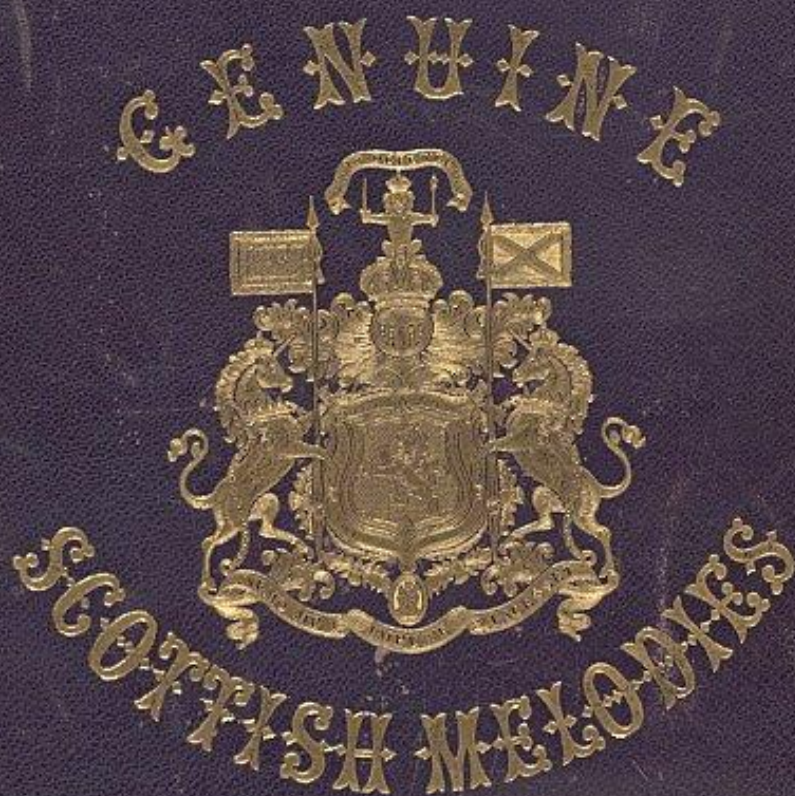




I



MAVER'S

COLLECTION OF

Genuine Scottish Melodies.

FOR THE  
PIANOFORTE or HARMONIUM

IN KEYS  
SUITABLE FOR THE VOICE

HARMONISED BY

C. H. MORINE.

EDITED BY

GEORGE ALEXANDER ESQ.

GLASGOW. ROBERT MAVER, 11, RENFIELD ST



## INTRODUCTION.

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It has been the aim of the Publisher, in the following compilation, to place before the public a comprehensive collection of the celebrated Melodies of Scotland, and to issue the Work in such a style, and at such a price, that, while forming an attractive book for the drawing-room, it may likewise be within the reach of every lover of Scottish Music. The greatest possible care and research have been bestowed to save the Work from any fault of incompleteness, and the result of the labours expended, it may be conceded, is such as to justify the Publisher in affirming it to be the most complete collection of the best Scottish Tunes ever issued. Scottish Melodies are, no doubt, plentifully scattered throughout many collections, and there are several excellent, though expensive, works, which contain many of the finest Scottish Songs, together with the appropriate music; but, hitherto, there has been no *complete* collection of Scottish Music, such as the present one, with harmonies for the Pianoforte or Harmonium;—while to make it more useful and attractive, the Melodies, it will be observed, are arranged in Keys suitable for the Voice; and the words\* best adapted to them, and most appropriate for general use, have been selected from the most popular of our national authors. It will also be observed, that each successive air has purposely been arranged so as to be relative in its Key to the Melody which has preceded it in the collection; an improvement which will doubtless meet with due appreciation.

The compilers, in their labours, have not confined themselves solely to printed matter, but have made the most careful research among manuscript music; so that there will be found in the collection not a few beautiful tunes which, till now, have never been made accessible to the general public. Where several sets of the same tune have existed, proper discretion and judgment have been brought to bear upon the selection of the very purest version. In those numerous cases, where more than one set of words were available for a melody, the best choice has been carefully studied; and where the verses have been found too lengthy for Singing, they have been curtailed for the purpose of this work. There are some instances in which no set of words could be rendered quite literally, and at the same time the *music* be preserved intact; it will be observed, however, that the necessary verbal variations are very slight. A GLOSSARY will be found at the end of the Work.

It is a fact, not unworthy of special notice, that our Scottish Poets and Song-writers have ever been thoroughly identified with the great body of the nation, from generation to generation; and having been, with few exceptions, *of the people*, in habit and thought and feeling, the Minstrelsy of Scotland presents itself before the world as peculiarly *national*.

The occupations of the Scottish people having embraced every possible pursuit, by land and by sea, the allusions in their songs to almost every phase of life are wide-spread and appropriate. Their intimate relations with France, with Holland, with Germany, and with Scandinavia, have not failed to carry abroad much of their characteristic music.

The importance of Scottish Music in forming a correct and truly natural taste, has long been an acknowledged fact. Beethoven and Haydn, Malibran and Jenny Lind, and a host of others, have exemplified their appreciation of this class of music; and who that has heard the lamented Dr. Mainzer upon Scottish Melodies, will ever forget his passionate fondness for their sweet and oftentimes mournful character. Few, if any, books of instruction, or miscellaneous collections, are without Scottish airs, while many of them have been made the basis upon which have been erected elaborate and highly effective pieces of music; and in many operatic airs, in numbers of our modern sentimental ballads, as well as in a considerable part of the much-admired American minstrel melodies, a foundation of Scottish origin may frequently be traced; facts which speak strongly in favour of the world-wide acceptance of Scottish Music. At home and abroad, in Canada, the Indies, and Australasia, these songs are everywhere the delight and the solace of our people.

\*The Music can be had together with, or separate from, the Words.



The age of Scottish Music is another guarantee of its excellence, having long stood the test of time, the severest of all ordeals. We cannot, of course, now trace the stream of melody and song to the fountain head; but there is extant direct historic testimony, at least as far back as the early part of the 15th century. Nor can there be any doubt that music and song existed long before that time in Scotland. Giraldus Cambrensis, who wrote in the 12th century, during the reigns of Henry II. of England, and William the Lion of Scotland, gives the following lively and characteristic description of Irish and Scottish Music, as performed on the Harp:—"It is in the cultivation of instrumental music that I consider the proficiency of this people to be worthy of commendation; and in this their skill is, beyond all comparison, above that of any nation I have ever seen, for theirs is not the slow and heavy style of melody, like that of the instrumental music of Britain, to which we are accustomed, but rapid and abrupt, yet, at the same time, sweet and pleasing in its effect. It is wonderful how, in such precipitate rapidity of the fingers, the musical proportions are preserved, and, by their arts, faultless throughout, in the midst of the most complicated modulation and most intricate arrangement of notes, by a velocity so pleasing, a regularity so diversified, the harmony is expressed, and the melody perfected; and whether a passage or transition is performed in sequence of fourths or fifths, it is always begun in a soft and delicate manner, and ended in the same, so that all may be perfected in the sweetness of delicious sounds. They enter on, and again leave their modulations with so much subtilty, and the vibrations of the smaller strings of the treble, sport with so much articulation and brilliancy along with the deep notes of the bass, they delight with so much delicacy, and soothe so charmingly, that the greatest excellency of their art appears in the perfect concealment of the means by which it is accomplished. In the opinion of many, Scotland has not only attained to the excellence of Ireland, but has, in musical science and execution, far surpassed her; in so much, that it is to that country they now resort who wish to attain proficiency in music, as the genuine source of the art." He adds, "The Highlanders and Irish are superior musicians; they also sing and play in parts." The historian, Mayer, in speaking of the musical taste and attainments of James I. of Scotland, could only illustrate their excellence by comparing his performances with those of "the Hibernians and the Highlanders, who were the best of all players on the harp." Lieut. Campbell, in his treatise, observes, "Let those who assert that Italy is the source of this divine art (music), try if they can quote, from any Latin or Italian work of the 12th century, such a proof of the civilization of the Roman and his Italian descendants."

Among the sculptured ornaments of Melrose Abbey, which was founded by David I. in 1136, are representations of a flute, a violin, and a bagpipe; and the figure of a harp is sculptured on a monument near to the church of Nieg in Ross-shire, which is traditionally ascribed to the 7th century; another is sculptured on a cross at Auldbar, near Brechin, and a third on Dupplin cross in Perthshire. Two of these harps, which are of very simple construction, are delineated with 5, and another is shown with 8 strings. The monuments are undoubtedly very ancient, though no exact estimate can be formed of their dates. Such ancient relics sufficiently testify that Music has been long cherished in this country. The artless simplicity, too, of many of the Scottish Melodies, may be taken as a proof of their very high antiquity; although at what time, and by whom they were composed, are questions which even antiquaries have in vain endeavoured to solve.

Amongst the musical instruments long in use, the harp held the most conspicuous place, was extensively cultivated all over the North, and, as we have seen, from the sculptured figures, was very early familiar in our country. In the reign of James I. of Scotland, organs were introduced into the Cathedrals and Abbeys; and Bower, who wrote a continuation of Fordun's history, says of this Monarch, that "he played upon the tabour, the bagpipe, the organ, the flute, the harp, the trumpet, and the shepherd's reed." Another instrument is mentioned as contemporary with the harp, called the clairsach, about 30 inches in height. It probably differed but little from the harp, as writers have frequently confounded them with each other.\* The lute was, for a long time, familiar in Scotland; the period of its introduction, however, remaining uncertain. It was an instrument of considerable dimensions, with a long neck, fretted finger board, and numerous strings, numbering from 12 to 24. "Luters" are mentioned as belonging to the Royal Household (1474), one of whom is styled "the Kingis litill lutare." Luters formed a regular part of the establishments of James IV. and James V., and also that of Queen Mary, who is said to have been an excellent performer on the instrument. The lute was rather costly, a good one being sometimes valued as high as a sum equal to £100, a great sum of money in those days.

\* Of two ancient harps still preserved in the family of Robertson of Lude, one is furnished with 28 and the other with 32 strings.



The viol held formerly the place now occupied by the violin. Of these there were three sorts, the treble, the tenor, and the bass viols; the latter called also the "viol de gamba." Each of these had 6 strings, and frets upon the finger board, similar to the guitar. They have all been displaced by the more modern violin. They were the principal instruments at concerts in the middle of the 17th century, at which time the violin was just coming into repute. Besides these, the pipe and tabour, represented in Roslyn Chapel in the hands of a single musician; the shalm, which is sculptured in Melrose Abbey and Roslyn Chapel, and is supposed to have been the origin of the hautbois; the horn, which was chiefly used in war and hunting; and the trumpet, which is mentioned in the "Houlate," and also in the "Complaynt," were all well known in Scotland.

In an inventory of the Chapel Royal of Stirling, which was founded by James III., and afterwards enlarged by James IV., there are described three organs, one with wooden, the others with tin or leaden pipes, and in a document called "Information touching the Chappell-Royal of Scotland," dated Whitehall, 24th January, 1631, it is stated that "an apartment was provided to Edward Kellie, wherein was practised, daily, old Scottish Music, vocal and instrumental."

In Dr. Burney's history, it is mentioned that John D'Etree, a performer on the hautbois, published at Paris, in 1564, a collection of dance tunes, of which "some were Scotch."

In the Skene, and other MSS., some of the tunes differ greatly from those now known by the same or similar names, and, generally speaking, the construction is so bald and imperfect, as to afford grounds for the supposition that the notation used, served merely as an outline of music already well known, and in other cases as an *accompaniment* upon some instrument then in vogue, not improbably the lute.

The Skene MS., which was deciphered by G. F. Graham, Esq., and published by the late William Dunne, Esq., Advocate, along with a dissertation, &c., is believed to be a collection made by John Skene of Hallyards, in Mid-Lothian, son of Sir John Skene of Curriehill, an eminent lawyer. This MS. contains 114 melodies, the greater part of which are genuinely Scottish. From internal evidence, one of the parts appears to have been written about the beginning of the 17th century, and another part, which (notwithstanding imperfections, and consequent difficulties in dealing with the MS.) contains many of our finest airs, seems to have been compiled at a still earlier date. It was not till a hundred years after this MS. was written that any collection of Scottish Music was printed in this country. The earliest printed work of Scottish Music was Thomson's "Orpheus Caledonius," the first volume of which appeared in 1725. At nearly the same time, Allan Ramsay published about 70 Scottish Melodies as a Musical Appendix to his "Tea Table Miscellany." This work, which extended to 4 volumes, became the repository of many of the best Scottish songs, which otherwise might have been lost to us, as doubtless many others had been, during the preceding centuries. Ramsay and his contributors, enriched his collection by many excellent original songs. The work proved extremely popular, 12 editions, at least, having been published.

In 1787, James Johnson, Engraver and Music-seller, Edinburgh, published the first volume of his "Scots Musical Museum," a work whose object was "to unite the songs and music in one general collection." At first it was intended to publish no more than 2 volumes, but, at an early stage of its progress, ROBERT BURNS became a contributor, and not only wrote for it many of his finest songs, but supplied a number of excellent melodies which he had, with great pains and perseverance, picked up in his numerous excursions throughout Scotland.\* These, combined, caused the work to extend ultimately to 6 volumes. Burns, as is well known, wrote largely, also, for George Thomson's collection, a work similar in design to the preceding, but of superior character, both as regards literary merit and external appearance. In more recent times, numerous works of an improved character, exhibiting much taste and skill, have been issued at intervals by several publishers, to meet the demand from the public.

Scottish Song has been, from an early period, a collateral stream with Scottish Music, there being few places in Scotland which are not celebrated in song. The Clyde, the Forth, the Tweed, the Dee, and many a river and streamlet, as it gurgles o'er its rocky bed, or glides softly through fertile meads, have songs of surpassing beauty written in their

\* "We take credit to ourselves for being the first to claim for him the merit of his collecting and preserving about fifty Scottish melodies. This labour of love alone would have entitled Burns to the thanks and gratitude of his countrymen, had he done nothing else; but it was lost in the refulgent blaze of his native genius, which shed a light on our national song that shall endure as long as our simple doric is understood. In the lapse of ages, even the lyrics of Burns may become obsolete; but other bards shall rise, animated with his spirit, and reproduce them, if possible, in more than their original beauty and splendour. We hold our national melodies to be imperishable. As no one can trace their origin, it would be equally futile to predict their end. Their essence is more divine than the language to which they are wedded."—*Captain Charles Gray, ("Curiosities of Scottish Song.")*



praise; and there is scarcely a glen or mountain path that has not its love tale embodied in familiar rhymes; while many a feat of heroism, and many a patriotic deed are commemorated in strains of poetry and music that will continue to be known so long as Scottish nationality endures. The numerous Song-writers, at whose head stands ROBERT BURNS, have produced such stores of lyrics—so imbued with fervour, pathos, patriotism, and humour,—as have made Scotland to be universally acknowledged, *THE LAND OF INIMITABLE SONG*.\*

If the Lowland Scottish and the Gaelic airs be examined with attention, there will generally be found somewhat widely marked differences between them. There is a quiet sweetness about our Lowland tunes, especially those of pastoral districts, where the landscape is composed of gentle slopes covered with verdure, shady groves, and rich carse, or where rivers flow sweetly onward through peaceful valleys and fertile fields. On the other hand, those of Highland and Island origin, have a wild and melancholy, yet beautiful feeling pervading them. This is probably owing to the picturesque and romantic character of the natural objects amongst which their composers lived. Huge mountains, giddy precipices, frightful chasms, noisy yet soothing waterfalls, and rushing torrents of river and sea, with all the awful grandeur of the tempest, never failed to impress the imaginative minds of these poets and musicians, causing their respective productions to be tinged by the impressions drawn from nature itself.

Simple as the Lowland Scottish and the Gaelic airs may seem, they have never lost their hold upon the hearts and homes of Scotchmen, nor have their pathetic beauties been eclipsed by the rivalry of the most elaborate music of modern times. They are the expressions of the joys and griefs, the hopes and fears of those who have long passed away. Their very truthfulness reaches the heart still, and they remain popular amongst all nations, so true are the great Poet's words, that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." On the other hand, it may be truthfully asserted, that no where more than in Scotland, are the beauties of the music of other lands, admired and appreciated.

To the gifted though now unknown composers of the old Scottish Music, we certainly are indebted for a hereditary love of melody, and for that rich legacy of sweet sounds which they have bequeathed to us. Their works to be appreciated have only to be thoroughly known, and the study of them will be its own reward.

The Publisher has gratefully to express the very great obligation he is under to George Alexander, Esq., of this City, for his assistance in compiling the present work. His knowledge of Scottish Music peculiarly qualifies him for this (to him) labour of love, and to his judicious supervision of the Work, during its progress, it in a great measure owes its comprehensiveness and genuine character. To him also the Publisher, and the public, are indebted for those beautiful melodies printed here for the first time, from his private collection; and likewise for his valuable aid in the selection of appropriate words for the music.

The late A. J. Wighton, Esq., of Broughty Ferry, evinced the warmest interest in the success of the work, and placed at the disposal of the Publisher the most ample selections from his wonderful Library of Scottish Music. To his Trustees, these acknowledgments, which he himself did not live to receive, are now tendered.

To the holders of Copyright Songs, the Publisher has to return his sincere thanks for the ready and liberal manner in which they allowed many fine songs to be transferred to this work.

The Harmonies, which are all original, were written by Mr. Morine, Professor of Music in Glasgow, a gentleman well known for his productions, not only in modern popular music, but also in the higher departments of the art.

To the gentlemen connected with the Press, the Publisher tenders his best thanks for their enlightened and appreciative criticisms during the progress of this work; encouragement that has often cheered him amidst anxious and responsible labours.

\* In October, 1863, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher of Brooklyn, U.S.A., while addressing an audience in the Glasgow City Hall, offered the following testimony as an American:—"No one who has been born and reared in Scotland can know the feeling with which, for the first time, such a one as I have visited this land, classic in song and in history. I have been reared in a country whose history is brief. So vast is it, that one might travel night and day for all the week, and yet scarcely touch historic ground. Its history is yet to be written; it is yet to be acted. But I come to this land, which, though small, is as full of memories as the heaven is full of stars, and almost as bright. There is not the most insignificant piece of water that does not make my heart thrill with some story of heroism, or some remembered poem; for not only has Scotland had the good fortune to have had men that know how to make heroic history, but she has reared those bards who have known how to sing her histories. And every steep and every valley, and almost every single league on which my feet have trod, have made me feel as if I was walking in a dream. I never expected to feel my eyes overflow with tears of gladness that I have been permitted in the prime of life, to look upon dear old Scotland. . . . I come to Scotland almost as a pilgrim would go to the shrines of Jerusalem, to see that whose story had startled my imagination from my early years, and I can pay no higher compliment than to say that, having seen some part of Scotland, I am satisfied."

GLASGOW, March, 1866.



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(\*) First time Published.—(G.) Gaelic Melody.—Those in Italics are Synonyms.

| NAMES OF MELODIES.                               | PAGE. | FIRST LINE OF WORDS.                                       | AUTHOR.      |
|--------------------------------------------------|-------|------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| <i>A Dirge</i> , ... .. G 73                     | 73    |                                                            |              |
| A man's a man for a' that, ... ..                | 37    | Is there, for honest poverty, ... ..                       | Burns.       |
| <i>A St. Kilda song</i> , ... ..                 | 67    |                                                            |              |
| Aiken Drum, ... ..                               | 101   | There liv'd a man in our town, ... ..                      | —            |
| *Aikendrum, ... ..                               | 101   | A warlock cam to our town, ... ..                          | Yodder.      |
| Alas! that I cam owre the muir, ... ..           | 20    | Now westlin' winds and slaughtering guns, (Peggy)          | Burns.       |
| Alloa House, ... ..                              | 46    | The spring time returns, and clothes the green plains, ... | Webster.     |
| An thou wert my ain thing, ... ..                | 10    | An thou wert my ain thing, ... ..                          | —            |
| And ye shall walk in silk attire, ... ..         | 15    | And ye shall walk in silk attire, ... ..                   | Blamire.     |
| Andro and his cutty gun, ... ..                  | 107   | Blythe, blythe, and merry was she, ... ..                  | Burns.       |
| Any privation but this, ... .. G 118             | 118   | O'er hill and dale roamin', ... ..                         | —            |
| Auld lang syne, ... ..                           | 6     | Should auld acquaintance be forgot, ... ..                 | Burns.       |
| Auld Robin Gray, ... (Modern Set) 7              | 7     | Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride,    | Lindsay.     |
| <i>Auld Robin Gray</i> , ... (Old Set) ... 14    | 14    |                                                            |              |
| Auld Rob Morris, ... ..                          | 32    | There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen, ... ..      | Burns.       |
| Auld springs gie nae price, ... .. G 68          | 68    | She's stately, proud, and shy, ... ..                      | —            |
| Aye wauken, O, ... ..                            | 19    | Simmer's a pleasant time, ... ..                           | —            |
| Bannocks o' bear-meal, ... ..                    | 48    | Bannock o' bear-meal, and bannocks o' barley, ... ..       | —            |
| Barbara Allan, ... ..                            | 33    | It was in and about the martinmas time, ... ..             | —            |
| Bata a Gharraidh, ... .. G 73                    | 73    | The sun shining brightly, but adds to my sorrow! ...       | Grant.       |
| Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, ... ..                | 34    | O, Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, ... ..                       | Ramsay.      |
| Blink o'er the burn, sweet Betty, ... ..         | 98    | Blink o'er the burn, sweet Betty, ... ..                   | —            |
| <i>Blythe, blythe and merry was she</i> , ... .. | 107   |                                                            |              |
| <i>Blythe was the time</i> , ... .. G 97         | 97    |                                                            |              |
| Bonnie Bell, ... ..                              | 39    | The smiling spring comes in rejoicing, ... ..              | Burns.       |
| Bonnie Dundee, ... ..                            | 89    | O keen blows the wind o'er the braces o' Gleniffer, ...    | Tannahill.   |
| Bonnie Jean of Aberdeen, ... ..                  | 20    | There was a lass, and she was fair, ... ..                 | Burns.       |
| Bonnie wee thing, ... ..                         | 4     | Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing, ... ..                 | Burns.       |
| Braw, braw lads, ... ..                          | 22    | There's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes, ... ..            | Burns.       |
| Brose and butter, ... ..                         | 118   | O Johnnie got brose, brose, ... ..                         | —            |
| <i>Buain na ruinich</i> , ... .. G 85            | 85    |                                                            |              |
| Busk ye, busk ye, ... ..                         | 9     | Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride! ... ..          | W. Hamilton. |
| Ca' the yowes to the knowes, ... ..              | 8     | Ca' the yowes to the knowes, ... ..                        | Burns.       |
| Carle an the king come, ... ..                   | 48    | Peggy now the king's come, ... ..                          | Ramsay.      |
| Carronside, ... ..                               | 103   | I canna smile, I canna sing, ... ..                        | Murray.      |
| <i>Castles in the air</i> , ... (Bonnie Jean) 20 | 20    |                                                            |              |



| NAMES OF MELODIES.                          | PAGE. | FIRST LINE OF WORDS.                                             | AUTHOR.        |
|---------------------------------------------|-------|------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| ✓ Charlie is my darling, ... ..             | 60    | O, Charlie is my darling, ... ..                                 | —              |
| Clout the Cauldron, ... ..                  | 56    | Hae ye ony pots or pans? ... ..                                  | —              |
| ✓ Come o'er the stream, Charlie, ... G      | 114   | Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,      | Hogg.          |
| Comin' through the rye, ... ..              | 44    | Oh! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee, ... ..                         | Dunlop.        |
| Corn riggs are bonnie, ... ..               | 68    | Wi' heart sincere, I love thee, Bell, ... ..                     | Gray.          |
| Crook Chaitlean, ... ..                     | G 62  |                                                                  |                |
| Crowdy, ... ..                              | 117   | Hae ye seen, at dawn o' mornin', ... ..                          | Chalmers.      |
| Dainty Davie, ... ..                        | 21    | Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers, ... ..                        | Burns.         |
| Donald, ... ..                              | 14    | My Highland home, where tempests blow, ... ..                    | Morton.        |
| Doun the burn, Davie, ... ..                | 64    | Behold, my love, how green the groves, ... ..                    | Burns.         |
| Eppie MacNab, ... ..                        | G 104 | O saw ye my dear, my Eppie MacNab? ... ..                        | Burns.         |
| Ettrick banks, ... ..                       | 23    | 'Twas even—the dewy fields were green, (The lass o' Ballochmyle) | Burns.         |
| Farewell to Lochaber, ... ..                | 29    | Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean, ... ..                | Ramsay.        |
| Fingal's lamentation, ... ..                | G 105 | There's a sound on the hill, ... ..                              | Pattison.      |
| Fly we to some desert Isle, ... ..          | G 113 | Fly we to some desert Isle, ... ..                               | Tannahill.     |
| For lack of gold she left me, ... ..        | 27    | For lack of gold she has left me, O, ... ..                      | Austin.        |
| Forneth House, ... ..                       | 116   | Now winter wi' his cloudy brow, ... ..                           | Tannahill.     |
| Forty-second Regiment March, ... ..         | 111   | (In the garb of old Gaul,) ... ..                                | —              |
| Galashiels, ... ..                          | 72    | Ab, the poor shepherd's mournful fate, ... ..                    | Hamilton.      |
| Gala water, ... ..                          | 22    |                                                                  |                |
| *Gie me a lass wi' a lump o' lan', ... ..   | 87    | O gie me a lass wi' a lump o' lan', ... ..                       | Ramsay.        |
| Gilderoy, ... ..                            | 36    | The last, the fatal hour is come, ... ..                         | Campbell.      |
| Gin ye meet a bonnie lassie, ... ..         | 90    | I little reck't that restless love, ... ..                       | M'Loggan.      |
| Glenara, ... ..                             | G 109 | O heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale? ... ..             | Campbell.      |
| Gloomy winter's now awa, ... ..             | 2     | Gloomy winter's now awa, ... ..                                  | Tannahill.     |
| Good morrow to your nightcap, ... ..        | 26    | O what will a' the lads do? ... ..                               | Hogg.          |
| Gordon Castle, ... ..                       | 23    | The simmer sun now blinks again, ... ..                          | R. Gilfillan.  |
| Gu ma slan a chi mi, ... ..                 | G 82  |                                                                  |                |
| *Hail to the Chief, ... ..                  | G 54  |                                                                  |                |
| Halloween, ... ..                           | 41    | By Grampian's tow'ring mountains high, ... ..                    | Carmichael.    |
| Hame, hame, hame, ... ..                    | 2     | Hame! hame! hame! O hame fain wad I be! ... ..                   | Cunningham.    |
| Happy may I see thee, ... ..                | G 82  | In a simmer gloamin', ... .. (Wearie's Well)                     | Motherwell.    |
| Hand awa frae me, Donald, ... ..            | 75    | Haud awa, bide awa, ... ..                                       | Allan.         |
| Here awa, there awa, ... ..                 | 70    | Here awa, there awa, wand'ring Willie, ... ..                    | Burns.         |
| Here's a health to them that's awa, ... ..  | 1     | Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, ... ..                       | Burns.         |
| He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel, ... G | 99    | He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel, ... ..                     | Nairne.        |
| Hey Donald, how Donald, ... ..              | G 95  | Though simmer smiles on bank and brae, ... ..                    | Tannahill, &c. |
| Hey, how, my Johnnie lad, ... ..            | 76    | Hey, how, my Johnnie lad, ... ..                                 | Cunningham.    |
| Hey, Jenny, come doun to Jock, ... ..       | 27    | Jocky, he cam here to woo, ... ..                                | —              |
| Hey, tattie, tattie, ... ..                 | 15    |                                                                  |                |
| *Highland boat song, ... ..                 | G 54  | Hail to the chief who in triumph advances, ... ..                | Scott.         |
| Highland Mary, ... ..                       | 12    | Ye banks, and braes, and streams around, ... ..                  | Burns.         |
| Ho ro Mhairi dhu, ... ..                    | 66    |                                                                  |                |
| How long and dreary is the nicht, ... ..    | G 119 | How lang and dreary is the nicht, ... ..                         | Burns.         |
| How melancholy am I! ... ..                 | G 109 | There's plenty come to woo me, ... ..                            | Anderson.      |
| I had a horse, and I had nae mair, ... ..   | 13    |                                                                  |                |
| I hae laid a herrin' in saut, ... ..        | 64    | I hae laid a herrin' in saut, ... ..                             | Tyler.         |



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|------------------------------------------------|-------|------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| I lo'e nae a laddie but ane, ... ..            | 90    | I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but ane, ... ..                           | <i>Macneil.</i>             |
| I love my love in secret, ... ..               | 35    | My Sandy gied to me a ring, ... ..                               | —                           |
| I wish my love were in a mire, ... ..          | 37    | The world has cross eneuch o' will, ... ..                       | <i>Jamieson.</i>            |
| I'll hap ye wi' my petticoat, (Old Set) ... .. | 74    | I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west, (Jeanie Morrison) ... .. | <i>Motherwell.</i>          |
| I'll ne'er return more, ... .. G 63            |       | I'll ne'er return more, ... ..                                   | <i>A. Campbell.</i>         |
| I'll never leave thee, ... ..                  | 50    | One day I heard Mary say, "how shall I leave thee!" ... ..       | <i>Crawford.</i>            |
| In the garb of old Gaul, ... ..                | 111   | In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome, ... ..       | <i>Erskine.</i>             |
| It's a' wae wi' Scotland, ... ..               | 94    | It's a' wae wi' Scotland, ... ..                                 | —                           |
| It was o'er in yon Soa, ... .. G 67            |       | It was o'er in yon Soa, I left lately my dearest, ... ..         | <i>A. Campbell.</i>         |
| Jocky said to Jenny, ... ..                    | 56    | Jocky said to Jenny, "Jenny, wilt thou wed!" ... ..              | —                           |
| Jock o' Hazeldean, ... ..                      | 57    | Why weep ye by the tide, ladye! ... ..                           | <i>Scott.</i>               |
| John Anderson, my jo, ... ..                   | 11    | John Anderson, my jo, John, ... ..                               | <i>Burns.</i>               |
| John o' Badenyon, ... ..                       | 97    | When first I came to be a man, of twenty years, or so, ... ..    | <i>Skinner.</i>             |
| Johnnie Cope, ... ..                           | 86    | Cope sent a letter frae Dunbar, ... ..                           | <i>Skirving.</i>            |
| Johnnie Fan, ... ..                            | 31    | A wee bird cam to our ha' door, ... ..                           | <i>Glen.</i>                |
| Johnnie's grey breeks, ... ..                  | 38    | Again rejoicing nature sees, ... .. (Menie)                      | <i>Burns.</i>               |
| Katherine Ogie, ... ..                         | 12    | Owre a' the sweet maidens in England I've seen, ... ..           | <i>White.</i>               |
| Kellyburn braes, ... ..                        | 111   | My faither has baith gowd and gear, ... ..                       | <i>Paul.</i>                |
| Kind kimmer, ... ..                            | 28    | O Robin is my only jo, ... ..                                    | —                           |
| Kind Robin lo'es me, ... ..                    | 4     | Baloo, my boy, lie still and sleep, ... ..                       | —                           |
| Lady Anne Bothwell's lament, ... ..            | 69    | Aft hae I by thy cradle sat, and fondly seen thee sleep, ... ..  | —                           |
| Lady Bernard's lament, ... ..                  | 78    | Oh, sisters, there are midnight dreams, ... ..                   | <i>Riddell.</i>             |
| Leader haughs and Yarrow, ... ..               | 40    | The evening sun's gaen down, ... ..                              | <i>Tannahill.</i>           |
| Leander on the bay, ... ..                     | 96    | O send Lewie Gordon hame, ... ..                                 | <i>Goldie.</i>              |
| Let us go, lassie, go, ... ..                  | 53    | 'Twas on a simmer's afternoon, ... ..                            | —                           |
| Lewie Gordon, ... ..                           | 18    | By Logan streams that rin sae deep, ... ..                       | <i>Mayne.</i>               |
| Loch Erroch side, ... ..                       | 79    | O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the laird, ... ..                     | <i>Halbet.</i>              |
| Logan Water, ... ..                            | 11    | Oh, mirk, mirk is this midnight hour, ... ..                     | <i>Burns.</i>               |
| Logie o' Buchan, ... ..                        | 17    | O whaur hae ye been, Lord Ronald, my son? ... ..                 | —                           |
| Lord Balgonie's favourite, ... ..              | 2     | By yon roarin' linn a bonnie lass sat, ... ..                    | —                           |
| Lord Gregory, ... ..                           | 44    | My daddie is a canker carle, ... ..                              | <i>Caruogie.</i>            |
| Lord Ronald, my son, ... ..                    | 18    | From the chase in the mountain, ... ..                           | —                           |
| Love is the cause of my mourning, ... ..       | 47    | O my lovely Mary, ... ..                                         | <i>Pringle.</i>             |
| Low down in the broom, ... ..                  | 41    | Happy's the love which meets return, ... ..                      | <i>Ramsay.</i>              |
| MacGregor of Ruaro, ... .. G 52                |       | I'll lo'e thee Annie, while the dew, ... ..                      | <i>R. Hamilton.</i>         |
| Mary of Castlereary, ... ..                    | 95    | The moon had climb'd the highest hill, ... ..                    | <i>Lease.</i>               |
| Mary of Glenfyne, ... .. G 116                 |       | Ma's thu mo whathair, ... .. G 83                                |                             |
| Mary Scott, ... ..                             | 43    | Miss Admiral Gordon's strathspey ... ..                          | 5                           |
| Mary's dream, ... .. (Modern Set) ... ..       | 13    | Morna, ... .. G 55                                               |                             |
| Mary's dream, ... .. (Old Set) ... ..          | 73    | Mor nighean a Ghiosbarlan, ... .. G 97                           |                             |
| Ma's thu mo whathair, ... .. G 83              |       | Muirland Willie, ... ..                                          | 59                          |
| Miss Admiral Gordon's strathspey ... ..        | 5     | My ain deist Alister, ... .. G 92                                |                             |
| Morna, ... .. G 55                             |       | My ain fireside, ... ..                                          | 16                          |
| Mor nighean a Ghiosbarlan, ... .. G 97         |       | My ain kind dearie, O, ... ..                                    | 70                          |
| Muirland Willie, ... ..                        | 59    | Hearken and I will tell you hoo, ... ..                          | —                           |
| My ain deist Alister, ... .. G 92              |       | Comely tho' black-o'-blee is mine Alister, ... ..                | —                           |
| My ain fireside, ... ..                        | 16    | O I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha's, ... ..           | <i>Hamilton.</i>            |
| My ain kind dearie, O, ... ..                  | 70    | Will ye gang owre the lea rig? ... ..                            | <i>Reid &amp; Ferguson.</i> |



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|---------------------------------------------|-------|-----------------------------------------------------------|---------------|
| My apron, dearie, ...                       | 26    | My sheep I neglected—I lost my sheep hook, ...            | Elliot.       |
| My black-hair'd maid, ...                   | G 71  | O sweet is she who thinks on me, ...                      | Pringle.      |
| My boy, Tammy, ...                          | 3     | Whaur hae ye been a' day? ...                             | Macneil.      |
| My darling has deceived me, ...             | G 52  | O! could'st thou for a moment look, ...                   | Parker.       |
| My dear Highland laddie, O, ...             | G 97  | Blythe was the time when he feed wi' my father, O, ...    | Tannahill.    |
| My dearie, an thou dee, ...                 | 40    | What ails this heart o' mine! ...                         | Blamire.      |
| My dear red-hair'd Donald, ...              | G 75  | How early I woo'd thee, how dearly I lo'd thee, ...       | Dick.         |
| My Harry was a gallant gay, ...             | G 108 | My Harry was a gallant gay, ...                           | Burns.        |
| My heart is broken since thy departure, ... | G 102 | Red gleams the sun on yon hill-top, ...                   | Couper.       |
| My heart is sair for somebody, ...          | 89    | My heart is sair—I daurna tell, ...                       | Burns.        |
| My heart's in the Highlands, ...            | G 62  | My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here, ...    | Burns.        |
| My jo, Janet, ...                           | 43    | Sweet sir, for your courtesie, ...                        | —             |
| My lover wounded, ...                       | G 84  | A weary lot is thine, fair maid, ...                      | Scott.        |
| My love to-day as heretofore, ...           | G 86  | Days of sorrow, nights of mourning, ...                   | R. Gilfillan. |
| My love's in Germany, ...                   | 65    | My love's in Germanic, ...                                | Macneil.      |
| My Nannie, O, ...                           | 55    | Behind yon hills where Logan flows, ...                   | Burns.        |
| My only jo and dearie, O, ...               | 59    |                                                           |               |
| Nancy's to the greenwood gane, ...          | 30    | Farewell thou stream that winding flows, ...              | Burns.        |
| Nighean a gheisich, ...                     | G 66  |                                                           |               |
| Nora's vow, ...                             | G 81  | Hear what Highland Nora said, ...                         | Scott.        |
| Now winter's wind, ...                      | G 83  | Now winter's wind sweeps o'er the mountains, ...          | A. Campbell.  |
| O can ye sew cushions! ...                  | 98    | O can ye sew cushions! and can ye sew sheets? (A lullaby) | —             |
| O dear mother, what shall I do? ...         | 57    | O dear Peggy, love's beguiling, ...                       | Ramsay.       |
| Oh dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee, ...        | 44    |                                                           |               |
| O gin ye were deid, guidman, ...            | 49    | There was a lad was born in Kyle, ...                     | Burns.        |
| Oh hon a ri, ...                            | G 85  | Oh hon a ri! there's something wrang, ...                 | Hogg.         |
| O lay thy loof in mine, lass, ...           | 77    | O lay thy loof in mine, lass, ...                         | Burns.        |
| O let me in this ae nicht, ...              | 61    | O, lassie art thou sleeping yet? ...                      | Burns.        |
| O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet, ...          | 117   | O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet, ...                        | Burns.        |
| O Mary is my only joy, ...                  | G 94  | O Mary is my only joy, ...                                | Hogg.         |
| O my love leave me not, ...                 | G 93  | O my love! leave me not, ...                              | Grant.        |
| O my love's bonnie, ...                     | 115   | O my love's bonnie, bonnie, bonnie, ...                   | —             |
| O poorth cauld, ...                         | 13    | O, poorth cauld, and restless love, ...                   | Burns.        |
| O saw ye my father? ...                     | 30    | Where are the joys I have met in the morning, ...         | Burns.        |
| *O saw ye my wee thing? ...                 | 95    | O saw ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing? ...           | Macneil.      |
| *O tell na me o' wind and rain, ...         | 61    | O tell na me o' wind and rain, ...                        | Burns.        |
| O waly, waly, ...                           | 28    | O waly, waly up the bank, ...                             | —             |
| O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut, ...         | 113   | O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut, ...                      | Burns.        |
| *O young Philander lo'd me lang, ...        | 62    | O young Philander lo'd me lang, ...                       | —             |
| *Och, hey! Johnnie lad, ...                 | 76    | Och, hey! Johnnie lad, ...                                | Tannahill.    |
| O'er the water to Charlie, ...              | G 100 | Come boat me owre, come row me owre, ...                  | Hogg.         |
| Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, ...      | 5     | Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, ...                    | Burns.        |
| One day I heard Mary say, ...               | 50    |                                                           |               |
| Oran Gaoil, ...                             | G 119 | O! on the side of yon hill, ...                           | —             |
| Owre the muir among the heather, ...        | 46    | Comin' through the Craigs o' Kyle, ...                    | Glover.       |
| Peggy, I must love thee, ...                | 45    | Beneath a beech's grateful shade, ...                     | Crawford.     |
| Peggy, now the king's come, ...             | 48    |                                                           |               |
| Pinkie House, ...                           | 51    | It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face, ...                      | Burns.        |
| Polwart on the green, ...                   | 36    | The cushat sweetly sang, ...                              | Grieve.       |



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|-------------------------------------------------|-------|----------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|
| Queen Mary's lament, ... ..                     | 32    | I sigh and lament me in vain, ... ..                                 | <i>Hunter.</i>       |
| Robi Donadh Gorrach, ... .. G                   | 72    | When life was gay and hope was young, ... ..                         | —                    |
| Roslin Castle, ... ..                           | 34    | The gloomy night is gath'ring fast, ... ..                           | <i>Burns.</i>        |
| Roth's lament, ... ..                           | 51    |                                                                      |                      |
| Roy's wife, ... ..                              | 3     | Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, ... ..                                    | <i>Grant.</i>        |
| Sae bide ye yet, ... ..                         | 108   | Gin I had a wee house, an' a canty wee fire, ... ..                  | —                    |
| Saint Kilda air, ... .. G                       | 110   | An eiry nicht, a cheerless day, ... ..                               | <i>Dr. Allan.</i>    |
| Sandy is my only love, ... .. G                 | 102   | Oh! sing from thy spray, ... ..                                      | —                    |
| Saw ye Johnnie comin', ... ..                   | 16    | Saw ye Johnnie comin', quo' she, ... ..                              | —                    |
| Scots! wha hae, ... ..                          | 15    | Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled! ... ..                              | <i>Burns.</i>        |
| She rose and let me in, ... ..                  | 93    | In vain will spring her gowans spread, ... ..                        | <i>Burns.</i>        |
| She's fair and fause, ... ..                    | 25    | She's fair and fause that causes my smart, ... ..                    | <i>Burns.</i>        |
| She's gone! ... .. G                            | 63    | She's gone! while we wonder, ... ..                                  | <i>Grierson.</i>     |
| Skye air, ... .. G                              | 53    | Whaur hae ye been roamin', roamin', roamin', ... ..                  | <i>Parker.</i>       |
| Sleep on till day, ... .. G                     | 103   | Subdued by misfortunes, and bow'd down with pain, ... ..             | —                    |
| Tak your auld cloak about ye, ... ..            | 12    | In winter when the rain rain'd cauld, ... ..                         | —                    |
| Tam Glen, ... ..                                | 74    |                                                                      |                      |
| Tarry woo', ... ..                              | 80    | Tarry woo', O tarry woo', ... ..                                     | —                    |
| The birks of Aberfeldy, ... ..                  | 42    | Bonnie lassie, will ye go! ... ..                                    | <i>Burns.</i>        |
| The birks of Invermay, ... ..                   | 45    | The smiling morn, the breathing spring, ... ..                       | <i>Mallet.</i>       |
| The blacksmiths' (or hammermen's) march, ... .. | 56    |                                                                      |                      |
| The blathie o't, ... ..                         | 47    | When I think on this world's pelf, ... ..                            | —                    |
| The boatie rows, ... ..                         | 99    | O, weel may the boatie row, ... ..                                   | <i>Ewen.</i>         |
| The boatman, ... ..                             | 77    | Sing on, sing on, my bonnie bird, ... ..                             | <i>Hogg.</i>         |
| The bonnie bruckit lassie, ... ..               | 25    | The bonnie bruckit lassie, ... ..                                    | <i>Tytler.</i>       |
| The bonnie house o' Airlie, ... ..              | 51    | It fell on a day, a bonnie simmer day, ... ..                        | —                    |
| The bonniest lass in a' the world, ... ..       | 110   | A' kin's o' lads and men I see, ... ..                               | <i>Polin.</i>        |
| The border widow's lament, ... ..               | 112   | My love built me a bonnie bouir, ... ..                              | —                    |
| The braes aboon Bonaw, ... ..                   | 107   | Wilt thou go my bonnie lassie? ... ..                                | <i>W. Gilfillan.</i> |
| The braes of Ballendeen, ... ..                 | 38    | Flow gently sweet Afton, among thy green braes, ... ..               | <i>Burns.</i>        |
| The braes o' Balquhiter, ... ..                 | 53    |                                                                      |                      |
| The braes of Gleniffer, ... ..                  | 89    |                                                                      |                      |
| The bridegroom grat, ... ..                     | 14    | When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye a' at hame, ... ..      | <i>Lindsay.</i>      |
| The brier bush, ... ..                          | 5     |                                                                      |                      |
| The broom o' Cowdenknowes, ... ..               | 8     | O my lov'd song is of the broom, ... ..                              | <i>Crawford.</i>     |
| The bush aboon Traquair, ... ..                 | 35    | Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain, ... ..                          | <i>Crawford.</i>     |
| The cardrainers' march, ... ..                  | 77    |                                                                      |                      |
| The cow-boy, ... .. G                           | 65    | Boatman haste, launch your skiff, ... ..                             | <i>Grieve.</i>       |
| The days o' langsyne, ... ..                    | 16    |                                                                      |                      |
| The east neuk o' Fife, ... ..                   | 71    | Gae range the world baith far an' near, ... ..                       | <i>Macdonald.</i>    |
| The ewe bughts, ... ..                          | 17    | Will ye gang to the ewe bughts Marion, ... ..                        | —                    |
| *The ewie wi' the crooked horn, ... .. G        | 120   | O were I able to rehearse, ... ..                                    | <i>Skinner.</i>      |
| The Flowers of the forest, (Modern Set), ... .. | 9     | I've seen the smiling, ... ..                                        | <i>Cockburn.</i>     |
| *The Gaberlunzie man, ... ..                    | 84    | The pawkie auld carle cam owre the lea, ... ..                       | <i>James V.</i>      |
| The Gipsy Laddie, ... ..                        | 31    |                                                                      |                      |
| The haughs o' Cromdale, ... .. G                | 106   | Nae gentle dames, though e'er sae fair, (The Highland lassie) ... .. | <i>Burns.</i>        |
| The hawk whoops on high, ... .. G               | 67    | Ye dark rolling clouds round the brow of Ben Borrow, ... ..          | <i>MacArthur.</i>    |
| The Highlander's farewell, ... ..               | 108   |                                                                      |                      |
| The house of Glamis, ... ..                     | 34    |                                                                      |                      |



