high, thou art the true son of the
Gentleman, and also the Farmer's son when the
Harvest comes on.

The Jolly Beggar.

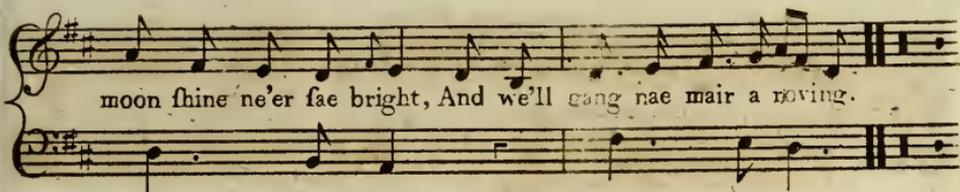
266

* There was a Jolly beggar, and a begging he was bound, And

he took up his quarters in to a land'art town, And we'll gang nae mair a

roving Sae late into the night, And we'll gang nae mair a roving, Let the

Continued.



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

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

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

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Up raise the goodman's dochter, and for to bar the door,
And there she saw the beggar standin i' the floor.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he ran,
O hooly, hooly wi' me, Sir, ye'll waken our goodman.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar was a cunnin' loon, and ne'er a word he spakè,
Until he got his turn done, syne he began to crack.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Is there ony dogs into this town, Maiden; tell me true;
And what wad ye do wi' them; my hinny and my dow.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

They'll rive a' my mealpocks, and do me meikle wrang.
O dool for the doing o't, are ye the poor man.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Then she took up the mealpocks and flang them o'er the wa',
The d - I gae wi' the mealpocks, my maidenhead and a'.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

I took ye for some gentleman, at least the Laird of Brodie;
O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor bodie.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses three,
And four-and-twenty hunder mark to pay the nurice-fee.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud and shrill,
And four-and-twenty belted knights came skipping o'er the hill.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

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

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar was a cliver loon, and he lap shoulder height,
O ay for sicken quarters as I gat yesternight.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

I loe na a Laddie but ane.

267

267 I loe nae a laddie but ane, He loes na a lassie but
 Slowly
 me; He's willin' to make me his ain, An' his ain I am willin' to
 be. He coft me a rokley o' blue, A pair o' mit-tens o'
 green, An' his price was a kifs o' my mou; An' I
 paid him the debt yef-treen.

My mither's ay makin' a phraze,
 "That I'm lucky young to be wed;"
 But lang'ere she countit my days,
 O' me she was brought to bed:
 Sae mither, just fettle your tongue,
 An' dinna be flytin' sae bauld;
 For we can do the thing when we're young,
 That we canna do weel when we're auld.

Same Tune.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
 Their land, and their lordlie degree;
 I carena' for ought but my dear,
 For he's ilka' thing lordlie to me:
 His words mair than fugar are sweet,
 His sence drives ilk fear far awa!
 I listen poor fool! and I greet
 Yet oh! how sweet are the tears as they fa!

"Dear lassie," he cries wi' a jeer,
 "Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;
 "Tho' we've little to brag o' 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 cantie and leil evermair.
 "O Menie! the heart that is true,
 "Has something mair costlie than gear;
 "Ilk e'en, it has naithing to rue,
 "Ilk morn, it has naithing to fear:
 "Ye warldlings! gae, hoard up your store,
 "And tremble for fear ough ye tyne:
 "Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar & door
 "While thus in my arms I lock mine!"

He ends wi' a kifs and a smile -
 Waes me! can I tak it amiss,
 When a lad fae unpractis'd in guile
 Smiles fastly, and ends wi' a kifs!
 Ye lasses wha loo to torment
 Your lemans wi' fause scorn and strife,
 Play your pranks for I've gi'en my consen
 And this night I'll tak Jamie for life.

I'll mak you be fain to follow me.

268 * As late by a fodger I chanced to pass, I heard him a courtin a

Lively

bony young lads; My hin-ny, my life, my dearest, quo he, I'll

mak you be fain to follow me. Gin I should follow you a

poor fodger lad, Ilk ane o' my cummers wad think I was mad; For

battles I never shall lang to see, I'll never be fain to follow thee.

To follow me, I think ye may be glad,
 A part o' my supper, a part o' my bed,
 A part o' my bed, wherever it be,
 I'll mak you be fain to follow me.
 Come try my knapsack on your back,
 Along the king's high-gate we'll pack;
 Between Saint Johnston and bony Dundee,
 I'll mak you be fain to follow me.

The Bridal o't.

Tune, Lucy Campbell.

269

* They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't, They say that Jockey'll

speed weel o't, For he grows brawer ilka day, I hope we'll hae a bridal o't.

For yesternight nae farder gane, The backhouse at the side wa' o't, He

there wi' Meg was mirden seen, I hope we'll hae a bridal o't.

An we had but a bridal o't,
 An we had but a bridal o't,
 We'd leave the rest unto gude luck
 Altho' there should betide ill o't:
 For bridal days are merry times
 And young folks like the coming o't,
 And Scribblers they bang up their rhymes
 And Pipers they the bumming o't.

The lasses like a bridal o't,
 The lasses like a bridal o't,
 Their brows maun be in rank and file
 Altho' that they should guide ill o't:
 The boddom o' the kist is then
 Turn'd up unto the inmost o't,
 The end that held the keeks fae clean
 Is now become the teemest o't.