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| <i>The lass o' Gowrie,</i> ... ..                 | 79    |                                                                                   |                     |
| The lass of Livingstone, ... ..                   | 120   | A bonnier lass there never was, the sun ne'er shone the like upon, <i>Jaap.</i>   |                     |
| The lass o' Patie's Mill, ... ..                  | 42    | The lass o' Patie's mill, ... ..                                                  | <i>Ramsay.</i>      |
| <i>The last time I cam o'er the muir,</i> ... ..  | 20    |                                                                                   |                     |
| <i>The lax rigg,</i> ... ..                       | 70    |                                                                                   |                     |
| The lone vale, ... ..                             | G 106 | How sweet this lone vale, and how sacred to feeling, ... ..                       | <i>Erskine.</i>     |
| The Lowlands o' Holland, ... ..                   | 39    | The love that I had chosen, ... ..                                                | —                   |
| The maid of Isla, ... ..                          | G 83  | Rising o'er the heaving billow, ... ..                                            | <i>Dunbar.</i>      |
| The maid of Selma, ... ..                         | G 112 | In the hall I lay at night, ... ..                                                | <i>Ossian.</i>      |
| The maids of Arrochar, ... ..                     | G 60  | In life's sunny morning, by Esk's winding stream, ... ..                          | <i>Smart.</i>       |
| The Maid that tends the Goats, ... ..             | G 54  | Up amang yon clifly rocks, ... ..                                                 | <i>Dudgeon.</i>     |
| <i>The Marquis of Huntly's snuff mill,</i> ... .. | 116   |                                                                                   |                     |
| The mill, mill, O, ... ..                         | 24    | When wild war's deadly blast was blawn, ... ..                                    | <i>Burns.</i>       |
| The muckin' o' Geordie's byre, ... ..             | 74    | My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie, ... ..                                       | <i>Burns.</i>       |
| The Northern lass, ... ..                         | 69    | Farewell, ye haunts of joy, farewell, ... ..                                      | <i>Ryland.</i>      |
| The Pier of Leith, ... ..                         | 58    | Young Philander lo'ed me lang, ... ..                                             | —                   |
| <i>The piper o' Dundee,</i> ... ..                | 26    |                                                                                   |                     |
| The recollection of that day, ... ..              | G 96  | O Mary turn awa, ... ..                                                           | <i>Gall.</i>        |
| The rock and the wee pickle tow, ... ..           | 91    | There was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow, ... ..                               | —                   |
| The rowan tree, ... ..                            | 7     | Oh! Jeanie Graham, Oh! Jeanie Graham, thou'rt dearer far to me, <i>MacDonald.</i> |                     |
| <i>The ruffian's rant,</i> ... ..                 | 3     |                                                                                   |                     |
| The sea mew, ... ..                               | G 66  | The stars are all burning cheerily, cheerily, ... ..                              | <i>Wilson.</i>      |
| <i>The silver crown,</i> ... ..                   | 15    |                                                                                   |                     |
| The soger laddie, ... ..                          | 85    | My soger laddie is over the sea, ... ..                                           | <i>Ramsay.</i>      |
| <i>The soldier's return,</i> ... ..               | 24    |                                                                                   |                     |
| The souters o' Selkirk, ... ..                    | 100   | It's up wi' the souters o' Selkirk, ... ..                                        | —                   |
| The three carles o' Buchanan, ... ..              | G 53  | Let us go, lassie go, ... ..                                                      | <i>Tannahill.</i>   |
| The tither morn, when I, forlorn, ... ..          | 82    | The tither morn, when I, forlorn, ... ..                                          | <i>Burns.</i>       |
| The waefu' heart, ... ..                          | 33    | Gin livin' worth could win my heart, ... ..                                       | <i>Blamire.</i>     |
| *The water o' Dee, ... ..                         | 114   | A waddin'! a waddin'! a waddin'! ye ken, ... ..                                   | —                   |
| The waukin' o' the fauld, ... ..                  | 31    | My Peggy is a young thing, ... ..                                                 | <i>Ramsay.</i>      |
| The weary pund o' tow, ... ..                     | 87    | The weary pund, the weary pund, ... ..                                            | <i>Burns.</i>       |
| The wee, wee man, ... ..                          | 49    | Gin ye hae pence, ye will hae sense, ... ..                                       | <i>Rodger.</i>      |
| The yellow-hair'd laddie, ... ..                  | 1     | My yellow-hair'd laddie's awa o'er the plain, ... ..                              | —                   |
| There's cauld kail in Aberdeen, ... ..            | 21    | I've coft a stane o' haslock woo' ... ..                                          | <i>Laing.</i>       |
| There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee, ... .. | 50    | Betty, early gone a-Maying, ... ..                                                | <i>Ramsay.</i>      |
| There's nae luck about the house, ... ..          | 88    | And are ye sure the news is true! ... ..                                          | <i>Adams.</i>       |
| <i>There was a lad was born in Kyle,</i> ... ..   | 49    |                                                                                   |                     |
| This is no my ain house, ... ..                   | 92    | O this is no my ain lassie, ... ..                                                | <i>Burns.</i>       |
| Thou art gane awa frae me, Mary, ... ..           | 19    | Thou art gane awa, thou art gane awa, ... ..                                      | —                   |
| Through the wood, laddie, ... ..                  | 22    | Though woods now are bonnie, and mornings are clear, ... ..                       | <i>Ramsay.</i>      |
| Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue, ... ..            | 59    | Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue, ... ..                                            | <i>Gall.</i>        |
| To daunt me, ... ..                               | 104   | The bluid red rose at Yule may blaw, ... ..                                       | <i>Burns.</i>       |
| Todlin' hame, ... ..                              | 58    | When I've a saxpence under my thoom, ... ..                                       | —                   |
| Tweedside, ... ..                                 | 6     | What beauties does Flora disclose! ... ..                                         | <i>Crawford.</i>    |
| Twine weel the plaiden, ... ..                    | 91    | Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass, ... ..                                      | <i>Burns.</i>       |
| <i>Up amang yon clifly rocks,</i> ... ..          | 54    |                                                                                   |                     |
| Up in the morning early, ... ..                   | 105   | Cauld blaws the wind frae north to south, ... ..                                  | <i>J. Hamilton.</i> |
| ✓ <i>Wae's me for Prince Charlie,</i> ... ..      | 31    |                                                                                   |                     |
| Wae's my heart that we should sunder, ... ..      | 10    | With broken words, and downcast eyes, ... ..                                      | <i>Ramsay.</i>      |



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| <i>Wandering Willie,</i> ... ..             | 70    |                                                       |                      |
| Wap at the widow my laddie, ... ..          | 81    | The widow can bake, and the widow can brew, ... ..    | <i>Ramsay.</i>       |
| We've a bonnie wee flower, ... ..           | 5     | O sweet are the blossoms o' the hawthorn tree, ... .. | <i>Hetherington.</i> |
| <i>What ails this heart o' mine?</i> ... .. | 40    |                                                       |                      |
| When the kye come hame, ... ..              | 29    | Come all ye jolly shepherds, ... ..                   | <i>Hogg.</i>         |
| Where will bonnie Annie lie! ... ..         | 115   | O stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay, ... ..         | <i>Burns.</i>        |
| Whistle owre the lave o't, ... ..           | 78    | First when Maggie was my care, ... ..                 | <i>Burns.</i>        |
| Widow are ye wauken! ... ..                 | 80    | I had a horse, and I had nae mair, ... ..             | —                    |
| Will ye go to Sheriffmuir! ... .. G         | 88    | Will ye go to Sheriffmuir! ... ..                     | —                    |
| Wilt thou be my dearie! ... .. G            | 66    | Wilt thou be my dearie! ... ..                        | <i>Burns.</i>        |
| Woo'd and married and a', ... ..            | 79    | The bride cam oot o' the byre, ... ..                 | —                    |
| Ye banks and braes, ... ..                  | 24    | Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon, ... ..             | <i>Burns.</i>        |
| <i>Ye Jacobites by name,</i> ... ..         | 65    |                                                       |                      |
| <i>Young Philander lo'd me lang,</i> ... .. | 58    |                                                       |                      |



## THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

My yellow-hair'd laddie's awa' o'er the plain,  
While in sorrow behind I am fore'd to remain;  
Though blue bells and v'lets the hedges adorn,  
Though trees are in blossom, and sweet blows the thorn,  
No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay;  
There's nothing can please now, my laddie's away.  
Forlorn I sit singing, and this is the strain,  
"Haste, haste, my dear laddie, to me back again."

When lads and their lasses are on the green met,  
They dance and they sing without care or regret,  
Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,  
I can't without envy their merriment see;  
Those pleasures offend me, my laddie's not there,  
No pleasures I relish that he cannot share;  
It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain:  
I wish my dear laddie would come back again.

## HERE'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E DEAR.

Tune—"Here's a health to them that's awa'."

HERE'S a health to ane I lo'e dear—  
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;  
Thou art sweet as the smile when kind lovers meet,  
And soft as their parting tear, Jessie!

Although thou maun never be mine—  
Although even hope is denied—  
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,  
Than aught in the world beside, Jessie!

I mourn through the gay gaudy day,  
As hopeless I muse on thy charms;  
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,  
For then I am lock'd in thy arms, Jessie!

I guess by the dear angel smile,  
I guess by the love-rolling e'e;  
But why urge the tender confession,  
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree, Jessie!

*Burns.*



No 1. — THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

*Slow.*  
*Grazioso.*

1<sup>a</sup> 2<sup>a</sup>

*mf* *cres.*

*p*

1<sup>a</sup> 2<sup>a</sup>

Detailed description: This is a piano score for a piece titled 'The Yellow Hair'd Laddie'. It is marked 'Slow' and 'Grazioso'. The score is written for piano and consists of three systems of music. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system includes first and second endings, marked with '1<sup>a</sup>' and '2<sup>a</sup>' above the staff. Dynamics include 'mf' (mezzo-forte) and 'cres.' (crescendo). The third system also includes first and second endings. The piece concludes with a final chord.

No 2. — HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA.

*Slow.*

*p*

*p* *pp*

*p* *pp*

Detailed description: This is a piano score for a piece titled 'Here's a Health to Them That's Awa'. It is marked 'Slow'. The score is written for piano and consists of three systems of music. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system includes first and second endings, marked with '1<sup>a</sup>' and '2<sup>a</sup>' above the staff. Dynamics include 'p' (piano) and 'pp' (pianissimo). The piece concludes with a final chord.



№ 3. — GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA. (Lord Balgonie's favorite)

*Moderato.*

Two systems of piano accompaniment for the piece 'Gloomy Winter's Now Awa'. The first system is marked 'Moderato.' and includes dynamic markings *p* and *mf*. The second system includes a *rall.* marking. The music is written in C major, 2/4 time, with a treble and bass clef.

*Tempo.*

A third system of piano accompaniment for the same piece, marked 'Tempo.' and including dynamic markings *mf* and *p*. It also features a *rall.* marking at the end.

№ 4. — HAME, HAME, HAME.\*

*With melancholy.*

Two systems of piano accompaniment for the piece 'Hame, Hame, Hame'. The first system is marked 'With melancholy.' and includes dynamic markings *p* and *mf*. The second system includes a *p* marking. The music is written in C major, 2/4 time, with a treble and bass clef.

\* THIS FAVORITE TUNE IS EVIDENTLY ADAPTED FROM "THE BRIDEGROOM CRAT" SEE № 28, 2ND. BOOK.



## GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.

GLOOMY winter's now awa',  
 Soft the westlin' breezes blaw:  
 'Mang the birks o' Stanley-Shaw  
     The mavis sings fir' cheerie, O.  
 Sweet the craw-flow'rs early bell  
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,  
 Blooming like thy bonnie sel',  
     My young, my artless dearie, O.  
 Come, my lassie, let us stray  
 Owre Glenkilloch's sunny brae,  
 Blythely spend the gowden day  
 'Midst joys that never wearie, O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,  
 Laverocks fan the snaw-white clouds;  
 Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,  
     Adorn the banks sae brierie, O.  
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks,  
 Feath'ry braikens fringe the rocks,  
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,  
     And ilka thing is cheerie, O.  
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,  
 Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,  
 Joy to me they canna bring,  
     Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

*Gannahill.*

## HAME, HAME, HAME.

HAME! hame! hame! O hame fain wad I be!  
 Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!  
 When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the tree,  
 The lark shall sing me hame to my ain countrie.  
 When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the tree,  
 The lark shall sing me hame to my ain countrie.

Hame! hame! hame! O hame fain wad I be!  
 Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!  
 For the sun through the mirk seems to promise to me,  
 I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie.  
 For the sun through the mirk seems to promise to me,  
 I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie.

*Allan Cunningham.*



## ROY'S WIFE.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
 Wat ye haw she cheated me,  
 As I cam' o'er the braes of Balloch?

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine;  
 She said she lo'ed me best of ony;  
 But ah! the fickle, faithless quean,  
 She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnnie.  
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
 Wat ye haw she cheated me,  
 As I cam' o'er the braes of Balloch?

O, she was a cantie quean,  
 Weel could she dance the Highland walloch,

How happy I, had she been mine,  
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.  
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
 Wat ye haw she cheated me,  
 As I cam' o'er the braes of Balloch!

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,  
 Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie;  
 To me she ever will be dear,  
 Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.  
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
 Wat ye haw she cheated me,  
 As I cam' o'er the braes of Balloch!

*Mrs. Grant, of Carron.*

## MY BOY, TAMMY.

"Whaur hae ye been a' day,  
 My boy, Tammy?  
 O whaur hae ye been a' day,  
 My boy, Tammy?"  
 "I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,  
 Meadow green and mountain grey,  
 Courting o' this young thing,  
 Just come frae her mammy."  
 "Whaur gat ye that young thing,  
 My boy, Tammy?  
 And whaur gat ye that young thing,  
 My boy, Tammy?"

"I got her down in yonder howe,  
 Smilin' on a bonnie knowe,  
 Herdin' ae wee lamb and yowe,  
 For her poor mammy."  
 "What said ye to the bonnie bairn,  
 My boy, Tammy?  
 What said ye to the bonnie bairn,  
 My boy, Tammy?"  
 "I prais'd her een, sae lovely blue,  
 Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou';—  
 I prae'd it aft as ye may trow!—  
 She said she'd tell her mammy!"

*Macneil.*



Nº 5.— ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

(Ruffian's Rant).

*Moderate.*

Handwritten musical score for 'Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch'. The score is written for piano in 2/4 time. It consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The second and third systems continue the melody and accompaniment. The fourth system includes a tempo change to 'Tempo.' and a crescendo/ritardando marking (*cres. e rit.*) over the first two measures, followed by a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The score is written in a style typical of early 20th-century music publications.

Nº 6.— MY BOY TAMMY.\*

*Not too quick but lightly.*

Handwritten musical score for 'My Boy Tammy'. The score is written for piano in 2/4 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The score is written in a style typical of early 20th-century music publications.

\* ADAPTED FROM THE LIVELY AIR "MUIRLAND WILLIE"



## No 7. — KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.

*Rather slow and with feeling.*

## No 8. — BONNIE WEE THING.

*Tenderly and Moderate.*



## KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.

O Robin is my only jo,  
O Robin has the art to lo'e,  
So to his suit I mean to bow,  
Because I ken he lo'es me.  
O happy, happy was the shower,  
That led me to his birken bower,  
Whaur first of love I felt the power,  
And ken'd that Robin lo'ed me.

He's tall and sonsy, frank and free,  
He's lo'ed by a', and dear to me,  
Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd dee,  
Because my Robin lo'es me.

My titty, Mary, said to me,  
Our courtship but a joke wad be,  
And I, or lang, be made to see,  
That Robin did na lo'e me.

But little kens she what has been,  
Me and my honest Rob between,  
And in his woin', O sae keen,  
Kind Robin is that lo'es me.  
Then fly, ye lazy hours, away,  
And hasten on the happy day,  
When "join your hands," Mess John shall say,  
And mak' him mine that lo'es me.

## BONNIE WEE THING.

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,  
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,  
I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wistfully I look and languish  
In that bonnie face o' thine;  
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,  
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,  
In ae constellation shine;  
To adore thee is my duty,  
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,  
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,  
I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
Lest my jewel I should tine.

*Burns.*



## OF A THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
 I dearly like the west;  
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
 The lass that I lo'e best:  
 Though wild woods grow, and rivers row,  
 Wi' mony a hill between,  
 Baith day and night, my fancy's flight  
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flow'r,  
 Sae lovely, sweet, and fair;  
 I hear her voice in ilka bird,  
 Wi' music charm the air:  
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs,  
 By fountain, shaw, or green,  
 Nor yet a bonnie bird that sings,  
 But minds me o' my Jean.

*Burns.*

## THE HAWTHORN TREE.

Tune—"We've a bonnie wee flower," or "The Brier Bush."

O SWEET are the blossoms o' the hawthorn tree,  
 The bonnie milky blossoms o' the hawthorn tree,  
 When the soft wastlin' wind, as it wanders owre the lea,  
 Comes laden wi' the breath o' the hawthorn tree.  
 O lovely is the rose in the dewy month o' June,  
 And the lily gently bending 'neath the sunny noon;  
 But the dewy rose, nor lily fair, is half sae sweet to me,  
 As the bonnie milky blossoms o' the hawthorn tree.  
 O, blythe at fair and market fu' aften hae I been,  
 And wi' a crouy frank and leal some happy hours I've seen;

But the blythest hours I e'er enjoy'd were shar'd, my  
 love, wi' thee,  
 In the gloamin', 'neath the bonnie bonnie hawthorn tree.  
 But still maun be the pulse that wakes this glowing  
 heart of mine,  
 For me nae mair the spring maun bud, nor summer  
 blossoms shine,  
 And low maun be my hame, sweet maid, ere I be false  
 to thee,  
 Or forget the vows I breath'd beneath the hawthorn tree.

*Rev. W. Hetherington, A.M.*



№ 9. — OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLOW.\*

*Moderate.*

*p* *mf* *p* *mf*  
*cres.* *p* *p* *mf*  
*p* *p* *mf*  
*p* *p*

№ 10. — WE'VE A BONNIE WEE FLOWER. (The Brier Bush.)

*Moderate.*

*mf* *mf*  
*p* *dim.*

\* ADAPTED BY MARSHALL FROM "THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND" AND CALLED BY HIM "MISS ADMIRAL GORDON'S STRATHSPEY."



## Nº 11. — AULD LANG SYNE.

*Moderate.*

Two systems of piano accompaniment for 'Auld Lang Syne'. The first system is marked *Moderate.* and includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking in the left hand and a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking in the right hand. The second system continues the piece with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking in the left hand. Both systems are in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time.

## Nº 12. — TWEEDSIDE.

*Slow.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for 'Tweedside'. The first system is marked *Slow.* and includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking in the left hand. The subsequent systems continue the piece with various musical textures. All systems are in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time.



## AULD LANG SYNE.

---

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to min' ?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days o' lang syne ?

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pu'd the gowans fine;  
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,  
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

We twa hae paid't in the burn,  
Frae mornin' sun till dine;

But seas between us braid hae roar'd,  
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

And there's a han' my trusty frien',  
And gie's a haud o' thine;  
And we'll tak' a richt guid willie waught,  
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,  
And surely I'll be mine;  
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

*Burns.*

## TWEEDSIDE.

---

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose!  
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!  
Yet Mary's still sweeter than those,  
Both nature and fancy exceed.  
No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,  
Not all the gay flow'rs of the field,  
Not Tweed, gliding gently through those,  
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

'Tis she does the virgins excel;  
No beauty with her may compare;  
Love's graces around her do dwell;  
She's fairest where thousands are fair.  
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?  
Oh, tell me at morn where they feed?  
Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay?  
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

*Robert Crawford.*



## AULD ROBIN GRAY.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 YOUNG Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;  
 But saving a crown he had naething else beside.  
 To mak' the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;  
 And the crown and the pound, they were baith for me!  
  
 He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,  
 When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa:  
 My father brak his arm—my Jamie at the sea—  
 And auld Robin Gray cam' a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work—my mither couldna spin;  
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;  
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,  
 Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, will you marry me?"

My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie back;  
 But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack:  
 His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jenny dee?  
 And wherefore was I spar'd to cry, Wae is me!

*Lady Ann Lindsay.*

(For the whole of this Ballad, See Page 14.)

## JEANIE GRAHAM.

Tune—"The Rowan Tree."

Oh! Jeanie Graham, oh! Jeanie Graham thou'rt dearer  
     far to me,  
 Than summer to a weary soul upon a wint'ry sea;  
 Thy walk is like a silver cloud above the deep green hills,  
 Thy voice is sweeter than the sang o' bonnie leesome rills,  
     O Jeanie Graham!

Oh! Jeanie Graham, thy very name is music to my ear,  
 Thy lightsome step, thy merry laugh, thine e'e sae bright  
     and clear;  
 The melody o' life an' love dwells in that heart o' thine;  
 Oh! what a prince of joys were I, if, Jeanie, thou wert mine!  
     O Jeanie Graham!

*James Macdonald.*



## No 13. — AULD ROBIN GRAY.\*

(Modern Set.)

*Slow and with great expression.*

Musical score for "Auld Robin Gray" (Modern Set). The score consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third system contains *cres.* markings and ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The fourth system ends with a *dim.* marking.

## No 14. — THE ROWAN TREE.

*Moderate with feeling.*

Musical score for "The Rowan Tree". The score consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and ends with a *dim. e rall.* marking. The second system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and ends with a *pp e rall.* marking.

\* THOUGH THIS AIR APPEARS IN MOST SCOTCH COLLECTIONS, IT IS IN REALITY AN ENGLISH TUNE, COMPOSED BY THE REV. W. LEEVES. — FOR THE PROPER TUNE FOR THE BALLAD OF "AULD ROBIN GRAY," SEE "THE BRIDECROOM CRAT," BOOK 2ND, NO 28.



## No 15. — THE BROOM O' COWDEN KNOWES.

*Slow.*

Musical score for No 15, "THE BROOM O' COWDEN KNOWES." The score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a *dolce.* marking. The third system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) marking. The fourth system includes a piano (*p*) marking and a *rall.* (rallentando) marking. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## No 16. — CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

*Slow with expression.*

Musical score for No 16, "CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES." The score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system also includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The piece concludes with a double bar line.



## THE BROOM O' THE COWDENKNOWES.

O MY lov'd song is of the broom,  
The broom of Cowdenknowes;  
For sure, so sweet, so soft a bloom,  
Elsewhere there never grows.  
O, the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom,  
The broom o' the Cowdenknowes;  
I wish I were at hame again,  
Where the broom sae sweetly grows.  
O, the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom!

Not Teviot braes, so green and gay,  
May with this broom compare;  
Not Yarrow banks in flowery May,  
Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

O, the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom,  
The broom o' the Cowdenknowes;  
I wish I were at hame again,  
Where the broom sae sweetly grows.  
O, the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom!  
More pleasing far are Cowdenknowes,  
My peaceful, happy home,  
Where I was wont to milk my yowes,  
At e'en, among the broom.  
O, the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom,  
The broom o' the Cowdenknowes;  
I wish I were at hame again,  
Where the broom sae sweetly grows.  
O, the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom!

*Robert Crawford.*

*(The Chorus is the original one, slightly altered.)*

## CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,  
Ca' them whaur the heather grows,  
Ca' them whaur the burnie rows,  
My bonnie dearie.  
As I gaed down the water side,  
O there I met my shepherd lad,  
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,  
And ca'd me his dearie.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,  
Ca' them whaur the heather grows,  
Ca' them whaur the burnie rows,  
My bonnie dearie.  
"Will ye gang down the water side?  
And see the waves sae sweetly glide,  
Beneath the hazels spreading wide;  
The moon shines fu' clearly."

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,  
Ca' them whaur the heather grows,  
Ca' them whaur the burnie rows,  
My bonnie dearie.  
"Nor ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,  
For thou'rt to love and heav'n sae dear,  
That necht of ill may come thee near,  
My ain bonnie dearie."

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,  
Ca' them whaur the heather grows,  
Ca' them whaur the burnie rows,  
My bonnie dearie.  
"While waters wimple to the sea,  
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,  
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my e'e,  
Ye'll aye be my dearie."  
Ca' the yowes, &c.

*Burns*



## THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've seen the smiling  
Of Fortune beguiling;  
I've tasted her pleasures, and felt her decay;  
Sweet was her blessing,  
And kind her caressing;  
But now they are fled—they are fled far away.

I've seen the forest  
Adorn'd the foremost  
With flowers o' the fairest, baith pleasant and gay;  
Sae bonnie was their blooming!  
Their scent the air perfuming!  
But now they are wither'd and a' wede away.

I've seen the morning  
With gold the hills adorning,  
And loud tempest roaring before parting day.  
I've seen Tweed's silver streams,  
Glitt'ring in the sunny beams,  
Grow drumlie and dark as they roll'd on their way.

Oh, fickle Fortune,  
Why this cruel sporting?  
Why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day?  
Thy frown cannot fear me,  
Thy smile cannot cheer me,  
Since the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away!

*Mrs. Cockburn.*

## THE BRAES OF YARROW.

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride!  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!  
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,  
And think nae mair of the braes of Yarrow.  
O weip, weip not, my bonnie, bonnie bride,  
O weip, weip not, my winsome marrow!  
Nor let thy heart lament to leave,  
Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow."

"How can I busk a bonnie, bonnie bride?  
How can I busk a winsome marrow?  
Can I lo'e him on the banks o' Tweed,  
That slew my love on the braes o' Yarrow?  
O, Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,  
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover!  
For there was basely slain my love,  
My love as he'd not been a lover!"

*William Hamilton.*



Nº 17. — THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

*Slow.*

Nº 18. — BUSK YE, BUSK YE.

*Sweetly and moderately.*

*Sweetly and moderately.*

*p*

*mf* *p* *mf*

*Tempo.*

*eres. e rall.* *rall.*



## No 19. — AN THOU WERT MY AIN THING.

*Slowly and sweetly.*

Musical score for No 19, "AN THOU WERT MY AIN THING." The score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has a piano (*p*) dynamic in the right hand and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic in the left hand. The second system includes a tempo change to "Tempo." and features dynamics of mezzo-forte (*mf*), piano (*p*), and mezzo-forte (*mf*). The third system includes a crescendo (*cres.*), forte (*f*), decrescendo (*dim.*), piano (*p*), and a final rallentando (*rall.*).

## No 20. — WAE'S MY HEART THAT WE SHOULD SUNDER.

*Slow.*

Musical score for No 20, "WAE'S MY HEART THAT WE SHOULD SUNDER." The score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has a piano (*p*) dynamic in the right hand and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic in the left hand. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic in the right hand and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic in the left hand. The third system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic in the right hand and a decrescendo (*dim.*) dynamic in the left hand.



# AN THOU WERT MY AIN THING.

An thou wert my ain thing,  
O I would lo'e thee, I would lo'e thee;  
An thou wert my ain thing,  
How dearly would I lo'e thee!

Then I would clasp thee in my arms,  
Then I'd secure thee from all harms,  
For above mortal thou hast charms:  
How dearly do I lo'e thee!  
An thou wert, &c.

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

To merit I no claim can make,  
But that I lo'e, and for your sake,  
What man can name, I'll undertake,  
So dearly do I lo'e thee!  
An thou wert, &c.

# WAE'S MY HEART THAT WE SHOULD SUNDER.

WITH broken words, and downcast eyes,  
Poor Colin spoke his passion tender;  
And, parting with his Lizzy, cries,  
"Ah! wae's my heart that we should sunder.  
Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,  
No beauty new my love shall hinder;  
Nor time, nor place, shall ever change  
My vows, though we're obliged to sunder.

O Lizzy, thou wilt never know  
A truer love, a heart that's kinder,  
From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go,  
It breaks my heart that we should sunder.  
Then seal a promise with a kiss,  
Always to love me while I wander,  
And my blest hope shall aye be this—  
We'll meet again and never sunder."

*Ramsay.*

(*Abridged, and slightly altered.*)



## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,  
 When we were first aequent,  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bonnie brow was brent;  
 But now your brow is beld, John,  
 Your locks are like the snaw,  
 But blessings on your frosty pow,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

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

*Burns*

## LOGAN BRAES.

Tune—"Logan Water."

By Logan's streams that rin sae deep,  
 Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep;  
 I've herded sheep, or gather'd slaes,  
 Wi' my dear lad, on Logan braes.  
 But wae's my heart! thae days are gane,  
 And I, wi' grief, may herd alane;  
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
 Far, far frae me, an' Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will be  
 Atween the preachings meet wi' me;  
 Will meet wi' me, or when it's mirk,  
 Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.  
 I weel may sing thae days are gane—  
 Frae kirk an' fuir I come alane,  
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
 Far, far frae me, an' Logan braes!

*John Mayne.*



N<sup>o</sup> 21. — JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.*Plaintive.*

Musical score for No. 21, "JOHN ANDERSON MY JO." in G major, 2/4 time. The score is in piano accompaniment and consists of three systems. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system features a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system includes piano (*p*) and ritardando (*rit.*) markings.

N<sup>o</sup> 22. — LOGAN WATER.*Slow.*

Musical score for No. 22, "LOGAN WATER." in G major, 2/4 time. The score is in piano accompaniment and consists of three systems. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system features a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system includes piano (*p*), forte (*f*), and rallentando (*rall.*) markings.



## No 23. — HIGHLAND MARY.

(Katherine Ogie.)

*Slow with much feeling.*

Musical score for "HIGHLAND MARY" in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with the instruction *dolce.* The second system includes dynamic markings *cres.*, *dim.*, and *mf*. The third system includes the marking *p*. The melody is primarily in the right hand, with the left hand providing harmonic support.

## No 24. — TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

*Moderate and rather lively.*

Musical score for "TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE." in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with the instruction *Moderate and rather lively.* and the dynamic marking *mf*. The second system includes the marking *cres.* and a forte *f* dynamic. The third system includes the markings *cres.*, *cres.*, and *piu f*. The melody is primarily in the right hand, with the left hand providing harmonic support.



## HIGHLAND MARY.

Tune—"Katherine Ogie."

YE banks, and braes, and streams around  
The castle o' Montgomery,  
Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs,  
Your waters never drumlie!  
There simmer first unfauld her robes,  
And there the langest tarry!  
For there I took the last fareweel,  
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

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

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,  
Our parting was fu' tender;  
And pledging aft to meet again,  
We tore ourselves asunder:  
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,  
That nipt my flow'r so early!  
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
That wraps my Highland Mary!

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

Burns.

## TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

In winter, when the rain rain'd cauld,  
And frost and snaw on ilka bill,  
And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,  
Was threatenin' a' our kye to kill:  
Then Bell, my wife, who lo'es nae strife,  
She said to me richt hastilie,  
"Get up, guidman, save Crummie's life,  
And tak' your auld cloak about ye."

My Crummie is a usefu' cow,  
And she is come o' a good kin';  
Aft has she wet the bairns' mou',  
And I am laith that she should tyne;  
Get up, guidman, it is fu' time,  
The sun shines in the lift sae hie;  
Sloth never made a gracious end;  
Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye."

"My cloak was ance a guid grey cloak,  
When it was fitting for my wear,  
But now it's scanty worth a groat,  
For I hae worn't this thretty year:  
Let's spend the gear that we hae won,  
We little ken the day we'll dee;  
Then I'll be proud, since I hae sworn  
To hae 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 ower dear,  
And ca'd the tailor thief and loon:

He was a king that wore a crown,  
And thou'rt a man o' laigh degree:  
It's pride puts a' the country down;  
Sae tak' your auld cloak about ye."

"Ilka land has its ain laigh,  
Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool;  
I think the world is a' gane wrang,  
When ilka wife her man wad rule:  
Do ye no see Rob, Jock, and Hab,  
As they are girded gallantlie,  
While I sit burklin' i' the ase?—  
I'll hae a new cloak about me."

"Guidman, I wat it's thretty year  
Sin' we did ane anither ken;  
And we hae had atween us twa,  
O' lads and bonnie lasses ten:  
Now they are women grown and men,  
I wish and pray weel may they be;  
If you would prove a guid husband,  
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye."

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,  
But she would guide me, if she can;  
And to maintain an easy life,  
I aft maun yield, though I'm guidman:  
Nocht's to be won at woman's han';  
Unless ye gie her a' the plea;  
Then I'll leave aff where I began,  
And tak' my auld cloak about me.



# I'LL LO'E THEE, ANNIE.

Tune—"Mary's dream."—(Modern Set.)

I'll lo'e thee, Annie, while the dew  
In siller bells hings on the tree;  
Or while the burnie's waves o' blue,  
Rin wimplin' to the rowin' sea.  
I'll lo'e thee while the gowan mild,  
Its crimson fringe spreads on the lea;  
While blooms the heather in the wild—  
Oh! Annie, I'll be true to thee.

I'll lo'e thee while the lintie sings,  
His sang o' love on whinny brae;  
I'll lo'e thee while the crystal springs,  
Glint in the gowden gleams o' day;  
I'll lo'e thee while there's licht aboon,  
And stars to stud the breast o' sky;  
I'll lo'e thee till life's day is done,  
And bless thee wi' my latest sigh.

*Robert Hamilton.*

# O, POORTITH CAULD.

Tune—"I had a horse, I had nae mair."

O, POORTITH cauld, and restless love,  
Ye wreck my peace between ye;  
Yet poortith a' I could forgie,  
An 'twere na for my Jeanie.  
O, why should fate sic pleasure have,  
Life's dearest bands untwining?  
Or why sae sweet a flower as love,  
Depend on Fortune's shining?  
This world's wealth when I think on,  
Its pride, and a' the lave o't;  
Fie, fie on silly coward man,  
That he should be the slave o't.  
O, why, &c.  
Her een, sae bonnie blue, betray  
How she repays my passion;

But prudence is her owerword aye,  
She talks of rank and fashion.  
O, why, &c.

O, wha can prudence think upon,  
And sic a lassie by him?  
O, wha can prudence think upon,  
And sae in love as I am?  
O, why, &c.

How blest the humble cottar's lot!  
He woos his simple dearie;  
The silly bogles, wealth and state,  
Can never make them eerie.  
O, why, &c.

*Burns.*



## No 25. — MARY'S DREAM.

(Modern Set.)

*Moderate.*

Musical score for "MARY'S DREAM" in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes markings for mezzo-forte (*mf*) and piano (*p*). The third system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and ends with a double bar line.

## No 26. — O POORTITH CAULD. (I had a horse, I had nae mair.)

*Slow.*

Musical score for "O POORTITH CAULD" in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) marking. The third system includes a forte (*f*) marking and a *rall.* (rallentando) instruction. The score concludes with a double bar line.



## No 27. — DONALD.

*Slow with great expression.*

## No 28. — THE BRIDEGROOM GRAT\*.

*Slow with feeling.*

\*IT WAS FOR THIS BEAUTIFUL MELODY, OF WHICH SHE SAID SHE WAS "PASSIONATELY FOND," THAT LADY ANN LINDSAY WROTE HER FAMOUS BALLAD—"AULD ROBIN GRAY!"



## MY HIGHLAND HOME.

Tune—"Donald."

My Highland home, where tempests blow,  
And cold thy wintry looks,  
Thy mountains crown'd with driven snow,  
And ice-bound are thy brooks!  
My Highland home!

But colder far the Briton's heart,  
However far he roam,  
To whom these words no joy impart,  
My native Highland home!  
My Highland home!

When summer comes, the heather bell  
Shall tempt thy feet to rove;  
The cushet dove within the dell,  
Invite to peace and love!  
My Highland home!

For blythesome is the breath of May,  
And sweet the bonny broom,  
And blythe the dimpling rills that play  
Around my Highland home!  
My Highland home!

*Morton*

## AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Tune—"The Bridegroom grat."

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye a' at hame,  
When a' the weary world to sleep are gane,  
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,  
While my guidman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;  
But saving a crown he had naething else beside.  
To mak the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;  
And the crown and the pound, they were baith for me!

He hadna been awa a week but only twa,  
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa:  
My faither brak his arm—my Jamie at the sea—  
And auld Robin Gray cam' a-courtin' me.

My faither couldna work—my mither couldna spin;  
I toil'd day and nicht, but their bread I couldna win;  
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,  
Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, will you marry me?"

My heart it said na, as I look'd for Jamie back;  
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack:

His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jenny dee?  
And wherefore was I spar'd to cry, Wae is me!

My faither argued sair—my mither didna speak,  
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;  
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;  
And so auld Robin Gray, he was guidman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week, but only four,  
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,  
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I couldna think it he,  
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say:  
Ae kiss we took—nae mair—I bad him gang away.  
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;  
And why do I live to say, Wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;  
I daurna think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin:  
But I will do my best a guid wife aye to be,  
For auld Robin Gray, he is kind to me.

*Lady fynn Lindsay.*



## AND YE SHALL WALK.

Tune—"The Siller Crown."

"AND ye shall walk in silk attire  
 And siller hae to spare,  
 Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,  
 Nor think o' Donald mair."  
 "Oh, wha wad buy a silken gown,  
 Wi' a pair broken heart?  
 Or what's to me a siller crown,  
 Gin frae my love I part?  
 The mind whase every wish is pure,  
 Far dearer is to me;  
 And ere I'm forced to break my faith,  
 I'll lay me down and dee;

For I hae pledged my virgin troth,  
 Brave Donald's fate to share,  
 And he has gien to me his heart,  
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.  
 His gentle manners wan my heart,  
 He gratefu' took the gift,  
 Could I but think to see it back,  
 It wad be waur than theft.  
 For langest life can ne'er repay  
 The love he bears to me;  
 And ere I'm forced to break my troth,  
 I'll lay me down and dee."

*Miss Blamire.*

## SCOTS, WHA HAE.

Tune—"Hey, tuttie taitie."

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!  
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led!  
 Welcome to your gory bed,  
 Or to victory!  
 Now's the day, and now's the hour:  
 See the front of battle lour:  
 See approach proud Edward's power—  
 Chains and slavery!  
 Wha will be a traitor knave?  
 Wha will fill a coward's grave?  
 Wha sae base as be a slave?  
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law,  
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
 Freeman stand, or freeman fu?  
 Let him follow me!  
 By oppression's woes and pains,  
 By your sons in servile chains,  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall be free.  
 Lay the proud usurpers low!  
 Tyrants fall in every foe!  
 Liberty's in every blow!  
 Let us do or die!

*Burns.*



## No 29. — AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE. (The Siller Crown.)

*Moderately slow.**Legato e dolce.*

Handwritten musical score for No 29, 'AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE. (The Siller Crown.)'. The score is written for piano in 6/8 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The tempo is 'Moderately slow' and the style is 'Legato e dolce'. The music begins with a piano (p) dynamic. The first system contains two staves of music. The second system also contains two staves. The third system contains two staves, with the first staff ending with a double bar line. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb).

## No 30. — SCOTS! WHA HAE.

(Hey tuttie taitie.)

*With spirit.*

Handwritten musical score for No 30, 'SCOTS! WHA HAE. (Hey tuttie taitie.)'. The score is written for piano in 2/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The tempo is 'With spirit'. The music begins with a piano (p) dynamic. The first system contains two staves. The second system contains two staves, with the first staff ending with a double bar line. The third system contains two staves. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). Dynamics include p, cres., mf, and dim.



## No 31. — MY AIN FIRESIDE.\*

*Moderate.*

*p*

*mf*

*mf*

## No 32. — SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN'?

*Moderate with great expression.*

*p*

*mf*

*f*

*Tempo.*

*rit. e cres.*

*mf*

*p*

\* OR, "THE DAYS O' LANGSYNE," ADAPTED FROM THE BEAUTIFUL HIGHLAND AIR "ROSI DONACH CORRACH."



## MY AIN FIRESIDE.

O I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,  
 'Mang lords and fine leddies a' cover'd wi' braws;  
 But a sicht sae delightfu', I trow, I ne'er spied,  
 As the bonnie blythe blink o' my ain fireside,  
     My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
 O there's naecht to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

I hear but kent voices, kent faces I see,  
 And mark saft affection glint fond frae ilk e'e;

Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,  
 I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.  
     My ain fireside, &c.

Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,  
 But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;  
 Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,  
 There's nane half sae sure as ane's ain fireside,  
     My ain fireside, &c.

*Elizabeth Hamilton.*

## SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN'?

"Saw ye Johnnie comin'," quo' she,  
     "Saw ye Johnnie comin',  
 Saw ye Johnnie comin'," quo' she,  
     "Saw ye Johnnie comin';  
 Saw ye Johnnie comin'," quo' she,  
     "Saw ye Johnnie comin';  
 Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,  
     And his doggie rinnin'," quo' she,  
     " And his doggie rinnin'?"  
  
 Fee him, father, fee him," quo' she,  
     "Fee him, father, fee him;  
 Fee him, father, fee him," quo' she,  
     "Fee him, father, fee him;  
 For he is a gallant lad,  
     And a weel doin';  
 And a' the wark about the hoose,  
     Gaes wi' me when I see him," quo' she,  
     "Wi' me when I see him."

"What will I do wi' him," quo' he,  
     " What will I do wi' him?  
 He's ne'er a sark upon his back,  
     And I hae nane to gie him."  
 "I hae twa sarks into my kist,  
     And ane o' them I'll gie him;  
 And for a merk o' mair fee  
     Dinna stand wi' him," quo' she,  
     " Dinna stand wi' him.  
  
 For weel do I lo'e him," quo' she,  
     " Weel do I lo'e him;  
 For weel do I lo'e him," quo' she,  
     " Weel do I lo'e him.  
 O fee him, father, fee him," quo' she,  
     "Fee him, father, fee him;  
 He'll hand the pleugh, thrash in the barn,  
     And crack wi' me at e'en," quo' she,  
     " And crack wi' me at e'en."



## LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

O LOGIE o' Buchan, O Logie the laird,  
 They hae ta'en awa Jamie, that delv'd in the yard,  
 Wha play'd on the pipe, and the viol sae sina',  
 They hae ta'en awa Jamie, the flower o' them a'.  
     He said, "think't na lang lassie, tho' I gang awa;  
     For I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'."

Tho' Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye;  
 A house and a hadden, and siller forbye:  
 Yet I'd tak mine ain lad, wi' his staff in his han',  
 Before I'd hae him, wi' the houses and lan'.  
     He said "think't na lang lassie, tho' I gang awa;  
     For I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'."

My daddie looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,  
 They frown upon Jamie because he is poor:  
 Tho' I lo'e them as weel as a dochter should do,  
 They're nae hauf sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.  
     He said "think't na lang lassie, tho' I gang awa;  
     For I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'."

I sit on my creepie, I spin at my wheel,  
 And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel,  
 He had but ae saxpence, he bruk it in twa,  
 And gied me the hauf o't when he gaed awa.  
     He said, "think't na lang lassie, tho' I gang awa;"  
     He said, "think't na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa;  
     For simmer is comin' cauld winter's awa;  
     And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'."

*George Halket.*

## THE EWE BUGHTS.

WILL ye gang to the ewe-bughts, Marion,  
 And wear in the sheep wi' me?  
 The sun shines sweet, my Marion,  
 But nae half sae sweet, as thee.  
     The sun shines sweet, my Marion,  
     But nae half sae sweet as thee.

O, Marion's a bonnie lassie,  
 And blythe is the blink in her e'e;  
 And fain wad I marry Marion,  
 Gin Marion wad marry me,  
     And fain wad I marry Marion,  
     Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,  
 Wha gape, and glower wi' their e'e,  
 At kirk when they see my Marion;  
 But nane o' them lo'es like me.  
     At kirk when they see my Marion;  
     But nane o' them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion,  
 A cow and brawny quey;  
 I'll gie them a' to my Marion,  
 Just on her bridal-day.  
     I'll gie them a' to my Marion,  
     Just on her bridal-day.

And ye'se get a green sey apron,  
 And waistcoat o' London broun;  
 And wow but ye'se be vap'rin',  
 Whene'er ye gang to the town.  
     And wow but ye'se be vap'rin',  
     Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion,  
 Nane dances like me on the green,  
 And, gin ye forsake me, Marion,  
 I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.  
     And, gin ye forsake me, Marion,  
     I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.



*Moderately slow.*

*Moderately slow.*

The musical score is for a piece in 3/4 time, marked 'Moderately slow.' It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody in the treble staff begins with a piano (p) dynamic and includes accents. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The first system of the musical score for 'L'Espresso' is shown. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' and the time signature is 3/4. The first measure is marked 'p' (piano). The melody in the treble clef starts with a quarter note G4, followed by an eighth note A4, and then a quarter note Bb4. The bass clef accompaniment starts with a half note G3, followed by a half note Bb3. The system continues with various musical notations including slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like 'f' (forte) and 'rit.' (ritardando).

*Tempo.*

Musical score for a piano piece, marked *Tempo.* The score is written for piano (p) and includes a *piu rit.* (piu ritardando) instruction.

Nº 34. — THE EWE BUGHTS.

*Moderately slow.*

*Moderately slow.*

Handwritten musical score for a piece marked "Moderately slow." The score is written for piano (p) and mezzo-forte (mf) dynamics. It features a treble and bass staff with various musical notations, including notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The tempo is indicated by the text "Moderately slow." above the staff.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Swan Song' is presented in a grand staff format, featuring a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment. The notation includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings. The first measure of the treble staff contains a complex figure with a dotted half note and a quarter note. The bass staff begins with a whole note chord. The system concludes with a double bar line.



## No 35. — LORD RONALD MY SON.

*Slow and mournfully.*

Handwritten musical score for No 35, "Lord Ronald My Son". The score is written for piano in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The tempo is marked "Slow and mournfully". The piece begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The first system contains six measures. The second system contains six measures, with a repeat sign after the third measure. The third system contains six measures, with dynamics *mf*, *pp*, and *rall.* indicated. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## No 36. — LEWIE GORDON.

*With energy and not too quick.*

Handwritten musical score for No 36, "Lewie Gordon". The score is written for piano in 2/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The tempo is marked "With energy and not too quick". The piece begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The first system contains six measures. The second system contains six measures, with a repeat sign after the third measure. The third system contains six measures, with dynamics *p*, *mf*, *f*, *cres.*, and *piu rall.* indicated. The piece concludes with a double bar line.



## LORD RONALD, MY SON.

---

"O whaur hae ye been, Lord Ronald, my son?  
 O whaur hae ye been, my bonnie young man?"  
 "I hae been to the wildwood; mother, mak my bed sune,  
 For I'm weary wi' huntin', and fain wad lie down!"  
 "Whaur gat ye your dinner, Lord Ronald, my son?  
 Whaur gat ye your dinner, my bonnie young man?"