The bangster at the threshing o't,
 The bangster at the threshing o't,
 Afore it comes is fidgin fain
 And ilka day's a clashing o't;

He'll sell his jerkin for a groat,
 His linder for anither o't,
 And e'er he want to clear his shot,
 His fark'll pay the tither o't.

The Pipers and the Fiddlers o't,
 The Pipers and the Fiddlers o't,
 Can smell a bridal unco far
 And like to be the middlers o't:
 Fan thick and threefold they convene
 Ilk ane envies the tither o't,
 And wishes nane but him alane
 May ever see anither o't.

Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,
 Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,
 For dancing they gae to the green,
 And aiblins to the beating o't:
 He dances best that dances fast,
 And louns at ilka reefing o't,
 And claps his hands frae hough to hough
 And furls about the feezings o't.

Merry hae I been teethin a heckle.

Tune, Boddich na' mairigs, or Lord Breadalbine's March.

270

* O merry hae I been teethin a heckle, An merry hae I been

Slow

shap in a spoon: O mer-ry hae I been clout in a ket-tle; An'

kifs in my Katie when a' was done. O, A' the lang day I

ca' at my hammer, An a' the lang day I whistle and sing O, A' the lang

night I cuddle my kimmer, An a' the lang night as happy's a king.

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins

O' marrying Befs, to gie her a slave:

Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linnens,

And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave!

Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,

An' come to my arms and kifs me again!

Druken or sober here's to thee, Katie!

And blest be the day I did it again.

A Mother's lament for the death of her son.
Tune, Finlayston House

271

* Fate gave the word, the ar-row sped, And pierc'd my
Slow
Darling's heart: And with him all the joys are fled Life
can to me im-part. By cru-el hands the sap-ling
drops, In duft dif-ho-nor'd laid: So fell the pride of
all my hopes, My a-ges fu-ture fhade.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of five systems of music, each with a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and ornaments (marked 'hr').

The mother linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young;
So I, for my lost Darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
Now, fond, I bare my breast,
O, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love at rest!

The White Cockade.

281

272

* My love was born in Aberdeen, The boniest lad that

Lively

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, ro-ving

lad, He is a brisk an' a bonny lad, Be-tide 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 gray mare and hawkit cow;
 To buy mysel a tartan plaid,
 To follow the boy wi' the White Cockade.
 Cho^s. O he's a ranting, roving lad,

273 * As on an eminence I stood a musing, A heaven - ly

form broke forth on my sight; She darted a look from her

two lovely diamonds, Than vanishing left me o'erwhelm'd with de -

- light. O! on my faithfull, faithful, faithful, on my faithful

bosom re - cline, Those sparkling, black eyes that make conquest of

thousands, In - sensible he, would not wish to be thine!

Aw'd by her mien and heavenly-like motion,
 I follow'd the goddess who ravish'd my eye;
 I would - but Oh, Heavens! could I but describe her,
 Thousands like me would adore her and die!
 O! on my faithful &c.

Her complexion is like to the delicate snow;
 Lilies and roses compar'd with her skin,
 - Soon lose their hue and sink back in confusion,
 - Unable to bear the bright rays of the sun.
 O! on my faithful &c.

274

I winna marry o-ny man but Sandy o'er the lee. I

Spiritofa

winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee. I winna hae the dominie for

gude he canna be, But I will hae my San-dy lad, my

Sandy o'er the lee, For he's aye a kifsing kifsing aye a kifsing

me, he's aye a kifsing, kifsing aye a kifsing me.

I will not have the minister for all his godly looks,
 Nor yet will I the lawyer have, for all his wily crooks:
 I will not have the plowman lad, nor yet will I the miller,
 But I will have my Sandy lad, without one penny filler
 For he's aye a kifsing kifsing &c.

I will not have the soldier lad for he gangs to the war,
 I will not have the sailor lad because he smells of tar,
 I will not have the lord nor laird for all their mickle gear,
 But I will have my Sandy lad my Sandy o'er the moor.
 For he's aye a kifsing kifsing &c.

Todlen Hame.

275

* When I have a fax-pence under my thum, Then

Slowish

I'll get cred-it in il-ka town: But ay when I'm poor they

bid me gae by; O! poverty parts good company. Todlen hame,

Chorus

tod-len hame, O! Cou'dna my love come tod-len hame?

Fair fa' the goodwife, and fend her good fale,
 She gie's us white bannocks to drink her ale,
 Syne if her tippony chance to be sma',
 We'll tak a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.
 Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
 And twa pint stoups at our bed-feet;
 And ay when we waken'd we drank them dry:
 What think you of, my wee kimmer and I.
 Todlen butt and todlen ben,
 Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
 Ye're ay sae good-humour'd when weeting your mou;
 When sober sae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
 That it's a blyth fight to the bairns and me,
 Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.

The Braes o' Ballochmyle.

276 * The Catrine woods were yellow seen, The flowers decay'd on
 Catrine lee, Nae lav'rock fang on hillock green, But nature
 sickend on the e'e. Thro' faded groves Ma - ri - a fang, Her -
 - fel in beau - ty's bloom the while, And ay the wild wood
 echoes rang, Fare - weel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

The musical score consists of five systems of two staves each. The first system is marked with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are placed between the staves. The second system begins with a fermata over the first note of the treble staff. The third system continues the melody. The fourth system features a fermata over the final note of the treble staff. The fifth system concludes the piece with a double bar line and repeat dots.

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 alas! for me nae mair;
 Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
 Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
 Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!

The rantin dog the Daddie o't.

Tune, East nook o' Fife.

277

O wha my babie-clouts will buy, O Wha will tent me when I
 cry; Wha will kifs me where I lie. The rantin dog the daddie o't. O
 Wha will own he did the faut, O wha will buy the groan-in maut, O
 Wha will tell me how to ca't. The rantin dog the daddie o't.

Lively.

When I moun't the Creepie-chair,
 Wha will sit beside me there,
 Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair,
 The rantin dog the Daddie o't.

Wha will crack to me my lane;
 Wha will mak me fidgin fain;
 Wha will kifs me o'er again.
 The rantin dog the Daddie o't. Z

The Shepherd's Preference.

278

In may when the daises ap-pear on the green, And
 flow'rs in the field and the forest are seen; Where lillies bloom'd bonny &
 hawthorns up-sprung, A-penive young shepherd off whifled & sung.

But neither the shades nor the sweets of the flowers, Nor the blackbirds that
warbled in blossoming bowers, Could pleasure his eye, or his ear enter
tain, For love was his pleasure and love was his pain.

The shepherd thus sung, while his flocks all around,
Drew nearer and nearer and sigh'd to the sound;
Around, as in chains, lay the beasts of the wood,
With pity disarm'd, with music subdu'd.
Young Jessy is fair as the spring's early flower,
And Mary sings sweet as the bird, in her bower:
But Peggy is fairer and sweeter than they
With looks like the morning with smiles like the day.

In the flower of her youth in the bloom of eighteen,
Of virtue the goddess, of beauty the queen,
One hour in her presence, an age far excells,
Amid courts, where ambition with misery dwells;
How fair to the shepherd the new springing flowers,
When may and when morning lead on the gay hours,
But Peggy is brighter and fairer than they,
She's fair as the morning and lovely as may.

How sweet to the shepherd the wild woodland sound,
When larks sing above him, and lambs bleat around;
But Peggy far sweeter can speak and can sing
Than the notes of the warblers that welcome the spring.
When in beauty she moves by the brook of the plain,
You would call her a Venus, new sprung from the main,
When she sings and the woods with their echoes reply,
You would think that an angel was warbling on high.

How sprightly the swains, in her presence appear
All the charms she improves that embellish the ear,
She heightens each pleasure, she softens each woe,
She is all of celestial we fancy below.
Ye Pow'rs that preside over mortal estate,
Whose nod governs nature, whose pleasure is fate,
O grant me, O grant me the heaven of her charms.
May I live in her presence and die in her arms.

My Mary dear, departed shade.

Tune, Capt.ⁿ Cook's death &c.

279

The musical score consists of five systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

* Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray; That lov'ft to
greet the ear-ly morn, A-gain thou usher'ft in the day My
Mary from my soul was torn. O Mary! dear departed Shade! Where
is thy place of blifsful reft? Seeft thou thy Lov-er
lowly laid? Hear'ft thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,

Can I forget the hallow'd grove
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met
To live one day of parting love!

Eternity cannot efface. (past;

Those records dear of transports -
Thy image at our last embrace,

Ah, little thought we 'twas our last!

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes
And fondly broods with miser-care;
Time but th' impresson stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore, My Mary, dear departed Shade!

O'erhung with wild-woods thickening Where is thy place of blifsful reft?
The fragrant birch & hawthorn hoar (green; Seest thou thy Lover lowly laid?

Twind amorous round the raptur'd scene; Hear'ft thou the groans that rend his
(breast!

Hardyknute: Or, The Battle of Largs.

280 * Stately stept he east the wa, And stately stept he west: Full

Very Slow

seventy zeirs he now had sene, With skerfs fevin zeirs of rest.



He livit quhen Britons breach of faith The King of Norfe in summer tyde,
Wroucht Scotland meikle wae; Puft up with powir and nicht,
And ay his sword tauld to their skaith, Landed in fair Scotland the yle,
He was their deidly fae. With mony a hardy knight.

Hie on a hill his castle stude, The tydings to our gude Scots king
With halls and towirs a hicht, Came, as he sat at dyne,
And guidly chambers fair to se. With noble chiefs in braif aray,
Quhair he lodgit mony a knight, Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

His dame fae peirless anes and fair, "To horse, to horse, my royal Liege,
For chafst and bewtie deimt, Zours faes stand on the strand,
Nae marrow had in all the land, Full twenty thousand glittering spears
Saif Elenor the queen. The King of Norfe commands."

Full thirtein sons to him scho bare, "Bring me my steed Mage dapple gray,
All men of valour stout; Our gude King raife and cry'd,
In bludy ficht with sword in hand "A trustier beast in all the land
Nyne lost their lives bot doubt; A Scots king nevir sey'd.

Four zit remain, lang may they live Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
To stand by liege and land: That lives on hill fae hie,
Hie was their fame, hie was their nicht, To draw his sword, the dreid of faes,
And hie was their command. And haft and follow me."

Great luvie they bare to Fairly fair, The little page flew swift as dart
Their sister fast and deir; Flung by his masters arm:
Her girdle shawd her middle gimp, "Cum down, cum down, Lord Hardy -
And gowden glift her hair. And rid zour King frae harm." (knute,

Quhat waefou wae her bewtie bred, Then reid reid grew his dark-brown che-
Waefou to zung and auld, Sae did his dark-brown brow;
Waefou I trow to kyth and kin, His luiks grew kene, as they were wont,
As story ever tauld! - In dangers great, to do. &c.

Eppie Adair.