"I din'd wi' my true love; mother, mak my bed sune,  
 For I'm weary wi' huntin', and fain wad lie down!"  
 "O I fear ye are poison'd, Lord Ronald, my son!  
 O I fear ye are poison'd, my bonnie young man!"  
 "O yes! I am poison'd; mother, mak my bed sune,  
 For I'm sick at the heart and I fain wad lie down!"

## LEWIE GORDON.

---

O SEND Lewie Gordon hame,  
 And the lad I daurna name;  
 Though his back be at the wa',  
 Here's to him that's far awa!  
 Ochon, my Hielan'man!  
 O my bonnie Hielan'man!  
 Weel would I my true love ken,  
 Amang ten thousand Hielan'men.

O! to see his tartan trews,  
 Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,  
 Philabeg aboon his knee!  
 That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.  
 Ochon, my Hielan'man!  
 O my bonnie Hielan'man!  
 Weel would I my true love ken,  
 Amang ten thousand Hielan'men.

*Dr. Alexander Geddes.*



# THOU ART GANE AWA.

THOU art gane awa, thou art gane awa,  
 Thou art gane awa frae me, Mary!  
 Nor friends nor I could make thee stay—  
 Thou hast cheated them and me, Mary!  
 Until this hour I never thought  
 That ought could alter thee, Mary;  
 Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart,  
 Think what you will of me, Mary.  
 Whate'er he said or might pretend,  
 That stole that heart of thine, Mary;  
 True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,  
 Or nae sic love as mine, Mary.

I spoke sincere, nor flatter'd much,  
 Had no unworthy thoughts, Mary,  
 Ambition, wealth, nor naething such;  
 No, I loved only thee, Mary.  
 Though you've been false, yet while I live  
 I'll lo'e nae maid but thee, Mary;  
 Let friends forget, as I forgive,  
 Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary.  
 So then, farewell! of this be sure,  
 Since you've been false to me, Mary,  
 For all the world I'd not endure  
 Half what I've done for thee, Mary!

# AYE WAUKEN O.

SIMMER's a pleasant time,  
 Flowers of ev'ry colour;  
 The water rins owre the heugh,  
 And I long for my true lover!  
 Aye wauken O, wauken aye and wearie,  
 Sleep I can get nane, for thinkin' o' my dearie!  
 When I sleep, I dream,  
 When I wauk, I'm cerie;

O sleep I can get nane,  
 For thinkin' o' my dearie!  
 Aye wauken O, &c.  
 Lanely nicht comes on,  
 A' the lave are sleepin';  
 I think on my bonnie lad,  
 And blear my een wi' greetin'.  
 Aye wauken O, &c.



Nº 37. — THOU ART GANE AWA' FRAE ME MARY.

19

*Slow with feeling.*

*mf* *legato.* *piu dim.* *mf* *mf*  
*piu dim.* *mf*  
*mf*  
*f* *rall.* *p*

Nº 38. — AYE WAUKEN O.

*Slow.*

*p* *e dolce.* *p* *e rall.*  
*p* *rall.* *pp* *dim.* *Tempo.*



N<sup>o</sup> 39.— ALAS! THAT I CAM' OWER THE MUIR.*Slowly.*

Musical score for No. 39, "ALAS! THAT I CAM' OWER THE MUIR." The score is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes dynamics of piano (*p*), diminuendo (*dim.*), mezzo-forte (*mf*), and piano (*p*). The third system includes crescendo (*cres.*) and diminuendo (*dim.*).

N<sup>o</sup> 40.— BONNIE JEAN OF ABERDEEN.*Slowly.*

Musical score for No. 40, "BONNIE JEAN OF ABERDEEN." The score is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes dynamics of crescendo (*cres.*), forte (*f*), mezzo-forte (*mf*), and diminuendo (*dim.*). The third system includes mezzo-forte (*mf*), crescendo (*cres.*), forte (*f*), piano (*p*), and rallentando (*rall.*).



## PEGGY.

Tune—"Alas! that I cam owre the muir."

Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns  
 Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;  
 The muircock springs on whirring wings,  
 Among the blooming heather.  
 Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,  
 Delights the weary farmer;  
 And the moon shines bright when I rove at night,  
 To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells,  
 The plover loves the mountains;  
 The woodcock haunts the lonely dells,  
 The soaring hern the fountains.  
 Through lofty groves the cushat roves,  
 The path of man to shun it;  
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,  
 The spreading thorn the linnet.

But, Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear,  
 Thick flies the skimming swallow;  
 The sky is blue, the fields in view,  
 All fading green and yellow:  
 Come let us stray our gladsome way,  
 And view the charms o' nature,  
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,  
 And ev'ry happy creature.

We'll gently walk and sweetly talk,  
 Till the silent moon shine clearly;  
 I'll grasp thy waist, and fondly press't,  
 And swear I love thee dearly.  
 Not vernal showers to budding flowers,  
 Not autumn to the farmer,  
 So dear can be as thou to me,  
 My fair, my lovely charmer!

*Burns.*

## THERE WAS A LASS, AND SHE WAS FAIR.

Tune—"Bonnie Jean of Aberdeen."

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,  
 At kirk and market to be seen,  
 When a' the fairest maids were met,  
 The fairest maid was Bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,  
 And aye she sang sae merrilie:  
 The blythest bird upon the bush  
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

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

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

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

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

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

But didna Jeanie's heart loop licht,  
 And didna joy blink in her e'e,  
 As Robie tauld a tale o' love,  
 Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

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

"O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;  
 O canst thou think to fancy me?  
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,  
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me?"

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,  
 Or naething else to trouble thee;  
 But stray among the heather-bells,  
 And tent the waving corn wi' me."

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

*Burns.*



## DAINTY DAVIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,  
 To deck her gay green birken bowers,  
 And now come in my happy hours,  
 To wander wi' my Davie.  
 The crystal waters round us fa',  
 The merry birds are lovers a',  
 The scented breezes round us blaw,  
 A-wand'ring wi' my Davie.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,  
 Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;  
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,  
 My ain dear dainty Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare,  
 To steal upon her early fare,  
 Then through the dews I will repair,  
 To meet my faithfu' Davie.  
 When day, expiring in the west,  
 The curtain draws o' nature's rest,  
 I'll flee to his arms I lo'e best,  
 And that's my dainty Davie.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,  
 Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;  
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,  
 My ain dear dainty Davie.

*Burns.*

## JOHNNIE'S PLAID.

Tune—"There's could kail in Aberdeen."

I've coft a stane o' haslock woo',  
 To mak a plaid to Johnnie;  
 For Johnnie is my only jo,  
 I lo'e him best o' ony.  
 Gin kindness should wi' kindness meet,  
 I'm mair in debt than mony;  
 Gin freely gien should freely got,  
 I owe the plaid to Johnnie.

O lang an' weary is the way,  
 But Johnnie lo'es sac dearly,  
 That comin' aye a-courtin' me,  
 The laddie's late and early.  
 An' aye the early mornin's raw,  
 An' aft the e'enin's rainy,  
 But in a bizzy week or twa,  
 I'll hae a plaid to Johnnie.

*Alex. Laing.*

*Extracted from "Whistle Binkie," by permission of the publisher, Mr. David Robertson.*



## No 41.— DAINTY DAVIE.

*Lively.*

Musical score for No 41, "DAINTY DAVIE." The tempo is marked *Lively.* The score consists of four systems of piano and organ accompaniment. The piano part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The organ part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The first system begins with a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic. The second system includes a *cres.* (crescendo) marking in the piano part and a *mf* marking in the organ part. The third system features a *f* (forte) marking in the organ part. The fourth system concludes the piece.

## No 42.— THERE'S CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

*Moderate.*

Musical score for No 42, "THERE'S CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN." The tempo is marked *Moderate.* The score consists of two systems of piano and organ accompaniment. The piano part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The organ part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The first system begins with a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic. The second system includes a *rit.* (ritardando) marking in the organ part, followed by a *p* (piano) marking. The piece concludes with a final chord.



## No 43.— THROUGH THE WOOD LADDIE.

*Slow.*

Handwritten musical score for 'Through the Wood Laddie'. It consists of four systems of piano accompaniment, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The first system is marked 'Slow.' and includes dynamics *p* and *mf*. The second system includes *cres.* and *p*. The third system includes *cres.* and *f*. The fourth system includes *cres.*, *p*, and *f*. The piece concludes with a final chord in the bass staff.

## No 44.— BRAW BRAW LADS.

(Gala Water.)

*Slow with feeling.*

Handwritten musical score for 'Braw Braw Lads'. It consists of two systems of piano accompaniment, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The first system is marked '*Slow with feeling.*' and includes dynamics *p* and *mf*. The second system includes *p* and *pp e rall.*. The piece concludes with a final chord in the bass staff.



## THROUGH THE WOOD, LADDIE.

THOUGH woods now are bonnie, and mornings are clear,  
 While lav'rocks are singing,  
 And primroses springing;  
 Yet nane o' them pleases my eye or my ear,  
 When through the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell;  
 I'm fush'd wi' their scornin'  
 Baith e'enin' and mornin';  
 Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,  
 When through the wood, laddie, I wander mysel'.

*Ramsay.*

## BRAW, BRAW LADS.

THERE's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,  
 That wander through the bloomin' heather;  
 But yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,  
 Can match the lads o' Gala water.  
 Braw, braw lads.

But there is aye, a secret aye,  
 Abune them a' I lo'e him better;

And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,  
 The bonnie lad o' Gala water.  
 Braw, braw lads.

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

*Burns.*



## THE SIMMER SUN NOW BLINKS AGAIN.

Tune—"Gordon Castle."

THE simmer sun now blinks again,  
 The laverock seeks the morning sky,  
 The gowan glitters on the plain,  
 The daisy on the mountain high;  
 And blythe my laddie on the hill  
 Sings wi' a heart, save true love, free;  
 His sang it seems to please me still,  
 Although I ken 'tis a' 'bout me!

He speaks o' love, I think o' nane,  
 He says without me he wad dee;  
 I bid him woo some ither aye,  
 But aye he fondly turns to me.

His pipe is sweetest on the hill,  
 His voice is saftest on the lea;  
 I canna lo'e the laddie ill,  
 That's aye sae unco fond o' me.

The bee is for the moorland bound,  
 The mavis sings the braes amang,  
 And nature, in her happy round,  
 Is rife wi' music, mirth, an' sang.  
 Alake! my heart, whaur wilt thou gang?  
 'Tis no as it has been wi' thee!  
 To be sae coy is surely wrang,  
 The laddie's aye sae kind to me.

*Robert Gilfillan.*

## THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

Tune—"Ettrick banks."

'Twas ev'n,—the dewy fields were green,  
 On every blade the pearls hang;  
 The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,  
 And bore its fragrant sweets along.  
 In ev'ry glen the mavis sang:  
 All nature list'ning seem'd the while,  
 Except where greenwood echoes rang.  
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,  
 My heart rejoiced in nature's joy;  
 When, musing in a lonely glade,  
 A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy:  
 Her look was like the morning's eye,  
 Her air like nature's vernal smile;  
 Perfection whisper'd, passing by,  
 "Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle."

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,  
 And sweet is night in Autumn mild,  
 When roving through the garden gay,  
 Or wand'ring in the lonely wild;

But woman, nature's darling child!  
 There all her charms she does compile,  
 Even there her other works are foil'd,  
 By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,  
 And I the happy country swain,  
 Though shelter'd in the lowest shed  
 That ever rose on Scotland's plain,  
 Through weary winter's wind and rain,  
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil;  
 And nightly to my bosom strain  
 The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,  
 Where fame and honours lofty shine;  
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,  
 Or downward dig the Indian mine.  
 Give me the cot below the pine,  
 To tend the flocks or till the soil,  
 And ev'ry day have joys divine,  
 Wi' the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

*Burns.*



## Nº 45.— GORDON CASTLE.

*Slow.*



*p*

*mf* *dim.* *mf*

*p* *dim.*

## Nº 46.— ETTRICK BANKS.

*Slow.*



*p* *mf*

*p* *mf*

*p* *mf*



## No 47. — THE MILL, MILL, O'

(The Soldier's return.)

*Moderate.*

Musical score for No 47, "THE MILL, MILL, O' (The Soldier's return.)". The score is in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a *res.* (respiratory) marking. The second system features a forte (*f*) dynamic. The third system includes a *rall.* (rallentando) marking and returns to a piano (*p*) dynamic. The notation includes various rhythmic patterns such as eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

## No 48. — YE BANKS AND BRAES.

*Moderate with expression.*

Musical score for No 48, "YE BANKS AND BRAES." The score is in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a *piu f* (pizzicato forte) marking. The second system features a forte (*f*) dynamic and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system includes a *pizz. rall.* (pizzicato rallentando) marking and returns to a piano (*p*) dynamic. The notation includes various rhythmic patterns such as eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.



## THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

Tune—"The mill, mill, O."

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,  
And gentle peace returning,  
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,  
And mony a widow mourning:  
I left the lines and tented field,  
Where lang I'd been a lodger,  
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,  
A poor but honest sodger.

A leal light heart beat in my breast,  
My hands unstain'd wi' plunder;  
And for fair Scotia hame again,  
I cheery on did wander.  
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,  
I thought upon my Nancy;  
I thought upon the witching smile,  
That caught my youthfu' fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,  
Where early life I sported;  
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,  
Where Nancy aft I courted.  
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,  
Down by her mother's dwelling!  
And turn'd me round to hide the flood  
That in my e'e was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, "Sweet lass,  
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,  
O! happy, happy may he be,  
That's dearest to thy bosom!  
My purse is light, I've far to gang,  
And fain wad be thy lodger;  
I've serv'd my king and country lang:  
Tak pity on a sodger!"

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,  
And lovelier grew than ever;  
Quoth she, "A sodger ance I loved,  
Forget him will I never.  
Our humble cot and hamely fare,  
Ye freely shall partake o't;  
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,  
Ye're welcome for the sake o't."

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—  
Syne pale as ony lily,  
She sank within my arms, and cried,  
"Art thou my ain dear Willie?"  
"By Him, who made yon sun and sky,  
By whom true love's regarded,  
I am the man! and thus may still  
True lovers be rewarded."

The wars are owre, and I'm come hame,  
And find thee still true-hearted;  
Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,  
And mair we're ne'er be parted."  
Quoth she, "My grandsire left me gowd,  
A mailin plenish'd fairly;  
Then come, my faithfu' sodger lad,  
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly."

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
The farmer ploughs the manor;  
But glory is the sodger's prize,  
The sodger's wealth is honour.  
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,  
Nor count him as a stranger:  
Remember he's his country's stay,  
In day and hour o' danger.

*Burns.*

## YE BANKS AND BRAES.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!  
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
That wantons through the flow'ring thorn;  
Thou minds me o' departed joys,  
Departed, never to return!

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,  
To see the rose and woodbine twine;  
And ilka bird sang o' its love,  
And fondly sae did I o' mine.  
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;  
But my fause lover stole my rose,  
And ah! he left the thorn wi' me!

*Burns.*



## SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

SHE'S fair and fause that causes my smart,  
 I lo'ed her meikle and lang;  
 She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,  
 And I may e'en gae lang.  
 A coof cam in wi' routh o' gear,  
 And I hae tint my dearest dear;  
 But woman is but warld's gear—  
 Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,  
 To this be never blind,  
 Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,  
 A woman has't by kind.  
 O woman, lovely woman fair!  
 An angel form's fa'n to thy share,  
 'Twad been owre meikle to've gien thee mair—  
 I mean an angel mind.

*Burns.*

## THE BONNIE BRUCKIT LASSIE.

THE bonnie bruckit lassie,  
 She's blue beneath the e'en;  
 She was the fairest lassie  
 That dancèd on the green.  
 A lad he lo'ed her dearly;  
 She did his love return;  
 But he his vows has broken,  
 And left her for to mourn.  
 "My shape," she says, "was handsome,  
 My face was fair and clean;  
 But noo I'm bonnie bruckit,  
 And blue beneath the e'en.  
 My eyes were bright and sparklin',  
 Before that they turn'd blue;  
 But noo they're dull wi' weepin',  
 And a', my love, for you.

O could I live in darkness,  
 Or hide me in the sea,  
 Since my love is unfaithful,  
 And has forsaken me!  
 No other love I suffer'd,  
 Within my breast to dwell;  
 In nought I have offended,  
 But loving him too well."  
 Her lover heard her mourning,  
 As by he chanc'd to pass,  
 And press'd unto his bosom  
 The lovely bruckit lass.  
 "My dear," he said, "cease grieving;  
 Since that you lo'ed sae true,  
 My bonnie bruckit lassie,  
 I'll faithful prove to you."

*James Cytlér.*



## No 49.— SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

*Slow with melancholy.*

## No 50.— THE BONNIE BRUCKIT LASSIE.

*Moderate.*



## No 51. — MY APRON DEARIE.

*Moderate.*

Musical score for "My Apron Dearie" in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a crescendo (*cres.*) marking. The second system continues the melody. The third system starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and includes another crescendo (*cres.*). The fourth system features a decrescendo (*dim.*), a piano (*p*) dynamic, and a "piu rit." (ritardando) marking. The piece concludes with a final chord.

## No 52. — GOOD MORROW TO YOUR NIGHT CAP.

*Lively.*

Musical score for "Good Morrow to Your Night Cap" in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. Both systems begin with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The first system features a lively, rhythmic melody. The second system continues the piece with similar energy, ending with a final chord.



## MY SHEEP I NEGLECTED.

Tune—"My apron, dearie."

My sheep I neglected—I lost my sheep-hook,  
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;  
No more for my Katie fresh garlands I wove,  
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.  
Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do?  
Why left I dear Katie? Why broke I my vow?  
Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,  
And I'll wander from love and my dear one no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,  
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love!  
Oh, fool! to imagine that ought could subdue  
A love so well founded, a passion so true!  
Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do?  
Why left I dear Katie? Why broke I my vow?  
Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,  
And I'll wander from love and my dear one no more.

*Sir Gilbert Elliot.*

## WHEN MAGGIE GANGS AWAY.

Tune—"Good morrow to your night cap."\*

O, WHAT will a' the lads do  
When Maggie gangs away?  
O, what will a' the lads do  
When Maggie gangs away?  
There's no a heart in a' the glen  
That disna dread the day:  
O, what will a' the laddies do  
When Maggie gangs away?  
Young Jock has taen the hill for't,  
A waefu' wight is he;  
Poor Harry's taen the bed for't,  
An' laid him down to dee;

An' Sandy's gane unto the kirk,  
An' learnin' fast to pray:  
And, O, what will the laddies do  
When Maggie gangs away?  
The wailing in our green glen  
That day will quaver high;  
'Twill draw the red-breast frae the wood,  
The laverock frae the sky;  
The fairies frae their beds o' dew  
Will rise and join the lay:  
An' O, hey! what a day 'twill be,  
When Maggie gangs away!

*Hogg.*

\* The Song called "The Piper o' Dundee," is also sung to this tune.



# FOR LACK OF GOLD SHE LEFT ME, O.

FOR lack of gold she has left me, O,  
 And of all that's dear bereft me, O;  
 She me forsook for Athole's duke,  
 And to endless woe she has left me, O.  
 A star and garter have more art  
 Than youth, a true and faithful heart;  
 For empty titles we must part—  
 For glittering show she has left me, O.

No cruel fair shall ever move  
 My injured heart again to love;  
 Through distant climates I must rove,  
 Since Jeanie she has left me, O,  
 Ye powers above, I to your care  
 Resign my faithless, lovely fair;  
 Your choicest blessing be her share,  
 Though she has ever left me, O.

*Dr. frustin.*

# HEY JENNY, COME DOWN TO JOCK.

JOCKY he cam here to woo,  
 Wi' tartan plaid, and bonnet blue,  
 And Jenny pat on her best array,  
 When she heard Jocky had come that way.  
 But Jenny she gaed up the stair;

For Jenny was blate afore unco folk;  
 And aye sae loud as her mither did rair,  
 "O, hey Jenny, come down to Jock.  
 Hey, Jenny, come down, come down,  
 O, hey Jenny, come down to Jock."



## No 53. — FOR LACK OF GOLD SHE LEFT ME.

*Moderate.*

Musical score for No 53, "FOR LACK OF GOLD SHE LEFT ME." The piece is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic in the right hand and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic in the left hand. The second system continues with *p* in the right hand and *mf* in the left hand. The third system features *mf* in the right hand and *p* in the left hand. The melody in the right hand is characterized by eighth-note patterns and chords, while the left hand provides a steady bass line.

## No 54. — HEY JENNY COME DOWN TO JOCK.

*Lively.*

Musical score for No 54, "HEY JENNY COME DOWN TO JOCK." The piece is in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic in the right hand and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic in the left hand. The second system continues with *mf* in the right hand and *p* in the left hand, with a crescendo (*cres.*) marking in the right hand. The third system features a crescendo (*cres.*) in the right hand and *mf* in the left hand. The melody in the right hand is lively, using eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line.



## No 55.— KIND KIMMER:

*Slowly.*

Musical score for No 55, "KIND KIMMER", in 2/4 time, marked *Slowly*. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system also begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third system features a forte (*f*) dynamic and concludes with a *rall.* (rallentando) marking.

## No 56.— O WALY, WALY.

*Slow and tenderly.*

Musical score for No 56, "O WALY, WALY", in 3/4 time, marked *Slow and tenderly*. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system has no dynamic marking. The third system begins with a *cres. e rit.* (crescendo and ritardando) marking, followed by a piano (*p*) dynamic, and concludes with a *rall.* (rallentando) marking.

\* THE ORIG. OF "NID, NODDIN'."



## WHAT CARE I.

Tune—"Kind kimmer."

My faither has baith gowd and gear,  
 Forbye a bonnie mailin free;  
 My mither spins wi' eident care,  
 An' dochters they hae nane but me.  
 But what care I for gowd and gear,  
 Or what care I for mailins free;  
 I wadna gie a bonnie lad,  
 For a' the gowd in Christendie.

My mither cries, "Tak Sandy Bell,  
 The canny laird o' Hazelglen;"  
 My faither bids me please mysel',  
 But "tak the laird o' auld Kilpenn."  
 But what care I for gowd and gear,  
 Nae charm hae gowd and gear for me;  
 I wadna gie a bonnie lad,  
 For a' the gowd in Christendie.

*William Paul.*

## O WALY, WALY.

O WALY, waly up the bank,  
 And waly, waly down the brae,  
 And waly, waly yon burn-side,  
 Where I and my love went to gae!

I leant my back unto an aik,  
 I thoct it was a trusty tree;  
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak—  
 Sae my true love did lichtlie me.

O waly, waly, but love is bonnie  
 A wee wee while when it is new;  
 But when it's auld, it waxeth cauld,  
 And fades awa like mornin' dew.

O had I wist before I kiss'd,  
 That love had been sae ill to win,  
 I'd lock'd my heart in a case o' gowd,  
 And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.

And wherefore should I busk my heid?  
 Or wherefore should I kame my hair?  
 Since my true love has me forsook,  
 And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

When we cam in by Glasgow town,  
 We were a comely sight to see;  
 My love was clad in the black velvet,  
 And I mysel' in crumasié.

It's no the frost that freezes fell,  
 Nor blawin' snaw's inclemencie;  
 'Tis nae sic cauld that maks me cry,  
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree?  
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come?  
 For of my life I am wearie!



## WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

COME all ye jolly shepherds  
That whistle through the glen,  
I'll tell ye of a secret  
That courtiers dinna ken.  
What is the greatest bliss  
That the tongue o' man can name?  
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie  
When the kye come hame.  
When the kye come hame,  
When the kye come hame,  
'Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,  
When the kye come hame.

'Tis not beneath the burghet,  
Nor yet beneath the crown,  
'Tis not on couch of velvet,  
Nor yet on bed of down:  
'Tis beneath the spreading birch,  
In the dell without a name,  
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,  
When the kye come hame.  
When the kye, &c.

Then the eye shines sae bright,  
The baill soul to beguile,  
There's love in every whisper,  
And joy in every smile;

O, who would choose a crown,  
Wi' its perils and its fame,  
And miss a bonnie lassie  
When the kye come hame.  
When the kye, &c.

See yonder pawky shepherd  
That lingers on the hill—  
His yowes are in the fauld,  
And his lambs are lying still;  
Yet he downa gang to rest,  
For his heart is in a flame  
To meet his bonnie lassie  
When the kye come hame.  
When the kye, &c.

Awa wi' fame and fortune—  
What comfort can they giet—  
And a' the arts that prey  
On man's life and libertie!  
Gie me the highest joy  
That the heart o' man can frame,  
My bonnie, bonnie lassie,  
When the kye come hame.  
When the kye, &c.

Hogg.

## FAREWELL TO LOCHABER.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,  
Where heartsome wi' her I hae mony a day been;  
To Lochaber no more, to Lochaber no more,  
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.  
These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,  
And no for the dangers attending on weir;  
Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,  
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more!

Though hurricanes rise, though rise every wind,  
No tempest can equal the storm in my mind;  
Though loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,  
There's naething like leavin' my love on the shore.

To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd;  
But by case that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd:  
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave;  
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse;  
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?  
Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee;  
And losing thy favour I'd better not be.  
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame;  
And if I should chance to come glorious hame,  
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,  
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

Ramsay.



## No 57.— WHEN THE KYE COME HAME:

*With cheerfulness.*

*mf*

*animated.*

*f*

## No 58.— FAREWELL TO LOCHABER.\*

*Slow.*

*p*

*cres.*

*dim.*

*p*

*f*

*p*

*rall.*

\* THIS TUNE IS AN ALTERED VERSION OF "THE BLAITHRIE O'Y." (SEE PAGE 47.)

\*\* No 58. APPEARS TO BE AN ELABORATE ARRANGEMENT OF "LORD RONALD MY SON." (SEE PAGE 18.)



N<sup>o</sup> 59. — NANCY'S TO THE GREENWOOD GANE:*Slow with expression.*

Handwritten musical score for 'NANCY'S TO THE GREENWOOD GANE'. The score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of four systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and ends with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic, includes a crescendo (*cres.*) and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The fourth system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The music features a variety of note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

N<sup>o</sup> 60. — O SAW YE MY FATHER.*Rather slow.*

Handwritten musical score for 'O SAW YE MY FATHER'. The score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and ends with a *piu rall.* (more ad libitum) instruction. The music features a variety of note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.



## FAREWELL, THOU STREAM THAT WINDING FLOWS.

Tune—"Nancy's to the greenwood gane."

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows  
Around Eliza's dwelling!  
O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes  
Within my bosom swelling;  
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,  
And yet in secret languish;  
To feel a fire in every vein,  
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,  
I fain my griefs would cover;  
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,  
Betray the hapless lover.  
I know thou doom'st me to despair,  
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;

But oh! Eliza, hear one prayer—  
For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,  
Nor wist while it enslav'd me;  
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,  
Till fears no more had sav'd me:  
Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,  
The wheeling torrent viewing;  
Mid circling horrors sinks at last  
In overwhelming ruin.

Farewell, thou stream that winding flows  
Around Eliza's dwelling!  
O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes  
Within my bosom swelling!

*Burns.*

## FAIR JENNY.

Tune—"O saw ye my faither."

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,  
That danc'd to the lark's early song?  
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,  
At ev'ning the wild woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,  
And marking sweet flowrets so fair;  
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,  
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,  
And grim surly winter is near?

No, no! the bees, humming round the gay roses,  
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,  
Yet long, long too well have I known,  
All that has caus'd this wreck in my bosom,  
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,  
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow;  
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,  
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

*Burns.*



## WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

Tune—"Johnnie Faa."

A WEE bird cam to our ha' door,  
He warbl'd sweet and clearly,  
An' aye the owrecome o' his sang  
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"  
Oh! when I heard the bonnie soun',  
The tears cam happin' rarely,  
I took my bonnet aff my head,  
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie bonnie bird,  
Is that a sang ye borrow?  
Are these some words ye've learnt by heart,  
Or a lilt o' deol an' sorrow?"  
"Oh! no, no, no!" the wee bird sang,  
"I've flown sin' mornin' early,  
But sic a day o' wind and rain—  
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

On hills, that are by richt his ain,  
He roves a lanely stranger;  
On every side he's press'd by want,  
On every side is danger;

Yestreen I met him in a glen,  
My heart maist burstit fairly,  
For sadly chang'd indeed was he—  
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

Dark nicht cam on, the tempest roar'd  
Loud owre the hills and valleys,  
An' whaur was't that your Prince lay down  
Whase hame should been a palace?  
He row'd him in a Hieland plaid,  
Which cover'd him but sparely,  
An' slept beneath a bush o' broom—  
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some red coats,  
An' he shook his wings wi' anger,  
"Oh! this is no a lan' for me,  
I'll tarry here nae langer."  
He hover'd on the wing a while,  
Ere he departed fairly;  
But weel I mind the fareweel strain  
Was, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

*William Glen.*

## THE WAUKIN' O' THE FAULD.

Mr Peggy is a young thing,  
Just enter'd in her teens,  
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,  
Fair as the day, and always gay:  
My Peggy is a young thing,  
And I'm nae very auld,  
Yet weel I like to meet her at  
The waukin' o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly  
Whene'er we meet alane,  
I wish nae mair to lay my care,  
I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare:  
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
To a' the lave I'm cauld;  
But she gars a' my spirits glow  
At waukin' o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly  
Whene'er I whisper love,  
That I look down on a' the toun,  
That I look down upon a croun:  
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
It maks me blythe and bauld,  
And naething gies me sic delight,  
As waukin' o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly  
When on my pipe I play;  
By a' the rest it is confest,  
By a' the rest that she sings best:  
My Peggy sings sae saftly,  
And in her sangs are tauld,  
Wi' innocence the wale o' sense,  
At waukin' o' the fauld.

*Ramsay.*



## No 61. — JOHNNIE FAA.

(The Gipsy Laddie)\*

*Plaintive.*

Musical score for No 61, JOHNNIE FAA. (The Gipsy Laddie)\*. The score is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system ends with a decrescendo (*dim.*) and a ritardando (*rit.*) marking.

## No 62. — THE WAUKIN' O' THE FAULD.

*Moderate.*

Musical score for No 62, THE WAUKIN' O' THE FAULD. The score is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system includes piano (*p*) and forte (*f*) dynamics. The third system includes a crescendo (*cres.*) marking.

\*“WAE’S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE”



## No 63. — QUEEN MARY'S LAMENT.

*Slow.*

*p*

*p*

*rit.*

*p*

*rit.*

## No 64. — AULD ROB MORRIS.

*Slow, with feeling.*

*p*

*mf*

*p*



### QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.

I sigh and lament me in vain,  
 These walls can but echo my moan,  
 Alas! it increases my pain,  
 When I think of the days that are gone,  
 Thro' the gate of my prison I see  
 The birds as they wanton in air,  
 My heart it now pants to be free,  
 My looks they are wild with despair.

Ye roofs, where cold damps and dismay  
 With silence and solitude dwell,  
 How comfortless passes the day!  
 How sad tells the evening bell!  
 The owls from the battlements cry,  
 Hollow winds seem to murmur around,  
 "O Mary, prepare thee to die!"  
 My blood it runs cold at the sound.

*Mrs. John Hunter.*

### AULD ROB MORRIS.

THERE's auld Rob Morris, that wons in yon glen,  
 He's the king o' guid fellows, and wale o' auld men;  
 He has gowd in his coffers, and owsen and kine,  
 And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.  
 She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;  
 She's sweet as the ev'ning among the new hay;

As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,  
 And dear to my heart as the licht o' my e'e.  
 Oh, had she but been of a lower degree,  
 I then might hae hoped she wad smil'd upon me!  
 Oh, how past describing had then been my bliss,  
 As now my distraction no words can express!

*Burns.*



## THE WAEFU' HEART.

"Gin livin' worth could win my heart,  
 You would not speak in vain;  
 But in the darksome grave it's laid,  
 Never to rise again.  
 My wae fu' heart lies low' wi' his,  
 Whose heart was only mine;  
 And, oh! what a heart was that to lose!  
 But I maun no repine.

Yet, oh! gin heaven in mercy soon  
 Would grant the boon I crave,  
 And tak this life, now naething worth,  
 Sin' Jamie's in his grave!

And see, his gentle spirit comes,  
 To show me on my way;  
 Surprised, nae doubt, I still am here,  
 Sair wondering at my stay.

I come, I come, my Jamie dear,  
 And, oh, wi' what guid will  
 I follow, wheresoe'er ye lead!  
 Ye canna lead to ill"  
 She said, and soon a deadly pale  
 Her faded cheek possess'd;  
 Her wae fu' heart forgot to beat;  
 Her sorrows sunk to rest!

*Miss Blamire.*

## BARBARA ALLAN.

It was in and about the Martinmas time,  
 When the green leaves were a-fallin',  
 That Sir John Graham, in the west countrie,  
 Fell in love wi' Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,  
 To the place where she was dwellin'  
 "O, haste and come to my maister dear,  
 Gin ye be Barbara Allan."

O, hooley, hooley, gaed she up  
 To the place where he was lyin';  
 She drew the curtain by, and said,  
 "Young man, I think you're dyin'."

"It's oh, I'm sick, I'm very very sick,  
 And it's a' for Barbara Allan."  
 "O, the better for me ye'se never be,  
 Though your heart's bluid were a-spillin'."

Oh, dinna ye mind, young man," she said,  
 "When in the ha' ye feasted,

Ye made the healths gae round and round,  
 And Barbara Allan slichted?"

He turn'd his face unto the wa',  
 For death wi' him was dealin':  
 "Adieu, adieu, my dear frien's a',  
 And be kind to Barbara Allan."

Then slowly, slowly rase she up,  
 And slowly, slowly left him;  
 And sighin', said, she "couldna stay,  
 Since death of life had reft him."

Sha hadna gane a mile but twa,  
 When she heard the deid-bell ringin',  
 And every jow that the deid-bell gied,  
 It cried, "Wae to Barbara Allan."

"Oh, mother, mother, mak my bed,  
 And mak it saft and narrow,  
 Since my love died for me to-day,  
 I'll die for him to-morrow."



## No 65. — THE WAEFU' HEART.

*Slow.*

Musical score for "THE WAEFU' HEART". The piece is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major (two flats). It consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system continues the melody. The third system starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic, followed by a piano (*p*) section. The fourth system includes a crescendo (*cres.*) leading to a piano (*p*) section, followed by a decrescendo (*dim.*) and ending with a final chord.

## No 66. — BARBARA ALLAN.

(Old Ballad.)

*Mournfully slow.*

Musical score for "BARBARA ALLAN". The piece is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major (two flats). It consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system continues the melody, featuring a piano (*p*) section towards the end.



## No 67.— ROSLIN CASTLE.

(The House of Glamis.)

*Slow.*

*p*  
*rit.*  
*mf*  
*cres.*  
*p*

## No 68.— BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.

*Lively.*

*p*  
*mf*  
*p*



# THE GLOOMY NIGHT.

Tune—"Roslin Castle."

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,  
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;  
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,  
I see it driving o'er the plain:  
The hunter now has left the moor,  
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,  
While here I wander, press'd 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 rins my blood to hear it rave!  
I think upon the stormy wave,  
Where many a danger I must dare,  
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billows' roar,  
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;  
Though death in ev'ry shape appear,  
The wretched have no more to fear;  
But round my heart the ties are bound,  
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;  
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,  
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,  
Her heathy moors and winding vales;  
The scene 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 bonnie banks of Ayr!

*Burns.*

# BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O, BESSIE BELL and Mary Gray,  
They were twa bonnie lasses;  
They biggit a bouir on yon burn-brae,  
And theekit it owre wi' rashes.  
O, Bessie Bell I lo'ed yestreen,  
And thoct I ne'er could alter;  
But Mary Gray's twa pawky oon  
Gar'd a' my fancy falter.

Young Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,  
Ye unco sair oppress us;  
Our fancies joo between ye twa,  
Ye are sic bonnie lasses.  
Wae's me! for baith I canna get;  
To aye by law we're stentit;  
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fate,  
And be wi' aye contentit.

*Ramsay.*



# I LOVE MY LOVE IN SECRET.

---

My Sandy gied to me a ring,  
 'Twas a' beset wi' diamonds fine;  
 But I gied him a better thing,  
 I gied my love this heart o' mine!  
 My Sandy O, my Sandy O,  
 My bonnie, bonnie Sandy O;  
 My love for thee I daurna show,  
 Yet I love my love in secret, O.

My Sandy brak a piece o' gowd,  
 While down his cheeks the saut tears row'd;  
 He took a hauf and gied it to me,  
 And I'll keep it till the hour I dee!  
 My Sandy O, my Sandy O,  
 My bonnie, bonnie Sandy O;  
 My love for thee I daurna show,  
 Yet I love my love in secret, O.

---

# THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

---

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,  
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;  
 Though thus I languish and complain,  
 Alas! she ne'er believes me.  
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,  
 Unheeded, never move her;  
 The bonnie bush aboon Traquair,  
 'Twas there I first did love her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,  
 The fields we then frequented;  
 If e'er we meet, she shows disdain,  
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.  
 The bonnie bush bloom'd fair in May;  
 Its sweets I'll aye remember;  
 But now her frowns make it decay;  
 It fades as in December.

*Robert Crawford.*



N<sup>o</sup> 69. — I LOVE MY LOVE IN SECRET.*Moderate with expression.*

Musical score for No. 69, "I Love My Love in Secret." The piece is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a *rall.* (rallentando) marking and a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking. The third system concludes with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking. The notation features various musical symbols including notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

N<sup>o</sup> 70. — THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.*Slow.*

Musical score for No. 70, "The Bush Aboon Traquair." The piece is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The third system includes a forte (*f*) dynamic marking and a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic marking. The notation features various musical symbols including notes, rests, and dynamic markings.



## Nº 71. — POLWART ON THE GREEN.

*Moderate.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for No. 71. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system returns to a piano (*p*) dynamic. The music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat.

## Nº 72. — GILDEROY.

*Slow.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for No. 72. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system returns to a piano (*p*) dynamic. The music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat.



## POLWARTH ON THE GREEN.

THE cushat sweetly sung  
 His am'rous roundelay;  
 And dewa, like cluster'd diamonds hung  
 On flower and leafy spray.  
 The coverlet of gloaming gray  
 On everything was seen,  
 When lads and lasses took their way  
 To Polwarth on the green.

The sprightly dance went on,  
 And harmless revelry  
 Of young hearts all in unison,  
 Wi' love's soft witcherie;  
 Their hall the open-daisied lea,  
 While frae the welkin sheen,  
 The moon shone brightly on the glee  
 At Polwarth on the green.

Dark glancin' een were there,  
 And cheeks of rosy hue,  
 And finer forms, without compare,  
 Than pencil ever drew;  
 But aye, wi' een o' bonnie blue,  
 A' hearts confess'd the queen,  
 And pride of grace and beauty too,  
 At Polwarth on the green.

The miser hoards his store,  
 And kings dominion gain;  
 While others in the battle's roar,  
 For honour's trifles strain.  
 Away, such pleasures! false and vain;  
 Far dearer mine have been,  
 Among the lowly rural train,  
 At Polwarth on the green.

*John Grieve.*

## GILDEROY.

THE last, the fatal hour is come,  
 That bears my love from me:  
 I hear the dead note of the drum,  
 I mark the gallows tree!  
 The bell has toll'd; it shakes my heart;  
 The trumpet speaks thy name;  
 And must my Gilderoy depart  
 To bear a death of shame?

Oh, Gilderoy, bethought we then  
 So soon, so sad to part,  
 When first in Roslin's lovely glen  
 You triumph'd o'er my heart?  
 Your locks they glitter'd to the sheen,  
 Your hunter-garb was trim,  
 And graceful was the ribbon green  
 That bound your manly limb!

Ah! little thought I to deplore  
 Those limbs in fetters bound;  
 Or hear upon the scaffold floor,  
 The midnight hammer sound!  
 A long adieu! but where shall fly  
 Thy widow all forlorn,  
 When every mean and cruel eye  
 Regards my woe with scorn?

Yes! they will mock thy widow's tears,  
 And hate thine orphan boy;  
 Alas! his infant beauty wears  
 The form of Gilderoy.  
 Then will I seek the dreary mound  
 That wraps thy mouldering clay,  
 And weep and linger on the ground,  
 And sigh my heart away!

*Campbell.*



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

Is there, for honest poverty,  
That hangs his head, and a' that?  
The coward-slave, we pass him by,  
We daur be puir, for a' that!  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Our toils obscure, and a' that,  
The rank is but the guinea-stamp—  
The man's the gowd, for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear boddin-grey and a' that?  
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine;  
A man's a man for a' that;  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their tinsel show, and a' that;  
The honest man, though e'er sue puir,  
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts and stares, and a' that;  
Though hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a cuif for a' that;

For a' that, and a' that,  
His ribbon, star, and a' that,  
The man of independent mind,  
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can mak a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that;  
But an honest man's aboon his micht,  
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their dignities, and a' that,  
The pith o' sense, the pride o' worth,  
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may,  
As come it will, for a' that,  
That sense and worth, owre a' the earth,  
May bear the gree and a' that,  
For a' that, and a' that,  
It's comin' yet, for a' that,  
That man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that!

*Burns.*

# I WISH MY LOVE WERE IN A MIRE.

THE world has cross enouch o' will;  
Then what needs love to mak it mair?  
To gnaw, an' pine, and plague folk still,  
An' wear their lives oot till a hair!  
Sin' I lo'ed, black has been my fa';  
But, sooth, it's time to smoor the fire,  
Whan love remains, and hope's awa—  
I wish my love were in a mire!

To sigh and grane the lee-lang day,  
To toss an' tumble oot the nicht;  
To grow as weak's a windle strae,  
As green as whey, as thin's a wecht!  
To lo'e till a' ane's spunk is oot,  
Syne get the fuel but the fire—  
Shame fa' his silly head wad do't;  
I wish my love were in a mire!

*Jamieson.*



## No 73. — A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

*Lively.*

Two systems of piano accompaniment for No 73. The first system consists of two staves with a treble and bass clef, in 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, starting with a *mf* dynamic. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, featuring a *f* dynamic and a *rit.* marking, followed by a *tempo.* marking and a final *mf* dynamic.

## No 74. — I WISH MY LOVE WERE IN A MIRE.

*Sweet and Moderate.*

Two systems of piano accompaniment for No 74. The first system consists of two staves with a treble and bass clef, in 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, starting with a *mf* dynamic. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, featuring a *p* dynamic and a *rit.* marking, followed by a *mf* dynamic. The third system continues the melody and accompaniment, featuring a *p* dynamic and a *rit.* marking, followed by a *mf* dynamic. The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment, featuring a *p* dynamic and a *rit.* marking, followed by a *mf* dynamic.



## Nº 75.— JOHNNIE'S GREY BREEKS.

*Slowly.*

*mf*

*p* *mf* *p*

*ritard.*

## Nº 76.— THE BRAES OF BALLENDEN.\*

*Slow.*

*p* *rall.*

*Tempo.* *p* *rit.* *p*

*rall.* *piu rit.*

\*PRONOUNCED "BALLENDEN."



## MENIE.

Tune—"Johnnie's grey breeks."

AGAIN rejoicing nature sees  
 Her robe assume its vernal hues;  
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,  
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.  
 And maun I still on Menie doat,  
 And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?  
 For it's jet jet black, and it's like a hawk,  
 And winna let a body be  
 And maun I still, &c.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw;  
 In vain to me the v'lets spring;  
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,  
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.  
 And maun I still, &c.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team;  
 Wif joy the tentie seedman stauks;  
 But life to me's a weary dream,

A dream of aye that never wauks.  
 And maun I still, &c.  
 The shepherd steeks his faulding slap,  
 And owre the moorland whistles shrill;  
 Wif wild, unequal, wand'ring step,  
 I meet him on the dewy hill.  
 And maun I still, &c.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,  
 Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,  
 And mounts and sings on flutt'ring wings,  
 A woe-worn ghaist, I hameward glide.  
 And maun I still, &c.

Come, winter, with thine angry howl,  
 And raging bend the naked tree;  
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,  
 When nature all is sad like me!  
 And maun I still, &c.

*Burns.*

## FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

Tune—"The Braes of Ballenden."

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream;  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream;  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the glen,  
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds, in yon flow'ry den,  
 Thou green-crested lap-wing thy screaming forbear,  
 I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.  
 Thou green-crested lap-wing, thy screaming forbear,  
 I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,  
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;  
 There oft, as mild ev'ning creeps over the lea,  
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.  
 There oft, as mild ev'ning creeps over the lea,  
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

*Burns.*



## THE LOWLANDS O' HOLLAND.

THE love that I had chosen,  
 Was to my heart's content,  
 The saut sea will be frozen  
 Before that I repent;  
 Repent it will I never  
 Until the day I dee,  
 Though the lowlands o' Holland  
 Hae twin'd my love and me.

My love lies in the saut sea,  
 And I am on the side,  
 Enough to break a young thing's heart,  
 Wha lately was a bride;  
 Wha lately was a bonnie bride,  
 And pleasure in her e'e;  
 But the lowlands o' Holland,  
 Hae twin'd my love and me.

My love he built a bonnie ship,  
 And sent her to the sea,  
 Wi' seven score brave mariners  
 To bear her companie;  
 Threescore gaed to the bottom,  
 And threescore died at sea,  
 And the lowlands o' Holland  
 Hae twin'd my love and me.

There shall nae mantle cross my back,  
 Nae comb come in my hair,  
 Neither shall coal nor can'le licht,  
 Shine in my bower mair;  
 Nor shall I hae anither love,  
 Until the day I dee;  
 I never lo'ed a love but aye,  
 And he's drown'd in the sea!

## BONNIE BELL.

THE smiling spring comes in rejoicing,  
 And surly winter grimly flies;  
 Now crystal clear are the falling waters,  
 And bonnie blue are the sunny skies;  
 Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,  
 The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell;  
 All creatures joy in the sun's returning,  
 And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flow'ry spring leads sunny summer,  
 The yellow autumn presses near,  
 Then in his turn comes gloomy winter,  
 Till smiling spring again appear.  
 Thus seasons dancing, and life advancing,  
 Old time and nature their changes tell;  
 But never ranging, and still unchanging,  
 O, I adore my bonnie Bell.

*Burns.*



## No 77. — THE LOWLANDS O' HOLLAND!

*Slowly and tenderly.*

Two systems of piano music for No 77. The first system consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The music is marked *p* (piano). The second system also consists of two staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment, with a *rall.* (rallentando) marking at the end.

## No 78. — BONNIE BELL.

*Joyously.*

Three systems of piano music for No 78. The first system consists of two staves with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. The music is marked *p* (piano). The second system consists of two staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment, with a *cres.* (crescendo) marking. The third system also consists of two staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment, with a *mf* (mezzo-forte) marking at the beginning and a *p* (piano) marking at the end.

\* SEE No 9, PAGE 5.



## No 79. — LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.

*Moderate.*

Musical score for No 79, Leader Haughs and Yarrow. The score consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. Each system has a treble and bass staff. The first system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a crescendo (*cres.*) and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic. The fourth system includes a crescendo (*cres.*) and a rallentando (*rall.*) marking.

## No 80. — MY DEARIE AN THOU DEE. (What ails this heart o' mine?)

*Slow and Pathetic.*

Musical score for No 80, My Dearie an Thou Dee. The score consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. Each system has a treble and bass staff. The first system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic.



## THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW.

Tune—"Leader haughs and Yarrow."

Oh, sisters, there are midnight dreams  
That pass not with the morning,  
Then ask not why my reason swims  
In a brain so wildly burning.  
And ask not why I fancy how  
Yon wee bird sings wi' sorrow,  
That bluid lies mingled wi' the dew,  
In the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

My dream's wild light was not of night,  
Nor of the dulefu' morning;  
Thrice on the stream was seen the gleam  
That seem'd his sprite returning:  
For sword-girt men came down the glen  
An hour before the morrow,  
And pierc'd the heart aye true to mine,  
In the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

Oh, there are red red drops o' dew,  
Upon the wild flower's blossom,  
They could na cool my burning brow,  
And shall not stain my bosom,  
But from the clouds o' yon dark sky,  
A cold cold shroud I'll borrow;  
And long and deep shall be my sleep  
In the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

Let me the bluid-dyed flow'ret press  
By the heart o' him that lo'd me;  
I'll steal frae's lips a long long kiss,  
In the bower where aft he woo'd me.  
My arms shall fold, my tresses shield  
The form of my dead marrow,  
When the breeze shall bring the raven's wing  
O'er the dowie dens o' Yarrow!

*Rev. Henry S. Riddell.*

## WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?

Tune—"My dearie, an thou dee."

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

When I gae out at e'en,  
Or walk at morning air,  
Ilk rustling bush will seem to say,  
I us'd to meet thee there.  
Then I'll sit down and cry,  
And live aneath the tree;  
And when a leaf fa's i' my lap,  
I'll ca't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bower  
That thou wi' roses tied,  
And where wi' mony a blushin' bud  
I strove mysel' to hide.  
I'll doat on ilka spot  
Where I hae been wi' thee;  
And ca' to mind some kindly word  
By ilka burn and tree!

Wi' sic thochts i' my mind,  
Time through the world may gae,  
And find my heart in twenty years  
The same as 'tis to-day.  
'Tis thochts that bind the soul,  
And keep frien's i' the e'e;  
And gin I think I see thee aye,  
What can part thee and me?

*Susanna Blamire.*



## LOW DOUN IN THE BROOM.

My daddie is a cankert carle,  
 He'll no twine wi' his gear;  
 My minnie she's a scauldin' wife,  
 Hauds a' the house asteer.  
 But let them say, or let them dae,  
 It's a' ane to me;  
 For he's low doun, he's in the broom,  
 That's waitin' on me:  
 Waitin' on me, my love,  
 He's waitin' on me;  
 For he's low doun, he's in the broom,  
 That's waitin' on me.

My auntie Kate sits at her wheel,  
 And sair she lichtlies me;

But weel ken I it's a' envy,  
 For ne'er a jo has she.  
 But let them say, &c.

My cousin Kate was sair beguil'd  
 Wi' Johnnie o' the glen;  
 And aye sinsyne she cries, "Beware  
 O' fause deludin' men."  
 But let them say, &c.

Gleed Sandy he cam wast yestreen,  
 An' speir'd when I saw Pate;  
 And aye sinsyne the neebors roun'  
 They jeer me air and late.  
 But let them say, &c.

*James Carnegie.*

## THE BONNIE BANKS OF TAY.

Tune—"Hallowe'en."

By Grampis's tow'ring mountains high,  
 Whose rocky summits skirt the sky,  
 Wild rolls the queen of Scotia's floods,  
 Adorn'd by Athole's ancient woods;  
 Along their winding walks in spring,  
 How sweet to hear the wild birds sing;  
 At peep of dawn, how sweet to stray  
 Adown the bonnie banks of Tay!

Here summer's sun, with golden gleams,  
 Gilds mountain tops, the woods, the streams,  
 Before his early, piercing ray,  
 The wreaths of white mist wheel away,

Revealing all the lovely scene;—  
 The woods, thick cloth'd in foliage green,  
 High waving o'er the wild rocks grey  
 Upon the bonnie banks of Tay!

Exchanting scenes! how oft in view  
 To fancy's eye, fresh, blooming, new;—  
 The flowing river, mountain, strath—  
 The winding of each woodland path;  
 And dearer still,—fond friendship's ties,  
 And true love's flame that never dies;  
 All these were mine;—now far away  
 I mourn the bonnie banks of Tay!

*Robert Carmichael.*



## Nº 81.— LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

*Slowly.*

Musical score for "Low Down in the Broom" (Nº 81). The piece is in 2/4 time and marked *Slowly*. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*mf*) dynamic and includes a crescendo (*cres.*) and a fortissimo (*f*) dynamic. The second system includes piano (*p*) and piano fortissimo (*piu cres.*) dynamics. The third system includes piano (*p*) and piano fortissimo (*piu cres. e rit*) dynamics. The score is written for piano with treble and bass staves.

## Nº 82.— HALLOWE'EN.

*Moderate.*

Musical score for "Hallowe'en" (Nº 82). The piece is in 2/4 time and marked *Moderate*. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes piano (*p*), piano fortissimo (*mf*), and piano (*p*) dynamics. The third system includes piano fortissimo (*mf*) and a rallentando (*rall.*) dynamic. The score is written for piano with treble and bass staves.



## No 83.— THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

*Lively.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for 'The Birks of Aberfeldy'. The first system is marked *Lively.* and includes dynamic markings *p* and *f*. The second system includes *f* and *p*. The third system includes *mf* and *f*. The music is in C major, 2/4 time, and features a lively, rhythmic melody with a steady bass line.

## No 84.— THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

*Moderate.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for 'The Lass of Patie's Mill'. The first system is marked *Moderate.* and includes dynamic markings *mf*, *cres.*, and *p*. The second system includes *mf* and *p*. The third system includes *dim.*, *mf*, and *p*. The music is in C major, 2/4 time, and features a moderate, flowing melody with a steady bass line.



## THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.\*

---

BONNIE lassie, will ye go,  
Will ye go, will ye go;  
Bonnie lassie, will ye go  
To the birks of Aberfeldy:

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,  
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays;  
Come let us spend the lightsome days  
In the birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,  
The little birdies blythely sing,  
Or lightly flit on wanton wing,  
In the birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,  
The foamin' stream deep-roaring fa's,  
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreadin' shaws,  
The birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flow'rs,  
White o'er the linn the burnie pours,  
And, risin', weets wi' misty show'rs  
The birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,  
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,  
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,  
In the birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonnie lassie, &c.

\* The old name of this tune is, "The birks of Aberfeldy."

*Burns.*

## THE LASS O' PATIE'S MILL.

---

THE lass o' Patie's Mill,  
Sae bonnie, blythe, and gay;  
In spite of a' my skill,  
She stole my heart away.  
When teddin' out the hay,  
Bareheaded on the green,  
Love mid her locks did play,  
And wanton'd in her een.  
Without the help of art,  
Like flow'rs that grace the wild,  
She did her sweets impart,  
Whene'er she spak or smil'd:

Her looks they were so mild,  
Free from affected pride,  
She me to love beguil'd;  
I wish'd her for my bride.  
Oh! had I a' the wealth  
Hopetoun's high mountains fill;  
Insured lang life and health,  
And pleasure at my will;  
I'd promise, and fulfil,  
That name but bonnie she,  
The lass o' Patie's Mill,  
Should share the same wi' me.

*Ramsay.*



## MARY SCOTT

HAPPY'S the love which meets return,  
 When in soft flames souls equal burn;  
 But words are wanting to discover  
 The torments of a hopeless lover.  
 Ye registers of heaven, relate,  
 If looking o'er the rolls of fate,  
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow  
 Mary Scott the flower of Yarrow?

Be hush'd, ye fears, I'll not despair,  
 My Mary's tender as she's fair;  
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,  
 She is too good to let me languish.  
 With success crown'd, I'll not envy  
 The folks who dwell above the sky:  
 When Mary Scott's become my marrow,  
 We'll make a paradise in Yarrow.

*Ramsay.*

## MY JO JANET.

"SWEET sir, for your courtesie,  
 When ye come by the Bass, then,  
 For the love ye bear to me,  
 Buy me a keekin' glass, then."  
 "Keek into the draw-well,  
 Janet, Janet;  
 And there ye'll see your bonnie sell,  
 My jo Janet."

"Keekin' in the draw-well clear,  
 O what if I fa' in, sir?  
 Then a' my kin will say and swear  
 I droun'd mysel' for sin, sir."  
 "Haud the better by the bae,  
 Janet, Janet;  
 O haud the better by the bae,  
 My jo Janet."

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

"But, what if, dancin' on the green,  
 And skippin' like a maukin,  
 They should see my clouted sheen,  
 Of me they will be taukin'."  
 "Dance aye hugh, and late at e'en  
 Janet, Janet;  
 Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,  
 My jo Janet."

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

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



## No 85. — MARY SCOTT.

*Slow.*

First system of piano accompaniment for No 85, Mary Scott, in 3/4 time, marked *Slow*. The score consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The music features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with various chords and eighth-note patterns. The second system continues the melody with some triplet figures. The third system shows a change in the bass line. The fourth system concludes with a final chord and a fermata over the last note of the right hand.

## No 86. — MY JO JANET.

*Lively.*

First system of piano accompaniment for No 86, My Jo Janet, in common time, marked *Lively*. The score consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The music is characterized by a fast, rhythmic melody in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the lively tempo, featuring a crescendo to a forte (*f*) dynamic marking in the right hand.



## No 87.— LORD GREGORY.

*Slow.*

Musical score for No 87, LORD GREGORY. The score consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system includes dynamics *p*, *cres.*, and *p*. The second system includes *p* and *dim.*. The third system includes *p*. The fourth system includes *p* and *dim.*. The music is in 2/4 time and features a mix of chords and moving lines in both hands.

## No 88.— COMIN' THRO' THE RYE. (Oh dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee).

*Moderate.*

Musical score for No 88, COMIN' THRO' THE RYE. (Oh dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee). The score consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system includes dynamics *mf* and *p*. The second system includes *mf* and *p*. The music is in 2/4 time and features a mix of chords and moving lines in both hands.



## LORD GREGORY.

---

Oh, mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,  
And loud the tempest's roar;  
A waefu' wand'rer seeks thy tow'r,  
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',  
And a' for lovin' thee;  
At least some pity on me shaw,  
If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,  
By bonnie Irwine side,  
Where first I own'd that virgin love  
I lang, lang had denied?

How often didst thou pledge and vow,  
Thou wad for aye be mine!  
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,  
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,  
And flinty is thy breast:  
Thou dart of heav'n that flashest by,  
Oh, wilt thou give me rest?

Ye must'ring thunders from above,  
Your willing victim see!  
But spare and pardon my fause love,  
His wrangs to heav'n and me!

*Burns.*

## OH, DINNA ASK ME.

---

Tune—"Comin' through the rye."

Oh! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee;  
Troth, I daurna tell:  
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye;  
Ask it o' yoursel'.

Oh! dinna look sae sair at me,  
For weel ye ken me true;  
O, gin ye look sae sair at me,  
I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw, braw town,  
And bonnier lasses see,  
O, dinna, Jamie, look at them,  
Lest you should mind na me.

For I could never bide the lass,  
That ye'd lo'e mair than me;  
And O, I'm sure, my heart would break,  
Gin ye'd prove fause to me.

*Dunlop.*



# PEGGY, I MUST LOVE THEE.

BENEATH a beech's grateful shade,  
 Young Colin lay complaining;  
 He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a maid,  
 Without hopes of obtaining:  
 For thus the youth indulg'd his grief,  
 "Though pity cannot move thee,  
 Though thy hard heart gives no relief,  
 Yet, Peggy, I must love thee.

Say, Peggy, what has Colin done,  
 That thus thou cruelly use him?  
 If love's a fault, 'tis that alone,  
 For which you should excuse him:  
 Alas! though thou should'st ne'er relent,  
 Nor my despair e'er move thee,  
 Yet till life's latest breath is spent,  
 My Peggy, I must love thee."

*Robert Crawford.*

# THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,  
 Invites the tuneful birds to sing;  
 And, while they warble from the spray,  
 Love melts the universal lay.  
 Let us then, dearest, timely wise,  
 Like them, improve the hour that flies;  
 And in soft raptures waste the day,  
 Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,  
 And age, life's winter, will appear,  
 At this thy living bloom will fade,  
 As that will strip the verdant shade.  
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,  
 The feather'd songsters are no more;  
 And when they drop, and we decay,  
 Adieu the birks of Invermay!

*David Mallet.*



## Nº 89.— PEGGY I MUST LOVE THEE.

*Moderate.*

Musical score for "Peggy I Must Love Thee" (Nº 89). The piece is in 2/4 time, key of D major, and marked *Moderate*. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The third system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The score is written for piano with treble and bass staves joined by a brace.

## Nº 90.— THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

*Moderate.*

Musical score for "The Birks of Invermay" (Nº 90). The piece is in 2/4 time, key of D major, and marked *Moderate*. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) and piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The third system includes a crescendo (*cres.*) and piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The score is written for piano with treble and bass staves joined by a brace.



## Nº 91.— ALLOA HOUSE.

*Moderate.*

Musical score for "Alloa House" in 2/4 time, key of D major. The score consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes markings for *dim. e rit.*, *> tempo.*, *cres.*, and *dim.*. The third system includes *cres.* and *p*. The fourth system includes *tempo.*, *rall.*, *mf*, and *dim.*.

## Nº 92.— O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.

*Moderately slow.*

Musical score for "O'er the Muir Amang the Heather" in common time (C), key of D major. The score consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and includes a *dim.* marking. The second system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and includes a *dim.* marking.



## ALLOA HOUSE.

The spring-time returns, and clothes the green plains,  
 And Alloa shines more cheerful and gay;  
 The lark tunes his throat, and the neighbouring swains,  
 Sing merrily round me wherever I stray:  
 But Sandy nae mair returns to my view;  
 Nae spring-time me cheers, nae music can charm;  
 He's gane! and, I fear me, for ever: adieu!  
 Adieu ev'ry pleasure this bosom can warm!

O Alloa House! how much art thou chang'd!  
 How silent, how dull to me is each grove!  
 Alane I here wander where once we both r ng'd,  
 Alas! where to please me my Sandy ance strove!  
 Here, Sandy, I heard the tales that you tauld,  
 Here listen'd too fond whenever you sung;  
 Am I grown less fair then, that you are turn'd could?  
 Or, foolish, believ'd a false flattering tongue?

*Dr. Alexander Webster*

## OWRE THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.

Comin' through the craigs o' Kyle,  
 Amang the bonnie bloomin' heather,  
 There I met a bonnie lassie,  
 Keepin' a' her flocks thegither.  
 Owre the muir amang the heather,  
 Owre the muir amang the heather,  
 There I met a bonnie lassie,  
 Keepin' a' her flocks thegither.  
 Says I, "My dear, where is thy hame?  
 In muir or dale, pray tell me whether?"  
 Says she, "I tent the fleecy flocks  
 That feed amang the bloomin' heather."

Owre the muir amang the heather,  
 Owre the muir amang the heather,  
 There I met a bonnie lassie,  
 Keepin' a' her flocks thegither.  
 She charm'd my heart, and aye sinsyne  
 I could na think on ony ither:  
 By sea and sky! she shall be mine,  
 The bonnie lass amang the heather.  
 Owre the muir amang the heather,  
 Owre the muir amang the heather,  
 There I met a bonnie lassie,  
 Keepin' a' her flocks thegither.

*Jean Glover.*



## BY YON ROARIN' LINN.

Tune—"Love is the cause of my mourning."

By yon roarin' linn a bonnie lass sat,  
 And sadly and lanely the lassie did mourn;  
 She look'd up to heaven, her eyes they were wat;  
 She pu'd the wild rose, as she gaz'd on the burn,  
 "I'm noo a' my lane, I may yield to my grief,  
 To greet to mysel', O what heart relief!  
 And in the gloamin', afore the nicht fa',  
 I'll pray for my Jamie, my love, that's awa.

I strive to look cheerful, but canna be gay;  
 Wi' lads and wi' lasses nae langer I play;  
 At bogle, when rampin' I think they're gaun mad,  
 The louder they laugh, the mair I am sad.  
 Far sweeter to me to gang down the lang glen,  
 'Mang heather and whins to yon bonnie den,  
 Whaur sings the mavis, and wild roses blaw,  
 And a' thing reminds me o' him that's awa!"

## THE BLATHRIE O'T.

WHEN I think on this warld's pelf,  
 And the wee share o't I hae to mysel',  
 And how the lass that wants it is by the lads forgot,  
 May the shame fa' the gear, and the blathrie o't!  
 Jecky was the lad that held the pleugh,  
 But noo he's got gowd and gear enough;  
 He thinks nae mair o' me that wears the plaiden coat:—  
 May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't!

Jenny was the lass that muck'd the byre,  
 But noo she is clad in her silk attire;  
 And Jocky says he lo'es her, and swears he's me forgot,  
 May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't!  
 But all this shall never daunt me,  
 Sae lang as I keep my fancy free;  
 The lad that's sae inconstant he is na worth a groat:—  
 May the shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't!



## No 93.— LOVE IS THE CAUSE OF MY MOURNING.

*Slow, and mournfully.*

Musical score for No 93, "LOVE IS THE CAUSE OF MY MOURNING." The score is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a ritardando (*rit.*) marking. The third system starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The fourth system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic and a rallentando (*rall.*) marking.

## No 94.— THE BLATHRIE O'T\*

*Moderate.*

Musical score for No 94, "THE BLATHRIE O'T\*." The score is in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system includes a crescendo (*cres.*) marking and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic.

\* OR BLATHRIE O'T — PRONOUNCED "BLETHRIE", *Anglice*, FOOLISH TALKING.



## Nº 95. — CARLE AN THE KING COME.

*Slow.*

Musical score for Nº 95, "CARLE AN THE KING COME." The piece is in 2/4 time, key of D major, and marked "Slow." It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system also begins with *mf*. The third system features a crescendo leading to a forte (*f*) dynamic, followed by a piano (*p*) section and a ritardando (*rit.*) marking.

## Nº 96. — BANNOCKS O' BEAR MEAL.

*With spirit.*

Musical score for Nº 96, "BANNOCKS O' BEAR MEAL." The piece is in 2/4 time, key of D major, and marked "With spirit." It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system features a forte (*f*) dynamic. The third system begins with a crescendo (*cres.*) marking.



# PEGGY, NOW THE KING'S COME.

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 plaiden-coat for silk,  
 And be a lady of that ilk,  
 Now, Peggy, since the king's come.

*Ramsay.*

# BANNOCKS O' BEAR-MEAL.

BANNOCKS o' bear-meal, and bannocks o' barley!  
 Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley!  
 Wha in a brulyie will first cry a parley?  
 Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley.

Bannocks o' bear-meal, and bannocks o' barley!  
 Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley!  
 Wha, in his wae days, were loyal to Charlie?  
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?

*Jacobitical fragment contributed to Johnson's Museum by Burns.*



## THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN IN KYLE.

Tune—"O gin ye were deid guidman."

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,  
But what'n a day o' what'n a style,  
I doubt it's hardly worth the while  
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

O Robin was a rovin' boy,  
A rantin' rovin, rantin' rovin,  
Robin was a rovin' boy,  
O rantin', rovin' Robin.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane,  
Was five-and-twenty days begun,  
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar' win',

Blew hansel in on Robin.

O Robin, &amp;c.

The gossip keekit in his loof;  
Quo' she, "Wha lives will see the proof,  
This waly boy will be nae coof,  
I think we'll ca' him Robin."

O Robin, &amp;c.

"He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',  
But aye a heart aboon them a';  
He'll be a credit till us a';—  
We'll a' be proud o' Robin."

O Robin, &amp;c.

*Burns.*

## GIN YE HAE PENCE, YE WILL HAE SENSE.

Tune—"The wee, wee man."

Gin ye hae pence, ye will hae sense,  
Gin ye hae nocht, ye will hae nane,  
When I had cash, I was thocht gash,  
And my advice by a' was taen;  
The rich and poor then thrang'd my door,  
The very dog cam for his bane;  
My purse, my ha', were free to a',  
And I was roosed by ilka ane.

Guid freens, and true, I had enow,  
Wha to oblige me aye were fain,  
Gin but I said, "I want your aid,"  
I didna need to say't again.

Whene'er I spak, and tauld my crack,  
Loud plaudits I was sure to gain;  
For ilka word, howe'er absurd,  
Was for undoubted wisdom taen.

At catch or glee, I bore the groe,  
For music's powers were a' my ain;  
And when I sang, the hale house rang,  
Wi' rapturous encores again.

At pun or jest, I shone the best,  
For nane had sic a fertile brain;  
My jibes and jokes, my satire strokes,  
Were—like my wine—a' kindly taen.

But when I brak, and gaed to wrack,  
Ilk gowden prospect fairly gane,  
My judgment wi' my wealth did flee,  
And a' my sense was frae me taen;  
Nor rich nor poor cam near my door,  
My freens a' vanish'd ane by ane;  
Nor word, nor crack, was worth a plack,  
For I was listen'd to by nane.

My jests and wit, they wadna hit,  
My singing met wi' cauld disdain,  
The distant look, or dry rebuke,  
Was a' that e'er I could obtain.  
But, thanks to guid, I've fortitude,  
Adversity's soar cup to drain,  
And ae true freen, as e'er was seen,  
And that's the dog that shares my bane.

*Alexander Rodger.*

Extracted from "Whistle Binkie," by permission of the publisher, Mr. David Robertson.



Nº 97. — O GIN YE WERE DEID GUIDMAN.\*

*Lively.*

Three systems of piano music for No. 97. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The first staff has a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The second system continues the piece, with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking appearing in the second staff. The third system concludes the piece, with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking in the second staff. The music is written in a lively, dance-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes.

Nº 98. — THE WEE WEE MAN.

*Lively.*

Three systems of piano music for No. 98. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The first staff has a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The second system continues the piece, with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and a crescendo (*cres.*) marking. The third system concludes the piece, with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking, a crescendo (*cres.*) marking, and a diminuendo (*dim.*) marking. The music is written in a lively, dance-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes.

\*"THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN IN KYLE"



No 99. — THERE'S MY THUMB I'LL NE'ER BEGUILÉ THEE.

*Slowly.*

Handwritten musical score for No. 99, 'THERE'S MY THUMB I'LL NE'ER BEGUILÉ THEE.' The score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of three systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a *mf* dynamic and includes accents and slurs. The second system includes a *p* dynamic marking. The third system includes a *pp* dynamic marking. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

No 100. — I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

*Slow, with feeling.*

Handwritten musical score for No. 100, 'I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.' The score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a *mf* dynamic. The second system includes a *mf* dynamic marking. The third system includes a *p* dynamic marking and a *rall.* (rallentando) instruction. The piece concludes with a double bar line.



## THERE'S MY THUMB, I'LL NE'ER BEGUILE THEE.

BERRY, early gone a Maying,  
Met her lover, Willie, straying;  
Drift, or chance, no matter whether,  
This we know, he reason'd with her:  
"Mark, dear maid, the turtles cooing,  
Fondly billing, kindly wooing;  
See how every bush discovers  
Happy pairs of feather'd lovers.  
  
See the op'ning blushing roses,  
All their secret charms discloses;  
Sweet's the time, ah! short's the measure,  
Of their fleeting, hasty pleasure!

Quickly we must snatch the savour,  
Of their soft and fragrant flavour;  
They bloom to-day, and fade to-morrow,  
Droop their heads, and die in sorrow.

Time, my Bess, will leave no traces,  
Of those beauties, of those graces;  
Youth and love forbid our staying,  
Love and youth abhor delaying  
Dearest maid, nay, do not fly me,  
Let your pride no more deny me;  
O never doubt your faithful Willie—  
There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee."

*Ramsay.*

## ONE DAY I HEARD MARY SAY.

Tune—"I'll never leave thee."

ONE day I heard Mary say, "How shall I leave thee?  
Stay, dearest Willie, stay; why wilt thou grieve me?  
Ah! my fond heart will break, if thou should leave me:  
I'll live and die for thy sake, yet never leave thee.  
  
Say, my own Willie, say, has Mary deceiv'd thee?  
Did e'er her young heart betray new love, that has griev'd  
thee?

O my heart ne'er shall stray, thou may believe me;  
I'll love thee, lad, night and day, and never leave thee.  
  
Oh! leave thee, leave thee, lad, how shall I leave thee?  
How that thought makes me sad! I'll never, never leave  
thee!  
  
Where would my Willie fly? Why does he grieve me?  
Alas! my poor heart will die, if I should leave thee."

*Robert Crawford.*



## IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNY FACE.

Tune—"Pinkie House."

It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face,  
 Nor shape that I admire,  
 Although thy beauty and thy grace  
 Might weel awake desire.  
 Something, in ilka part o' thee,  
 To praise, to love, I find;  
 But dear as is thy form to me,  
 Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,  
 Ner stronger in my breast,  
 Than if I canna mak thee sae,  
 At least to see thee blest.  
 Content am I, if heaven shall give  
 But happiness to thee:  
 And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,  
 For thee I'd bear to die.

*Burns.*

## THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLIE.

It fell on a day, a bonnie summer day,  
 When the corn grew green and yellow,  
 That there fell out a great dispute  
 Between Argyle and Airlie.

The Duke o' Montrose has written to Argyle  
 To come in the mornin' early,  
 An' lead in his men, down by Dunkeld,  
 To plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

The lady look'd owre her window sae hie,  
 And oh! but she look'd wear'ly;  
 And there she spied the great Argyle  
 Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

"Come down, come down, Lady Margaret," he says,  
 "Come down and kiss me fairly,

Or before the mornin' clear day light,  
 I'll no leave a stan'in' stane in Airlie."

"I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,  
 I wadna kiss thee fairly,  
 I wadna kiss thee fairly, great Argyle,  
 Should ye no leave a stan'in' stane in Airlie."

He has taen her by the left shouther,  
 (And oh! but she grat sairly,  
 And led her down to yon green bank,  
 Till he plunder'd the bonnie house o' Airlie.

"O were my ain guid lord at hame,  
 As this nicht he's wi' Charlie,  
 There durstna a Campbell in a' the west,  
 Hae plunder'd the bonnie house o' Airlie!"

N.B.—When singing the above, the two last lines of each verse are repeated.



N<sup>o</sup> 101. — PINKIE HOUSE.

(Rothes' Lament).

*Slow.*

The first system of music for "Pinkie House" consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system concludes with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a *rall.* (rallentando) instruction. The music is written in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time, featuring a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and chords or eighth notes in the left hand.

N<sup>o</sup> 102. — THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLIE.*Moderate.*

The second piece, "The Bonnie House o' Airlie," is marked *Moderate.* and begins with a *dolce.* (dolce) instruction. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system features a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system returns to a piano (*p*) dynamic. The music is in D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time, characterized by a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and more varied rhythmic patterns in the right hand.



## No 103.— MY DARLING HAS DECEIVED ME.

Gaelic.\*

*Slow and plaintive.*

## No 104.— MACGREGOR OF RUARO.

Gaelic.

*Slow and mournfully*

\* THE PUBLISHER IS AWARE OF THE DIFFICULTIES WHICH, IN MANY CASES, SURROUND ANY ATTEMPT TO DISTINGUISH WITH PRECISION, HIGHLAND AIRS FROM THOSE WHICH ARE UNDOUBTEDLY LOWLAND; BUT THE TUNES IN THIS COLLECTION NAMED GAELIC, THERE ARE GOOD GROUNDS FOR CONCLUDING TO BE GENUINE SPECIMENS OF THE WILD, PECULIAR, AND BEAUTIFUL MUSIC, CHARACTERISTIC OF THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND



## THE SECRET LOVER.\*

Tune—"My darling has deceived me."

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O! COULD'ST thou for a moment look  
Within this heart o' mine;  
An' there peruse, as in a book,  
Ilk feeling's secret sign;  
It couldna but reveal  
Its deepest thought to thee;  
Then only—only could'st thou feel  
How dear thou art to me.

It ne'er could be by look or sigh  
Or word frae me exprest—  
The fond deep love that fervently  
Is throbbin' in my breast,—  
Though uncherish'd and unblest  
Wi' kindred flame in thine—  
Like angel holiness imprest  
Upon some earthly shrine.

*James Parker.*

\* From "The Book of Scottish Song," by permission of Messrs. Blackie & Son.

## MACGREGOR OF RUARO.

From the chase in the mountain  
As I was returning,  
By the side of a fountain  
Malvina sat mourning,  
To the winds that loud whistled  
She told her sad story,  
And the valleys re-echoed  
"MacGregor a Ruadhro!"  
Like a flash of red lightning  
O'er the heath came MacAra,  
More fleet than the roebuck  
On lofty Beinn Lara:  
"O! where is MacGregor?  
Say, where does he hover?  
You son of bold Calmar,  
Why tarries my lover?"  
Then the voice of soft sorrow  
From his bosom thus sounded;  
"Low lies your Macgregor,  
Pale, mangled, and wounded!"

O'ercome with deep slumber,  
To the rock I convey'd him,  
Where the sons of black malice  
To his foes have betray'd him!"  
As the blast from the mountain  
Soon nips the fresh blossom,  
So died the fair bud  
Of fond hope in her bosom.  
"MacGregor! MacGregor!"  
Loud echo resounded;  
And the hills rung in pity,  
"MacGregor is wounded!"  
Near the brook in the valley,  
The green turf did hide her,  
And they laid down MacGregor  
In death's sleep beside her.  
Secure is their dwelling  
From foes and fell slander;  
Near the loud-roaring waters  
Their spirits oft wander.

*Translated from the Gaelic by — MacLaren.*



# THE BRAES O' BALQUITHER.

Tune—"The three carles o' Buchanan."

LET us go, lassie go,  
To the braes o' Balquither,  
Where the blackberries grow,  
'Mang the bonnie bloomin' heather.  
Where the deer and the rae,  
Lightly bounding together,  
Sport the lang simmer day  
On the braes o' Balquither.

I will twine thee a bow'r  
By the clear siller fountain,  
And I'll cover it owre  
Wi' the flow'rs o' the mountain:  
I will range through the wilds,

And the deep glens sae dreary,  
And return wi' the spoils  
To the bow'r o' my dearie.

Now the simmer's in prime,  
Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,  
And the wild mountain thyme  
A' the moorlands perfuming:  
To our dear native scenes  
Let us journey together,  
Where glad innocence reigns  
'Mang the braes o' Balquither.

*Lannahill.*

# BONNIE MARY GRÆME.

Tune—"A Skye air."

WHaur hae ye been roamin', roamin', roamin',  
Whaur hae ye been roamin', bonnie Mary Græme?  
Whaur hae ye been roamin', in the cauld gloamin',  
Whaur hae ye been roamin', bonnie Mary Græme?

The tear is in your e'e, Mary Græme!  
It used nae sae to be, bonnie Mary Græme!  
There's a glow on your cheek, Mary Græme!  
Oh! what gars ye greet, bonnie Mary Græme?

*Adapted from a Song with the above title, published by*

*James Parker.*



N<sup>o</sup> 105.— THE THREE CARLES O' BUCHANAN.\*

Gaelic.

*Moderate.*

Two systems of piano accompaniment for 'The Three Carles o' Buchanan'. The first system consists of two staves with a treble and bass clef, 2/4 time signature, and a key signature of one flat. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. The second system continues the piece, featuring dynamic markings of *mf* and *p*.

N<sup>o</sup> 106.— SKYE AIR.

Gaelic.

*Slow with expression.*

Five systems of piano accompaniment for 'Skye Air'. The first system is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The subsequent systems continue the piece, featuring various dynamic markings including *f*, *p*, *mf*, and *rit.*, as well as a *tempo.* marking. The score is written for piano with treble and bass staves.

\* "LET US GO, LASSIE, GO, TO THE BRAES OF BALQUITHER!"



Nº 107.— HIGHLAND BOAT SONG.\* Gaelic. (Hail to the Chief &c.)

*Moderate.*

*p*

*mf*

*cres.*

*f*

Nº 108.— THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS. Gaelic.

*Slow.*

*f*

*p rit.*

*p*

*f*

*p rit.*

\* FIRST TIME PUBLISHED.



## HIGHLAND BOAT SONG.

HAIL to the chief who in triumph advances!  
 Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green pine!  
 Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,  
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!  
 Heav'n send it happy dew,  
 Earth lend it sap anew,  
 Gaily to burgeon, and broadly to grow,  
 While every Highland glen  
 Sends our shout back again,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,  
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;  
 When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the mountain,  
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.  
 Moor'd in the rifted rock,  
 Proof to the tempest's shock,  
 Firmer he roots him, the ruder it blow;  
 Menteith and Breadalbane, then,  
 Echo his praise again,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,  
 And Bannachar's groans to our slogan replied;  
 Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,  
 And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.  
 Widow and Saxon maid  
 Long shall lament our raid,  
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;  
 Lennox and Leven-glen  
 Shake when they hear again,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!  
 Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green pine!  
 O! that the rosebud that graces yon islands,  
 Were wreath'd in a garland around him to twine!  
 O! that some seedling gem,  
 Worthy such noble stem,  
 Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow;  
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then  
 Ring from her deep-most glen,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

*Scott.*

## UP AMANG YON CLIFFY ROCKS.

Tune—"The maid that tends the goats."

Up amang yon cliffy rocks,  
 Sweetly rings the rising echo,  
 To the maid that tends the goats,  
 Liltin' o'er her native notes.  
 Hark! she sings, "Young Sandy's kind,  
 An' he's promis'd aye to lo'e me;  
 Here's a brooch I ne'er shall tine,  
 Till he's fairly married to me;  
 Drive awa, ye drone, Time,  
 An' bring about our bridal day.  
 Sandy herds a flock o' sheep;  
 Aften does he blaw the whistle,  
 In a strain sae softly sweet,  
 Lammies list'nin' daurna bleat.  
 He's as fleet's the mountain roe,

Hardy as the Hielan' heather,  
 Wadin' through the winter snow,  
 Keeping aye his flock together;  
 But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,  
 He braves the bleakest norlan blast.  
 Brawly can he dance and sing,  
 Canty glee or Hielan' cronach;  
 Nane can ever match his fling,  
 At a reel or round a ring;  
 Wichtly can he wield a rung,  
 In a brawl he's aye the bangster;  
 A' his praise can ne'er be sung  
 By the langest-winded sangster.  
 Sangs that sing o' Sandy  
 Seem short, though they were e'er sae lang."

*William Dudgeon.*



## HER HAIR WAS LIKE THE CROMLA MIST.

Tune—"Morna."

HER hair was like the Cromla mist,  
When ev'ning sun beams from the west,  
Bright was the eye of Morna.  
When beauty wept the warrior's fall,  
Then lone and dark was Fingal's hall;  
Sad was the lovely Morna.

O! lovely were the blue-eyed maids,  
That sung peace to the warrior's shade,  
But none so fair as Morna.  
Her hallow'd tears, bedew'd the brake,  
That wav'd beside dark Orma's lake,  
Where wander'd lovely Morna.

Sad was the hoary minstrel's song,  
That died the rustling heath among,  
Where sat the lovely Morna.  
It slumber'd on the placid wave,  
It echo'd through the warrior's cave,  
And sigh'd again to Morna.

The hero's plumes were lowly laid;  
In Fingal's hall each blue-eyed maid  
Sung peace and rest to Morna.  
The harp's wild strain was past and gone,  
No more it whisper'd to the mean  
Of lovely dying Morna!

*Robert Allan.*

## MY NANNIE, O.

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,  
'Mang moors and mosses many, O,  
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,  
And I'll awa to Nannie, O.  
The westlin wind blows loud and shrill;  
The nicht's baith mirk and rainy, O;  
But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,  
And owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young;  
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;  
May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue  
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.  
Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
As spotless as she's bonnie, O;  
The op'ning gowan wat wi' dew,  
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,  
And few there be that ken me, O;  
But what care I how few they be?  
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.  
My riches a's my penny fee,  
And I maun guide it cannie, O;  
But war's gear ne'er troubles me,  
My thochts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view,  
His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;  
But I'm as blythe that hauds his plough,  
And has nae care but Nannie, O.  
Come weel, come wae, I carena by,  
I'll tak what heaven will send me, O;  
Nae ither care in life hae I,  
But live and love my Nannie, O.

*Burns.*



## Nº 109. — MORNA.

Gaelic.

*Tenderly.*

## Nº 110. — MY NANNIE O.

*Not too slow.*



## No 111.— CLOUT THE CAULDRON.

*Moderate.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for 'Clout the Cauldron'. The music is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The first system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The third system concludes with a repeat sign.

## No 112.— JOCKEY SAID TO JENNY.

*Lively.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for 'Jockey Said to Jenny'. The music is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic markings. The third system concludes with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and a repeat sign.



## CLOUT THE CA'DRON.

"HAE ye any pots or pans,  
Or any broken chandlers?  
I am a tinker to my trade,  
And newly come frae Flanders,  
As scant o' siller as of grace;  
Disbanded, we've a bad run;  
Gar tell the lady of the place,  
I'm come to clout her ca'dron.

Madam, if you've wark for me,  
I'll do't to your contentment;  
And dinna care a single flee  
For ony man's resentment;

For, lady fair, though I appear  
To ev'ry ane a tinker,  
Yet to yoursel' I'm bauld to tell,  
I am a gentle jinker."

"Sir ye appear a cunning man,  
But this fine plot you'll fail in;  
For there is neither pot nor pan,  
Of mine you'll drive a nail in.  
Then bind your budget on your back,  
And nails up in your apron;  
For I've a tinker under tack,  
That's used to clout my ca'dron."

## JOCKY SAID TO JENNY.

JOCKY said to Jenny, "Jenny wilt thou wed?"  
"Ne'er a fit," quo' Jenny, "for my tocher-guid;  
For my tocher-guid, I winna marry thee."  
"E'en's ye like," quo' Johnnie; "ye may let it be!"  
"For my tocher-guid, I winna marry thee."  
"E'en's ye like," quo' Johnnie; "ye may let it be!"

I hae gowd and gear; and I hae land eneuch;  
I hae seven good owsen gangin in a pleuch;  
Gangin in a pleuch, and linkin owre the lea:  
Gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.  
Gangin in a pleuch, and linkin owre the lea:  
Gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I've a guid ha' house, a barn, too, and a byre,  
A stack afore the door; I'll mak a rantin' fire:  
Mak a rantin' fire, and merry shall we be:  
Gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.  
Mak a rantin' fire, and merry shall we be:  
Gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be."

Jenny said to Jocky, "Gin ye winna tell,  
Ye shall be the lad; I'll be the lass mysel',  
Ye're a bonnie lad, and I'm a lassie free;  
Welcomer to tak me than to let me be.  
Ye're a bonnie lad, and I'm a lassie free;  
Welcomer to tak me than to let me be."



## O DEAR PEGGY, LOVE'S BEQUILING.

Tune—"O dear mother, what shall I do?"

O DEAR Peggy, love's beguiling,  
We ought not to trust his smiling;  
Better far to do as I do,  
Lest a harder luck betide you.

Lasses, when their fancy's carried,  
Think of nought but to be married;  
Running to a life destroys  
Heartsome, free, and youthful joys.

*Ramsay.*

## JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

"WHY weep ye by the tide, ladye—  
Why weep ye by the tide?  
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,  
And ye shall be his bride;  
And ye shall be his bride, ladye,  
Sae comely to be seen:"  
But aye she loot the tears down fa',  
For Jock o' Hazeldean!

"Now let this wilful grief be done,  
And dry that cheek so pale:  
Young Frank is chief of Errington,  
And Lord of Langley dale;  
His step is first in peaceful ha',  
His sword in battle keen:"  
But aye she loot the tears down fa',  
For Jock o' Hazeldean!

"A chain o' gold ye shall not lack,  
Nor braid to bind your hair,  
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,  
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;  
And you, the foremost o' them a',  
Shall ride our forest queen:"  
But aye she loot the tears down fa',  
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,  
The tapers glimmer'd fair;  
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
And dame and knight were there:  
They sought her laith by bower and ha',  
The ladye was not seen!—  
She's owre the border, and awa  
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean!

*Scott.*



## No 113. — O DEAR MOTHER WHAT SHALL I DO?\*

*Slow.*

Musical score for "O Dear Mother What Shall I Do?" in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The score consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a crescendo (*cres.*) and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) section. The second system continues with piano (*p*) and crescendo (*cres.*) markings. The third system features mezzo-forte (*mf*) and piano (*p*) dynamics. The fourth system also includes mezzo-forte (*mf*) and piano (*p*) markings. The melody is primarily in the right hand, with chords and bass lines in the left hand.

## No 114. — JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

*Moderate with feeling.*

Musical score for "Jock O' Hazeldean" in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The score consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a crescendo (*cres.*), piano (*p*), piano (*p*), and a tempo change to *tempo.* followed by *rall.* and *pp* markings. The melody is primarily in the right hand, with chords and bass lines in the left hand.

\* A MORE MODERN VERSION OF THIS TUNE IS KNOWN AS "LESLIE'S MARCH" OR, "BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER!"



Nº 115. — THE PIER OF LEITH.\* (Young Philander lo'ed me lang).

*Moderate with expression.*

Four systems of piano accompaniment for 'The Pier of Leith'. The music is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system features a crescendo. The third system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The fourth system concludes the piece.

Nº 116. — TODLIN HAME.

*Lively but not too quick.*

Two systems of piano accompaniment for 'Todlin Hame'. The music is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic and the instruction 'a little slower.'.

\* FOR A DIFFERENT SET OF THIS TUNE SEE Nº 123 PAGE 62.



## YOUNG PHILANDER LO'ED ME LANG.

Tune—"The pier of Leith."

YOUNG Philander lo'ed me lang,  
But I was peevish and forbade him;  
I wouldna tent his levin' sang,  
And noo I wish—I wish I had him!

Ilk mornin' when I view my glass,  
Then I perceive my beauty going;  
When the wrinkles seize the face,  
Then we may bid adieu to wooing.

My beauty! ance sae much admir'd,  
I find it fading—quickly fading;  
My cheeks, which coral-like appeared,  
Grow pale, the broken blood decaying.

If opportunity be lost,  
You'll find it hard to be regain'd;  
Which noo I may tell to my cost,  
Though but mysel' nane can be blam'd!

*For the whole of this curious old song see page 62.*

## TODLIN' HAME.

"WHEN I hae a saxpence under my thoom,  
Then I get credit in ilka toun;  
But aye when I'm pair they bid me gang by;  
Oh, poverty parts guid company!"

"O todlin' hame, O todlin' hame,  
O couldna my love come todlin' hame?"

"Fair fa' the guidwife, and send her guid sale,  
She gies us white bannocks to relish her ale,  
Syne, if that her tipp'ny chance to be sma',  
We tak a guid scour o't, and ca't awa'."

"O todlin' hame, O todlin' hame,  
As round as a neep come todlin' hame."

"My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,  
Wi' twa pint-stoups at our bed's feet;  
And aye when we wauken'd we drank them dry—  
What think ye o' my wee kimmer and I?"

"O todlin' butt, and todlin' ben,  
Sae round as my love comes todlin' hame."

Leeze me on liquor, my todlin' dow,  
Ye're aye sae guid-humour'd when weetin' your mou'  
When sober sae sour, ye'll fecht wi' a flee,  
That 'tis a blythe sight to the bairns and me,  
When todlin' hame, when todlin' hame,  
When, round as a neep, ye come todlin' hame."



## MUIRLAND WILLIE.

HEARKEN and I will tell you hoo  
Young Muirland Willie cam to woo,  
Though he could neither say nor do;  
The truth I tell to you.  
But aye, he cries, "Whate'er betide,  
Maggie I'ae hae to be my bride,"  
With a fal, dal, &c.

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

"Gaidman," quoth he, "be ye within?  
I'm come your dochter's love to win,  
I carena for makin' meikle din;  
What answer gie ye me?"  
"Now, wooer," quoth he, "would ye licht down?  
I'll gie ye my dochter's love to win,"  
With a fal, dal, &c.

"Now, wooer, sin' ye've lichted down,  
Whaur do ye win, or in what toun?  
I think my dochter winna gloom,  
On sic a lad as ye."  
The wooer he stepp'd up the hoose,  
And wow but he was wond'rous croose,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

"I hae three owsen in a pleuch,  
Twa guid gaun yades, and gear eneuch,  
The place they ca' it Cadeneuch;  
I scorn to tell a lee.

Besides, I hae frae the great laird,  
A peat-pat, and a lang kail-yard,"  
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle broun,  
She was the brawest in a' the toun,  
I wat on him she didna gloom,  
But blinkit bonnie.  
"To win your love, maid, I'm come here,  
I'm young, and hae eneuch o' gear;"  
With a fal, dal, &c.

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

The bridal day it cam to pass,  
Wi' mony a blythesome lad and lass;  
But sick'n a day there never was,  
Sic mirth was never seen.  
This winsome couple strak'd hands,  
Mess John tied up the marriage bands,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,  
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blue,  
Frae tap to tae they were braw new,  
And blinkit bonnie.  
Their toys and mutches were sae clean,  
They glanc'd in our ladses' een,  
With a fal, dal, &c.

## MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE, O.

Tune—"Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue."

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,  
My only jo and dearie, O;  
Thy neck is o' the siller dew  
Upon the bank sae brierie, O.  
Thy teeth are o' the ivory;  
O sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee:  
Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,  
My only jo and dearie, O.

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

When we were bairnies on yon brae,  
And youth was blinkin' bonnie, O,  
Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,  
Our joys fu' sweet and mony, O.  
Aft I wad chase thee owre the lea,  
And round about the thorny tree;  
Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,  
My only jo and dearie, O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,  
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O,  
A wish that thou wert ever mine,  
And never mair to leave me, O:  
Then I would dawt thee nicht and day,  
Nae ither warldly care I'd hae,  
Till life's warm stream forgat to play,  
My only jo and dearie, O.

Richard Gall.



## No 117.— MUIRLAND WILLIE.\*

*Lively.*

*p* *cres.*

*mf* *piu rall.* *p*

*tempo.* *rit.* *mf* *piu rall.*

## No 118.— THY CHEEK IS O' THE ROSE'S HUE. (My only jo and dearie O).

*Moderately slow with great expression.*

*p* *p* *mf*

*p* *mf*

*mf* *cres.* *p*

\* SEE "MY BOY TAMMY" PAGE 3.



## No 119. — THE MAIDS OF ARROCHAR.

Gaelic.

*Very slow and mournfully.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for 'The Maids of Arrochar'. The music is in 6/8 time and features a melancholic melody. The first system includes dynamic markings *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The second system includes *mf* (mezzo-forte). The third system includes *p* (piano). The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## No 120. — CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

*Moderate with feeling.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for 'Charlie is my Darling'. The music is in 2/4 time and has a more lively character than the previous piece. The first system includes *mf* (mezzo-forte). The second system includes *f* (forte) and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The third system includes *p* (piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *cres.* (crescendo). The piece concludes with a double bar line.



## THE BANKS OF THE ESK.\*

Tune—"The maids of Arrochar."

In life's sunny morning, by Esk's winding stream,  
My days glided by like a beautiful dream,  
And free as a bird I would carelessly rove,  
Indulging fond visions of beauty and love.

Then nature was clad in her richest of green,  
And youth's bounding pulse lent a charm to the scene,  
While each living thing in its joy was a part  
Of the gladness that found a sweet home in my heart.

By Esk's winding stream, in the pride of the year,  
The banks are as green and the waters as clear,  
But nature's soft verdure can never again  
Impart the same feelings that gladdened me then.

Sweet home of my childhood! though far from my view,  
In fancy's fond dreams I am ever with you;  
And Oh! your remembrance can only depart  
With the last throb of feeling that gladdens my heart.

*Alex. Smart.*

\*From "The Book of Scottish Song," by permission of Messrs. Blackie & Son.

## CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

O, CHARLIE is my darling,  
My darling, my darling,  
O, Charlie is my darling,  
The young Chevalier!

'Twas on a Monday mornin',  
Right early in the year,  
That Charlie cam to our town,  
The young Chevalier.

O, Charlie is my darling, &c.

\*As he cam marchin' up the street,  
The pipes play'd loud and clear;  
And a' the folk cam rinnin' out

To meet the Chevalier.

O, Charlie is my darling, &c.

Wi' Hielan' bonnets cock'd ajeer,  
And braidswords shinin' clear;  
They cam to fecht for Scotland's richt,  
And the young Chevalier.

O, Charlie is my darling, &c.

They've left their bonnie Hielan' hills,  
Their wives and bairnie's dear;  
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,  
The young Chevalier.

O, Charlie is my darling, &c.

\* Only the 2nd and 3rd parts of the tune to be sung to this and the following verses.



## O LET ME IN THIS AE NICHT.

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?  
 Or art thou waukin', I would wit?  
 For love has bound me hand and foot,  
 And I would fain be in, jo.  
 O let me in this ae nicht,  
 This ae, ae, ae, nicht;  
 For pity's sake, this ae nicht,  
 O rise and let me in, jo.  
 Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet;  
 Nae star blinks through the driving sleet;  
 Tak pity on my weary feet,

And shield me frae the rain, jo.  
 O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blows,  
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;  
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause  
 O' a' my grief and pain, jo.  
 O let me in this ae nicht,  
 This ae, ae, ae, nicht;  
 For pity's sake, this ae nicht,  
 O rise and let me in, jo.

Burns.

## O TELL NA ME O' WIND AND RAIN.

(The lassie's answer.)

O TELL na me o' wind and rain,  
 Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!  
 Gae back the gate ye cam again;  
 I winna let you in, jo.  
 I tell you noo this ae nicht,  
 This ae, ae, ae, nicht;  
 And, ance for a', this ae nicht,  
 I winna let you in, jo.  
 The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,  
 That round the pathless wand'rer pours,  
 Is nought to what poor she endures,  
 That's trusted faithless man, jo.  
 I tell you noo, &c.

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

The bird that charm'd his summer day,  
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey;  
 Let witless, trusting woman say,  
 How aft her fate's the same, jo.  
 I tell you noo, this ae nicht,  
 This ae, ae, ae, nicht,  
 And, ance for a', this ae nicht,  
 I winna let you in, jo.

Burns.



Nº 121. — O LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

*Slow.*

Musical score for No. 121, "O LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT." The score is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a *piu rit.* (ritardando) instruction. The third system also includes a *piu rit.* instruction. The score is written for piano with treble and bass staves.

Nº 122. — O TELL NA ME O' WIND AND RAIN.\*

*Moderate with expression.*

Musical score for No. 122, "O TELL NA ME O' WIND AND RAIN.\*" The score is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The score is written for piano with treble and bass staves.

\* FIRST TIME PUBLISHED.



## No 123. — YOUNG PHILANDER LO'ED ME LANG.\*

*Moderate.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for No 123. The first system is in 2/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The second system continues the melody with similar dynamics. The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence.

## No 124. — MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.\*\*

Gaelic.

*Plaintive.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for No 124. The first system is in 2/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The second system continues the melody with similar dynamics. The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence.

\* FIRST TIME PUBLISHED.

\*\* CROON CHAILLEAN.



## O YOUNG PHILANDER LO'ED ME LANG;

Or,

*The Ancient Maiden, her Advice.*

O YOUNG Philander lo'ed me lang,  
 But I was peevish and forbad him,  
 I wouldna tent his lovin' sang,  
 And noo I wish—I wish I had him!

Ilk mornin' when I view my glass,  
 Then I perceive my beauty going;  
 Oh! when the wrinkles seize the face,  
 Then we may bid adieu to wooing.

My beauty! ance sae much admir'd,  
 I find it fading, quickly fading,  
 My cheeks, which coral-like appear'd,  
 Grow pale, the broken blood decaying.

If opportunity be lost,  
 You'll find it hard to be regain'd,  
 Which noo I may tell to my cost,  
 Though but myself nane can be blam'd.

If then your fortunes ye respect,  
 Tak the occasion when it offers,  
 Nor a true lover's suit neglect,  
 Lest ye be scoff'd for being scoffers.  
 I by his fond expressions thought  
 That in his love he'd ne'er prove changing,  
 But noo, alas! 'tis turn'd to nought,  
 And, past all hope, he's gone a-ranging!

Dear maidens, then, tak my advice,  
 And let na coyness prove your ruin,  
 For if you be owre foolish nice,  
 Your lovers will give over wooin'.

Then "maidens auld," you will be call'd,  
 Peevish, sour, and discontented;  
 O! be not wise "abint the han',"  
 That this mishap may be prevented!

## MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Tune—"Croch Chaillean."

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;  
 My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;  
 A-chasing 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;  
 Wherever I wander, wherever 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 valleys 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-chasing the deer;  
 A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

*Burns.*



# I'LL NE'ER RETURN MORE.

---

I'll ne'er return more  
 To my native shore!  
 Farewell, thou ador'd one! ah! me, I must leave thee!  
 I'll ne'er return more  
 To my native shore!  
 My duty compels me—but why should I grieve thee?  
 I'll ne'er return more!  
 I feel a foreboding  
 I'll ne'er return more!  
 Ah! no, never more!

I'll ne'er return more  
 To my native shore!  
 Our destinies, ruthless, our rending hearts sever!  
 We meet never more!  
 Ah! no, never more!  
 Farewell, oh, farewell, thou ador'd one for ever!  
 We ne'er shall meet more!  
 O! cruel foretoken!  
 To part evermore!  
 To meet never more!

*Alex. Campbell.*

---

# SHE'S GONE.

---

She's gone!—while we wonder,  
 We vainly may ponder  
 The dark fate of mortals below!  
 In youth she was blooming,  
 When death, slow consuming,  
 Plung'd friends and relations in woe;  
 Yet, far from complaining,  
 Earth's pleasures disdaining,  
 She sunk under fate's cruel blow!

Hark!—hark!—that bell tolling,  
 These wheels slowly rolling,  
 Proclaim that her fun'ral is near.  
 Ah! see those eyes swimming,  
 Those manly cheeks streaming,  
 Confess how her mem'ry is dear!  
 'Twas her youth and her merit  
 Which so justly inherit  
 The tears which are shed o'er her bier!

*Rev. Thos. Grierson.*



## Nº 125.— I'LL NE'ER RETURN MORE.

Gaelic.

*Rather slow and pathetic.*

Musical score for No. 125, "I'll Ne'er Return More." The score is in 3/8 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second system includes a pianissimo (*pp*) *rall.* (rallentando) section followed by a piano (*p*) *tempo cres.* (crescendo) section. The third system includes a forte (*f*) dynamic and a piano (*p*) dynamic.

## Nº 126.— SHE'S GONE!

Gaelic.

*Slow and mournful.*

Musical score for No. 126, "She's Gone!" The score is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and a *dim.* (diminuendo) section. The third system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic, a *piu* (pianissimo) dynamic, a forte (*f*) dynamic, and a *rit.* (ritardando) section.

\* ST. KILDA MELODY.



## No 127. — I HAE LAID A HERRIN' IN SAUT.

*Lively.*

Musical score for No 127, "I HAE LAID A HERRIN' IN SAUT." The piece is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major, and marked *Lively.* It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system also begins with *mf*. The third system includes markings for *piu rit.* (more slowly), *mf*, and *cres.* (crescendo).

## No 128. — DOWN THE BURN DAVIE.

*Slow.*

Musical score for No 128, "DOWN THE BURN DAVIE." The piece is in common time (C), key of B-flat major, and marked *Slow.* It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The third system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and a *rit.* (ritardando) marking towards the end.



## I HAE LAID A HERRIN' IN SAUT.

I HAE laid a herrin' in saut,  
 Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me noo!  
 I hae brew'd a forget o' maut,  
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo.  
 I hae a cauf will soon be a cow,  
 Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me noo!  
 I hae a pig will soon be a sow,  
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo.  
 I've a house on yonder muir,  
 Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me noo!  
 Three sparrows may dance upon the floor,  
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo.

I hae a but, an' I hae a ben,  
 Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me noo!  
 I hae three chickens an' a fat hen,  
 An' I canna come ony mair to woo.  
 I've a hen wi' a happity leg,  
 Lass gin ye lo'e me tak me noo!  
 Which ilka day lays me an egg,  
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo.  
 I hae a kebbuck upon my shelf,  
 Lass gin ye lo'e me tak me noo!  
 I downa eat it a' myself;  
 An' I winna come ony mair to woo.

*James Tytler.*

## BEHOLD, MY LOVE, HOW GREEN THE GROVES.

Tune—"Down the burn, Davie."

BEHOLD, my love, how green the groves,  
 The primrose banks, how fair;  
 The balmy gales awake the flowers,  
 And wave thy flaxen hair.  
 The laverock shuns the palace gay,  
 And owre the cottage sings,  
 For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,  
 To shepherds as to kings.  
 Let skilful minstrels sweep the string  
 In lordly lighted ha';  
 The shepherd stops his simple reed,  
 Blythe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey  
 Our rustic dance wi' scorn;  
 But are their hearts as light as ours  
 Beneath the milk-white thorn?  
 The shepherd in the flow'ry glen,  
 In shepherd's phrase will woo;  
 The courtier tells a fairer tale—  
 But is his heart as true?  
 These wild-wood flowers, I've pu'd, to deck  
 That spotless breast of thine;  
 The courtier's gems may witness love,  
 But 'tis na love like mine.

*Burns.*

*As printed in the "Illustrations to Johnson's Musical Museum."*



## BOATMAN, HASTE.

Tune—"The cowboy."

"BOATMAN, haste, launch your skiff,  
Row me quick o'er the ferry:  
From his haunt on the cliff  
Screams the gull, wild and eerie.  
Boatman, hasten, man your wherry;  
Row me quickly o'er the ferry:  
Snow-white surges often rearing,  
Warn the dreaded storm is nearing."

Sail and oar swiftly bore,  
Him afar from the mooring;  
But before he was o'er,  
Winds and waves loud were roaring:  
Soon, alas! the weltring billow,  
Is his cold and restless pillow,  
Where he sleeps without emotion,  
Sheeted with the foam of ocean.

*John Grieve.*

## MY LOVE'S IN GERMANY.

Tune—"Ye Jacobites by name."

"My love's in Germanie;  
Send him hame, send him hame:  
My love's in Germanie;  
Send him hame.  
My love's in Germanie,  
Fighting brave for royalty;  
He may ne'er his Jeanie see,  
Send him hame, send him hame;  
He may ne'er his Jeanie see,  
Send him hame.

He's brave as brave can be;  
Send him hame, send him hame;  
He's brave as brave can be,  
Send him hame.  
He's brave as brave can be,  
He wad rather fa' than flee;  
But his life is dear to me,  
Send him hame, send him hame;  
O! his life is dear to me,  
Send him hame."

"Your love ne'er learnt to flee,  
Bonnie dame, winsome dame;  
Your love ne'er learnt to flee,  
Winsome dame.  
Your love ne'er learnt to flee,  
But he fell in Germanie,  
Fighting brave for royalty,  
Mournfu' dame, mournfu' dame;  
Fighting brave for royalty,  
Mournfu' dame."

"He'll ne'er come owre the sea,  
Willie's slain, Willie's slain;  
He'll ne'er come owre the sea,  
Willie's gane!  
He'll ne'er come owre the sea,  
To his love and ain countrie;  
This warld's nae mair for me,  
Willie's gane, Willie's gane;  
This warld's nae mair for me,  
Willie's gane!"

*Macneil.*



N<sup>o</sup> 129. — THE COWBOY.

Gaelic.

*Slow with expression*

N<sup>o</sup> 130. — MY LUVE'S IN GERMANY.

(Ye Jacobites by name)

*With feeling.*



N<sup>o</sup> 131. — WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?\*

Gaelic.

*Tenderly.*

N<sup>o</sup> 132. — THE SEA MEW.

Gaelic.

(Ho ro Mhairi dhu.)

*Lively but not too quick.*

\* ADAPTED FROM "NICHEAN A CHREISICH"



## WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

Tune—"Nighean a ghroisich."

WILT thou be my dearie?  
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,  
 Wilt thou let me cheer thee?  
 By the treasure of my soul,  
 That's the love I bear thee!  
 I swear and vow that only thou  
 Shall ever be my dearie.  
 Only thou, I swear and vow,  
 Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;  
 Or if thou wilt na be my ain,  
 Say na thou'lt refuse me:  
 If it winna, canna be,  
 Thou for thine may choose me,  
 Then let me, lassie, quickly dee,  
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.  
 Lassie, let me quickly dee;  
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.

*Burns.*

## THE SEA-MEW.

THE stars are all burning cheerily, cheerily,  
 Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn to me!  
 The sea-mew is mourning drearily, drearily,  
 Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn to me!  
 High up is his home, on the cliff's naked breast,  
 But warm is *her* plumage that blesseth his nest!  
 The ice-winds ne'er blow there,  
 And soft falls the snow there, oh!  
 Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn to me!  
 Oh! once smil'd my dwelling cheerily, cheerily,  
 Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn to me!  
 The wild waves were swelling drearily, drearily,  
 Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn to me!  
 In the rock-girdled bay, as I anchor'd my skiff,  
 A sweet voice would sing from the top of the cliff;  
 Ere the last notes were over,  
 She sprang to her lover, oh!  
 Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn to me!

Oh! green rose our sheeling, cheerily, cheerily,  
 Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn to me!  
 Through trees half concealing, dreamily, dreamily,  
 Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn to me!  
 At night like a deer through the forest I flew,  
 Till I saw the tall smoke-wreath in heaven so blue,  
 On the soft tender lawn there,  
 My sweet hind and fawn there, oh!  
 Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn to me!  
 To his nest, through winds roaring drearily, drearily,  
 Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn to me!  
 The sea-mew is soaring cheerily, cheerily,  
 Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn to me!  
 He sits in that nest by his love's downy breast;  
 But where is the bosom so oft I have prest?  
 Her plumes torn and dim, oh!  
 And hush'd that sweet hymn, oh!  
 Ho ro Mhairi dhu, turn to me!

*John Wilson.*



## THE HIGHLAND SEER.\*

Tune—"The hawk whoops on high."

Ye dark rolling clouds, round the brow of Ben Borrow,  
 O weep your dark tears to the green vales below;  
 Ye winds of the hill, wake your wailings of sorrow,  
 No beams of the morning can gladness bestow!  
 Arise, ye grey mists, from the loud falling Corrie,  
 And shroud from our children the sad sight of wail;  
 The warriors that left them high bounding for glory,  
 Shall never return to the land of the Gael.

The Saxon has swept o'er the plains of Culloden;  
 Our heroes have fallen, or wander'd afar  
 'Mong dark mountain caves, where the blue mist is shrouding—  
 No minstrel awaits their returning from war.

By yon gloomy pine, on the grey brow of Morra,  
 A young prince is wand'ring dejected and lone,  
 From his deep-troubled breast come sad sighs of sorrow  
 For chieftians departed, and young virgins gone.

He turns his sad eyes to the land of his fathers,  
 Where the banners of welcome once waved on her towers;  
 Those honours departed are given to others,  
 The tears of regret wander down for those hours.

I see a white sail through the dim mist of ocean,  
 It comes like the beam on the dawning of day;  
 O Albyn, awake thee to mournful devotion,  
 It bears him an exile for ever away!

*Peter M'Arthur.*

\* From "The Book of Scottish Song," by permission of Messrs. Blackie &amp; Son.

## IT WAS O'ER IN YON SOA.\*

Tune—"A St. Kilda song."

It was o'er in yon Soa I left lately my dearest,  
 Who, in rural employ, was to excellence nearest:  
 He miss'd but a step, and as lightning his motion,  
 He dash'd down yonder rock, and his blood dy'd the ocean.

Unkerchief'd, thy mother appear'd in wild anguish;  
 Thy sister came weeping—together we languish:

Thy brother came mournful, nor lessen'd our wailing,  
 While afar we beheld thee, with tears unavailing.

My share of the sea-birds now scream, on high thronging;  
 My portion of eggs to the strongest belonging.  
 I left on yon Soa, him who late me protected:  
 'Reft of all, now, alas! I'm forlorn and neglected!

\* One of the Isles of St. Kilda.

Translated from the Gaelic by

*Alexander Campbell.*



N<sup>o</sup> 133. — THE HAWK WHOOPS ON HIGH.\*

Gaelic.

*With spirit but not too quick.*

Three systems of musical notation for No. 133. The first system begins with a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is marked *mf*. The second system continues the melody and includes a repeat sign. The third system concludes the piece with a *p* (piano) dynamic and a *rall.* (rallentando) instruction.

N<sup>o</sup> 134. — IT WAS O'ER IN YON SOA.\*\*

Gaelic.

*Lamenting.*

Three systems of musical notation for No. 134. The first system is marked *p* (piano) and *cres.* (crescendo). The second system includes *pp* (pianissimo) and *p* markings. The third system includes *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *pp* markings. The piece concludes with a final chord.

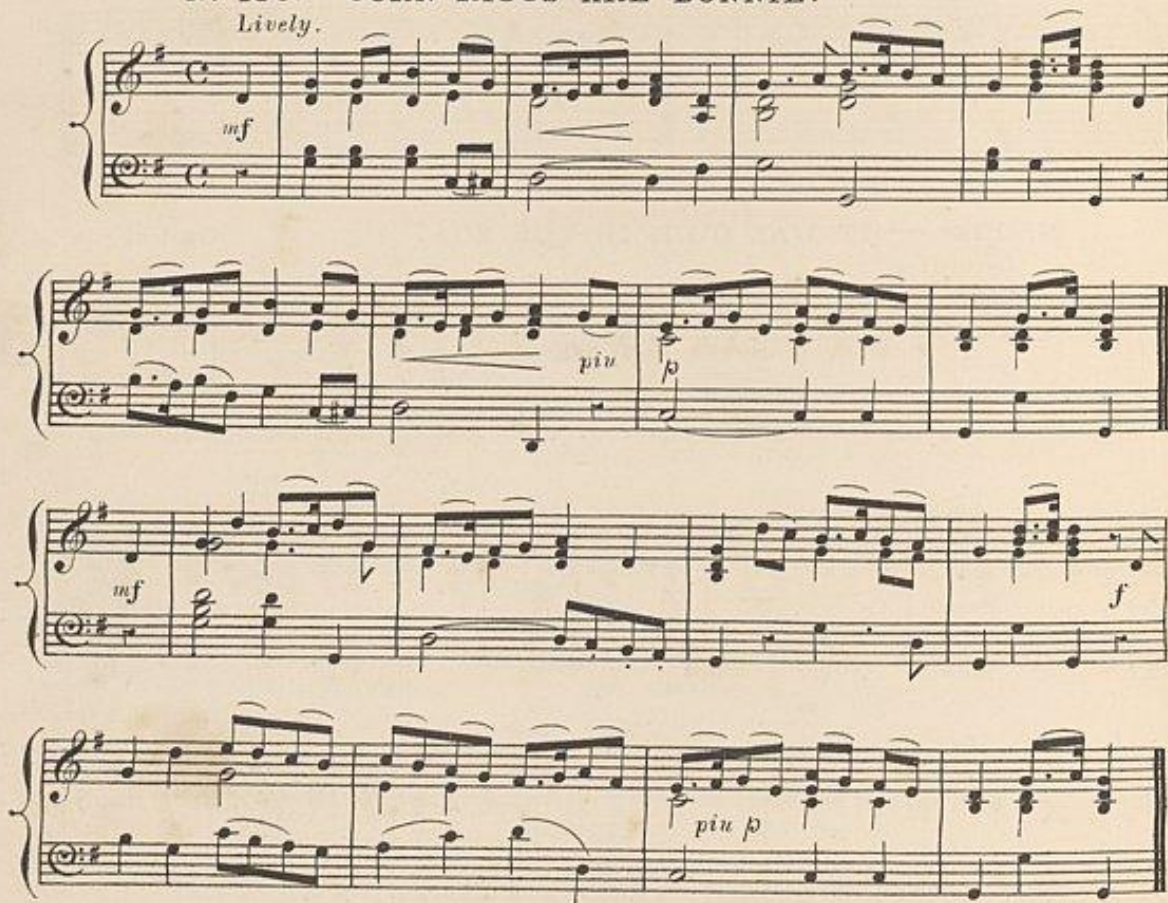
\* THE SECOND PART OF THIS TUNE VERY MUCH RESEMBLES "MACCREGOR OF RUARO" PAGE 52.

\*\* A ST. KILDA SONG.



N<sup>o</sup> 135. — AULD SPRINGS GIE NAE PRICE.

Gaelic.

*Lively but not too quickly.*N<sup>o</sup> 136. — CORN RIGGS ARE BONNIE.*Lively.*



## SHE'S STATELY, PROUD, AND SHY.

Tune—"Auld springs gie nae price."

SHE's stately, proud, and shy,  
Disdains to speak to ony,  
But yet her distant eye  
Wad glitter at the money.  
You'd think her heart was cold,  
And never gave a flutter,  
But touch it with the gold,  
It wad melt like summer butter!

Gae tak her for a wife,  
She'll wink at ony failin',  
And cuddle you through life,  
Sae lang's you keep your mailin.  
But should your purse grow light,  
And fortune seek to shun ye,  
It's then you'll see her right,—  
And the Lord hae mercy on ye!

## THE BLACK-E'D LASSIE.

Tune—"Corn riggs are bonnie."

Wi' heart sincere, I love thee, Bell—  
But dinna ye be saucy, O,  
Or a' my love I winna tell  
To thee, my black-e'd lassie, O!  
It's no thy cheek o' rosy hue,  
It's no thy little cherry mou',  
It's a' because thy heart's sae true,  
My bonnie black-e'd lassie, O!  
It's no the witch-glance o' thy e'e,  
Though few for that surpass ye, O,  
That maks ye aye sae dear to me,  
My bonnie black-e'd lassie, O!

It's no the whiteness o' thy skin,  
It's no love's dimple on thy chin;—  
It's a' thy modest worth within,  
My bonnie black-e'd lassie, O!  
Ye smile sae sweet, ye look sae kind,  
That a' wish to caress ye, O;  
But O! how I admire thy mind,  
My bonnie black-e'd lassie, O!  
I've seen thy een, like crystal clear,  
Shine dimly through saft pity's tear—  
These are the charms that mak thee dear  
To me, my black-e'd lassie, O!

*Charles Gray.*



## FAREWELL, YE HAUNTS OF JOY.\*

Tune—"The northern lass."

FAREWELL, ye haunts of joy, farewell  
 Ye scenes of love and glee,  
 Oh bonnie groves o' Rosemount dell,  
 Ye'll smile nae mair for me;  
 I'm dreary now, I'm left alane,  
 Without a hope to ca' my ain,  
 The jewel o' my heart is gane  
 Far, far ayont the sea.

The last fond look my laddie gave,  
 The parting words he said,  
 I'll bear in mind till in my grave  
 My weary head is laid;  
 It may be fancy cheats my heart,  
 And pains my head wi' wily art,  
 But ah! wi' life I'll sooner part  
 Than break the vows we made.

It's sair to think on friendship fled,  
 And live while hope decays;  
 It's sair to seek among the dead  
 The love o' early days;  
 But wha can thole the dreary gloom  
 That fills a lover's living tomb?  
 Oh wha can bide the bitter doom  
 That seals my nameless waes?

Ye stars and winds and things that guide  
 The wand'rer to his rest,  
 Ye cheer wi' dreams o' joyous pride  
 The weary-laden breast;  
 But ah! for me there shines nae ray  
 O' balmy hopes returning day,—  
 The tear o' death alone will say  
 My heart is in the West.

*Janet Ryland.*

\*From "The Book of Scottish Song," by permission of Messrs. Blackie &amp; Son.

## LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

BALOO, my boy, lie still and sleep,  
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep,  
 If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad;  
 Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.  
 Baloo, my boy, thy mother's joy,  
 Thy father bred me great annoy.  
 Baloo my boy, lie still and sleep,  
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep!  
 Baloo, my darling, sleep a while,  
 And when thou wakest sweetly smile;  
 But smile not as thy father did,  
 (That fatal smile may Heav'n forbid!)

For in thine eye his look I see—  
 The tempting look that ruined me!  
 Baloo, my boy, lie still and sleep,  
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep!  
 Baloo, my boy, I'll weep for thee—  
 Too soon, alas! thou'lt weep for me!—  
 Thy griefs are growing to a sum,  
 God grant thee patience when they come!  
 If thou'lt be silent I'll be glad;  
 Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.  
 Baloo, my boy, lie still and sleep,  
 It grieves me sair to hear thee weep!



## No 137. — THE NORTHERN LASS.

*Slowly.*

Musical score for "The Northern Lass" (No 137). The piece is in C major, 2/4 time, and marked "Slowly." It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic and a crescendo (*cres.*) marking. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic and a rallentando (*rall.*) marking. The third system includes a tempo (*tempo.*) marking, a ritardando (*rit.*) marking, and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The score is written for piano with treble and bass staves.

## No 138. — LADY ANN BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

*Very mournfully.*

Musical score for "Lady Ann Bothwell's Lament" (No 138). The piece is in B-flat major, 3/4 time, and marked "Very mournfully." It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic, a piano (*p*) dynamic, and a forte (*f*) dynamic. The third system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic. The score is written for piano with treble and bass staves.



N<sup>o</sup> 139.— MY AIN KIND DEARIE O.

(The Lea rig.)

*Moderate.*

Musical score for No. 139, "MY AIN KIND DEARIE O." (The Lea rig.). The tempo is marked *Moderate.* The score is in 2/4 time and consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamics. The third system also includes mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamics. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

N<sup>o</sup> 140.— HERE AWA, THERE AWA.*Rather slow.*

Musical score for No. 140, "HERE AWA, THERE AWA." The tempo is marked *Rather slow.* The score is in 2/4 time and consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamics. The second system includes piano (*p*) dynamics. The third system includes mezzo-forte (*mf*) and piano (*p*) dynamics, with a *rall.* (rallentando) marking. The piece concludes with a double bar line.



# MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

Tune—"The lea rig."

Will ye gang owre the lea rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O?  
Will ye gang owre the lea rig,  
Wi' me, my kind dearie, O?  
At thorny bush, or birken tree,  
We'll daff, and never weary, O;  
They'll sang ill e'en frae you and me,  
My ain kind dearie, O.  
At gloamin', if my lane I be,  
Oh, but I'm wond'rous eerie, O:  
And mony a heavy sigh I gie,  
When absent frae my dearie, O;

But seated 'neath the milk-white thorn,  
In ev'ning fair and clearie, O,  
Enraptur'd, a' my cares I scorn,  
When wi' my kind dearie, O.  
For though the nicht were ne'er sae dark,  
And I were ne'er sae wearie, O,  
I'd meet thee on the lea rig,  
My ain kind dearie, O.  
While in this weary world of wae,  
This wilderness sae dreary, O,  
What maks me blythe, and keeps me sae?  
'Tis thee, my kind dearie, O.

First stanza by *R. Ferguson*, the others by *W. Reid*.

# WANDERING WILLIE.

Tune—"Here awa, there awa."

Here awa, there awa, wand'ring Willie!  
Here awa, there awa, hand awa hame!  
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie;  
O tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.  
Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting;  
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e:  
Welcome now, simmer, and welcome my Willie;  
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers!  
How your dread howling a lover alarms!  
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!  
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.  
Here awa, there awa, wand'ring Willie!  
Here awa, there awa, hand awa hame!  
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie;  
O tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

*Burns.*



## THE LASS AYONT THE HILL.\*

Tune—"The east netik o' Fife."

GAE range the warld baith far an' near,  
Search ilka court an' gaudy ha',  
Get titled dames wi' princely names,  
I ken a lass wad ding them a'.

Bring a' the walth Peru can gie,  
Or e'en Golconda's mines can shaw,  
Rake up auld ocean's hoarded gear,  
I ken a lass that's worth it a'.

Awa, fause loons, your artfu' wiles  
Maun ne'er yon bonnie lassie spill;  
Her name and hame I winna tell,  
The bonnie lass ayont the hill.

Her cheeks are like the apple bud,  
Her brow is white as drifted snaw,  
Her lips are like the berries red,  
That grow upon yon garden wa'.

It's sweet to see the roses blaw  
Adoun the holms o' Endrick lea,  
But sweeter are the blinks o' love  
The bonnie lassie gies to me.

Yon milkwhite thorn now a' in bloom,  
That sweetly scents the ev'ning air;  
Yon cloud, a warld o' pearly snaw,  
Are nae sae pure nor half sae fair.

Gin I'd been born a belted knight,  
Or laird of mickle gear an' lan',  
I wadna lay me down to sleep  
Afore I gat her lily han'.

But wae's my heart! I'm but a herd,  
An' sae maun tether down my will;  
Yet come what may, I'll climb the brae,  
And see my lass ayont the hill.

James Macdonald.

\*From "The Book of Scottish Song," by permission of Messrs. Blackie &amp; Son.

## O SWEET IS SHE WHO THINKS ON ME.

Tune—"My black-haired maid."

O SWEET is she who thinks on me,  
Behind yon dusky mountain;  
In greenwood bower, at gloamin' hour,  
We'll meet by Moran's fountain.

My hounds are on the hills of deer,  
My heart is in the valley,  
Where dark-hair'd Mary roams to hear,  
The woodlarks singing gaily.  
My hawks around the forest fly,  
And wonder that I tarry;  
While lone on thymy banks I lie,  
And dream of dark-hair'd Mary.  
O sweet is she, &c.

Her step so light—her eye so bright—  
Her smile so sweet and tender;  
Her voice like music heard by night,  
As o'er the hills I wander!

Her neck which silken ringlets shroud;  
Her bosom's soft commotion—  
Like sea-mew hov'ring in the cloud,  
Or heaving on the ocean!  
O sweet is she, &c.

Her heart is gay as fawn at play,  
Among the braes of braiken;  
Yet mildly dear as melting tear,  
That minstrel tales awaken.  
And she is mine—the dark-hair'd maid!  
My bright, my beauteous Mary!—  
The flower of Ardyn's lonely glade,  
Shal bloom in high Glengary!

O sweet is she who thinks on me,  
Behind yon dusky mountain;  
In greenwood bower at gloamin' hour,  
We'll meet by Moran's fountain.

Thomas Pringle.



N<sup>o</sup> 141. — THE EAST NEUK O' FIFE.*Lively.*

Musical score for "THE EAST NEUK O' FIFE". The piece is in 2/4 time, marked "Lively". It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic, followed by mezzo-forte (*mf*) passages. The bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, featuring a crescendo (*cres.*) and a decrescendo (*dim.*) in the treble, and a forte (*f*) dynamic in the bass. The third system concludes the piece with a final crescendo (*cres.*) in the treble.

N<sup>o</sup> 142. — MY BLACK HAIR'D MAID.

Gaelic.

*Slow with expression.*

Musical score for "MY BLACK HAIR'D MAID". The piece is in 2/4 time, marked "Slow with expression". It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by mezzo-forte (*mf*) passages. The bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, featuring a piano (*p*) dynamic in the treble and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic in the bass. The third system concludes the piece with a piano (*p*) dynamic in the treble and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic in the bass, ending with a *piu rit.* (more ad libitum) marking.



N<sup>o</sup> 143.—ROBI DONADH GORRACH: Gaelic. (Daft Robin).*Plaintive.**Tempo.*N<sup>o</sup> 144.—GALASHIELS.*Moderate.*

\* THIS FINE MELODY IS THE ORIGIN OF SEVERAL FAVORITE TUNES — AMONGST OTHERS N<sup>o</sup> 31, PAGE 16.



# WHEN LIFE WAS GAY.

Tune—"Robi Donadh Gorrach."

WHEN life was gay, an' hope was young,

Nae cares to mak me eerie, O,

By birken shaw I sat an' sung,

An' tun'd my pipe fu' cheerie, O.

Nae birdie, singin' frae the tree,

Was hauf sae blythe, sae gay as me,

Till tost upon life's troubled sea,

I travers'd lang an' wearie, O.

How chang'd were then the lightsome hours,

When beat my heart sae rarely, O,

When far frae Clutha's sylvan bowers,

Misfortune skelpt me sairly, O.

I sought the long embattled line,

Eager in glory's path to shine—

But dool cam owre the hapless time

I yielded to the fairlie, O.

But sin' the dearest bliss o' man,

That wyles our way sae drearie, O,

The bravest lass in a' the lan'

Smiles on me kind an' cheerie, O;

Contented wi' my peacefu' lot,

My sorrows now are a' forgot;

An' monie mae I wad bear for't,

If blest wi' thee, my dearie, O!

# AH, THE POOR SHEPHERD'S MOURNFUL FATE.

Tune—"Galashiels."

AH, the poor shepherd's mournful fate,

When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,

To bear the scornful fair one's hate,

Nor dare disclose his anguish!

Yet eager looks and dying sighs

My secret soul discover,

While rapture, trembling through mine eyes,

Reveals how much I love her.

The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,

O'erspread with rising blushes,

A thousand various ways they speak

A thousand various wishes

For, oh! that form so heavenly fair,

Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,

That artless blush and modest air

So fatally beguiling;

Thy every look, and every grace,

So charm, when'er I view thee,

Till death o'ertake me in the chase,

Still will my hopes pursue thee.

Then, when my tedious hours are past,

Be this last blessing given,

Low at thy feet to breathe my last,

And die in sight of heaven.

*William Hamilton.*



# MARY'S DREAM.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill,  
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,  
And from the eastern summit shed  
Her silver light on tower and tree;  
When Mary laid her down to sleep,  
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;  
When soft and low a voice was heard,  
Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me!"

She from her pillow gently raised  
Her head, to ask who there might be,  
And saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,  
With visage pale, and hollow e'e.  
"O Mary dear, cold is my clay,  
It lies beneath a stormy sea,  
Far, far from thee, I sleep in death;  
So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

Three stormy nights and stormy days  
We toss'd upon the raging main;  
And long we strove our bark to save,  
But all our striving was in vain.  
Even then when horror chill'd my blood,  
My heart was filled with love for thee:  
The storm is past, and I at rest;  
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

O maiden dear, thyself prepare,  
We soon shall meet upon that shore,  
Where love is free from doubt and care,  
And thou and I shall part no more!"  
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled:  
No more of Sandy could she see,  
But soft the passing spirit said,  
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

*John Lowe.*

# THE SUN SHINING BRIGHTLY.

Tune—"Bata a gharraidh."

THE sun shining brightly, but adds to my sorrow!  
The grief that consumes me, no solace can borrow!  
Thus brightly he shone on that gay fatal morning,  
The treach'rous calm waters with splendour adorning!  
Ah! woe's me!

Yet when, in the west, his last glories were dying,  
My dear ones beneath these calm waters were lying!  
O why did the promise of gay social pleasure,  
From our dear peaceful cottage, seduce my heart's treasure!  
Ah! woe's me!

To the boat, while the friends of my bosom were rushing,  
I felt as if torture that bosom were crushing!  
From crossing that stream no entreaties withheld them,  
And then my dim eyes for the last time beheld them!  
Ah! woe's me!

While fainting and sinking I could but deplore them,  
The whirlwind was past, and the waters clos'd o'er them!  
Now silent and lonely, with eyes ever streaming,  
I pass the sad time, amid sorrowful dreaming!  
Ah! woe's me!

*Mrs. Grant, of Laggan.*



## No 145. — MARY'S DREAM.

(Old set).

*Slow with feeling.*

*p*

*cres.* *dim.* *mf*

*mf* *p* *cres.* *dim.*

## No 146. — A DIRGE.

Gaelic.

(Bata a Gharraidh).

*Not too slow but plaintive.*

*mf*

*mf*

*cres.* *p* *pp* *dim.*



Nº 147.— I'LL HAP YE WI' MY PETTICOAT.\* (Old set).

*Slow.*

Nº 148.— THE MUCKIN' O' GEORDIE'S BYRE. (Tam Glen).

*With spirit but not too quickly.*

\* ORIGINALLY A NURSE'S LULLABY.



## JEANIE MORRISON.

Tune—"I'll hap ye wi' my petticoat."

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,  
Through mony a weary way;  
But never, never, can forget  
The love o' life's young day!  
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,  
May weel be black gin Yule;  
But blacker fa' awaits the heart  
Where first fond love grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
The thochts o' bygone years  
Still fling their shadows owre my path,  
And blind my een wi' tears;  
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,  
And sair and sick I pine,  
As mem'ry idly summons up  
The blythe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we lov'd ilk ither weel,  
'Twas then we twa did part;  
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at schule,  
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!  
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,  
To leir ilk ither leir;  
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,  
Remember'd ever mair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,  
When sitting on that bink,  
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,  
What our wee heads could think?  
When baith bent down owre ae braid page,  
Wi' ae buik on our knee;  
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but  
My lesson was in thee.

My head rins round and round about,  
My heart flows like a sea,  
As ane by ane the thochts rush back  
O' schule-time and o' thee,  
Oh mornin' life! Oh mornin' love!  
Oh, lightsome days and lang,  
When hinnied hopes around our hearts,  
Like simmer blossoms, sprang!

O mind ye, love, how aft we left  
The deavin' dinsome toun,  
To wander by the green burnside,  
And hear its water croon?  
The simmer leaves hung owre our heads,  
The flowers burst round our feet,  
And in the gloamin' o' the wad,  
The throssil whussilt sweet.

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,  
I've borne a weary lot;  
But in my wanderin', far or near,  
Ye never were forgot.  
The fount that first burst frae this heart,  
Still travels on its way,  
And channels deeper as it rins  
The love o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
Since we were sinder'd young,  
I've never seen your face nor heard  
The music o' your tongue;  
But I could hug all wretchedness,  
And happy could I dee,  
Did I but ken your heart still dream'd  
O' bygone days and me!

*Motherwell.*

## TAM GLEN.

Tune—"The muckin' o' Geordie's byre."

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,  
Some counsel unto me come len';  
To anger them a' is a pity,  
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinkin', wi' sie a braw fallow  
In pairtith I micht mak a fen,  
What care I in riches to wallow,  
If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,  
"Guid day to you, brute!" he comes ben;  
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,  
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 sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,  
He'll gie me guid hunder merks ten;  
But if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,  
O, wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen, at the Valentines' dealin',  
My heart to my mou' gied a sten;  
For thrice I drew ane without fallin',  
And thrice it was written—"Tam Glen."

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin'  
My drookit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;  
His likeness cam up the house staukin',  
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry;  
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,  
Gif ye will advise me to marry  
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

*Burns.*



## HAUD AWA FRAE ME, DONALD.

HAUD awa, bide awa,  
 Haud awa frae me Donald;  
 What care I for a' your wealth,  
 Or a' that ye can gie, Donald.

I wadna lea' my lowland lad  
 For a' your gowd and gear, Donald;  
 Sae tak your plaid and owre the hill,  
 And stay nae langer here, Donald.  
 Haud awa, &c.

My Jamie is a gallant youth,  
 I lo'e but him alane, Donald,

And in a' bonnie Scotland's isle,  
 Like Jamie there is nane, Donald,  
 Haud awa, &c.

He wears nae plaid, nor tartan hose,  
 Nor garters at his knee, Donald;  
 But oh! he wears a faithfu' heart,  
 And love blinks in his e'e, Donald.

Sae haud awa, bide awa;  
 Come nae mair at e'en, Donald;  
 I wadna break my Jamie's heart,  
 To be a Highland queen, Donald.

*Robert Allan.*

## HOW DEARLY I LO'ED THEE.\*

Tune—"My dear red-haired Donald."

How early I woo'd thee—how dearly I lo'ed thee—  
 How sweet was thy voice, and how lovely thy smile;  
 (How dearly, how dearly, how dearly I lo'ed thee!)

The joy 'twas to see thee—the bliss to be wi' thee—  
 I now maun remember, and sigh all the while.  
 (How dearly, how dearly, O dearly I lo'ed thee!)

'Mid pleasures and splendour thy fancy may wander,  
 But moments o' solitude ilk ane maun dree;  
 (How dearly, how dearly, so dearly, I lo'ed thee!)

Then feeling will find thee, and mem'ry remind thee  
 O' him wha through life gaes heart-broken for thee!  
 (O dearly, O dearly, so dearly I lo'ed thee!)

*Thomas Dick.*

\* From "The Book of Scottish Song," by permission of Messrs. Blackie & Son.



## No 149. — HAUD AWA FRAE ME DONALD.\*

*Slow and plaintive.*

Handwritten musical score for No 149, 'HAUD AWA FRAE ME DONALD.' The score is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system has a treble and bass staff. The third system has a treble and bass staff. The music is marked 'p' (piano) and 'Slow and plaintive.' The melody is simple and expressive, with a final cadence.

## No 150. — MY DEAR RED HAIR'D DONALD.

Gaelic.

*Plaintively.*

Handwritten musical score for No 150, 'MY DEAR RED HAIR'D DONALD.' The score is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system has a treble and bass staff. The third system has a treble and bass staff. The music is marked 'p' (piano) and 'Plaintively.' The melody is simple and expressive, with a final cadence.

\* "THOU ART GANE AWA FRAE ME MARY" (PAGE 19.) IS FOUNDED UPON THIS SIMPLE, EXPRESSIVE, MELODY.



N<sup>o</sup> 151. — HEY, HOW, MY JOHNNIE LAD.*Sprightly.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for N° 151. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system concludes with a *piu rit.* (ritardando) marking. The music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

N<sup>o</sup> 152. — OCH, HEY, JOHNNIE LAD!*Slowly and tenderly.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for N° 152. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

\* FIRST TIME PUBLISHED.



## HEY, HOW, MY JOHNNIE LAD.

HEY, how, my Johnnie lad,  
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should hae been,  
 For gin your voice I had na kent,  
 I'm sure I couldna trust my een;  
 Sae weel's ye micht hae courted me,  
 And sweetly pree'd my mou' bedeen;  
 Hey, how, my Johnnie lad,  
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should hae been.

My father, he was at the pleugh,  
 My mither, she was at the mill;  
 My brother, he was at the moss,  
 And no ane near our sport to spill;  
 A lug to listen was na there,  
 And still less fear o' being seen;  
 Hey, how, my Johnnie lad,  
 Ye're no sae kind's you should hae been.

Wad ony lad who lo'ed me weel  
 Hae left me a' my leafu' lane,  
 To count the minutes as they crawled,  
 And think life's sweetest moments gane?  
 I wonder what was in your head,  
 I wonder what was in your een;  
 Hey, how, my Johnnie lad,  
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should hae been.

But I shall seek some other lad,  
 Whose love is upmost in his mind;  
 As gleg as licht, wha has the slicht  
 O' kennin' when he should be kind.  
 Then ye may woo wi' blinkin' Bess—  
 For you nae mair I'll sigh and green;  
 Hey, how, my Johnnie lad,  
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should hae been.

*From Herd's Collection, with additions by*

*Allan Cunningham.*

## OCH, HEY! JOHNNIE LAD.

Och, hey! Johnnie lad,  
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should hae been;  
 Och, hey! Johnnie lad,  
 Ye didna keep your tryst yestreen.  
 I waited lang beside the wood,  
 Sae wae and weary a' my lane,  
 Och, hey! Johnnie lad,  
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should hae been.  
 Och, hey! Johnnie lad,  
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should hae been.  
 Och, hey! Johnnie lad,  
 Ye didna keep your tryst yestreen.