281

* An O, my Eppie My Jewel, my Eppie! Wha wad na be happy, Wi'

Eppie A_dair! By love, and by beauty, By law, & by duty; I swear to be

true to my Eppie A_dair! By love, & by beauty, By law, and by du_ty; I

swear to be true to my Eppie A_dair.

A' pleasure exile me,
Dishonour defile me,
If e'er I beguile thee,
My Eppie Adair!

The Battle of Sherra-moor.

Tune, Cameronian Rant.

282

* O cam ye here the fight to shun, Or herd the sheep wi' me, man, or

were ye at the Sherra-moor, Or did the bat_tle fee, man. "I

saw the bat_tle fair and tough, And ree_kin_red ran

mony a sneath, My heart for fear gae fough for fough, To

Continued.

hear the thuds, and see the cluds O' Clans frae woods, in

tar-tan duds, Wha glaum'd at king-doms three, man.

Chorus

la da

la da.

The red-coat lads wi' black cockauds

To meet them were na flaw, man,

They rush'd, and push'd & blude outgush'd,

And mony a bouk did fa' man:

The great Argyle led on his files,

I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles,

They hough'd the Clans like nine-pin kyles

They hack'd & hash'd while braid fwords cla-

And thro' they dash'd, & hew'd & smash'd, (sh'd,

Till fey men did awa, man.

Cho^s la la la, &c.

But had ye seen the philibegs

And skyrin tartan trews, man,

When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,

And covenant Trueblues, man;

In lines extended lang and large,

When baignets o'erpower'd the charge,

And thousands hasten'd to the charge;

Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath

Drew blades o' death, till out o' breath

They fled like frightened dows, man."

Cho^s la la la, &c.

"O how deil Tam can that be true,

The chace gaed frae the north, man;

I saw mysel, they did pursue

The horse-men bach to Forth, man

And at Dunblane in my ain fight

They took the brig wi' a their might,

And straught to Stirling wing'd their-flie-

But, curst lot! the gates were shut (ght,

And mony a huntit, poor Red-coat

For fear amais't did swarf, man.

Cho^s la la la, &c.

My sister Kate cam up the gate

Wi' crowdie unto me, man; --

She swoor she saw some rebels run

To Perth and to Dundee, man:

Their left-hand General had nae skill;

The Angus lads had nae gude will,

That day their neebour's blude to spill;

For fear by foes that they should lose

Their cogs o' brose, they fear'd at blows

And hameward fast did flee, man.

Cho^s la la la, &c.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen

Amang the Highland clans, man;

I fear my Lord Panmuir is slain,

Or in his en'mies hands, man:

Now wad ye sing this double flight,

Some fell for wrang & some for right,

And mony bade the warld gudenight;

Say pell and mell, wi' muskets knell

How Tories fell and Whigs to h...ll

Flew off in frightened bands, man.

Cho^s la la la, &c.

Sandy and Jockie.

283 * Twa bony lads were San-dy and Jock-ie;

Jockie was lo'ed but Sandy un-luc-ky, Jockie was

laird baith of hills and of val-lies, But San-dy was

nought but the king o' gude fellows. Jockie lo'ed Madgie, for

Madgie had money, And Sandie lo'ed Mary, for Mary was

bony: Ane wedded for Love, Ane wedded for treasure, So

Jockie had filler, And Sandy had pleasure.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of seven systems of music, each with a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The piano part includes figured bass notation (6, 66, #) and various musical symbols such as asterisks, double bar lines, and repeat signs. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.

The Bonie Banks of Ayr.

284

The gloomy night is gathering fast, Loud roars the wild, in-

Slow

constant blast, Yon murky cloud is foul with rain, I see it

driving o'er the plain; The hunter now has left the moor, The scattered

coveys meet secure, The hunter now has left the moor, the scattered coveys

meet secure, while here I wander prest with care, Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:

But round my heart the ties are bound
That heart transfier'd with many a wo-
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear, (and
To leave the bonie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends: farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those-
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell, the bonie banks of Ayr!

John o' Badenyond.

285

When first I came to be a man of twenty years' or so, I

Slow

thought myself a handsome youth, and fain the world would know; In

best attire I stept abroad, with spirits brisk and gay, And

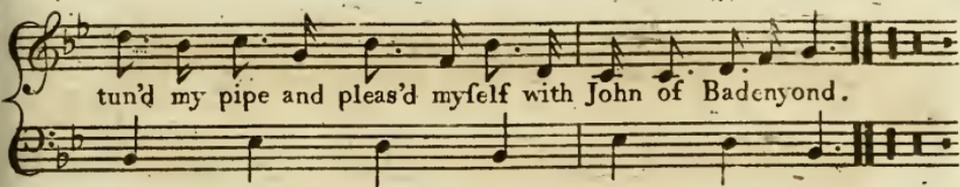
here, and there, and every where, was like a morn in May.

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'er I went, and when I was a-lone, I

Continued.



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 fung, 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 Badenyond.

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 lover's 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 laugh'd and spurn'd my moan
 I hy'd me home, and pleas'd myself with John of Badenyond.

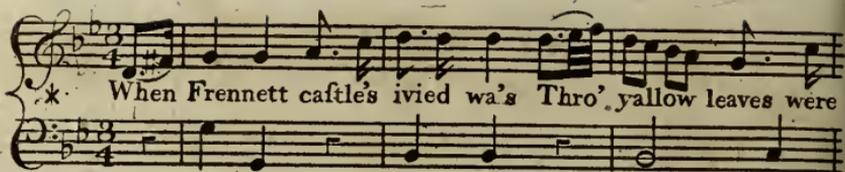
I thought I should be wiser next, and would a patriot turn,
 Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes, and cry up Parson Horne,
 Their noble spirit I admir'd and prais'd their manly zeal,
 Who had with flaming tongue and pen maintain'd the public weal:
 But e'er a month, or two was past, I found myself betray'd;
 '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 Badenyond:

What next to do I mus'd a while, still hoping to succeed,
 I pitch'd on books for company, and gravely try'd to read;
 I bought and borrow'd every where, and studied night and day;
 Nor mist what Dean or Doctor wrote, that happened 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 Badenyond.

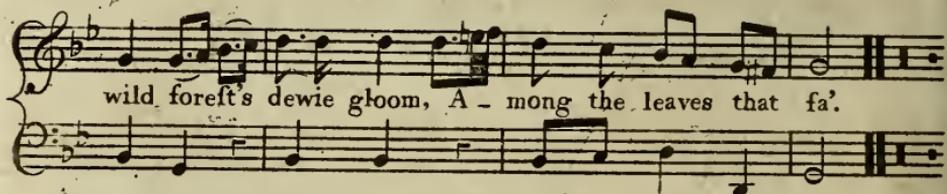
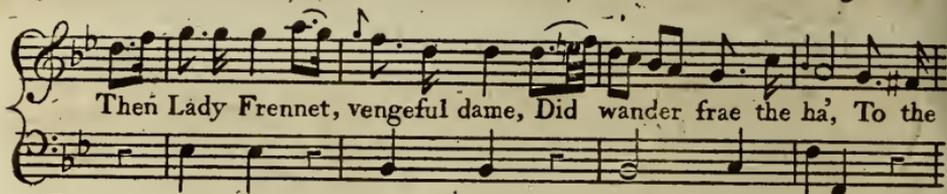
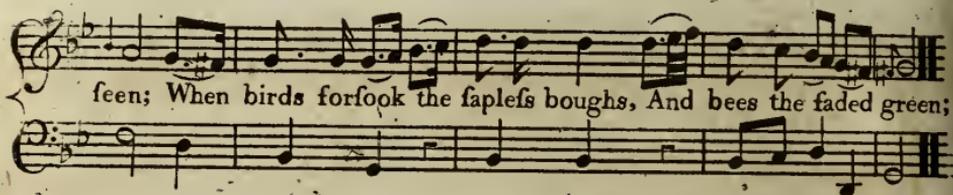
And now ye youngsters every where, who want to make a show,
 Take heed in time, nor vainly hope for happiness below;
 What you may fancy pleasure here is but an empty name,
 For girls, and friends, and books, and so, you'll find them all the same.
 Then be advis'd, and warning take from such a man as me,
 I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal, nor one of high degree:
 You'll find displeasure every where; then do as I have done,
 E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself with John of Badenyond.

Frennett Hall.

286



Slow



Her page, the swiftest of her train,
 Had clumb a lofty tree,
 Whase branches to the angry blast
 Were foughing mournfullie:
 He turn'd his een towards the path
 That near the castle lay,
 Where good lord John and Rothemay
 Were rideing down the brae.

Swift darts the eagle from the sky,
 When prey beneath is feen;
 As quickly he forgot his hold,
 And perch'd upon the green:
 O hie thee, hie thee! lady gay,
 Frae this dark wood awa:
 Some visitors of gallant mein
 Are hasting to the ha'.

Then round she rowed her silken plaid,
 Her feet she did na spare,
 Until she left the forest skirts
 A lang bow-shot and mair.
 O where, O where, my good lord John,
 O tell me where you ride?
 Within my castle-wall this night
 I hope you mean to bide.

Kind nobles, will ye but alight,
 In yonder bower to stay;
 Saft ease shall teach you to forget
 The hardness of the way.
 Forbear entreaty, gentle dame,
 How can we here remain?
 Full well you ken your husband dear
 Was by our father slain.

The thoughts of which with fell revenge
 Your angry bosom swell:
 Enraged you've sworn that blood for blood
 Should this black passion quell.
 O fear not, fear not, good lord John,
 That I will you betray,
 Or sue requittal for a debt
 Which nature cannot pay.

Bear witness, a' ye powers on high,
 Ye lights that gin to shine,
 This night shall prove the sacred cord
 That knits your faith and mine.
 The lady flee with honeyed words
 Entic'd thir youths to stay:
 But morning sun nere shone upon
 Lord John nor Rothemay.

Young Jockey was the blytheft lad.

287

* Young Jockey was the blytheft lad In a' our

town or here a wa; Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud, Fu'

lightly danc'd he in the ha'. He roos'd my een-fae bonie

blue, He roos'd my waift fae gen-ty sma; An ay my heart came

to my mou, When ne'er a body heard or faw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain

Thro' wind and weat, thro' frost and snaw;

And o'er the lee I leuk fu' fain

When Jockey's owfen hameward ca'.

An ay the night comes round again

When in his arms he taks me a';

An ay he vows he'll be my ain

As lang's he has a breath to draw.

A waukrife Minnie!

288

Whare are you gaun, my bony lafs, Whare are you gaun, my

Lively

hiney. She answer'd me right faucilie, An errand for my minnie.

O' whare live ye, my bony lafs,
O' whare live ye, my hiney.
By yon burn-side, gin ye maun ken,
In a wee houfe wi' my minnie.

But I foor up the glen at e'en,
To fee my bony lafsie;
And lang before the grey morn cam,
She was na hauf fae faucey.