I lookit by the whinny knowe,  
 I lookit by the firs sae green,  
 I lookit owre the spunkie howe,  
 And aye I thoct you wad hae been.  
 Oh, hey! Johnnie lad,  
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should hae been;  
 Och, hey! Johnnie lad,  
 Ye didna keep your tryst yestreen.  
 The ne'er a supper cross'd my craig,  
 The ne'er a sleep has clos'd my een;  
 Och, hey! Johnnie lad,  
 Ye're no sae kind's ye should hae been.

*Lannahill.*



## O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

Tune—"The cordwainer's march."

O LAY thy loof in mine, lass,  
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass;  
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,  
     That thou wilt be my ain.  
 A slave to love's unbounded sway,  
 He aft has wrought me meikle wae;  
 But now he is my deadly fae,  
     Unless thou be my ain.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,  
 That for a blink I hae lo'ed best;  
 But thou art queen within my breast,  
     For ever to remain.  
 O lay thy loof in mine, lass,  
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass;  
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,  
     That thou wilt be my ain.

*Burns.*

## SING ON, SING ON.

Tune—"The boatman."

SING on, sing on, my bonnie bird,  
     The sang ye sang yestreen, O,  
 When here, aneath the hawthorn wild,  
     I met my bonnie Jean, O.  
 My bluid ran prinklin' through my veins,  
     My hair began to steer, O;  
 My heart play'd deep against my breast,  
     As I beheld my dear, O.

O weels me on my happy lot!  
     O weels me on my dearie!  
 O weels me on the charmin' spot,  
     Where a' combin'd to cheer me.  
 The mavis liltit on the bush,  
     The laverock on the green, O;  
 The lily bloom'd, the daisy blush'd,  
     But a' was nought to Jean, O.

If love wad open a' her stores,  
     And a' her bloomin' treasures,  
 And bid me rise, an' turn an' choose,  
     And taste her chiefest pleasures;  
 My choice would be the rosy cheek,  
     The modest beaming eye, O;  
 The yellow hair, the bosom fair,  
     The lips o' coral dye, O.

Hear me, thou bonnie modest moon!  
     Ye starnies twinklin' high, O!  
 An' a' ye gentle powers aboon,  
     That roam athwart the sky, O:  
 Ye see me gratefu' for the past,  
     Ye saw me blest yestreen, O;  
 An' ever till I breathe my last,  
     Ye'll see me true to Jean, O.

*Hogg.*



Nº 153.— O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE LASS.\*

*Lively.*

Two systems of piano accompaniment for 'O Lay Thy Loof in Mine Lass'. The first system consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a common time signature. The melody in the treble staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the piece, featuring a crescendo (*cres.*) leading to a piano (*p*) section, followed by a mezzo-forte (*mf*) section with another crescendo, and ending with a piano (*p*) section.

Nº 154.— THE BOATMAN.

*Moderate.*

Two systems of piano accompaniment for 'The Boatman'. The first system consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a common time signature. The melody in the treble staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the piece, featuring a mezzo-forte (*mf*) section, followed by a piano (*p*) section, and ending with a piano (*p*) section.

\*"THE CORDWAINER'S MARCH."



## No 155. — WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

*Moderate.*

Two systems of piano accompaniment for 'Whistle O'er the Lave o't'. The first system consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one flat and common time. The second system also consists of two staves with the same key signature and time signature. Dynamics include *mf*, *p*, and *f*.

## No 156. — LADY BERNARD'S LAMENT.

*Slow and mournfully.*

Five systems of piano accompaniment for 'Lady Bernard's Lament'. The first system consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one flat and 3/4 time. The subsequent systems also consist of two staves with the same key signature and time signature. Dynamics include *p*, *sf*, and *f*. There are triplets and slurs throughout the piece.



## WHISTLE OWRE THE LAVE O'T.

First when Maggie was my care,  
Heav'n, I thought, was in her air;  
Now we're married—speir nae mair—

But whistle owre the lave o't.  
Meg was meek and Meg was mild,  
Bonnie Meg was nature's child;  
Wiser men than me's beguill'd;  
Sae, whistle owre the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,  
How we love, and how we gree,  
I care-na by how few may see—

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

*Burns.*

## LADY BARNARD'S LAMENT.

"Aft hae I by thy cradle sat, and fondly seen thee sleep;  
Aft hae I by thy cradle sat, and fondly seen thee sleep;  
But noo I maun, I maun, gae 'bout thy grave,  
A mother's tears to weep! a mother's tears to weep!

Oh, Morice! Oh, Morice! Oh, Morice! my son, my son!  
Better I lo'ed my Morice, than a' my kith and kin;  
Better I lo'ed my dear son, than a' my kith and kin.  
Oh! pierce my heart, Lord Barnard, and put me oot o' pain!"

*From the Ballad of Gùl Morice.*



## THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

Tune—"Loch Erroch Side."

'Twas on a simmer's afternoon,  
 A wee before the sun gae'd down,  
 My lassie, in a braw new gown,  
 Cam ower the hills to Gowrie.  
 The rosebud, ting'd wi' morning's shower,  
 Bloom'd fresh within the hazel bower;  
 But Kitty was the fairest flower  
 That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.  
 I had nae thocht to do her wrang,  
 But round her waist my arms I flang,  
 And said, "my lassie, will ye gang  
 To view the carse o' Gowrie?"

I'll tak ye to my father's ha',  
 In yon green field beside the shaw,  
 And mak ye lady o' them a'—  
 The brawest wife in Gowrie."

Saft kisses on her lips I laid,  
 The blush upon her cheek soon spread,  
 She whisper'd modestly and said,  
 "I'll gang wi' you to Gowrie."  
 The auld folk soon gied their consent,  
 And to Mess-John we quickly went,  
 Wha tied us to our hearts' content—  
 And now she's Lady Gowrie.

## WOOD' AND MARRIED AND A'.

THE Bride cam oot o' the byre,  
 And O, as she dighted her cheeks!  
 "Sirs, I'm to be married the nicht,  
 And hae neither blankets nor sheets;  
 I've neither blankets nor sheets,  
 Nor scarce a coverlet too;  
 The bride that has a' thing to borrow,  
 Has e'en richt muckle ado."  
 Woo'd and married, and a',  
 Married, and woo'd and a'!  
 And was she na very weel aff,  
 That was woo'd and married, and a'?

Oot spak the bride's faither,  
 As he cam in frae the pleugh,  
 "O, hand your tongue, my dochter,  
 And ye'se get gear enough;  
 The stirk stands i' the tether,  
 And our braw bawsint yade  
 Will carry ye hame your corn—  
 What wad ye be at, ye jade?"  
 Woo'd and married, and a', &c.

Oot spak the bride's mither,  
 "O what needs a' this pride,  
 I had na a plack in my pouch

The nicht that I was a bride;  
 My gown was linsey-woolsey,  
 And ne'er a sark ava;  
 And ye hae ribbons and buskins,  
 Mae than ane or twa."

Woo'd and married, and a', &c.

Oot spak the bride's brither,  
 As he cam in wi' the kye,  
 "Poor Willie wad ne'er hae taen ye,  
 Had he kent ye as weel as I;  
 For ye're baith proud and saucy,  
 And no for a pair man's wife;  
 Gin I canna get a better,  
 I'se ne'er tak ane i' my life."  
 Woo'd and married, and a', &c.

Oot spak the bride's sister,  
 As she cam in frae the byre,  
 "O gin I were but married,  
 It's a' that I desire:  
 But we pair folk maun live single,  
 And do the best that we can;  
 I dinna care what I should want  
 If I could get but a man."  
 Woo'd and married, and a', &c.



## No 157. — LOCH ERROCH SIDE.

(The lass o' Gowrie).

*Moderate.*

Musical score for No 157, Loch Erroch Side. The score is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a decrescendo (*dim.*) and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic.

## No 158. — WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'\*

*Lively.*

Musical score for No 158, Woo'd and Married and A'. The score is in 9/8 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system includes mezzo-forte (*mf*), crescendo (*cres.*), mezzo-forte (*mf*), decrescendo (*dim.*), and mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamics. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third system includes mezzo-forte (*mf*), crescendo (*cres.*), mezzo-forte (*mf*), and piano (*p*) dynamics.

\*THERE IS SOME RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN THIS LIVELY AIR, AND THE FINE SLOW TUNE "I'LL HAP YE IN MY PETTICOAT" (P. 74)



## Nº 159. — TARRY WOO'.

*Moderate.*

Musical score for No. 159, 'TARRY WOO'. The score is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major (two flats). It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system includes mezzo-forte (*mf*), piano (*p*), and crescendo (*cres.*) markings.

## Nº 160. — WIDOW ARE YE WAUKEN'?

*Moderate.*

Musical score for No. 160, 'WIDOW ARE YE WAUKEN'?'. The score is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major (two flats). It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a piano (*p*) and piano-forte (*piu f*) dynamic. The third system includes crescendo (*cres.*) and piano (*p*) markings.



## TARRY WOO'.

TARRY woo', O tarry woo',  
 Tarry woo' is ill to spin;  
 Card it weel, O card it weel,  
 Card it weel, ere ye begin.  
 When it's cardit, row'd and spun,  
 Then the wark is haffins done;  
 But, when woven, dress'd, and clean,  
 It may be cleadin' for a queen.

See my bonnie harmless sheep,  
 Feed upon the mountains steep,  
 Bleating sweetly as they go  
 Through the winter's frost and snow.  
 Hart, and hynd, and fallow-deer,  
 No by half sae useful are;  
 Frae kings, to him that hauds the pleu',  
 All are oblig'd to tarry woo'.

Happy is the shepherd's life,  
 Far frae courts and free o' strife!  
 While the gimmers bleat and "hae,"  
 And the lambkins answer "mae"  
 No such music to his ear!  
 Of thief or fox he has no fear  
 Sturdy kent, and collie true,  
 Weel defend the tarry woo'.

Tarry woo', O tarry woo',  
 Tarry woo' is ill to spin;  
 Card it weel, O card it weel,  
 Card it weel, ere ye begin.  
 When it's cardit, row'd, and spun,  
 Then the wark is haffins done;  
 But, when woven, dress'd, and clean,  
 It may be cleadin' for a queen.

## I HAD A HORSE, AND I HAD NAE MAIR.

Tune—"Widow are ye waukin'?"

I HAD a horse, and I had nae mair,  
 I gat him frae my deddy,  
 My purse was licht, and my heart was sair,  
 But my wit it was fu' ready.  
 And sae I thocht me on a time,  
 Outwittens o' my deddy,  
 To see mysel' to a lowland laird,  
 Wha had a bonnie ledly.

I wrote a letter, and thus began:  
 "Madam, be not offended,  
 I'm owre the lugs in love wi' you,  
 And care na though ye ken'd it:  
 For I get little frae the laird,  
 And far less frae my deddy,  
 And I wad blythely be the man,  
 Wad strive to please his ledly."

She read the letter and she leugh,  
 "Ye need na been sae blate, man,  
 Ye micht hae come to me yoursel',  
 And tauld me o' your state, man:

Ye micht hae come to me yoursel',  
 Outwittens o' ony body,  
 And made John Goukstone o' the laird,  
 And kiss'd his bonnie ledly."

Then she pat siller in my purse;  
 We drank wine out o' a cogie,  
 She fee'd a man to rub my horse,  
 And wow but I was vogie!  
 But I gat ne'er sae sair a fleg,  
 Since I cam frae my deddy,  
 The laird cam rap, rap to the yett,  
 When I was wi' his ledly!

Then she pat me behind a chair,  
 And hap'd me wi' a plaidie,  
 But I was like to swarf wi' fear,  
 And wish'd me wi' my deddy.  
 The laird gaed out, he saw na me,  
 I gaed when I was ready:  
 I promised, but I ne'er gaed back,  
 To see his bonnie ledly.



## THE WIDOW.

Tune—"Wap at the widow, my laddie."

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,  
The widow can shape, and the widow can sew,  
And mony braw things the widow can do;

Then hae at the widow, my laddie.  
O till her, and kill her wi' courtesie dead,  
Though stark love and kindness, be a' you can plead;  
Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed  
Wi' the bonnie gay widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthfu', and never ae hair  
The waur o' the wearin', and has a good skair  
Of every thing lovely; she's witty and fair,  
And has a rich jointure, my laddie.  
What could ye wish better, your pleasure to crown,  
Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,  
With, "naething but—draw in your stool and sit down,"  
And sport wi' the widow, my laddie?

*Ramsay.*

## NORA'S VOW.

HEAR what Highland Nora said:  
"The Earlie's son I will not wed,  
Should all the race of nature die,  
And none be left but he and I  
For all the gold, and all the gear,  
And all the lands, both far and near,—  
That ever valour lost or won,  
I will not wed the Earlie's son."

"A Maiden's vows," old Callum spoke,  
"Are lightly made and lightly broke,  
The heather on the mountain's height  
Begins to bloom in purple light;  
The frost wind soon shall sweep away  
The lustre drop from glen and brae,  
Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,  
May blithely wed the Earlie's son."

"The swan," she said "the lake's clear breast  
May barter for the eagle's nest;  
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,  
Ben Cruachan fall and crush Kilchurn;  
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,  
Before their foes may turn and fly:  
But I, were all these marvels done,  
Would never wed the Earlie's son."

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

*Scott.*



N<sup>o</sup> 161. — WAP AT THE WIDOW MY LADDIE.*Lively.*

Musical score for "WAP AT THE WIDOW MY LADDIE" in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The score consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system includes a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with a *mf* dynamic marking. The second system continues the melody and bass line. The third system features a more complex melody with many beamed eighth notes in the right hand and a steady bass line. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass line.

N<sup>o</sup> 162. — NORA'S VOW.*Gaelic.**Slow and pathetic.*

Musical score for "NORA'S VOW" in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The score consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system includes a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. The second system continues the melody and bass line, ending with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass line.



## No 163. — THE TITHER MORN, WHEN I FORLORN.\*

*Moderate with feeling.*

Musical score for No 163, 'THE TITHER MORN, WHEN I FORLORN.' The score is in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a crescendo (*cres.*) and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system includes a crescendo (*cres.*) and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody is primarily in the right hand, with the left hand providing harmonic support.

## No 164. — HAPPY MAY I SEE THEE.

Gaelic.\*\*

*Plaintively.*

Musical score for No 164, 'HAPPY MAY I SEE THEE.' The score is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody is primarily in the right hand, with the left hand providing harmonic support.

\* ACCORDING TO BURNS THIS TUNE WAS ORIGINALLY A HIGHLAND ONE — THE SECOND PART OF IT VERY MUCH RESEMBLES THE SECOND STRAIN OF "SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN' QUO' SHE"

\*\* "CU MA SLAN A CHI MI"



# THE TITHER MORN.

THE tither morn,  
When I forlorn,  
Aneath an aik sat moanin';  
I didna trow,  
I'd see my jo,  
Beside me gin the gloamin'.  
But he sae trig,  
Lap owre the rig,  
And dawtlingly did cheer me;  
When I, what reck,  
Did least expect,  
To see my lad so near me.

His bonnet he,  
A thocht ajee,  
Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me;  
And I, I wat,  
Wi' fainness grat,  
While in his arms he press'd me.

Deil tak the war!  
I late and air,  
Hae wish'd since Jock departed;  
But now as glad  
I'm wi' my lad,  
As short syne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en  
Wi' dancin' keen,  
When a' were blythe and merry;  
I cared na by  
Sae sad was I  
In absence o' my dearie.  
But praise be blest,  
My mind's at rest,  
I'm happy wi' my Johnnie;  
At kirk and fair,  
Ise aye be there,  
And be as canty's ony.

*Burns.*

# WEARIE'S WELL.

Tune—"Happy may I see thee."

IN a simmer gloamin',  
In yon dowie dell,  
'Twas there we twa first met  
By Wearie's cauld well,  
We sat on the brume bank  
And look'd in the burn,  
But sidelang we look'd on  
Ilk ither in turn.

We heard and we saw nought  
Above or around;  
We felt that our love liv'd,  
And loathed idle sound.  
I gaz'd on your sweet face  
Till tears fill'd mine e'e,  
And they drapt on your wee loof—  
A world's wealth to me!

Winter snaw's now fa'in'  
On bare holm and lea;  
And the cauld wind's strippin'  
Ilk leaf aff the tree.

But the snaw fa's not faster,  
The leaf disna part  
Sae sune frae the bough, as  
Faith fades in your heart.

Ye've wa'd out anither  
Your bridegroom to be;  
But can his heart love sae  
As mine luvit thee?  
Ye'll get biggins and mailins,  
And many braw claes;  
But they a' winna buy back  
The peace o' past days.

Farewell, and for ever!  
My first love and last;  
May thy joys be to come—  
Mine live in the past.  
In sorrow and sadness,  
This hour fa's on me;  
But light, as thy love, may  
It fleet over thee.

*Motherwell.*



## NOW WINTER'S WIND.

Now winter's wind sweeps o'er the mountains,  
 Deeply clad in drifting snow;  
 Soundly sleep the frozen fountains;  
 Ice-bound streams forget to flow:  
 The piercing blast howls loud and long,  
 The leafless forest oaks among.

Lo! down the glen there comes a stranger,  
 Way-worn, drooping, all alone;  
 Haply, 'tis the deer-haunt Ranger!  
 But, alas! his strength is gone!  
 He stoops, he totters on with pain,  
 The hill he'll never climb again!

*Alexander Campbell*

## THE MAID OF ISLAY.

Rising o'er the heaving billow,  
 Evening gilds the ocean's swell,  
 While with thee, on grassy pillow,  
 Solitude! I love to dwell.  
 Lonely to the sea breeze blowing,  
 Oft, I chaunt my love-lorn strain,  
 To the streamlet sweetly flowing,  
 Murmur oft a lover's pain.  
 Lonely, &c.

'Twas for her, the Maid of Islay,  
 Time flew o'er me wing'd with joy;  
 'Twas for her, the cheering smile aye  
 Beam'd with rapture in my eye.

Not the tempest raving round me,  
 Lightning's flash, or thunder's roll,  
 Not the ocean's rage could wound me,  
 While her image fill'd my soul.  
 Not the, &c.

Farewell, days of purest pleasure,  
 Long your loss my heart shall mourn!  
 Farewell, hours of bliss the measure,  
 Bliss that never can return.  
 Cheerless o'er the wild heath wand'ring,  
 Cheerless o'er the wave-worn shore,  
 On the past with sadness pond'ring,  
 Hope's fair visions charm no more.  
 Cheerless o'er, &c.

*Rev. Wm. Dunbar.*



## No 165.— NOW WINTER'S WIND.

Gaelic.\*

*Slow and impressive.*

musical score for No 165, 'NOW WINTER'S WIND.' in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The score consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system includes dynamics *dolce.*, *mf*, and *p*. The second system includes *mf*, *p*, and *cres.*

## No 166.— THE MAID OF ISLA.

Gaelic.

*Slow.*

musical score for No 166, 'THE MAID OF ISLA.' in common time, key of B-flat major. The score consists of five systems of piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *p*, *f*, and *p*.

\* "NA'S THU MO MHATHAIR" (ONE OF THE ANCIENT MELODIES TO WHICH MANY OF THE POEMS ASCRIBED TO OSSIAN ARE CHANTED).



## No 167. — THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.\*

*Lively.*

Musical score for "The Gaberlunzie Man" in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system includes a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking followed by a forte (*f*) dynamic and a *cres.* (crescendo) marking. The third system concludes with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody is primarily in the right hand, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment.

## No 168. — MY LOVER WOUNDED.

Gaelic.

*Tenderly.*

Musical score for "My Lover Wounded" in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a *p* dynamic followed by a *cres.* (crescendo) marking. The third system includes a *rall.* (rallentando) marking, followed by a *p* dynamic, then a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic, and finally a *rit.* (ritardando) marking. The melody is primarily in the right hand, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment.

\* THIS SET NOT PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED. —



## THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

THE pawkie auld carle cam owre the lea,  
 Wi' mony guid e'ens and days to me,  
 Saying, "Guidwife, for your courtesie,  
 Will you lodge a silly poor man?"  
 The nicht was cauld, the carle was wat,  
 And down ayont the ingle he sat;  
 My dochter's shouthers he 'gan to clap,  
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

"And O!" quo' he, "an ye were as black  
 As e'er the crown o' my daddy's hat,  
 'Tis I wad lay thee by my lack,  
 And awa wi' me thou should gang."  
 "And O!" quo' she, "an I were as white,  
 As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,  
 I'd cleed me braw and lady like,  
 And awa wi' thee I wad gang."

Between the twa was made a plot;  
 They raise a wee before the cock,  
 And wilily 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 claise;  
 Syne to the servant's bed she gae,  
 To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,  
 The strae was cauld, he was away,  
 She clapt her hands, cried, "Waladay!  
 For some of our gear will be gane."  
 Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,  
 But nocht was stown that could be mist,  
 She danc'd her lane, cried, "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 hoose, lass, and wauken my bairn,  
 And bid her come quickly ben."  
 The servant gaed where the dochter lay,  
 The sheets were cauld, she was away!  
 And fast to the guidwife she 'gan say,  
 "She's aff wi' the beggar man!"

*Generally ascribed to James V., King of Scotland.*

## A WEARY LOT IS THINE!

Tune—"My lover wounded."

"A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,  
 A weary lot is thine!  
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,  
 And press the rue for wine.  
 A lightsome eye, a soldier's mein,  
 A feather of blue, and a doublet of green—  
 No more of me you knew, my love! no more of me you  
 knew.

This morn is merry June, I trow,  
 The rose is budding fain;  
 But it shall bloom in winter snow,  
 Ere we two meet again."  
 He turn'd his charger as he spake,  
 He gave his bridle reins a shake,  
 "Adieu for evermore my love! adieu for evermore!"

*Scott.*



# THE SOGER LADDIE.

My soger laddie is over the sea,  
And he will bring gold and money to me;  
And when he comes hame he'll make me a lady;  
My blessing gang wi' my soger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,  
And can as a soger and lover behave;  
While true to his country, to love he is steady;  
There's few to compare with my soger laddie.

*First verse old, second by Ramsay.*

# OH HON A RI!

Oh hon a ri! there's something wrang;  
Oh hon a ri! I'm wearie;  
Nae young, blythe, and bonnie lad  
Comes owre the knowe to cheer me.

When the day wears away,  
Sad I look a-down the valley;  
Ilka soun' wi' a stoun',  
Sets my heart a thrillin'.

Oh hon a ri! there's something wrang;  
Oh hon a ri! I'm wearie;  
Nae young, blythe, and bonnie lad  
Comes owre the knowe to cheer me.

O when I see the plover risin',  
Or the curlew wheelin',  
Then I trow some bonnie lad  
Is comin' to my sheelin'  
Why should I sit an' sigh,  
While the greenwood blooms sae bonnie?  
Laverocks sing, flow'rets spring,  
A' but me are cheery.

Oh hon a ri! there's something wrang;  
Oh hon a ri! I'm wearie;  
Nae young, blythe, and bonnie lad  
Comes owre the knowe to cheer me.

*Hogg.*



## No 169.— THE SOGER LADDIE.

*Lively.*

Musical score for "The Soger Laddie" in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system includes dynamics of *dim.*, *p*, *cres.*, and *mf*. The third system includes *p*, *piu*, and *cres.*. The melody is primarily in the right hand, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment.

## No 170.— OH! HON A RI.

Gaelic.

(Buain na rainich).

*Slowly and mournfully.*

Musical score for "Oh! Hon a Ri" in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a forte (*f*) dynamic and a *p ritard.* marking. The third system continues the accompaniment. The melody is in the right hand, using a mix of eighth and quarter notes, with the left hand providing a simple harmonic accompaniment.



## Nº 171. — JOHNNIE COPE.

*Moderately quick.*

Musical score for No. 171, "JOHNNIE COPE". The tempo is *Moderately quick*. The score consists of three systems of music. The first system is for piano, with a melody in the right hand and accompaniment in the left hand. The second system continues the piano part. The third system is for a choir (labeled "Cho."), featuring a melody in the right hand and accompaniment in the left hand. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte), *cres.* (crescendo), and *mf* (mezzo-forte).

## Nº 172. — MY LOVE TO DAY AS HERETOFORE.

Gaelic.

*Very slow and pathetic.*

Musical score for No. 172, "MY LOVE TO DAY AS HERETOFORE". The tempo is *Very slow and pathetic*. The score consists of three systems of music. The first system is for piano, with a melody in the right hand and accompaniment in the left hand. The second system continues the piano part. The third system is for a choir (labeled "Cho."), featuring a melody in the right hand and accompaniment in the left hand. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *dim.* (diminuendo), *f* (forte), and *rall.* (rallentando).



## JOHNNIE COPE.

Cope sent a letter frae Dunbar,  
 Sayin', "Charlie, meet me an' ye daur,  
 And I'll learn you the art o' war,  
 If you'll meet me in the mornin',"

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,  
 He drew his sword the scabbard from:  
 "Come follow me, my merry merry men,  
 And we'll meet Johnnie Cope in the mornin'."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?  
 Or are your drums a-beatin' yet?  
 If ye were waukin', I wad wait  
 To meet Johnnie Cope in the mornin'.

"Now, Johnnie, be as good's your word,  
 Come let us try both fire and sword;  
 And dinna flee awa like a frichted bird,  
 That's chas'd frae its nest in the mornin'."

When Johnnie Cope he heard o' this,  
 He thoct it wadna be amiss,  
 To hae a horse in readiness,  
 To flee awa in the mornin'.

Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

"Ey now, Johnnie, get up and rin,  
 The Hielan' bagpipes mak a din;  
 It's best to sleep in a hale skin,  
 For 'twill be a bluidy mornin'."

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar cam,  
 They speer'd at him "Where's a' your men?"

"The deil confound me gin I ken,  
 For I left them a' i' the mornin'."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

"Now, Johnnie, troth ye are na blate  
 To bring the news o' your ain defeat,  
 And leave your men in sic a straight  
 Sae early in the mornin'."

"Oh! faith," quo' Johnnie, "I got sic flegs  
 Wi' their claymores and philabegs;  
 If I face them again, deil break my legs—  
 So I wish you a' guid mornin'."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

*Adam Skirving.*

## DAYS OF SORROW, NIGHTS OF MOURNING.

Tune—"My love to-day as heretofore."

DAYS of sorrow, nights of mourning,  
 Dreams of joy that's ne'er returning;  
 I try to weep, but canna weep—  
 Can tears flow when the heart is burning?

My Willie's love was kind an' true,  
 Nor did he love a faithless Mary;  
 But, wae's my heart, the lov'd hours flew,—  
 Sic hours o' love, they couldna tarry!

He said he'd bring a gowden ring,  
 An' silks frae India to his deary;  
 An' he'd be blest aboon a king,  
 When ance I was his ain dear Mary.

Days of sorrow, nights of mourning,  
 Dreams of joy that's ne'er returning;  
 I try to weep, but canna weep—  
 Can tears flow when the heart is burning?

I waited lang for Willie's ring,  
 I waited langer for my lover,—  
 What would I now wi' silks or ring?  
 Nae silks a breaking heart should cover!

In vain I seek Edina's shore,  
 And fondly gaze the braid sea over;  
 Ye waves! when will ye cease to roar,  
 An' gie me back my ain true lover?

*Robert Gilfillan.*



## GIE ME A LASS.

O GIE me a lass with a lump o' lan',  
 And we for life shall gang thegither;  
 Though daft or wise, I'll never deman',  
 Or black or fair, it maks na whether.  
 I'm aff wi' wit, and beauty will fade,  
 And blood alane is nae worth a shilling;  
 But she that's rich, her market's made,  
 For ilka charm about her is killing.

O gie me a lass wi' a lump o' lan',  
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;  
 Gin I had ance her gear in my han',  
 Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure,  
 Laugh on wha likes: but there's my han',  
 I hate wi' poortith, though bonnie, to meddle;

Unless they bring cash, or a lump o' lan',  
 They'se ne'er get me to dance to their fiddle.  
 There's meikle guid love in bands and bags;  
 And siller and gowd's a sweet complexion;  
 But beauty and wit and virtue, in rags,  
 Have tint the art of gaining affection:  
 Love tips his arrows wi' woods and parks,  
 And castles, and riggs, and muirs, and meadows;  
 And naething can catch our modern sparks,  
 But weel-tocher'd lasses, or jointur'd widows.

Then gie me a lass with a lump o' lan',  
 And we for life shall gang thegither;  
 Tho' daft or wise, I'll never deman',  
 Or black or fair, it maksna whether.

*Ramsay.*

## THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

THE weary pund, the weary pund,  
 The weary pund o' tow;  
 I thocht my wife wad end her life  
 Before she span her tow.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint,  
 As guid as e'er did grow,  
 And a' that she has made o' that  
 Is ae puir pund o' tow,  
 The weary pund, &c.

There sat a bottle in a bole,  
 Beyont the ingle low,  
 And aye she took the tither sook,

To drook the stoury tow,  
 The weary pund, &c.

"For shame," quoth I, "you dirty dame,  
 Gae spin your tap o' tow:"  
 She took the roke, and wi' a' knock,  
 She brak' it owre my pow.  
 The weary pund, &c.

At last her feet—I sang to see't—  
 Gaed foremost owre the knowe;  
 And or I wad anither jad  
 I'll wallop in a tow.  
 The weary pund, &c.

*The chorus of this Song is old—the rest by Burns.*



Nº 173.— GIE ME A LASS WI' A LUMP O' LAND.\*

*Lively.*

Handwritten musical score for 'GIE ME A LASS WI' A LUMP O' LAND.' in 6/8 time. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a crescendo (*cres.*) and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets and slurs.

Nº 174.— THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

*Very slow.*

Handwritten musical score for 'THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.' in 3/4 time. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic and a 'pizz. rall.' (pizzicato, rallentando) marking. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets and slurs.

\* THIS SET FIRST TIME PUBLISHED.



## No 175.— THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

*Lively.* *mf* *cres.* *piu* *f* *cres.* *f* *cres.* *rall.*

## No 176.— WILL YE GO TO SHERIFF MUIR?

Gaelic.

*Lively.* *mf* *p* *mf* *p*



## THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

AND are ye sure the news is true?  
 And are ye sure he's weel?  
 Is this a time to think o' wark?  
 Ye jauds, fling by your wheel.  
 Is this a time to think o' wark,  
 When Colin's at the door?  
 Rax me my cloak—I'll to the quay,  
 And see him come ashore.  
 For there's nae luck about the house,  
 There's nae luck at a';  
 There's little pleasure in the house,  
 When our guidman's awa.

And gie to me my biggonet,  
 My bishop's satin gown,  
 For I maun tell the bailie's wife  
 That Colin's come to town.  
 My Turkey slippers maun gae on,  
 My hose o' pearl blue;  
 'Tis a' to please my ain guidman,  
 For he's baith leal and true.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside,  
 Put on the muckle pot;  
 Gie little Kate her button gown,  
 And Jock his sunday coat;  
 And mak their shoon as black as slaes,  
 Their hose as white as snaw;  
 It's a' to please my ain guidman,

For he's been lang awa.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,  
 His breath like caller air;  
 His very foot has music in't,  
 As he comes up the stair.  
 And will I see his face again?  
 And will I hear him speak?  
 I'm downricht dizzy wi' the thoct—  
 In troth, I'm like to greet.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,  
 That thir'd through my heart,  
 They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,  
 Till death we'll never part:  
 But what puts partin' in my head?  
 It may be far awa;  
 The present moment is our ain,  
 The neist we never saw.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,  
 I hae nae mair to crave;  
 Could I but live to mak him blest,  
 I'm blest aboon the lave.  
 And will I see his face again?  
 And will I hear him speak?  
 I'm downricht dizzy wi' the thoct—  
 In troth I'm like to greet.  
 For there's nae luck, &c.

*Jean Adams.*

## WILL YE GO TO SHERIFFMUIR?

WILL ye go to Sheriffmuir,  
 Bauld John o' Innisture?  
 There to see the noble Mar,  
 And his Highland laddies.  
 A' the true men o' the North,  
 Angus, Huntly, and Seaforth,  
 Scouring on to cross the Forth,  
 Wi' their white cockades.

There you'll see the banners flare,  
 There you'll hear the bagpipes' rair,  
 And the trumpets' deadly blare,  
 Wi' the cannons' rattle.

There you'll see the bauld McCraws,  
 Cameron's and Clanronald's raws,  
 And a' the clans wi' loud huzzas,  
 Rushing to the battle.

Will ye go to Sheriffmuir,  
 Bauld John o' Innisture?  
 Sic a day, and sic an hour,  
 Ne'er was in the North, man.  
 Siccan sights will there be seen;  
 And, gin some be nae mista'en,  
 Fragrant gales will come bedeen,  
 Frae the river Forth, man.

*Hogg's "Jacobite Relics."*



# MY HEART IS SAIR FOR SOMEBODY!

My heart is sair—I daur na tell—  
 My heart is sair for somebody!  
 O, I could wake a winter night,  
 For the sake o' somebody.  
 Ochon! for somebody!  
 Och hey! for somebody!  
 I could range the warld around,  
 For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,  
 O sweetly smile on somebody!  
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,  
 And send me safe my somebody.  
 Ochon! for somebody!  
 Och hey! for somebody!  
 I wad do—what wad I not?—  
 For the sake o' somebody.

*Burns.*

## THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

Tune—"Bonnie Dundee."

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

Then ilk thing around us was blythesome and cheery,  
 Then ilk thing around us was bonnie and braw;  
 Now naething is heard but the wind whistling dreary,  
 And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.

The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,  
 They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee;  
 And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie:  
 'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak mountain,  
 And shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky bae,  
 While down the deep glen brawls the snaw-flooded fountain,  
 That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.  
 It's no its loud roar on the wintry winds swellin',  
 It's no the cauld blast brings the tear to my e'e,  
 For, O! gin I saw but my bonnie Scotch callan,  
 The dark days o' winter were simmer to me.

*Lannahill.*



## No 177. — MY HEART IS SAIR FOR SOMEBODY.

*Moderate.*

Two systems of piano accompaniment for No 177. The first system is marked *Moderate.* and the second system includes markings for *f*, *tempo.*, *cres.*, and *rall.* The music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

## No 178. — BONNIE DUNDEE.

(The braes o' Gleniffer).

*Slow.*

Five systems of piano accompaniment for No 178. The music is in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first system is marked *Slow.* The second system includes markings for *piu* and *f*. The fifth system includes the marking *p e dim.*



## No 179 — GIN YE MEET A BONNIE LASSIE.

*Moderate.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for the song 'GIN YE MEET A BONNIE LASSIE'. The music is in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The first system consists of two staves with dynamics *mf* and *p*. The second system also has two staves with a *mf* dynamic. The third system has two staves with dynamics *cres.* and *p*. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## No 180 — I LO'E NAE A LADDIE BUT ANE.\*

*Lively.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for the song 'I LO'E NAE A LADDIE BUT ANE'. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The first system has two staves with dynamics *p*, *cres.*, *p*, *mf*, and *cres.*. The second system has two staves with dynamics *f*, *mf*, and *p*. The third system has two staves with dynamics *mf*, *cres.*, and *f*. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

\* THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT THIS LIVELY AIR, AND THE FINE IRISH TUNE, "MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND" HAVE A LIKE ORIGIN. —



## BETSY BAWN.

Tune—"Gin ye meet a bonnie lassie."

I LITTLE reck't that restless love,  
Wad e'er disturb my peace again:  
I little reck't my heart would prove,  
A victim 'neath his galling chain.  
I've brib'd him owre and owre again,  
And mony a plack, I ween, hae drawn;  
But a' in vain, I pine in pain  
For crookit-backit Betsy Bawn.

Ye've heard o' cheeks o' rosy hue—  
O' breath sweet as the bud's perfume;  
Ye've heard o' een whilk dang the dew  
For brightness, on the lily's bloom;

Ye've heard o' waist sae jimp and sma',  
Whilk ye nae doubt would like to span;  
Far other charms my fancy warms—  
Red gowd's my terms wi' Betsy Bawn.

Sweet love, ye work us meikle ill!  
Far mair than we daur sing or say;  
And weel ye ken, had I my will,  
An hour wi' me ye douchtna stay.  
Yet for the sake o' auld langsyne,  
I'll yet forgie ye—there's my han'—  
Gif wi' ane dart, ye pierce her heart—  
The flinty part o' Betsy Bawn.

*Alex. MacLaggan.*

Extracted from "Whistle-Binkie," by permission of the Publisher, Mr. David Robertson.

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

I LO'ED ne'er a laddie but ane;  
He lo'ed ne'er a lassie but me;  
He's willing to mak me his ain;  
And his ain I am willing to be.  
He's coft me a rokelay o' blue,  
And a pair o' mittens o' green;  
The price was a kiss o' my mou;  
And I paid him the debt yestreen.  
Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,  
Their land, and their lordly degree;  
I carena for aught but my dear,  
For he's ilka thing lordly to me:

His words are sae sugar'd, sae sweet!  
His sense drives ilk fear far awa;  
I listen, poor fool! and I greet;  
Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa!  
"Dear lassie!" he cries wi' a jeer,  
"Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;  
Though 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, though we've naething but health,  
Are cantic and leal evermair."

*Macneil.*



## YOUNG PEGGY.

Tune—"Twine weel the plaiden."

YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,  
 Her blush is like the morning,  
 The rosy dawn, the springing grass  
 With pearly gems adorning:  
 Her eyes outshine the radiant beams  
 That gild the passing shower,  
 And glitter o'er the crystal streams,  
 And cheer each fresh'ning flower.  
 Her lips, more than the cherries bright,  
 A richer dye has grac'd them;  
 They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,  
 And sweetly tempt to taste them:

Her smile is like the evening mild,  
 When feather'd tribes are courting,  
 And little lambkins wanton wild,  
 In playful bands disporting.  
 Were fortune lovely Peggy's foe,  
 Such sweetness would relent her;  
 As blooming spring unbends the brow  
 Of surly, savage winter.  
 Detraction's eye no aim can gain,  
 Her winning powers to lessen;  
 And spiteful envy grins in vain,  
 The poison'd tooth to fasten.

*Burns.*

## THE ROCK AND THE WEE PICKLE TOW.

THERE was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow,  
 And she wad gae try the spinnin' o't,  
 But looten her down, her rock took a lowe,  
 And that was an ill beginnin' o't.  
 She spat on't, she flet on't, and tramp'd on its pate,  
 But a' she could do, it wad hae its ain gait;  
 At last she sat down on't and bitterly grut,  
 For c'er haeing tried the spinnin' o't.

"O foul fa' them o'er advised me to spin,  
 It minds me o' the beginnin' o't;  
 I weel nicht hae ended as I had begun,  
 And never hae tried the spinnin' o't.  
 But she's a wise wife na, wha kens her ain weird;  
 I thocht anes a day it wad never be speir'd—  
 'Hoo let you the lowe tak the rock by the beard,  
 When you gaed to try the spinnin' o't?"

*From Johnson's "Museum."*



## No 181. — TWINE WEEL THE PLAIDEN.

*Slow.*

Musical score for No 181, "Twine Weel the Plaiden", in 2/4 time, marked *Slow*. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system ends with a diminuendo (*dim.*) marking. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes in both hands.

## No 182. — THE ROCK AND THE WEE PICKLE TOW.

*Lively but not too quick.*

Musical score for No 182, "The Rock and the Wee Pickle Tow", in 6/8 time, marked *Lively but not too quick*. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system includes a crescendo (*cres.*) marking, followed by piano (*p*) dynamics. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes in both hands.



N<sup>o</sup> 183. — THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

*Lively.*

mf

cres.

cres.

mf

mf

cres.

The musical score for No. 183 is written for piano in 2/4 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a piano (mf) dynamic and a crescendo (cres.) marking. The second system features a crescendo (cres.) in the first measure and a piano (mf) dynamic in the second measure. The third system has a piano (mf) dynamic in the first measure and a crescendo (cres.) in the second measure. The piece concludes with a repeat sign.

N<sup>o</sup> 184. — MY AIN DEAR ALISTER.

Gaelic.

*Lively.*

f

cres.

p

mf

cres.

p

The musical score for No. 184 is written for piano in 6/8 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a piano (f) dynamic and a crescendo (cres.) marking. The second system features a crescendo (cres.) in the first measure, a piano (p) dynamic in the second measure, and a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic in the third measure. The third system has a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic in the first measure, a crescendo (cres.) in the second measure, and a piano (p) dynamic in the third measure. The piece concludes with a repeat sign.



## THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

Tune—"This is no my ain house."

O THIS is no my ain lassie,  
 Fair though the lassie be;  
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,  
 Kind love is in her e'e.  
 I see a form, I see a face,  
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place;  
 It wants to me the witching grace,  
 The kind love that's in her e'e.  
 O this is no my ain lassie, &c.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,  
 And lang has had my heart in thrall;  
 And aye it charms my very saul,  
 The kind love that's in her e'e.  
 O this is no my ain lassie, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,  
 To steal a blink by a' unseen;  
 But gleg as light are lovers' een,  
 When kind love is in the e'e.  
 O this is no my ain lassie, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,  
 It may escape the learned clerks;  
 But weel the watching lover marks  
 The kind love that's in her e'e.  
 O this is no my ain lassie,  
 Fair though the lassie be;  
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,  
 Kind love is in her e'e.

*Burns.*

## MY AIN DEAR ALISTER.

COMELY tho' black-o'-blee, is mine Alister,  
 Comely tho' black-o'-blee, is mine Alister,  
 Comely tho' black-o'-blee, is mine Alister.  
 Dugald is light-of-heart, Donald is lively,  
 Yet how unlike my ain dear Alister!  
 O how unlike to my ain dear Alister!

Comely tho' black-o'-blee, is mine Alister,  
 Comely tho' black-o'-blee, is mine Alister,  
 Comely tho' black-o'-blee, is mine Alister.

Murloch is merry, and Calum is canty,  
 Yet how unlike my blythesome Alister!  
 O how unlike to my blythesome Alister!

Comely tho' black-o'-blee, is mine Alister,  
 Comely tho' black-o'-blee, is mine Alister,  
 Comely tho' black-o'-blee, is mine Alister.  
 He speaks so tenderly, yet so discreetly,  
 How my heart flutters when I see Alister!  
 O my dear Alister! my dear Alister!



## THE FAREWELL.

Tune—"She rose and let me in."

In vain will spring her gowans spread  
 Owre the green swairded lea:  
 The rose beneath the hawthorn shade  
 Will bloom in vain for me:  
 In vain will spring bedeck the bow'rs  
 Wi' buds and blossoms braw—  
 The gloomy storm already low'rs  
 That drives me far awa.  
 O winter! spare the peacefu' scene  
 Where early joys I knew:  
 Still be its fields unfading green,  
 Its sky unclouded blue.

Ye lads and lasses! when sae blythe  
 The social crack ye ca'—  
 O spare the tribute of a sigh  
 For me when far awa!  
 Then fare ye weel, my frien's sae dear,  
 For I maun lea' you a'.  
 O will ye sometimes shed a tear  
 For me when far awa?  
 For me when far frae hame and you,  
 Where ceaseless tempests blaw,  
 Will ye repeat my last adieu,  
 An' mourn that I'm awa?

*J. Burtt.*

## O MY LOVE! LEAVE ME NOT.

O my love! leave me not,  
 O my love! leave me not,  
 O my love! leave me not,  
 Lonely and weary.  
 Could you but stay awhile,  
 And my fond fears beguile,  
 I yet once more could smile,  
 Lightsome and cheery.  
 CHORUS.—O my love! leave me not,  
 O my love! leave me not,  
 O my love! leave me not,  
 Lonely and weary.  
 O my love! leave me not,  
 O my love! leave me not,  
 O my love! leave me not,  
 Lonely and weary.  
 Till the sad hour we part,  
 Fear cannot make me start;

Grief cannot break my heart,  
 Whilst thou art near me.  
 CHORUS.—O my love! leave me not,  
 O my love! leave me not,  
 O my love! leave me not,  
 Lonely and weary.  
 O my love! leave me not,  
 O my love! leave me not,  
 O my love! leave me not,  
 Lonely and weary.  
 Should you forsake my sight,  
 Day would to me be night,  
 Sad, I would shun its light,  
 Heartless and weary.  
 CHORUS.—O my love! leave me not,  
 O my love! leave me not,  
 O my love! leave me not,  
 Lonely and weary.

*Mrs. Grant.*



## No 185.— SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.

*Slow.*

Musical score for No 185, "SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN." The score is in 2/4 time and consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system continues the melody. The third system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords and rests.

## No 186.— O MY LOVE! LEAVE ME NOT.

Gaelic.

*Slow and plaintive.*

Musical score for No 186, "O MY LOVE! LEAVE ME NOT." The score is in 2/4 time and consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a forte (*f*) dynamic and ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords and rests. The tempo is marked as "Chr<sup>5</sup> tempo." and the style is "Gaelic."



## No 187. — O MARY IS MY ONLY JOY.

Gaelic.

*Sweetly.*

Musical score for No 187, "O MARY IS MY ONLY JOY." in Gaelic. The score is written for piano and consists of four systems. The first system is marked "Sweetly" and "p" (piano). The second system is marked "f" (forte). The third and fourth systems are marked "p" (piano). The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, time signatures, and dynamic markings like "cres." (crescendo).

## No 188. — IT'S A' WAE WI' SCOTLAND.

*Slowly.*

Musical score for No 188, "IT'S A' WAE WI' SCOTLAND." The score is written for piano and consists of two systems. The first system is marked "p" (piano). The second system is marked "mf" (mezzo-forte). The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, time signatures, and dynamic markings like "p" (piano) and "mf" (mezzo-forte).



# O, MARY IS MY ONLY JOY.

O, MARY is my only joy,  
O, Mary is blythe, and Mary is coy,  
Mary's the gowd where there's nae alloy;  
Though black, yet she's sae bonnie, O!

Her breath is the birken bower of spring,  
Her lips the young rose's opening,  
And her hair is the hue of the raven's wing;  
She's black, but yet she's bonnie, O!