O' weary fa' the waukrife cock,
And the founmart lay his crawin!

He wauken'd the auld wife frae her fleep
A wee blink or the dawin.

An angry wife I wat she raife,
And o'er the bed she brought her;
And wi' a meikle hazel rung
She made her a weel pay'd dochter.

O fare thee weel, my bony lafs!
O fare thee weel, my hinnie!
Thou art a gay and a bony lafs,
But thou has a waukrife minnie.

Tullochgorum.

289

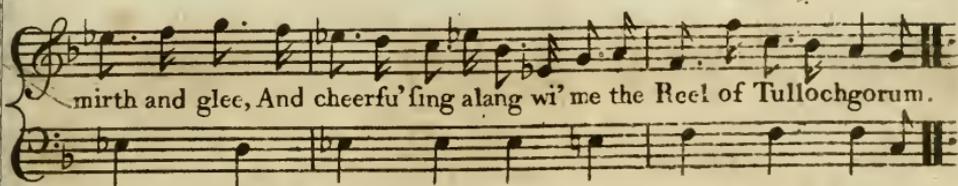
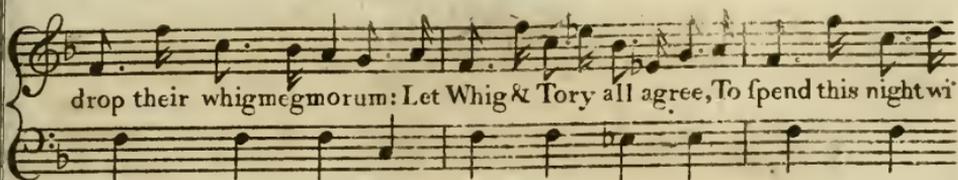
Come gie's a fang Montgomery cry'd, & lay your disputes all afide, What

Slowly

nonsense ist for folks to chide For what's been done before them. Let Whig &

Tory all agree, Whig & Tory, Whig & Tory, Whig & Tory all a-gree, To

Continued.



Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite,
 And ony sump that keeps up spite,
 In conscience I abhor him.
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 To make a cheerfu' quorum.
 Blithe and merry, we's be a',
 As lang's we ha'e a breath to draw,
 And dance, 'till we be like to fa',
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be so great a phrase
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
 I wadna gi'e our ain Strathspeys.
 For half a hundred score o'em:
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie;
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their variorum:
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Their Allegros, and a' the rest,
 They cannot please a Scottish taste,
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress
 Wi' fear of want, and double cess;
 And silly faults themselves distress
 Wi' keeping up decorum:
 Shall we fae four and sulky fit,
 Sour and sulky, four and sulky;

Shall we fae four and sulky fit,
 Like auld Philosophorum?
 Shall we fae four and sulky fit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
 And canna rise to shake a fit,
 At the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend
 Each honest-hearted open friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end,
 Be a' that's good before him!
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty;
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a' great store o'em!
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstain'd by any vicious blot;
 And may he never want a groat
 That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
 Who wants to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And blackest fiends devour him!
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow;
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And honest souls abhor him!
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And a' the ills that come frae France,
 Who'er he be that withra dance
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

For a' that an' a' that.

290

* Tho' womens minds like win-ter winds May

Slow

shift and turn and a' that, The noblest breast adores them maist, A

confequence I draw that. For a' that and a' that, And

twice as mickle as a' that, The bony lafs that I lo'e best she'll

be my ain for a' that

Great love I bear to all the Fair,
 Their humble slave an'a' that;
 But lordly, Will, I hold it still,
 A mortal sin to thrav that.
 For a' that &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
 They've taen me in an' a' that,
 But clear your decks and here's, The sex
 I like the jads for a' that!

in nature sweet this hour we meet,
 Wi' mutual love an' a' that;
 But for, how lang the flie may stang,
 Let inclination law that.
 For a' that &c.

For a' that an' a' that,
 And twice as meikle's a' that;
 The bony lafs that I lo'e best,
 She'll be my ain for a' that.

Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,

291

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut, And Rob and Allan

cam to fee; Three blyther hearts, that lee lang night, Ye

Chorus

wad na found in Christendie. We are na fou, We're nae that

fou, But just a drappie in our e'e; The cock may craw the

day may daw, And ay we'll taste the barley bree.

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!

Cho^s We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!

Cho^s 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!
 Cho^s We are na fou, &c.

Killiecrankie.

292 * Whare hae ye been fae braw, lad! Whare hae ye been fae

brankie O? Whare hae ye been fae braw, lad? Cam ye by Killiecrankie O?

An ye had been whare I hae been, Ye wad na been fae cantie O; An

ye had seen what I hae seen, I' th' braes o Killiecrankie O?

I faught at land, I faught at sea,
At hame I faught my Auntie, O;
But I met the Devil and Dundee
On th' Braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
An ye had been &c.

The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
An' Clavers gat a clankie, O;
Or I had fed an Athole Gled
On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
An ye had been &c. Z

The Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn.

293 O were I able to rehearse, My ewie's praise in proper verse, I'd

found it out as loud and fierce, As ev-er piper's drone cou'd blaw.

Continued.

Chorus

The ewie wi' the crooked horn, Well deserv'd baith garfe and corn;

Sic a ewie ne'er was born, Hereabout or far a wa'.

I neither needed tar nor keil,
To mark her upo' hip or heel,
Her crooked horn it did as well,
To ken her by amo' them a'
The ewie &c.

She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
But keep'd ay her ain jog trot,
Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
Was never sweer to lead nor ca'.
The ewie &c.

Cauld or hunger never dang her,
Wind or rain could never wrang her,
Ance she lay a wook an' langer
Out aneath a wreath o' snaw.
The ewie &c.

When other ewies lap the dyke,
And ate the kail for a' the tyke,
My ewie never play'd the like
But tees'd about the barn yard wa'.
The ewie &c.

A better nor a thriftier beast,
Nae honest man cou'd weel ha' wist,
For silly thing she never mist,
To hae ilk year a lamb or twa.
The ewie &c.

The first she had I gae to Jock,
To be to him a kind of stock,
And now the laddie has a flock,
Of mair nor thirty head te ca'.
The ewie &c.

The next I gae to Jean; and now,
The bairn's fae bra', has fauld fae fu',
That lads fae thick come her to woo,
They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.
The ewie &c.

I looked ay at even for her,
For fear the fumart might devour her,
Or some meshanter had come o'er her,
If the beastie bade awa'.
The ewie &c.

Yet monday last for a' my keeping,
I canna speak it without greeting,
A villain came when I was sleeping,
And staw my ewie, horn and a'.
The ewie &c.

I fought her fair upo' the morn
And down beneath a busk of thorn
I got my ewie's crooked horn,
But ah! my ewie was awa'.
The ewie &c.

But an' I had the lown that did it,
I've sworn and band'd as well as said it
Tho' a' the warld shou'd forbid it,
I shou'd gie his neck a thraw.
The ewie &c.

I never met wi' sick a turn
As this, since ever I was born,
My ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Peur silly ewie stown awa'.
The ewie &c.

O had she died of crook or cauld,
As ewies die when they are auld,
It wad' na been by mony fauld,
Sae fair a heart to nane o's a'.
The ewie &c.

For a' the claith that we ha'e worn,
Frae her and hers fae aften thorn,
The loss of her we cou'd ha'e born,
Had fair strae death tane her awa'.
The ewie &c.

But silly thing to lose her life,
Aneath a greedy villain's knife,
I'm really fear'd that our goodwife
Sall never win aboon't awa'.
The ewie &c.

O all ye bards beneath Kinghorn,
Call up your muses let them mourn,
Our ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Is stown frae us and fell'd and a'.
The ewie &c.

The blue-eyed Laisie.

294

I gaed a waeftu gate, yestreen, A gate, I fear, I'll

dearly rue; I gat my death frae twa fweet een, Twa

lovely e'en o' bonie blue. 'Twas not her golden ring - lets

bright; Her lips like roses, wat wi' dew, Her heav'ing bosom,

li - ly - white, It was her eer fae bonie blue.

She talk'd, she smit'd, my heart she wyl'd,
 She charm'd my soul I wist na how;
 And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een fae bonie blue.
 But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow:
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my deãd
 To her twa een fae bonie blue.

The Banks of Nith.

Tune, Robie donna gorach.

295

* The Thames flows proudly to the sea, Where royal

ci-ties state-ly stand; But sweeter flows the Nith, to me, Where

Cummins ance had high command: When shall I see that

honor'd Land, That winding Stream I love so dear! Must wayward

Fortunes adverse hand For e-ver, e-ver keep me here.

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
 Where bounding hawthorns gayly bloom;
 And sweetly spread thy sloping daies
 Where lambkins wanton through the broom!
 Tho wandering, now, must be my doom;
 Far from thy bonie banks and braes,
 May there my latest hours consume,
 Among the friends of early days!

Tam Glen.

296 * My heart is a breaking, dear Tittie, Some counfel unto me come

len, To anger them a' is a pity, But what will I do wi' Tam Glen.

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might mak a fen:
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen.

But, if its' ordain'd I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen.

Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou gied a sten;

For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit fark-sleeve, as ye ken;

His likeness cam up the house staukin,
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.

Come counfel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie you my bonie black hen,

Gif ye will advise me to Marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller,
'Gude day to you brute' he comes ben:
He brags and he blaws o' his filler,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen.

My Minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think fae o' Tam Glen.

My Daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten:
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

Drap o' capie o.

297 There liv'd a wife in our gate-end, She lo'ed a drap o capie O, And

a' the gear that e'er she gat, She slipt it in her gabie O: Up-

Continued.

- on a frosty winters night, The wife had got a drapie O, And
 she had pi'd her coats fae weel, She coudna find the patie O.

But she's awa' to her goodman,
 They ca'd him Tamie Lamie-O,
 Gae ben and fetch to me the can,
 That I may get a dramie-O.
 Tamie was an honest man,
 Himself he took a drapie-O,
 It was nae weel out o'er his craig,
 Till she was on his tapie-O.

Then Tamie took her aff the stane,
 And put her in the pockie-O,
 And when she did begin to spur,
 He lent her ay a knockie-O.
 Away he went to the mill-dam,
 And there ga'e her a duckie-O,
 And ilka chiel that had a stick,
 Play'd thump upon her backie-O.

Quoth she, the deil flee o'er your craig,
 Ye greedy druken coofie O!
 My wee drap drink, I had nae mair,
 And I maun die o' drouthie O,
 She paid him weel, baith back and fide,
 And fair she creish'd his backie-O,
 And made his skin baith blue and black,
 And gar'd his shoulders crackie-O.

And when he took her hame again,
 He did hing up the pockie-O,
 At her bed-side, as I hear say,
 Upon a little knagie-O.
 And ilka day that she up-rose,
 In naithing but her smockie-O,
 Sae soon as she look'd o'er the bed,
 She might behold the pockie-O.