The star that gilds the evening sky,  
Though bright its ray, may never vie  
Wi' Mary's dark and liquid eye;  
Though black, yet still she's bonnie, O!

The beauteous flower beneath the tree,  
The spell of the wildest witchery,  
The gowd and the gear, and all to me,  
Is my black, my bonnie Mary, O!

*Hogg.*

# IT'S A' WAE WI' SCOTLAND.

It's a' wae wi' Scotland,  
And life it is nae boon;  
It's a' wae wi' Scotland,  
When they tread the thistle down.  
The sun sets sweet at e'enin'  
On mony a warrior's grave;  
But the reaver's boots hae trodden  
Where the thistle-tap should wave.

The sun sets sweet at e'enin',  
But they are far awa  
Wha wad hae saved the thistle-tap,  
That noo maun wither in' fa'.  
Yet the leal hearts o' Scotland,  
Although it may seem lang,  
Will pray, and hope that heaven  
May yet redress the wrang.



## O, SAW YE MY WEE THING?

"O, SAW ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing?  
Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?  
Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloamin'?  
Sought she the burnie whaur flow'rs the haw tree?  
Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white;  
Dark is the blue o' her saft rolling e'e;  
Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:—  
Whaur could my wee thing wander frae me?"

"I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,  
Nor saw I your true love down on yon lea;  
But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloamin',  
Down by the burnie whaur flow'rs the haw tree.  
Her hair it was lint-white; her skin it was milk-white;  
Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling e'e;  
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:  
Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me."

"It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,  
It was na my true love ye met by the tree:  
Proud is her leal heart! modest her nature!  
She never lo'ed ony till ance she lo'ed me.

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

"It was then your Mary; she's frae Castlecary;  
It was then your true love I met by the tree;  
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,  
Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me."  
Sair gloom'd his dark brow, and blood-red his cheek grew,  
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rollin' e'e!  
"Ye's rue sair this mornin' your boasts and your scornin':  
Defend ye, fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lee!"

"Awa wi' beguiling," cried the youth, smiling;  
Aff went the bonnet—the lint-white locks flee;  
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,  
Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rolling e'e!  
"Is it my wee thing? O, is it my ain thing?  
Is it my true love here that I see?"  
"O Jamie, forgie me; your heart's constant to me;  
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!"

Maoneil.

## THOUGH SIMMER SMILES ON BANK AND BRAE.

Tune—"Hey Donald! how Donald!"

THOUGH simmer smiles on bank and brae,  
And nature bids the heart be gay;  
Yet a' the joys o' flow'ry May,  
Wi' pleasure ne'er can move me.  
Hey Donald! how Donald!  
Think upon your vow, Donald!  
Mind the heath'ry knowe, Donald!  
Whaur ye vow'd to lo'e me.

When first ye climb'd the heath'ry steep,  
Wi' me to wear my faither's sheep,  
The vows ye made ye said ye'd keep,  
The vows ye made to lo'e me.  
Hey Donald! &c.

But love is but a weary dream,  
Its joys are like the summer scene,  
Whose beauty is the sunny beam,  
That dazzles to deceive me.  
Hey Donald! &c.

I downa look on bank or brae,  
I downa greet where a' are gay;  
But, O! my heart will break wi' wae,  
Gin Donald cease to lo'e me.  
Hey Donald! how Donald!  
Think upon your vow, Donald!  
Mind the heath'ry knowe, Donald!  
Whaur ye vow'd to lo'e me.

The first Verse and Chorus by *Lannahill*, the last Verse by *Motherwell*, and the others by — *Gibson*.



## No 189.— O SAW YE MY WEE THING?\*

*Slow with much expression.*

## No 190.— HEY DONALD! HOW DONALD!

Gaelic.

*Moderately slow with expression.*

\* MR NEIL WROTE HIS SONG "MARY OF CASTLECARY" FOR THIS BEAUTIFUL AIR, THOUGH IT IS USUALLY SUNG TO THE TUNE "BONNIE DUNDEE".—  
(THE SET HERE GIVEN HAS NOT BEEN HITHERTO PUBLISHED. —)



## Nº 191. — LEANDER ON THE BAY.

*Slow.*

mf p mf

p ritard. f p f

rall. p tempo. mf

## Nº 192. — THE RECOLLECTION OF THAT DAY. Gaelic.

*Slow.*

mf

rall. p cres.

mf



## I'LL SOON BE FAR AWAY.

Tune—"Leander on the bay."

THE evening sun's gaen down,  
The birds sit nodding on the tree;  
All nature's now at rest,  
But rest there's none, there's none for me.  
The trumpet sounds to war's alarms,  
The drums they loudly beat, the fifes they play—  
Come, Mary, cheer me, for I'll soon be far, far away.

I grieve to leave all here,—  
I mourn to leave my native shore,  
My aged parents dear,  
And the bonnie lass whom I adore.

But tender thoughts must now be hush'd,  
When danger calls, I must, I must obey—  
The transport waits us, and I'll soon be far, far away.

Adieu, dear Scotia's coast!  
Though bleak and drear thy mountains be,  
When on the ocean tost,  
I'll cast a wistful look to thee!  
And now, dear Mary, fare thee well!  
O may kind Providence thy guardian be!  
In camp or field, love, I'll ever, ever think on thee!

Gannahill.

## O MARY, TURN AWA.

Tune—"The recollection of that day."

O MARY, turn awa  
That bonnie face o' thine;  
O dinna show that face to me,  
That never can be mine!  
Never can be mine!

Can aught o' warld's gear  
E'er cool my bosom's care?  
Na, na, for ilka look o' thine,  
It only feeds despair.

Then, Mary, turn awa  
That bonnie face o' thine;  
O dinna show that face to me,  
That never can be mine!  
Never can be mine!

Wi' love's severest pangs,  
My heart is laden sair,  
And o'er my breast the grass maun grow,  
Ere I am free from care.

Gall.



## JOHN O' BADENYON.

WHEN first I came to be a man, of twenty years or so,  
I thought myself a handsome youth, and fain the world would  
know;  
In best attire I stept abroad, with spirits brisk and gay;  
And here and there, and everywhere, was like a morn in  
May.

No care I had, no 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 pleased where'er I went; and when I was alone,  
I tuned my pipe, and pleased myself wi' John o' Badenyon:

\* \* \* \* \*

What next to do I mused awhile, still hoping to succeed;  
I pitch'd on books for company, and gravely tried to read:  
I bought and borrowed everywhere, and studied night and  
day,  
Nor miss'd what dean or doctor wrote, that happen'd in my  
way.

Philosophy I now esteem'd the ornament of youth,  
And carefully through many a page, I hunted after truth:  
A thousand various schemes I tried, and yet was pleased  
with none;  
I threw them by, and tuned my pipe to John o' Badenyon.

And now, ye youngsters everywhere, who wish 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;  
And girls and friends, and books also, you'll find them all  
the same.  
Then be advised, and warning take from such a man as me;  
I'm neither pope nor cardinal, nor one of high degree;  
You'll meet displeasure everywhere; then do as I have  
done—  
E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself with John o'  
Badenyon.

*Rev. John Skinner.*

## MY DEAR HIGHLAND LADDIE, O.

Tune—"Mor nighean a Ghiobarlan."

BLYTHE was the time when he fee'd wi' my faither, O,  
Happy were the days when we herded thegither, O,  
Sweet were the hours when he row'd me in his plaidie, O,  
And vow'd to be mine, my dear Highland laddie, O,  
  
But, ah! wae's me! wi' their sodgerin' sae gaudy, O,  
The laird's wys'd awa my braw Highland laddie, O;  
Misty are the glens and the dark hills sae cloudy, O,  
That aye seem'd sae blythe wi' my dear Highland laddie, O,  
  
The blaë-berry banks now are lonesome and dreary, O,  
Muddy are the streams that gush'd down sae clearly, O,

Silent are the rocks that echoed sae gladly, O,  
The wild melting strains o' my dear Highland laddie, O,  
  
He pu'd me the crawberry, ripe frae the boggy fen,  
He pu'd me the strawberry, red frae the foggy glen,  
He pu'd me the row'n frae the wild steep sae giddy, O,  
Sae loving and kind was my dear Highland laddie, O,  
  
Fareweel my yowes, and fareweel my doggie, O;  
Fareweel ye knowes, now sae cheerless and scroggie, O;  
Fareweel, Glenfeoch, my mammy and my daddie, O;  
I will leave you a' for my dear Highland laddie, O!

*Lannahill.*



## No 193.— JOHN O' BADENYON.

*Moderate.*

## No 194.— MY DEAR HIGHLAND LADDIE, O.

Gaelic.\*

*Slow and tenderly.*

\* "MOR NIGHEAN A GHIODARLAN."



## No 195.— O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS? (A Nurse's Song).

*Moderate and cheerful.*

Musical score for No 195, "O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS?" (A Nurse's Song). The score is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system includes dynamic markings *p* and *cres.* The second system includes the marking *A little quicker.* The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## No 196.— BLINK O'ER THE BURN SWEET BETTY.

*Moderate.*

Musical score for No 196, "BLINK O'ER THE BURN SWEET BETTY." The score is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system includes dynamic markings *p* and *f*. The second system includes *p* and *legato.* The third system includes *f* and *rall.* The piece concludes with a double bar line.



## O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS?

(A lullaby.)

O CAN ye sew cushions? and can ye sew sheets?  
 And can ye sing balluloo, when the bairn greets?  
 And hee and baw birdie, and hee and baw, lamb;  
 And hee and baw birdie, my bonnie wee lamb.  
 Hee O wee! O what would I do wi' you?  
 Black's the life that I lead wi' you;  
 Mony o' ye, little for to gie ye,  
 Hee O wee! O what would I do wi' you?

I biggit the cradle upon the tree top,  
 The wind it did blow, and the cradle did rock.  
 And hee and baw, birdie, and hee and baw, lamb;  
 And hee and baw birdie, my bonnie wee lamb.  
 Hee O wee! O what would I do wi' you?  
 Black's the life that I lead wi' you;  
 Mony o' ye, little for to gie ye,  
 Hee O wee! O what would I do wi' you?

## BLINK O'ER THE BURN, SWEET BETTY.

BLINK o'er the burn, sweet Betty;  
 It is a cauld winter nicht,—  
 It rains, it hails, it thunders,  
 The moon she gies nae licht.  
 It's a' for the sake o' sweet Betty  
 That ever I tint my way:  
 O lassie, let me stay beside thee,  
 Until it be break o' day.

It's Betty shall bake my bread,  
 And Betty shall brew my ale;  
 And Betty shall be my love,  
 When I come o'er the dale.  
 Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,  
 Blink over the burn to me:  
 And while I hae life, my dear lassie,  
 My ain sweet Betty thou's be.



## HE'S OWRE THE HILLS.

He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel;  
 He's owre the hills we daur na name;  
 He's owre the hills ayont Dunblane,  
 Wha soon will get his welcome hame.  
 My faither's gane to fecht for him,  
 My brithers winna bide at hame,  
 My mither greets and prays for them,  
 And deed she thinks they're no to blame.

His right these hills, his right these plains;  
 O'er Highland hearts secure he reigns;  
 What lads e'er did, our lads will do:  
 Were I a lad, I'd follow him too.  
 He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel,  
 He's owre the hills we daur na name,  
 He's owre the hills ayont Dunblane,  
 Wha soon will get his welcome hame.

*Baroness Navne.*

## THE BOATIE ROWS.

O WEEL may the boatie row,  
 And better may she speed!  
 And weel may the boatie row,  
 That wins the bairns' bread!  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows indeed;  
 And happy be the lot of a'  
 That wishes her to speed!  
 CHORUS.—The boatie rows, &c.

O weel may the boatie row,  
 That fills a heavy creel,  
 And cleads us a' frae head to feet,  
 And buys our parritch meal.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows indeed;  
 And happy be the lot of a'  
 That wish the boatie speed.  
 CHORUS.—The boatie rows, &c.  
 When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie,  
 Are up and gotten lair;  
 They'll help to gar the boatie row,  
 And lighten a' our care.  
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,  
 The boatie rows fu' weel;  
 And lightsome be her heart that bears  
 The murlain and the creel!  
 CHORUS.—The boatie rows, &c.

— *Ewen.*



No 197. — HE'S O'ER THE HILLS THAT I LO'E WEEL. Gaelic.

*Lively but not too quick.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for No 197. The music is in 6/8 time, key of D major. The first system includes dynamics *mf* and *cres.*. The second system includes *mf*. The third system includes *mf* and *cres.*.

No 198. — THE BOATIE ROWS.

*Lively.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for No 198. The music is in 2/4 time, key of D major. The first system includes *mf*. The second system includes *f*, *cres.*, *mf*, and *piu p*. The third system includes *Cho<sup>2</sup>*, *f*, *cres.*, *mf*, and *piu p*.



## No 199. — O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

Gaelic.

*Lively.*

Musical score for No 199, "O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE." in 6/8 time, key of D major. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system includes dynamic markings *mf*, *dim.*, and *mf*. The second system includes *f*, *dim.*, and *mf*. The third system includes *dim.* and *mf*. The melody is written in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand.

## No 200. — THE SOUTERS O' SELKIRK.

*Moderate.*

Musical score for No 200, "THE SOUTERS O' SELKIRK." in 4/4 time, key of D major. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system includes dynamic markings *p* and *cres.*. The second system includes *f* and *p*. The third system includes *f* and *p*. The melody is written in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand.



## OVER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

COME, boat me owre, come, row me owre,  
 Come, boat me owre to Charlie;  
 I'll gie John Ross anither bawbee,  
 To ferry me owre to Charlie.  
 We'll over the water, and over the sea,  
 We'll over the water to Charlie;  
 Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,  
 And live and die wi' Charlie.

Come, boat me owre, come, row me owre,  
 Come, boat me owre to Charlie;  
 I'll gie John Ross anither bawbee,  
 To ferry me owre to Charlie.  
 I swear by moon and stars sae bricht,  
 And the sun that glances early,  
 That if I had ten thousand lives,  
 I'd gie them a' for Charlie.  
 Come, boat me owre, &c.

*Hogg.*

## THE SOUTERS O' SELKIRK.

It's up wi' the souters o' Selkirk,  
 And down wi' the Earl o' Home!  
 And here's to a' the braw laddies,  
 That wear the single-sol'd shoon!  
 It's up wi' the souters o' Selkirk,  
 For they are baith trusty and leal;  
 And up wi' the lads o' the Forest,  
 And down wi' the Merse to the deil!

O fye upon yellow and yellow,  
 And fye upon yellow and green;  
 But up wi' the true blue and scarlet,  
 And up wi' the single-sol'd shoon!  
 It's up wi' the souters o' Selkirk,  
 For they are baith trusty and leal;  
 And up wi' the lads o' the Forest,  
 And down wi' the Merse to the Deil!

*From Johnson's "Museum," and Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border."*



## AIKEN DRUM.

THERE liv'd a man in our town,  
 In our town, in our town;  
 There liv'd a man in our town,  
     And his name was Aiken Drum.  
 But he wad be a sodger,  
 A sodger, a sodger;  
 But he wad be a sodger,  
     And his name was Aiken Drum.

'Bout him the carles were gabbin',  
 The braw laddies sabbin',  
 And a' the lasses greetin',  
     For that Aiken Drum's awa.  
 Oh! wae's me! he's turn'd sodger,  
 A sodger, a sodger;  
 Oh! wae's me he's turn'd sodger,  
     And noo he's march'd awa.

## AIKEN DRUM.

A WARLOCK cam to our town,  
 To our town, the slee loun;  
 His beard was grey, his cheeks brown,  
     And he look'd unco glum.  
 His cloak of Moffat tartan  
 Hung down beneath his garten,—  
 He cam to spae my fortune;  
     His name was Aikendrum.

His brow wi' time was wrinkled,  
 His hair with gray was sprinkled;  
 But oh! his een they twinkled  
     Whene'er they gaz'd on me.  
 Then to the seat he hied him,  
 My titty had supplied him,—  
 I sat me down beside him,  
 Beneath our holly tree;

He took my hand discreetly,  
 And looked right sodately.  
 And scann'd it o'er completely,  
     With mony a haw and hum.  
 With transport then he seiz'd it,  
 And to his lips he rais'd it,  
 And lovingly he squeez'd it—  
     The gallant Aikendrum.

He slippit aff his gray beard,  
 His gray beard, his gray beard—  
 He doff'd his cloak—his mask tear'd,  
     And throw't ayont the lum:  
 Then sweetly he address'd me,  
 And to his bosom press'd me:  
 'Twas Jamie that caress'd me!—  
     It was na Aikendrum!

*David Vedder.*



## Nº 201.— AIKEN DRUM.

*Lively.*

Musical score for Aiken Drum No. 201, marked *Lively.* The score is in 2/4 time and consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a *mf* dynamic. The second system includes a *f* dynamic marking. The third system concludes the piece. The music features a mix of chords and moving lines in both the treble and bass staves.

## Nº 202.— AIKEN DRUM.

(Another Set)\*

*Lively.*

Musical score for Aiken Drum No. 202, marked *Lively.* The score is in 2/4 time and consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a *mf* dynamic. The second system includes a *mf* dynamic marking. The third system concludes the piece. The music features a mix of chords and moving lines in both the treble and bass staves.

\* FIRST TIME PUBLISHED.



## No 203. — MY HEART IS BROKEN SINCE THY DEPARTURE. Gaelic.

*Slow and pathetic.*

*p* *cres.* *mf* *cres.* *tempo.* *ritard.*

## No 204. — SANDY IS MY ONLY LOVE.

Gaelic.

*Very slow.*

*p* *cres.* *rit.* *f* *p* *cres.* *mf* *p* *dim.*



## RED GLEAMS THE SUN

Tune—"My heart is broken since thy departure."

RED gleams the sun on yon hill tap,  
 The dew sits on the gowan;  
 Deep murmurs through her glens the Spey,  
 Around Kinrara rowan.  
 Where art thou, fairest, kindest lass?  
 Alas! wert thou but near me,  
 Thy gentle soul, thy melting eye,  
 Would ever, ever cheer me.

The lav'rock sings among the clouds,  
 The larks they sport so cheerie,  
 And I sit weeping by the birk—  
 O where art thou, my dearie?  
 Aft may I meet the morning dew,  
 Lang greet till I be wearie;  
 Thou canna, winna, gentle maid,  
 Thou canna be my dearie!

*Dr. Couper.*

## OH! SING FROM THY SPRAY.

Tune—"Sandy is my only love."

Oh! sing from thy spray,  
 Thy wild notes so gay,  
 Pretty warbler, pretty warbler, oh! sing from the tree;  
 Oft beneath thy rosy bower,  
 At sweet twilight hour,  
 I've met my Sandy that's far o'er the sea!  
 Oft beneath, &c

Beside yon myrtle boughs,  
 We gave our mutual vows,  
 From sorrow and sadness our hearts then were free;  
 But all pleasure now is gone,  
 While I mourn alone  
 For my dear Sandy that's far o'er the sea!  
 But all, &c



## I CANNA SMILE.

Tune—"Carronside."

I CANNA smile, I canna sing,  
 I hae nae heart for lichtsome glee,  
 I downa thole the mirth o' spring,  
 Sin' they hae taen my lad frae me.  
 I fain wad sigh and sob again,  
 'Twad maybe help to soothe my care;  
 I fain wad greet to drown my pain,  
 For, oh! my heart is beating sair.  
 When wand'ring up the flow'ry dell,  
 To meet wi' him that's far away,  
 I heard a widow'd mavis tell  
 Its sorrows in a doolfu' lay.

I could hae wept till day's decline,  
 To hear its note of wild despair—  
 Now a' that birdie's grief is mine,  
 And I can sob and greet nae mair.  
 Aince mair I'll seek our trysting tree,  
 And wander owre our haunts again;  
 Aince mair I'll climb the height sae hie,  
 And look far owre the pathless main—  
 I'll look to where the welkin dark  
 Seems resting on the azure sea;  
 Where last I saw the fading bark  
 That wafted far my love frae me.

James Murray.

From "The Book of Scottish Songs," by permission of Messrs. Blackie &amp; Son.

## THE HOME OF MY FATHERS.

Tune—"Sleep on till day."

SUBDUED by misfortunes, and bow'd down with pain,  
 I sought on the bosom of peace to recline,  
 And hied to the home of my fathers again.  
 The look that spoke gladness and welcome was gone!  
 A stranger was there with a bosom of stone,  
 And cold was his eye as I enter'd his door.

'Twas his, deaf to pity, to tenderness dead,  
 The fallen to crush, and the humble to spurn;  
 I staid not his scorn—from his mansion I fled.  
 When home shall receive me, one home yet I know—  
 The tomb of my fathers! The world is my foe,  
 And all my inheritance now is a grave!



N<sup>o</sup> 205.— CARRONSIDE.*Slow and plaintively.*

N<sup>o</sup> 206.— SLEEP ON TILL DAY.

Gaelic.

*Moderate with feeling.*



## No 207. — EPPIE MACNAB.

Gaelic.

*Slowly.*

## No 208. — TO DAUNTON' ME.

*Lively.*

\* THE SECOND PART OF THIS TUNE IS EVIDENTLY BORROWED FROM "WHEN THE KING COMES O'ER THE WATER". —



# EPPIE MACNAB.

"O SAW ye my dear, my Eppie MacNab?

O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie MacNab?"

"She's down in the yaird,

She's kissin' the Laird,

She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab."

"O come to me, Eppie MacNab! O come to me, Eppie MacNab!

Whate'er thou hast done,

Be't late or be't soon,

Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab!

What says she, my dear, my Eppie MacNab?

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie MacNab?"

"She lets thee to wit,

She has thee forgot,

And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab."

'O wae's me for Eppie MacNab! O wae's me for Eppie MacNab!

As licht as the air,

And fause as she's fair,

She's broken the heart o' her ain Jock Rab!"

*Burns.*

# TO DAUNTON ME.

THE bluid-red rose at Yule may blaw,

The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,

The frost may freeze the deepest sea;

But an auld man shall never daunton me!

To daunton me, and me sae young,

Wi' his fause heart and flatt'rin' tongue!

That is the thing you ne'er shall see;

For an auld man shall never daunton me.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,

For a' his fresh beef and his saut,

For a' his gowd and white monie,

An auld man shall never daunton me.

To daunton me, and me sae young,

Wi' his fause heart and flatt'rin' tongue,

That is the thing you ne'er shall see;

For an auld man shall never daunton me.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,

His gear may buy him glens and knowes;

But me he shall not buy nor fee,

For an auld man shall never daunton me.

To daunton me, and me sae young,

Wi' his fause heart and flatt'rin' tongue!

That is the thing you ne'er shall see;

For an auld man shall never daunton me.

*Burns.*



## MONALTRI.

Tune—"Fingal's lamentation."

THERE'S a sound on the hill,  
Not of joy but of ailing—ailing!  
Dark-hair'd women mourn—  
Beat their hands, with loud wailing—wailing!

They cry out, "Ochon, ochon!  
For the young Monaltri, the young Monaltri!  
Who went to the hill,  
But home came not he—not he!"

Without snood, without plaid,  
Katrina's gone roaming—gone roaming.  
O Katrina, my dear!  
Homeward be coming—be coming!

Och! hear, on the castle,  
Yon pretty bird, yon pretty bird singing!  
"Snoodless and plaidless,  
Her hands she's wringing—wringing!"

Translated from the Gaelic by Thomas Pattison.

## UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

CAULD blaws the wind frae north to south;  
The drift is driving sairly,  
The sheep are cowerin' in the heuch.  
O! sirs, it's winter fairly.  
Now up in the mornin's no for me,  
Up in the mornin' early;  
I'd rather gae supperless to my bed,  
Than rise in the mornin' early.

Loud roars the blast among the woods,  
The branches tirlin' barely;  
Among the chimley taps it thuds;  
The frost is nippin' sairly.  
Now up in the mornin's no for me,  
Up in the mornin' early;  
To sit a' nicht I would rather agree,  
Than rise in the mornin' early.

The sun peeps owre yon southlan' hills,  
Like ony tim'rous carlie;  
Just blinks a wee, then sinks again—  
And that we find severely.

Now up in the mornin's no for me,  
Up in the mornin' early;  
When snaw blaws in at the chimley cheek,  
Wha'd rise in the mornin' early?

Nae linties lilt on brier or bush,  
Puir things, they suffer sairly;  
In cauldrie quarters a' the night,  
A' day they feed but sparely.  
Now up in the mornin's no for me,  
Up in the mornin' early;  
Nae fate can be waur in the winter time,  
Than rise in the mornin' early.

A cosie house and canty wife,  
Aye keep a body cheerly;  
And pantry stow'd wi' meal and maut,  
They answer unco rarely.  
But up in the mornin'—na, na, na!  
Up in the mornin' early;  
The gowans maun glint on bank and brae,  
When I rise in the mornin' early.

John Hamilton.



## No 209.— FINGAL'S LAMENTATION.

Gaelic.

*Slow with much expression.*

Musical score for No 209, Fingal's Lamentation. The score is written for piano and consists of three systems. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system concludes with a piano ritardando (*p rit.*) marking.

## No 210.— UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

*Lively.*

Musical score for No 210, Up in the Morning Early. The score is written for piano and consists of three systems. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and includes crescendo (*cres.*) markings. The second system includes a forte (*f*) dynamic. The third system includes crescendo (*cres.*), mezzo-forte (*mf*), and diminuendo (*dim.*) markings.



## No 211. — THE LONE VALE.

Gaelic.

*Slowly and sweetly.*

Musical score for No 211, *THE LONE VALE*, in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system has a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system has a sforzando (*sf*) dynamic. The third system has a piano (*p*) dynamic. The tempo is marked *tempo.* and *rall.*

## No 212. — THE HAUGHS O' CROMDALE.

Gaelic.

*Slowly.*

Musical score for No 212, *THE HAUGHS O' CROMDALE*, in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system has a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system has a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system has a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic.



## HOW SWEET THIS LONE VALE.

---

How sweet this lone vale, and how sacred to feeling  
 Yon nightingale's notes in sweet melody melt;  
 Oblivion of woe o'er the mind gently stealing,  
 A pause from keen anguish a moment is felt.

The moon's yellow light o'er the still lake is sleeping,  
 Ah! near the sad spot Mary sleeps in her tomb;  
 Again the heart swells, the eye flows with weeping,  
 And the sweets of the vale are o'ershadow'd with gloom.

*Hon. Andrew Erskine.*

---

## THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

Tune—"The haughs o' Cromdale."

---

NÆ gentle dames, though e'er sae fair,  
 Shall ever be my muse's care;  
 Their titles a' are empty show;  
 Gie me my Highland lassie, O.

Oh! were yon hills and valleys mine,  
 Yon palace and yon gardens fine!  
 The world then the love should know  
 I bear my Highland lassie, O.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,  
 And I maun cross the raging sea;  
 But while my crimson currents flow,  
 I'll love my Highland lassie, O.

Although through foreign climes I range,  
 I know her heart will never change,  
 Her bosom burns with honour's glow,  
 My faithful Highland lassie, O.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,  
 For her I'll trace a distant shore,  
 That Indian wealth may lustre throw  
 Around my Highland lassie, O.

She has my heart, she has my hand,  
 By sacred truth and honour's band!  
 Till mortal stroke shall lay me low,  
 I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.

*Burns.*



# THE BRAES ABOON BONAW.

WILT thou go, my bonnie lassie,  
 Wilt thou go, my braw lassie,  
 Wilt thou go, say ay or no,  
 To the braes aboon Bonaw, lassie?  
 Though Donald has na mickle phrase,  
 Wi' Lawland speeches fine, lassie,  
 What he'll impart comes frae the heart.  
 Sae let it be frae thine, lassie.  
 Wilt thou go, &c.  
 When summer days cleed a' the braes  
 Wi' blossom'd broom sae fine, lassie,  
 At milking sheel, we'll join the reel,  
 My flocks shall a' be thine, lassie,  
 Wilt thou go, &c.

I'll hunt the roe, the hart, the doe,  
 The ptarmigan, sae shy, lassie,  
 For duck an' drake I'll beat the brake,  
 Nae want shall thee come nigh, lassie.  
 Wilt thou go, &c.  
 Wi' siller clasp I'll deck thy waist,  
 Wi' silken snood thy hair, lassie;  
 Wi' sic like gear I'll please my dear,  
 Then come awa wi' me, lassie.  
 Wilt thou go, my bonnie lassie,  
 Wilt thou go, my braw lassie,  
 Wilt thou go, say ay or no,  
 To the braes aboon Bonaw, lassie?

*W. Gilfillan.*

# BLYTHE, BLYTHE AND MERRY WAS SHE.

Tune—"Andro and his cutty gun."

BLYTHE, blythe and merry was she,  
 Blythe was she but and ben,  
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,  
 And blythe in Glenturrit glen.  
 By Auchtertyre there grows the aik,  
 On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;  
 But Phemie was a bonnier lass,  
 Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.  
 Blythe, blythe and merry was she,  
 Blythe was she but and ben,  
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,  
 And blythe in Glenturrit glen.  
 Her looks were like a flower in May,  
 Her smile was like a simmer morn;  
 She trippit by the banks of Earn,  
 As licht's a bird upon a thorn.

Blythe, blythe and merry was she,  
 Blythe was she but and ben,  
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,  
 And blythe in Glenturrit glen.  
 Her bonnie face it was as meek  
 As ony lamb upon a lea;  
 The ev'ning sun was no'er sae sweet  
 As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.  
 Blythe, blythe and merry was she,  
 Blythe was she but and ben,  
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,  
 And blythe in Glenturrit glen.  
 The Hielan' hills I've wander'd wide,  
 And o'er the Lowlands I hae been;  
 But Phemie was the blythest lass,  
 That ever trod the dewy green.

*Burns.*



## No 213.— THE BRAES ABOON BONAW.

*Lively.*

Musical score for No 213, "THE BRAES ABOON BONAW." The piece is in 2/4 time and consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a *mf* dynamic and includes a *cres.* marking. The second system features a *p* dynamic. The third system concludes with a *p* dynamic and a *D.C.* (Da Capo) instruction.

## No 214.— ANDRO AND HIS CUTTY GUN.

*Lively.*

Musical score for No 214, "ANDRO AND HIS CUTTY GUN." The piece is in 2/4 time and consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system includes *mf* and *p* dynamics. The second system includes *mf* and *p* dynamics. The third system includes *cres.*, *mf*, and *f* dynamics.



N<sup>o</sup> 215.— MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY. Gaelic.\**Slowly.*

mf

cres.

p

mf

cres.

p

N<sup>o</sup> 216.— SAE, BIDE YE YET.\*\**Lively.*

mf

dim.

mf

f

dim.

mf

p

dim. e rit.

\* THE HIGHLANDER'S FAREWELL.

\*\* BURNS WROTE HIS MUCH ADMIRER SONG "MARY MORISON," FOR THIS TUNE. —



# MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.

My Harry was a gallant gay,  
 Fu' stately strode he on the plain;  
 But now he's banish'd far away,  
 I'll never see him back again.  
 Oh, for him back again!  
 Oh, for him back again!  
 I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's lan',  
 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 aye I wish him back again.

Oh, for him back again!  
 Oh, for him back again!  
 I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's lan',  
 For Highland Harry back again.

O, were some villains hangit high,  
 And ilka body had their ain;  
 Then I might see the joyfu' sight,  
 My Highland Harry back again!  
 Oh, for him back again!  
 Oh, for him back again!  
 I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's lan',  
 For Highland Harry back again.

*BURNS.*

# SAE, BIDE YE YET.

GIN I had a wee house, an' a canty wee fire,  
 An' a bonnie wee wifie to praise and admire,  
 Wi' a bonnie wee yardie aside a wee burn,  
 Fareweel to the bodies that yaumer and mourn.  
 Sae, bide ye yet, an' bide ye yet,  
 Ye little ken what's to betide ye yet;  
 Some bonnie wee bodie may fa' to my lot,  
 An' I'll aye be canty wi' thinkin' o't.

An' O, if there should ever happen to be  
 A difference atween my wee wifie and me,  
 In good hearty humour, altho' she be tens'd,  
 I'll kiss her an' clap her until she be pleas'd.  
 Sae, bide ye yet, an' bide ye yet,  
 Ye little ken what's to betide ye yet;  
 Some bonnie wee bodie may fa' to my lot,  
 An' I'll aye be canty wi' thinkin' o't.



## GLENARA.

O HEARD ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,  
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?  
'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear;  
And her sire, and the people, are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud,  
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud,  
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;  
They march'd all in silence—they look'd on the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,  
To a heath where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar:

"Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn:  
Why speak ye no word?" said Glenara the stern.

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,  
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief;  
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem:  
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream."

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,  
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found;  
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne;  
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn.

*Campbell.*

## THERE'S PLenty COME TO WOO ME.

Tune—"How melancholy am I."

THERE'S plenty come to woo me,  
And ca' me sweet and fair;  
There's plenty say they lo'e me;  
But they never venture mair:  
They never say they'll marry,  
Though love is all their tune,  
From June to January,  
From January to June.

I canna keep frae smiling  
At their flatteries and art;  
Wi' a' their fond beguiling,  
They'll ne'er beguile my heart;  
For nought can fix a maiden  
Whose heart is warm and true,  
But vows wi' marriage laden;  
Though mony come to woo!

That a's no gowd that glitters,  
I've either heard or read;  
That marriage has its bitters  
As well as sweets, is said:  
But though it gets the blame o'  
Some things that winna tell,  
The fau't that folks complain o'  
Lies aften wi' themsel'.

The year o' life is marriage,  
And we canna wed too sune;  
When twa divide the carriage,  
The wark is cheer'ly dune.  
If one true heart wad hae me  
For better or for worse,  
Wi' him I'd gladly share aye  
The blessing and the curse.

*William Finderson,*

Author of "The Scottish Nation," "Landscape Lyrics," &c.



## No 217. — GLENARA.

Gaelic.

*Slow.*

## No 218. — HOW MELANCHOLY AM I!

Gaelic.

*Rather lively.*



## No 219.— ST. KILDA AIR.

Gaelic.

*Slow.*

## No 220.— THE BONNIEST LASS IN A' THE WORLD.

*Briskly.*



## YOUNG DONALD.

Tune—"St. Kilda air."

AN eerie nicht, a cheerless day,  
A lanely hame at gloamin' hour,  
When owre the heart come thochts o' wae,  
Like shadows on Glenfillan's tow'r:  
When owre the heart come thochts o' wae,  
Like shadows on Glenfillan's tow'r.

Is this the weird that I maun dree,  
And a' around sae glad and gay?  
Oh hon a ri! oh hon a ri!  
Young Donald frae his love's away:  
Oh hon a ri! oh hon a ri!  
Young Donald frae his love's away!

The winter snaw nae mair does fa';  
The rose blooms in our mountain bow'r;  
The wild flowers on the castle wa'  
Are glintin' in the summer show'r:  
The wild flowers on the castle wa'  
Are glintin' in the summer show'r.

But what are summer's smiles to me  
When he nae langer here can stay!  
Oh hon a ri! oh hon a ri!  
Young Donald frae his love's away:  
Oh hon a ri! oh hon a ri!  
Young Donald frae his love's away!

Rev. Dr. Allan.

From "The Book of Scottish Song," by permission of Messrs. Blackie &amp; Son.

## A LASSIE'S WONDERS.

Tune—"The bonniest lass in a' the world."

A' KIN's o' lads an' men I see,  
The youngest an' the auldest—  
The fair, the dark—the big, the wee—  
The blatest and the bauldest;  
An' mony a blythe, canty ane,  
An' mony a coxin' sly man—  
Hech sirs!—'mang a' the lads that rin,  
I won'er wha'll be my man!

I won'er whaur he is the noo—  
I won'er gin he's near me,  
An' whaur we'll meet at first, an' hoo,  
An' whan he'll come to speer me.

I won'er gin he kens the braes,  
The bonnie braes whaur I ran—  
Was't there he leev'd his laddie days?  
—I won'er wha'll be my man!

But guid sake! only hear to me,  
It's neither wise nor bonnie,  
In asking wha the lad may be—  
I'll maybe ne'er get ony!  
But if for me indeed there's ane,  
I think he's but a shy man,  
To keep me cryin' late an' sune,  
"I won'er wha'll be my man!"

Edward Polin.

From "The Book of Scottish Song," by permission of Messrs. Blackie &amp; Son.



## THE HIGHLAND CHARACTER.

Tune—"In the garb of old Gaul."

In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome,  
 From the 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.  
 Such is our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,  
 That, like our ancestors of old, we'll stand in freedom's cause:  
 We'll bravely fight, like heroes bold, for honour and applause,  
 And defy our foes, with all their arts, to alter our laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,  
 No luxurious tables enervate our race;  
 Our loud-sounding pipe breathes the true martial strain,  
 And our hearts still the old Scottish valour retain.  
 Such is our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,  
 That, like our ancestors of old, we'll stand in freedom's cause:  
 We'll bravely fight, like heroes bold, for honour and applause,  
 And defy our foes, with all their arts, to alter our laws.

*Lieut.-General Sir Harry Erskine.*

## WILL YE GANG, BONNIE LASSIE, TO SCOTLAND WI' ME?

Tune—"Kellyburn braes."

OWRE a' the sweet maidens in England I've seen,  
 I rank you the fairest, I place you the queen;  
 My love-swelling bosom yields homage to thee—  
 Will ye gang, bonnie lassie, to Scotland wi' me?

Dark, dark are your tresses—your wee mouth is meek;  
 On your chin there's a dimple, an' clear is your cheek;  
 Your form is so gracefu', your step light and free—  
 Come awa, lovely lassie, to Scotland wi' me!

We'll stay where the wild wood an' pure waters meet;  
 I'll pu' ye the red rose, an' ilka thing sweet;  
 Our talk of affection an' true love will be—  
 Will ye gang, bonnie lassie, to Scotland wi' me?

On banks where the lav'rock sits down on her nest,  
 An' daisies grow thickly, together we'll rest:  
 Oh! mine will be rapture when seated by thee—  
 Come awa, dearest lassie, to Scotland wi' me!

In dark days o' winter, when angry win's blaw,  
 Our wee house will shield us frae tempest and snaw;  
 Wi' tale, sang, an' music, the time we'll gar flee:  
 O! haste ye, sweet lassie, to Scotland wi' me.

The clasp o' thy soft hand—this sweet melting kiss—  
 The glance o' thy dark e'e, foretell me o' bliss;  
 Than monarchs or princes mair joyfu' I'll be,  
 When at hame, bonnie lassie, in Scotland wi' thee!

*Robert White.**Extracted from "Whistle-Binkie," by permission of the Publisher, Mr. David Robertson.*



Nº 221. — IN THE GARB OF OLD GAUL.  
*Marching time.*

*f*

*p*

Nº 222. — KELLYBURN BRAES.  
*lively.*

*mf*

*cres.*

*piu rit.*

*p*

*tempo.*



## No 223.— THE MAID OF SELMA.\*

*Slow.*

## No 224.— THE BORDER WIDOW'S LAMENT.

*Slow.*

\* SOME PORTIONS OF THIS PECULIAR AND MOURNFUL COMPOSITION CONSIDERABLY RESEMBLE THE PLAINTIVE STRAINS OF "ROBI DONADH GORRACH" PAGE 72.



## THE MAID OF SELMA.

In the hall I lay at night—at night,  
 Mine eyes half-clos'd with sleep—with sleep,  
 Soft music came to mine ear—soft music came to mine ear:  
 It was the Maid of Selma!  
 She rais'd the nightly—the nightly song;

Mix'd with the harp rose her voice,  
 For well she knew that my heart,  
 My heart was a stream that flow'd at pleasant sounds  
 'Twas like the mem'ry of joys that are past!  
 Pleasant and mournful to the soul!

*From Ossian's Poems.*

## THE BORDER WIDOW'S LAMENT.

MY love built me a bonnie bouir,  
 And clad it a' wi' lillie flouir;  
 A brawer bouir ye ne'er did see,  
 Than my true lover built for me.

There cam a man at mid-day hour,  
 He heard my sang and saw my bouir—  
 And he brocht arm'd men that nicht,  
 And brak my bouir and slew my knight!

I sew'd his sheet and made my maen;  
 I watch'd his corpse, myself alane;  
 I watch'd by nicht, and watch'd by day;  
 No livin' creature cam that way.

I bore his body on my back,  
 And whiles I went, and whiles I sat;  
 I digg'd a grave and laid him in,  
 And happ'd him wi' the sod sae green.

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

The man lives not, I'll love again,  
 Since that my comely knight is slain!  
 Wi' ae lock o' his yellow hair,  
 I'll bind my heart for evermair!



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

O, WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,  
 And Rob and Allan cam to pree;  
 Three blyther lads, that lee-lang nicht,  
 Ye wad na find in Christendie.  
 We are na fu', we're no that fu',  
 But just a drappie in our e'e;  
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,  
 An' aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,  
 Three merry boys I trow are we:  
 And mony a nicht we've merry been,  
 And mony mae we hope to be!  
 We are na fu', we're no that fu',  
 But just a drappie in our e'e;  
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,  
 An' aye we'll taste the barley bree.

It is the moon—I ken her horn—  
 That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;  
 She shines sae bricht to wile us hame,  
 But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!  
 We are na fu', we're no that fu',  
 But just a drappie in our e'e;  
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,  
 An' aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,  
 A cuckold, coward loon is he;  
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',  
 He is the king amang us three!  
 We are na fu', we're no that fu',  
 But just a drappie in our e'e;  
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,  
 An' aye we'll taste the barley bree.

*Burns.*

# FLY WE TO SOME DESERT ISLE.

FLY we to some desert isle,  
 There we'll pass our days together,  
 Shun the world's derisive smile,  
 Wand'ring tenants of the heather;  
 Shelter'd in some lonely glen,  
 Far remov'd from mortal ken,  
 Forget the selfish ways o' men,  
 Nor feel a wish beyond each other.

Though my friends deride me still,  
 Jamie, I'll disown thee never;  
 Let them scorn me as they will,  
 I'll be thine—and thine for ever.  
 What are a' my kin to me,  
 A' their pride o' pedigree?  
 O what were life, if wanting thee,  
 And what were death, if we maun sever?

*Lannan.*



## No 225.— O WILLIE BREWED A PECK O' MAUT.

*Moderate.*

*p* *mf* *p*  
*cres.*  
*mf* *mp* *mf*  
*cres.*

## No 226.— FLY WE TO SOME DESERT ISLE. Gaelic.

*Slow.*

*p*  
*mf* *p* *rit.*



## No 227. — THE WATER O' DEE.\*

*Moderate with expression.*

Two systems of piano accompaniment for 'THE WATER O' DEE'. The first system consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody in the treble staff features eighth and sixteenth notes. Dynamics include *p* (piano) at the start, *mf* (mezzo-forte) in the middle, and *piu cres.* (crescendo) towards the end. The second system continues the piece with similar notation and dynamics, including a *p* marking.

## No 228. — COME O'ER THE STREAM CHARLIE. Gaelic.

*Lively.*

Five systems of piano accompaniment for 'COME O'ER THE STREAM CHARLIE'. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is characterized by eighth and sixteenth notes with many accents. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte) at the beginning, *f* (forte) in the third system, and *cres.* (crescendo) and *mf* markings in the final two systems.

\* FIRST TIME PUBLISHED.



## THE WATER O' DEE.\*

A WADDIN'! a waddin'! a waddin' ye ken,  
The bride she liv'd at the bonnie Brig-en;  
The bridegroom he liv'd at the Mill o' Glenshee—  
"I wish him safe over the water o' Dee!"

O early, O early, O early she rose,  
Loud, loud and eerie the wintry wind blows;  
"A storm in the east will arise like a sea,  
I wish him safe over the water to me."

The bride and bride's maids are awa to the mill,  
And mony a look they gied over the hill;  
But sicht o' the bridegroom they never could see—  
"I wish him safe over the water o' Dee!"

O up then and spak oot a tauntin' young man,  
And said o' our braw bride, "She really hopes lang!"  
Anither ane cried, wi' a taunt and a jee,  
"I wish him safe over the water o' Dee!"

"O hand ye your tongues noo, and let me alane,  
I'm sure I hae chosen a bonnie young man;  
An' the bridegroom will never play fause to me,  
But he'll skip o'er the water through clouds o' Dee!"

But up spak her father (he spak na till then),  
"Gae hame and get ready some dinner for them;  
We may stan' and look here till the day we dee;  
He'll never come over the water to thee."

Noo they scarcely down to their dinner were set,  
Till the bonnie bridegroom play'd rap at the yett;  
The bride look'd about wi' a bonnie blythe e'e—  
"O! hoo win ye over the water o' Dee?"

"Come saddle a horse then, and get me a man,  
O saddle a horse noo, as fast as ye can;  
What we wanted the day, we'll hae it at nicht"—  
And the bride she was married by braw can'le licht!

\* First time published.

## COME OWRE THE STREAM, CHARLIE.

COME owre the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,  
Come owre the stream, Charlie, and dine wi' MacLean;  
And though you be weary, we'll make your heart cheery,  
And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.  
We'll bring down the red deer, we'll bring down the black steer,  
The lamb from the braiken, and doe from the glen;  
The salt sea we'll harry, and bring to our Charlie,  
The cream from the bothy, and curd from the pen.  
Come owre the stream, &c.

And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen-Sheerly,  
That stream in the star-light, when kings dinna ken;

And deep be your meed of the wine that is red,  
To drink to your sire and his friend the MacLean.  
Come owre the stream, &c.

If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,  
'Tis ready—a troop of our bold Highlandmen  
Shall range on the heather with bonnet and feather,  
Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and ten.  
Come owre the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,  
Come owre the stream, Charlie, and dine wi' MacLean;  
And though you be weary, we'll make your heart cheery,  
And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.

Hogg.



## THE WOODLARK.

Tune—"Where will bonnie Annie lie?"

O STAY, sweet warbling woodlark, stay,  
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,  
A hapless lover courts thy lay,  
Thy soothing, fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,  
That I may catch thy melting art:  
For surely that wad touch her heart,  
Wha kills me wi' disdainin'.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,  
And heard thee as the careless wind?  
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,  
Sic notes o' wee could wauken.