Then he's awa' to the malt barn,
 And he has ta'en a pockie-O,
 He put her in, baith head and tail,
 And cast her o'er his backie-O.
 The carling spurr'd wi' head and feet,
 The carle he was fae ackie-O,
 To ilka wa' that he came by,
 He gar'd her head play knackie-O.

Now all ye men, baith far and near,
 That have a drunken tutie-O,
 Duck you your wives in time of year,
 And I'll lend you the pockie-O,
 The wife did live for nineteen years,
 And was fu' frank and cuthie-O,
 And ever since she got the duck,
 She never had the drouthie-O.

Goodman, I think you'll murder me,
 My brains you out will knockie-O.
 He gi'd her ay the other hiech,
 Lie still, you devil's buckie-O.
 Goodman, I'm like to make my burn,
 O let me out, dear Tamie-O;
 He set her down upon a stane,
 And bade her pie a damie-O.

At last the carling chanc'd to die,
 And Tamie did her bury-O,
 And for the publièk benefit,
 He has gar'd print the curie-O.
 And this he did her motto make;
 Here lies an honest luckie-O,
 Who never left the drinking trade,
 Until she got a duckie-O.

On the restoration of the forfeited Estates 1784.

Tune, As I came in by Auchindown.

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* As o'er the highland hills I hie'd, The Camerons in array I

spied Lochiel's proud standard waving wide, In all its antient glory.

The martial pipe loud pierc'd the sky, The Bard arose resounding high their

valour, faith, and loyalty, That shine in Scottish story.

No more the trumpet calls to arms,
Awaking battle's fierce alarms,
But every hero's bosom warms,
With songs of exultation,
While brave Lochiel at length regains,
Thro' toils of war his native plains,
And won by glorious wounds, attains,
His high paternal station.

Let now the voice of joy prevail,
And echoe wide from hill to vale;
Ye warlike Clans arise and hail,
Your laurell'd Chiefs returning.
O'er ev'ry mountain every isle,
Let peace in all her luster smile,
And discord ne'er her day defile,
With fullen shades of mourning.

McLeod, Mc Donald, join the train,
Mc Pherson, Fraser, and Mc Lean,
Thro' all your bounds let gladness reign,
Both Prince and patriot praising,

Whose generous bounty richly pours,
The streams of plenty round your shores
To Scotia's hills their pride restores,
Her faded honours raising.

Let all the joyous banquet share,
Nor e'er let Gothic grandour dare,
With scowling brow to overbear
A Vassal's rights invading
Let Freedom's conscious Sons disdain
To croud his fawning timed train,
Nor even own his haughty reign
Their dignity degrading.

Ye northern Chiefs, whose rage unbroke,
Has still repell'd the tyrants shock,
Who ne'er have bow'd beneath her yoke
With servile base prostration,

Let each now train his trusty band
'Gainst foreign foes alone to stand
With undivided heart and hand
For freedom King and Nation.

The Campbells' are comin.

299

The Campbells are comin O,ho, Oho! The Campbells are comin O,

ho, Oho! The Campbells are comin to bonie Lochleven, The Campbells are

comin O,ho, Oho! Upon the Lomons I lay, I lay, Upon the Lomons I lay, I

lay, I looked down to bonie Lochleven And saw three bonie perches play.

Chorus

The Campbells are comin O,ho, Oho! The Campbells are comin O,ho, Oho! The

Campbells are comin to bonie Lochleven, The Campbells are comin Oho, Oho!

Great Argyle he goes before,
 He maks his cannons and guns to roar,
 Wi' found o' trumpet, pipe and drum
 The Campbells are comin Oho, Oho!
 Cho^s. The Campbells &c.

The Campbells they are a' in arms
 Their loyal faith and truth to shaw,
 Wi' banners rattling in the wind,
 The Campbells are comin Oho, Oho!
 Cho^s. The Campbells &c.

Get up and bar the Door.

Recitative.

300

It fell a-bout the Martin-mass time, And a

gay time it was then, O When our good-wife got

puddings to make And she's boild them in the pan O.

The wind fae cauld blew south & north, And first they ate the white puddings,
 And blew into the floor, O. And then they ate the black O.
 Quoth our goodman, to our goodwife, Though muckle thought the goodwife to
 "Gat up and bar the door" O. Yet ne'er a word she spake O. (herfel,

"My hand is in my hus' if-skap, Then said the one unto the other,
 Goodman, as ye may see O, "Here, man, tak ye my knife O
 And it shou'd nae be barr'd this hundred Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
 Its no be barr'd for me O." (year, And I'll kifs the goodwife. O

They made a paction 'tween them twa, "But there's nae water in the house,
 They made it firm and sure; O And what shall we do than." O
 That the first who should speak the foremost What ails ye at the pudding broo,
 Shou'd rise and bar the door O. (word, That boils into the pan O."

Then by there came two gentleman, O up then statted our goodman,
 At twelve o'clock at night, O An angry man was he, O
 And they could neither see house nor "Will ye kifs my wife before my een,
 Nor coal nor candle light O. (hall, And scald me wi' pudding bree." O

Now, whether is this a rich man's house, Then up and started our goodwife,
 Or whether is it a poor. O Gied three skips on the floor, O
 But never a word wad ane o' them speak, "Goodman, you've spoken the foremost
 For barring of the door, O. Get up and bar the door, O." (word,

END OF VOLUME THIRD.

6