Then tells o' never-ending care;  
O' speechless grief and dark despair;  
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!  
Or my poor heart is broken!

*Burns.*

## O! MY LOVE'S BONNIE.

O! my love's bonnie, bonnie, bonnie,  
O! my love's bonnie and dear to me;  
The smile o' her face and her ee's witchin' grace,  
Are mair than the wealth o' this world can gie.

Her voice is as sweet as the blackbird at gloamin',  
When echo repeats her soft notes to the ear;  
And lovely and fresh as the wild roses bloomin',  
That dip in the stream o' the Carron sae clear.

O! my love's bonnie, &c.

But poortith's a foe to the peace o' this bosom,  
That glows sae devoutly, dear lassie, for thee;

Alas! that e'er poortith should blight love's young blossom,  
When riches nae lasting contentment can gie.

O! my love's bonnie, &c.

Yet hope's cheerfu' sun shall aboon my head hover,  
An' guide a lone wand'rer when far, far frae thee;  
For ne'er till it sets will I prove a false lover,  
Or think o' anither, dear lassie, but thee.

O! thou art bonnie, bonnie, bonnie,

O! thou art bonnie and dear to me;

The smile o' thy face and thy ee's witchin' grace,  
Are mair than the wealth o' this world can gie.



No 229.— WHERE WILL BONNIE ANNIE LIE?

*Tenderly.*

Handwritten musical score for No. 229, 'Where Will Bonnie Annie Lie?'. The piece is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major, and is marked 'Tenderly'. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system has a dynamic of *mf*. The second system has a dynamic of *p*. The third system has a dynamic of *mf*. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets and slurs.

No 230.— O MY LOVE'S BONNIE.

*Moderate with expression.*

Handwritten musical score for No. 230, 'O My Love's Bonnie.'. The piece is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major, and is marked 'Moderate with expression'. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system has a dynamic of *p*. The second system has a dynamic of *mf*. The third system has a dynamic of *p*. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets and slurs.



## No 231. — MARY OF GLENFYNE.

Gaelic.

*Gay but not too quick.*

*mf*

*cres.*

*p*

*rall.*

## No 232. — FORNETH HOUSE.\*

*Lively.*

*mf*

*cres.*

*p*

*mf*

*piu rall.*

*p*

*mf*

*piu rall.*

\* OR "THE MARQUIS OF HUNTLY'S SNUFF MILL"



# MARY OF GLENFYNE.

O MY lovely Mary,  
 Mary of Glenfyne,  
 O delightful Mary,  
 Mary thou art mine!  
 O my charming Mary,  
 Thou dost far outshine  
 All the girls that tarry  
 In this glen of thine!

Sweet in Airy's wild-wood,  
 Young affection grew,  
 Ere our simple childhood  
 Love's dominion knew—  
 Kindness then grew stronger,  
 It was greatly more  
 Than e'er felt by lover  
 In the world before!

Minstrel voices singing,  
 Ne'er were half so sweet,  
 As the wild notes ringing  
 When my love I meet!  
 Linnets with their wooing,  
 Thrushes on each spray,  
 Ring-doves, with their cooing,  
 Blythely hail the day!

O my lovely Mary,  
 Mary of Glenfyne,  
 O delightful Mary,  
 Mary thou art mine!  
 O my charming Mary,  
 Thou dost far outshine  
 All the girls that tarry  
 In this glen of thine!

*Thomas Pringle.*

# WINTER, WI' HIS CLOUDY BROW.

Tune—"Forneth House."

Now winter, wi' his cloudy brow,  
 Is far ayont yon mountains,  
 And spring beholds her azure sky  
 Reflected in the fountains.  
 Now, on the budding slaethorn bank,  
 She spreads her early blossom,  
 And wous the mirly-breasted birds  
 To nestle in her bosom.  
 But lately a' was clad wi' snaw,  
 Sae darksome, dull, and dreary;  
 Now laverocks sing, to hail the spring,  
 And nature all is cheery.

Then let us leave the town, my love,  
 And seek our country dwelling,  
 Where waving woods, and spreading flow'rs,  
 On ev'ry side are smiling.  
 We'll tread again the daisied green,  
 Where first your beauty mov'd me;  
 We'll trace again the woodland scene,  
 Where first ye own'd ye lov'd me.  
 We soon will view the roses blaw  
 In a' the charms of fancy;  
 For doubly dear these pleasures a',  
 When shar'd with thee, my Nancy.

*Anna Hall.*



## HAE YE SEEN, AT DAWN O' MORNIN'?

Tune—"Crowdy."

HAE ye seen, at dawn o' mornin',  
 When the flow'rs were bath'd wi' dew?  
 Hae ye seen the laverock springin',  
 Frae the gowans' virgin hue?  
 Sweet's the rose, mild blushing flower;  
 Sweet the lily's modest form;  
 Sweet the woodbine-mantled bower;  
 Sweet the fragrant blooming thorn.

By the storm the rose is blasted;  
 Rain sweeps the lily frae the vale;  
 The fragrance of the brier flies wasted  
 On the wings of autumn's gale.  
 Seasons ever are a-changing—  
 Buds to flowers, then flowers decay;  
 Autumn, summer's glory mourning,  
 Winter sweeps their pride away.

*Wm. Chalmers.*

## O MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

O MALLY's meek, Mally's sweet,  
 Mally's modest and discreet;  
 Mally's rare, Mally's fair,  
 Mally's ev'ry way complete.  
 As I was walking up the street,  
 A bare-fit maid I chane'd to meet;  
 But O the road was very hard  
 For that fair maiden's tender feet.

O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,  
 Mally's modest and discreet;  
 Mally's rare, Mally's fair,  
 Mally's ev'ry way complete.  
 It were mair meet that those fine feet  
 Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon;

And 'twere mair fit that she should sit  
 Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,  
 Mally's modest and discreet;  
 Mally's rare, Mally's fair,  
 Mally's ev'ry way complete.  
 Her yellow hair, beyond compare,  
 Comes trinkling down her swan-like neck;  
 And her two eyes, like stars in skies,  
 Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,  
 Mally's modest and discreet;  
 Mally's rare, Mally's fair,  
 Mally's ev'ry way complete.

*Burns.*



## Nº 233.— CROWDY.

*Moderate with feeling.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for No. 233, 'CROWDY'. The music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The second system includes a repeat sign. The third system features piano (p) and mezzo-forte (mf) dynamics. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## Nº 234.— O MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

*Lively.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for No. 234, 'O MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET'. The music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The first system starts with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The second system includes mezzo-piano (mp) and mezzo-forte (mf) dynamics. The third system features a crescendo (cres.) and mezzo-piano (mp) dynamics. The piece concludes with a double bar line.



## No 235.— BROSE AND BUTTER.

*Lively.*

Musical score for No 235, "BROSE AND BUTTER". The piece is in 3/8 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three systems of music. The first system begins with a piano (p) dynamic in the right hand and a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic in the left hand. The tempo is marked "Lively." The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with dynamics shifting to forte (f) and then mezzo-forte (mf). The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence.

## No 236.— ANY PRIVATION BUT THIS.

Gaelic.

*Slow and pathetic.*

Musical score for No 236, "ANY PRIVATION BUT THIS". The piece is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three systems of music. The tempo is marked "Slow and pathetic." The first system begins with a piano (p) dynamic in the right hand and a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic in the left hand. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with dynamics shifting to forte (f) and then mezzo-forte (mf). The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence.



## BROSE AND BUTTER.

O JOHNNIE got brose, brose,  
 Johnnie got brose and butter;  
 O Johnnie got brose, brose,  
 And a' the lave wanted their supper.  
 Noo Jenny was up in the lift,  
 And Johnnie wad fain hae been at her;  
 There cam a strong wind frae the wast,  
 Made a' the windows play clatter.

O Johnnie got brose, brose,  
 Johnnie got brose and butter;  
 O Johnnie got brose, brose,  
 And a' the lave wanted their supper.  
 In a goose there is nae guid meat,  
 And a hen is a' boss and bother;  
 In a pye there is muckle deceit—  
 There's naething like brose and butter.  
 O Johnnie, &c.

## R O S A.

Tune—"Any privation but this."

O'er hill and dale roamin',  
 At day dawn or gloamin',  
 At kirk, or at market, or dance on the green;  
 Now Rosa's beauty praisin',  
 Now sad and silent gazin',  
 Now sighin' and vowin', young Donald was seen.

She frowns at his glances,  
 Sneers met his advances,  
 She laugh'd when he spak wi' the tear in his e'e;  
 And sprung away flauntin',  
 Some idle chorus chauntin',  
 Whene'er he sigh'd "Rosa! thou'rt dear, dear to me."

The youth tir'd with doubtin',  
 And teaz'd by her floutin',  
 Grew proud, and resented her scorning ere long;  
 No more fond vows breathing—  
 For others wild flowers wreathing,  
 He mark'd not her beauty, nor thrill'd at her song.

Proud hearts will be changing;  
 Soon Rosa was ranging,  
 Pale, wesome, and weeping, and ghaist-like alane;  
 Through scenes that once delighted,  
 Though now lonely and blighted!  
 Unblest by the vows she might ne'er hear again.



# ORAN GAOIL.

O! ON the side of yon hill,  
 Dwells the maid of loveliest form;  
 Voice sweeter than the viol, than the viol sweeter far!  
 Yet O! thou hast, thou hast me deceived,  
 Yet O! thou hast, thou hast me deceived,  
 And thy deceit, thou fair one, has robb'd me of my health!

*From the Gaelic.*

# HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

How long and dreary is the night,  
 When I am frae my dearie,  
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,  
 Though I were ne'er sae weary—  
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,  
 Though I were ne'er sae weary.  
 When I think on the lightsome days  
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie,  
 And now what seas between us roar—

How can I be but eerie?  
 And now what seas between us roar—  
 How can I be but eerie?  
 How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,  
 As ye were wae and weary!  
 It was nae sae ye glinted by,  
 When I was wi' my dearie—  
 It was nae sae ye glinted by,  
 When I was wi' my dearie.

*Burns.*



## No 237. — ORAN GAOIL.

*Slow and mournfully.*

Gaelic.

## No 238. — HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT. Gaelic.

*Plaintive.*



## No 239.— THE LASS OF LIVINGSTONE.\*

*Slowly.*

Four systems of piano accompaniment for 'The Lass of Livingstone'. The music is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major (two flats). The first system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic in the right hand and a piano (*p*) dynamic in the left hand. The second system features a crescendo (*cres.*) in the right hand and a piano (*p*) dynamic in the left hand. The third system starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic in the right hand and a piano (*p*) dynamic in the left hand, ending with a forte (*f*) dynamic in the right hand. The fourth system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic in the right hand and a piano (*p*) dynamic in the left hand, ending with a piano (*p*) dynamic in the right hand.

## No 240.— THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN.\*\*

Gaelic.

*Moderately slow.*

Two systems of piano accompaniment for 'The Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn'. The music is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major (two flats). The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic in the right hand and a piano (*p*) dynamic in the left hand. The second system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic in the right hand and a piano (*p*) dynamic in the left hand, ending with a diminuendo (*dim.*) in the right hand.

\* THE ORIG. OF "BONNIE LADDIE, HIELAND LADDIE"

\*\* FIRST TIME PUBLISHED.



## THE LASS OF LIVINGSTONE.

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A BONNIER lass  
There never was,  
The sun ne'er shone the like upon;  
She's fair and sweet,  
Neat and complete,  
The bonnie lass of Livingstone.  
And in her face  
There shines sic grace,  
Her smile's sae sweet to look upon;  
Sae fair's the lass,  
Nane can surpass  
The bonnie lass of Livingstone.

When night comes near,  
And all is drear,  
My fancy roams on her alone;  
She is the light  
That cheers the night  
The bonnie lass of Livingstone.  
My ev'ry care,  
My ev'ry prayer,  
My every thought I think upon,  
'Tis, were she mine,  
This maid divine,  
The bonnie lass of Livingstone.

*James Jaap.*

## THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN.

O WERE I able to rehearse,  
My ewie's praise in proper verse,  
I'd sound it out as loud and fierce  
As ever piper's drone could blaw.

The ewie wi' the crookit horn!  
A' that kent her could hae sworn,  
Sic a ewie ne'er was born,  
Hereabouts nor far awa.

I socht her sair upon the morn,  
And doun aneath a buss o' thorn,  
I got my ewie's crookit horn,  
But my ewie was awa.

O! gin I had the loon that did it,  
I hae sworn as weel as said it,  
Though a' the world should forbid it,  
I wad gie his neck a thraw.

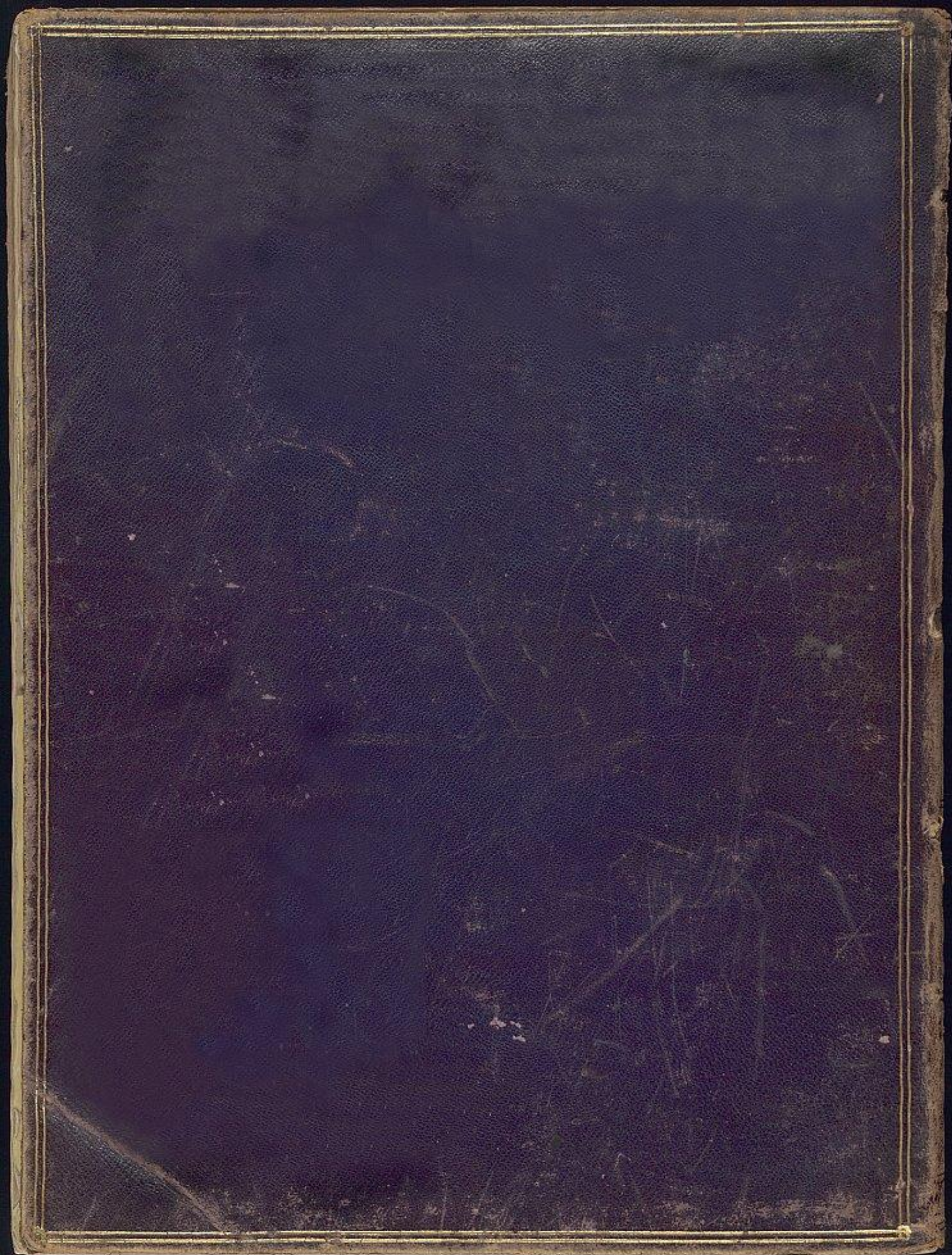
O! a' ye hards benorth Kinghorn,  
Call your muses up, and mourn,  
Our ewie wi' the crookit horn  
Is frae us stown, an' fell'd an' a'!

The ewie wi' the crookit horn!  
A' that kent her could hae sworn  
Sic a ewie ne'er was born,  
Hereabouts nor far awa.

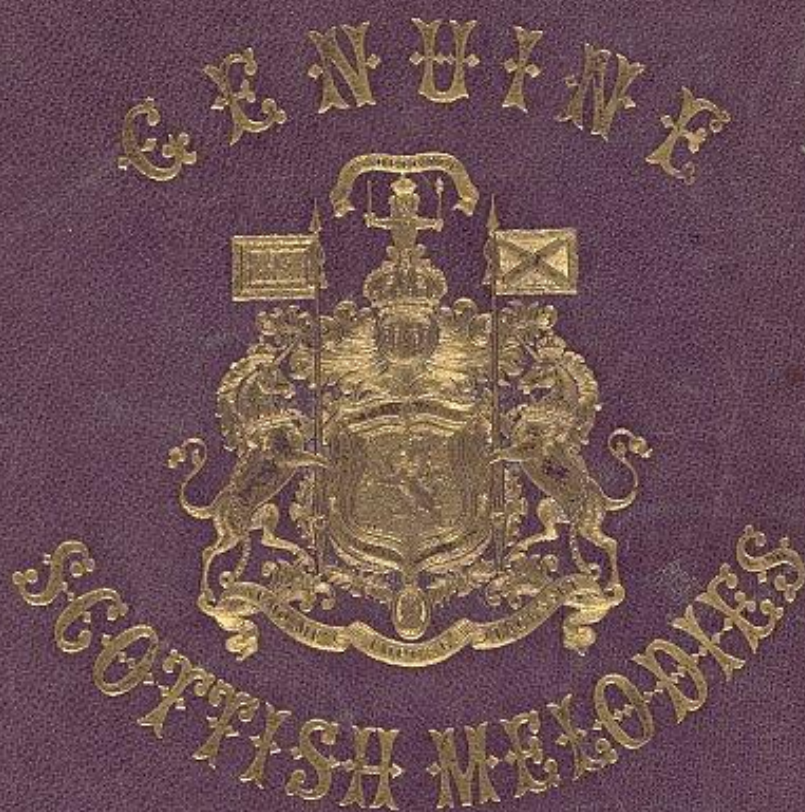
(For the whole of this celebrated ballad, see page 198.)

*Rev. John Skinner.*











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# GENUINE SCOTTISH MELODIES.

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(\*) First time Published.—(G) Gaelic Melody.—Those in *Italics* are Synonyms.

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## THE ROSEBUD.

Tune—"The auld wife ayont the fire."

A ROSEBUD by my early walk,  
Adown a corn-enclosing haw,  
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,  
All on a dewy morning.  
Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,  
In a' its crimson glory spread,  
And drooping rich the dewy head,  
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest  
A little linnet fondly prest;  
The dew sat chilly on her breast  
Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,  
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,  
Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,  
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeanie fair!  
On trembling string, or vocal air,  
Shalt sweetly pay the tender care  
That tends thy early morning.  
So thou, sweet rosebud, young and gay,  
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,  
And bless the parents' evening ray  
That watch'd thy early morning.

*Burns.*

## CONNEL AND FLORA.

DARK low'rs the night o'er the wide stormy main,  
Till mild rosy morning rise cheerful again;  
Alas! morn returns to revisit the shore,  
But Connel returns to his Flora no more.

See, on yon mountain, the dark cloud of death,  
O'er Connel's lone cottage, lies low on the heath;  
While bloody and pale, on a far distant shore,  
He lies to return to his Flora no more.

Ye fleeting spirits that glide o'er the steep,  
O would you but waft me across the wild deep!  
There fearless I'd mix in the battle's loud roar;  
I'd die with my Connel, and leave him no more.

*Alex. Wilson.*



## No 241.— THE AULD WIFE AYONT THE FIRE.

*Moderate.*

*p*

*mf*

*cres.*

*piu rit.*

## No 242.— CONNEL AND FLORA.

*Slow and expressive.**Gaelic.*

*p*

*piu cres.*

*p*

*rall.*

*mf*

*tempo.*



## No 243. — WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

*Briskly.*

Musical score for No 243, "WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?". The score is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and includes a crescendo (*cres.*) and mezzo-forte (*mf*) marking. The second system starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic and includes a crescendo (*cres.*) and mezzo-forte (*mf*) marking. The third system includes a piano diminuendo (*piu dim.*), a crescendo (*cres.*), and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) marking.

## No 244. — MY EPPIE.

(Eppie Adair).

*Moderate.*

Musical score for No 244, "MY EPPIE." by Eppie Adair. The score is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a diminuendo (*dim.*) marking. The second system starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and includes piano (*p*) and mezzo-forte (*mf*) markings. The third system includes a crescendo (*cres.*) and a diminuendo (*dim.*) marking.



# WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

THE news frae Moidart cam yestreen,  
Will soon gar mony ferlie,  
For ships o' war hae just come in,  
An' landed Royal Charlie!

Come through the heather,  
Around him gather,  
Ye're a' the welcomer early,  
Around him cling wi' a' your kin,  
For wha'll be king but Charlie?  
Come through the heather, around him gather,  
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,  
And crown him rightfu', lawfu' king,  
For wha'll be king but Charlie?

The Highland clans wi' sword in han',  
Frae John o' Grounts to Airly,

Hae to a man declared to stan',  
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.  
Come through, &c.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the lan',  
But vows baith late an' early,  
To man she'll ne'er gie heart or han',  
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.  
Come through, &c.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,  
An' be't complete and early;  
His very name my heart's bluid warms—  
To arms for Royal Charlie.  
Come through, &c.

## EPPIE ADAIR.

Tune—"My Eppie."

AND O! my Eppie,  
My jewel, my Eppie!  
Wha wadna be happy  
Wi' Eppie Adair?  
By love, and by beauty,  
By law, and by duty,  
I swear to be true to  
My Eppie Adair!  
By love, &c.

And O! my Eppie,  
My jewel, my Eppie!  
Wha wadna be happy  
Wi' Eppie Adair?  
A' pleasure exile me,  
Dishonour defile me,  
If e'er I beguile thee  
My Eppie Adair!  
A' pleasure, &c.

*Burns.*



## BONNIE LADDIE, HIELAN' LADDIE.

Will ye go to Inverness,  
 Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie?  
 There ye'll see the Hielan' dress,  
 Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie.  
 Philabeg and bonnet blue,  
 Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie;  
 For the lad that wears the trews,  
 Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie.  
 Geordie sits in Charlie's chair,  
 Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie;  
 Had I my will he'd no sit there,  
 Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie.

Ne'er reflect on sorrows past,  
 Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie;  
 Charlie will be king at last,  
 Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie.  
 And though now our sky may lower,  
 Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie;  
 It's only like an April shower,  
 Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie.  
 Time and tide come round to a',  
 Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie;  
 And upstart pride will get a fa',  
 Bonnie laddie, Hielan' laddie.

## THE BAIRNIE'S SANG.

Tune—"Dance to your daddie."

DANCE to your daddie,  
 My bonnie laddie,  
 Dance to your daddie, my bonnie lamb!  
 Ye shall get a fishie,  
 In a little dishie;  
 And ye'll get a whippie and a supple Tam!  
 Dance to your daddie,  
 My bonnie laddie,  
 Dance to your daddie, my wee bit lamb!



Nº 245. — BONNIE LADDIE, HIELAN' LADDIE\*.

*Lively.*

Nº 246. — DANCE TO YOUR DADDIE.

*Sprightly.*

\* A MODERN SET OF "THE LASS OF LIVINGSTONE" (SEE PAGE 120)



## No 247. — THE HILLS OF GLENORCHY.

Gaelic.

*Lively but not too quick.*

Musical score for No 247, "THE HILLS OF GLENORCHY." The score is in 6/8 time and consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third system concludes with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking.

## No 248. — LADDIE LIE NEAR ME.

*Slow*

Musical score for No 248, "LADDIE LIE NEAR ME." The score is in 3/4 time and consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic and a *rall.* (rallentando) marking. The third system includes a *cres.* (crescendo) marking and a piano (*p*) dynamic.



## THE HAPPY MOTHER.

Tune—"The hills of Glenorehy."

An' O, may I never live single again—  
 I wish I may never live single again;  
 I hae a guidman, an' a hame o' my ain,  
 An' O, may I never live single again.  
 I've twa bonnie bairns the fairest of a',  
 They cheer up my heart when their daddie's awa;  
 I've aye at my foot, and I've aye on my knee,  
 An' fondly they look, an' say "Mammie" to me.

At gloamin' their daddie comes in frae the plough,  
 The blink in his e'e, an' the smile on his brow,  
 Says, "How are ye, lassie, O, how are ye a',  
 An' how's the wee bodies sin' I gaed awa?"

He sings i' the e'enin' fu' cheery an' gay—  
 He tells o' the toil an' the news o' the day;  
 The twa bonnie lammies he taks on his knee,  
 An' blinks o'er the ingle fu' coothie to me.

O happy's the faither that's happy at hame,  
 An' blythe is the mither that's blythe o' the name;  
 The cares o' the world they fear na to dree—  
 The world is naething to Johnny an' me.  
 Though crosses will mingle wi' mitherly cares,  
 Awa bonnie lassies—awa wi' your fears;  
 Gin ye get a laddie that's loving an' fain,  
 Ye'll wish ye may never live single again.

*Alex. Laing.*

## 'Twas NA HER BONNIE BLUE E'E.

Tune—"Laddie lie near me."

'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin;  
 Fair though she be, that was ne'er my undoin':  
 'Twas the dear smile when naeboddy did mind us,  
 'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,  
 Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;  
 But though fell fortune should fate us to sever,  
 Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,  
 And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!  
 And thou'rt the angel that never can alter;  
 Sooner the sun in his motion shall falter.

*Burns.*



## LAST MAY A BRAW WOOR.

Tune—"The Lothian lassie."

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,  
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;  
I said "there was naething I hated like men;"  
The deuce gae wi' him to believe me, believe me,  
The deuce gae wi' him to believe me!

He spak' o' the darts o' my bonnie black een,  
And vow'd for my love he was deein';  
I said he "nicht dee when he liked for Jean;"  
The guid forgi'e me for lecin', for lecin',  
The guid forgi'e me for lecin'!

A weel-stockit mailin', himsel' for the laird,  
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers;  
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or cared,  
But thoct I nicht hae waur offers, waur offers,  
But thoct I nicht hae waur offers.

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

But a' the next week, as I fretted wi' care,  
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock;  
And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there!  
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,  
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gied him a blink,  
Lest neebors might say I was saucy;  
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,  
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,  
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I speir'd for my cousin, fu' couthie and sweet,  
"Gin she had recover'd her hearin'?"  
And how my auld shoon fitted her shauchl'd feet?"  
Guid sauf us! how he fell a-swearin', a-swearin',  
Guid sauf us! how he fell a-swearin'.

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

*Burns.*

## LIFE'S A FACHT.

Tune—"The glancing of her apron."

THAT life's a facht there is nae doubt,  
A steep and slipp'ry brae;  
And wisdom's sel', wi' a' its rules,  
Will often find it sae.  
The truest heart that e'er was made,  
May find a deadly fae;  
And broken aiths and faithless vows  
Gie lovers meikle wae.

When poortith looks wi' sour disdain,  
It frichts a body sair,  
And gars them think they ne'er will meet  
Delight or pleasure mair.  
But though the heart be e'er sae sad,  
And prest wi' joyless care,  
Hope lightly steps in at the last,  
To fley awa despair.

For love o' wealth let misers toil,  
And fret baith late and air';  
A cheerfu' heart has aye enough,  
And whiles a mite to spare:

A leal true heart's a gift frae heav'n,  
A gift that is maist rare;  
It is a treasure o' itsel',  
And lightens ilka care.

Let wealth and pride exalt themsel's,  
And boast o' what they hae;  
Compar'd wi' truth and honesty,  
They are na worth a strae.  
The honest heart keeps aye aboon,  
Whate'er the world may say,  
And laughs and turns its shafts to scorn,  
That ithers would dismay.

But there's ae thing amang the lave  
To keep the heart in tune,  
And but for that the weary spleen  
Wad plague us late and sune;  
A bonnie lass, a canty wife—  
For sic is nature's law—  
Without that charmer o' our lives,  
There's scarce a charm ava.

*Robert Allan.*



## No 249.— THE LOTHIAN LASSIE.

*Lively.*

Three systems of piano music for 'The Lothian Lassie'. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody starts with a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, and A4. The bass line consists of a single half note G3. The second system continues the melody with eighth notes B4-A4, G4-F#4, and E4, followed by a quarter note D4. The bass line has a half note G3, then a half rest, and finally a half note D3. The third system features a crescendo leading to a half note G4, followed by eighth notes F#4-E4, D4-C4, and B3. The bass line has a half note G3, then a half rest, and finally a half note D3. Dynamics include *mf*, *f*, and *p*.

## No 250.— THE GLANCING OF HER APRON.\*

*Sprightly.*

Three systems of piano music for 'The Glancing of Her Apron'. The first system is in common time (C) with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody starts with a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, and A4. The bass line consists of a single half note G3. The second system continues the melody with eighth notes B4-A4, G4-F#4, and E4, followed by a quarter note D4. The bass line has a half note G3, then a half rest, and finally a half note D3. The third system features a crescendo leading to a half note G4, followed by eighth notes F#4-E4, D4-C4, and B3. The bass line has a half note G3, then a half rest, and finally a half note D3. Dynamics include *mf*, *mp*, and *dim.*.

\* THE FIRST PART OF THIS TUNE SEEMS TO BE TAKEN FROM "LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM" (PAGE 41)



## No 251.— GILLIECRANKIE.

Gaelic.

*Moderate.*

mf

f

mf

cres.

f

## No 252.— THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

*Moderate.*

mf

f

mf

p

cres.



# O! I HAE SEEN THE WILD FLOW'RS BLAW.

Tune—"Gilliecrankie."

O! I HAE seen the wild flow'rs blaw,  
On gentle spring's returnin',  
O! I hae seen the sere leaves fa',  
And nature clad in mournin';  
But even then my heart was light,  
I knew nor care nor sorrow;  
For fancy painted a' things bright,  
And hope smil'd on the morrow.

Now wae's my heart! the flow'rs may blaw,  
The fleeting seasons vary;  
I only mark the leaves that fa'  
Around the grave o' Mary:  
The moaning winds of winter rise,  
And on the ear come swellin';  
While crisp and cold the cranreuch lies  
Upon her lonely dwellin'!

*Charles Gray.*

*Extracted from "Whistle-Binkie," by permission of the Publisher, Mr. David Robertson.*

# THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE Lawland lads think they are fine,  
But O! they're vain and idly gaudy;  
How much unlike the gracefu' mein  
And manly looks of my Highland laddie.

O my bonnie Highland laddie,  
My handsome, charming, Highland laddie;  
May heaven still guard, and love reward,  
The Lawland lass and her Highland laddie.

If I were free at will to choose,  
To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,

I'd tak young Donald without trows,  
With bonnet blue, and belted plaidie,  
O my bonnie, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,  
Than that his love prove true and steady;  
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,  
While heaven preserves my Highland laddie.

O my bonnie Highland laddie,  
My handsome, charming, Highland laddie;  
May heaven still guard, and love reward,  
The Lawland lass and her Highland laddie.

*Ramsay.*



## THERE WAS A LASS, THEY CA'D HER MEG.

Tune—"Duncan Davison."

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,  
 And she held owre the moor to spin;  
 There was a lad that follow'd her,  
 They ca'd him Duncan Davison.  
 The moor was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh;  
 Her favour Duncan couldna win;  
 For wi' the rock she wad him knock,  
 And aye she shook the temper-pin.

As owre the moor they lichtly foor,  
 A burn was clear, a glen was green,  
 Upon the banks they ca'd their shanks,  
 And aye she set the wheel between:

But Duncan swore a haly aith,  
 That Meg should be a bride the morn;  
 Then Meg took up her spinnin' graith,  
 And flang them a' atour the burn.

"We'll big a house—a wee, wee house,  
 And we will live like king and queen,  
 Sae blythe and merry we will be,  
 When ye set by the wheel at e'en.  
 A man may drink, and no be drunk;  
 A man may fecht, and no be slain;  
 A man may kiss a bonnie lass,  
 And aye be welcome back again."

*Burns.*

## MY BONNIE MARY.

Tune—"Bessie's haggie."

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

The trumpets sound, the banners fly;  
 The glitt'ring spears are rankèd ready;  
 The shouts o' war are heard afar;  
 The battle closes thick and bloody;  
 But it's not the roar of sea or shore,  
 Would mak me langer wish to tarry,  
 Nor shouts of war, that's heard afar,  
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

*Burns.*



## No 253. — DUNCAN DAVISON.

*Lively.*

## No 254. — BESSIE'S HAGGIS\*

*Rather slow with expression.*

\* THIS FINE SET OF THIS OLD TUNE IS CALLED IN SOME COLLECTIONS "THE HIGHLAND LADDIE"



## No 255.— THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

(Old set).

*Very slow.*

## No 256.— MANY ARE THE CRIES AND SHRIEKS OF WOE. Gaelic.

*Mournfully.*



## THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've heard the liltin', at our yowe-milkin',

Lasses a-liltin', before the dawn o' day;

But noo they are moanin', on ilka green loanin';

The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the mornin' nae blythe lads are seornin',

The lasses are lanely, and dowie, and wae:

Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sichin' and sabbin',

Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearin' nae youths noo are jeerin',

The handsters are lyart, and runkled and grey;

At fair or at preachin', nae wooin', nae fleechin'—

The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloamin', nae swankies are roamin',

'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;

But ilk ane sits drearie, lamentin' her dearie—

The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.

Wae to the order, sent our lads to the border!

The English, for aince, by guile wan the day;

The Flowers o' the Forest, that focht aye the foremost,

The prime o' our lan' are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair liltin' at our yowe-milkin',

Women and bairns are heartless and wae;

Sichin' and moanin' on ilka green loanin'—

The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away!

*Jane Elliot.*

## DONALD IS NO MORE!

Tune—"Many are the cries and shrieks of woe."

O'er the braes and o'er the burn

Jessie strays baith night and morn,

Watching for her love's return

From a distant—distant shore.

But, alas! she looks in vain;

He will ne'er return again:

For in battle he was slain—

Donald is no more!

Hope awhile her bosom cheers—

Soothes her doubts, allays her fears—

Still her cheek is bathed in tears—

Still her heart—her heart is sore.

Vainly does she, night and morn,

Pace the dreary braes and burn,

Watching for her love's return—

Donald is no more!



## NATIVE LAND, ADIEU!

Tune—"A St. Kilda melody."

NATIVE land, adieu!  
 Friends of youth farewell to you!  
 Think, and kindly name a stranger  
 Distant far, but ever true;—  
 Native land, adieu!  
 Friends belov'd farewell to you!

Tears may dry and hearts recover,  
 When the pain of parting's over;  
 But, believe a friend and lover,  
 Absent long, and far from view,  
 He is aye with you  
 Weeping, sighing, still adieu!

## THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

THE LAIRD o' Cockpen he's proud an' he's great,  
 His mind is taen up wi' things o' the state;  
 He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,  
 But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

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

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

He took the gray mear, and rade cannily—  
 And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee;

"Gae tell mistress Jean to come speedily ben;  
 She's wanted to speak wi' the LAIRD o' Cockpen."

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

And when she cam ben, he boued fu' low,  
 And what was his errand he sune let her know;  
 Amazed was the LAIRD when the lady said, "Na,"  
 And wi' a laigh curtsie she turn'd awa.

Dumfoun'er'd he was, but nae sigh did he gie;  
 He mounted his mear, and rade cannily;  
 And aften he thocht as he gaed through the glen,  
 "She's daft to refuse the LAIRD o' Cockpen."

*Miss Ferrier.*



## No 257. — A ST. KILDA MELODY.

Gaelic.

*Rather slow and plaintive.*

mf p mf p mf rit.

## No 258. — THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN. (When she cam ben she bobbit).

*Lively.*

mf p rit. tempo. dim.



## No 259. — LANDLADY COUNT THE LAWIN.

*Moderate with expression.*

## No 260. — RORY DALL'S PORT.\*

Gaelic.

*With tender expression.*

\* BURNS DIRECTED HIS CELEBRATED SONG "THE PARTING" ("AE FOND KISS AND THEN WE SEVER") TO BE SET TO THIS TUNE IN JOHNSON'S MUSEUM; BUT IT IS NOW USUALLY SUNG TO THE BEAUTIFUL AIR No 443 PAGE 244 (N.B. PORT, SIG-NIFIES A PLAINTIVE MELODY)



## O WERT THOU, LOVE, BUT NEAR ME.

Tune—"Landlady count the lawin'."

O WERT thou, love, but near me,  
 But near me, but near me;  
 How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,  
     And mingle sighs with mine.  
 Forlorn, my love, no comfort near,  
 Far, far from thee, I wander here;  
 Far, far from thee, the fate severe  
     At which I most repine, love.  
     O wert thou, &c.

Around me scowls a wintry sky,  
 That blasts each bud of hope and joy;  
 And shelter, shade, nor home have I,  
     Save in those arms of thine, love.  
     O wert thou, &c.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,  
 To poison fortune's ruthless dart—  
 Let me not break thy faithful heart,  
     And say that fate is mine, love.  
     O wert thou, &c.

But dreary though the moments fleet,  
 O let me think we yet shall meet!  
 That only ray of solace sweet  
     Can on thy Chloris shine, love.  
 O wert thou, love, but near me,  
 But near me, but near me;  
 How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,  
     And mingle sighs with mine.

*Burns.*

## TELL ME, DEAR!

Tune—"Rory Dall's port."

"TELL me, dear! in mercy speak,  
     Has heaven heard my pray'r, lassie?  
 Faint the rose is on thy cheek,  
     But still the rose is there, lassie!  
 Now, away, each dark foreboding—  
 Heavy days with anguish clouding,  
 Youthful love in sorrow shrouding,  
     Heav'n could ne'er allow, lassie!"

"Willie! lay thy cheek to mine—  
     And kiss me, oh, my ain laddie!  
 Never mair may lip o' thine  
     Press where it hath lain, laddie!"

Hark! I hear the angels calling,  
 Heav'nly strains are round me falling,  
 But the stroke—thy soul appalling—  
     'Tis my only pain, laddie.

Lay thine arm beneath my head—  
     Oh! grieve na sae for me, laddie;  
 I'll thole the doom that lays me dead,  
     But no a tear frae thee, laddie!  
 Aft where yon dark tree is spreading,  
 When the sun's last beam is shedding,  
 Where no earthly foot is treading,  
     By my grave thou'lt be, laddie!"

*Thomas C. Latto.*



## A HIGHLAND LAD MY LOVE WAS BORN.

Tune—"The white cockade."

A HIGHLAND lad my love was born,  
 The Lawland laws he held in scorn;  
 But he still was faithful to his clan,  
 My gallant, braw John Highlandman!  
     Sing, hey, my braw John Highlandman!  
     Sing, ho, my braw John Highlandman!  
     There's no a lad in a' the lan',  
     Was match for my John Highlandman!

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

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

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

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

And now, a widow, I must mourn  
 Departed joys that ne'er return;  
 No comfort but a hearty can,  
 When I think on John Highlandman.  
     Sing, hey, my braw John Highlandman!  
     Sing, ho, my braw John Highlandman!  
     There's no a lad in a' the lan',  
     Was match for my John Highlandman!

*Burns.*

## OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

Tune—"Lochiel's awa to France."

OH, wert thou in the cauld blast,  
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea,  
 My plaidie to the angry airt,  
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:  
 Or did misfortune's bitter storms  
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,  
 Thy bield should be my bosom,  
 To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,  
 Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,  
 The desert were a paradise,  
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there.  
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,  
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign;  
 The brightest jewel in my crown,  
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

*Burns.*



Nº 261. - THE WHITE COCKADE. (A highland lad my love was born).

*Lively*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for 'The White Cockade'. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The music is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The second system includes a *cres.* (crescendo) marking in the bass line and an *mf* marking in the treble line. The third system also features a *cres.* marking in the bass line. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Nº 262. - LOCHIEL'S AWA TO FRANCE.\*

Gaelic.

*With tender expression.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for 'Lochiel's Awa to France'. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The music is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The second system includes an *mf* marking in the bass line and a *cres.* (crescendo) marking in the treble line. The third system features a *p* (piano) marking in the bass line. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

\* BURNS'S ADMIR'D SONG "O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST" IS NOW GENERALLY SUNG TO THIS FINE TUNE (AN ADAPTATION OF A VERY PRETTY HIGHLAND STRATHSPEY CALLED "LOCHIEL'S RANT") THE CELEBRATED MENDELSSOHN ALSO COMPOSED A TWO-PART SONG FOR THE SAME WORDS.



N<sup>o</sup> 263. — BANNOCKS O' BARLEY MEAL.

(Argyle is my name).

*Lively.*

mf p mf

mf

p f

N<sup>o</sup> 264. — LORD NITHSDALE.*Slowly with expression.*

p

piu forte. p

p

p rall.



## ARGYLE IS MY NAME.

Tune—"Bannocks o' barley meal."

ARGYLE is my name, and you may think it strange,  
To live at a court, yet never to change;  
A' falsehood and flattery I do disdain,  
In my secret thoughts nae guile does remain.  
My king and my country's foes I have fac'd,  
In city or battle I ne'er was disgrac'd;  
I do everything for my country's weal,  
And feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

I'll quickly lay down both my sword and my gun,  
And put my blue bonnet and my plaidie on;  
My silk tartan hose, and my leather-heel'd shoon,  
And then I will look like a sprightly loon.

And when I'm sae dress'd frae tap to tae,  
To meet my dear Maggie I vow I will gae,  
Wi' target, and hanger hung down to my heel;  
And I'll feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

I'll buy a rich garment to gie to my dear,  
A ribbon o' green for Maggie to wear;  
And mony thing brawer than that I declare,  
Gin she will gung wi' me to Paisley fair.  
And when we are married, I'll keep her a cow,  
And Maggie will milk when I gae to plow;  
We'll live a' the winter on beef and langkail,  
And feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

*Attributed to John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, 1748.*

## LORD NITHSDALE.

O SPEED, Lord Nithsdale, speed ye fast,  
Sin' ye maun frae your countrie flee;  
Nae mercy mot fa' to your share;  
Nae pity is for thine an' thee.  
Thy lady sits in lanely bouir,  
And fast the tear fa's frae her e'e;  
And aye she sighs, "O blaw ye winds,  
And bear Lord Nithsdale far frae me!"  
Her heart, sae wae, was like to break,  
While kneelin' by the taper bright;  
But ae red drap cam to her cheek,  
As shone the mornin's rosy licht.

Lord Nithsdale's bark she mot na see,  
Winds sped it swiftly owre the main:  
"O! ill betide," quoth that fair dame,  
"Wha sic a comely knight hath slain."

Lord Nithsdale lo'ed wi' mickle love;  
But he thoct on his countrie's wrang;  
And he was deemed a traitor syne,  
And fore'd, frae a' he lov'd, to gang.  
"Oh! I will gae to my lov'd lord,  
He may not smile, I trow, but me"—  
But hame, and ha', and bonnie bouirs,  
Nae mair will glad Lord Nithsdale's e'e!

*Robert Allan.*



## THE LASSES A' LEUGH.

Tune—"Kiss'd yestreen."

THE lasses a' leugh, and the carlin flate,  
 But Maggie was sittin' fu' oorrie and blate;  
 The auld silly gawkie, she couldna contain,  
 How brawly she was kiss'd yestreen:  
     Kiss'd yestreen, kiss'd yestreen,  
 How brawly she was kiss'd yestreen;  
 She blether'd it roun' to her fae an' her freen,  
     How brawly she was kiss'd yestreen.

She loos'd the white napkin frae 'bout her dun neck,  
 An' cried, "The big sorrow tak lang Geordie Fleck!  
 D'ye see what a scart I gat frae a preen,  
 By his touslin' an' kissin' at me yestreen:

At me yestreen, at me yestreen,  
 By his touslin' an' kissin' at me yestreen;  
 I canna conceive what the fallow could mean,  
     By his kissin' sae meikle at me yestreen."

Then she pu'd up her sleeve and shaw'd a blae mark,  
 Quo' she, "I gat that frae young Davy our clark,  
 But the creature had surely forgat himsel' clean,  
 When he nipt me sae hard for a kiss yestreen:  
     For a kiss yestreen, for a kiss yestreen,  
 When he nipt me sae hard for a kiss yestreen;  
 I wonder what keepit my nails frae his een,  
     When he nipt me sae hard for a kiss yestreen."

*Alex. Rodger.*

## MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

O MEIKLE thinks my love o' my beauty,  
 And meikle thinks my love o' my kin;  
 But little thinks my love I ken brawly,  
 My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.  
 It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;  
 It's a' for the hinny he'll cherish the bee;  
 My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,  
 He canna hae love to spare for me.

Your proffer o' love's an arle penny,  
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;  
 But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin',  
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.  
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,  
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,  
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,  
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

*Burns.*



## No 265.— KISS'D YESTREEN.

*Lively.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for 'KISS'D YESTREEN'. The music is in 6/8 time, key of D major. The first system starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic and a crescendo (*cres.*) marking. The third system also features a piano (*p*) dynamic and a crescendo (*cres.*) marking.

## No 266.— MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

*Lively.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for 'MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL'. The music is in 6/8 time, key of D major. The first system starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system includes a crescendo (*cres.*), a diminuendo (*dim.*), and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system also features a piano (*p*) dynamic and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic.

\* THE ORIGIN OF THIS LIVELY AIR IS NO DOUBT THE FINE TUNE "THE MUCKIN' O' GEORDIE'S BYRE" (SEE PAGE 74)



## No 267.— THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.\*

(Old Ballad)

*Mournfully.*

## No 268.— MY WIFE'S A WANTON WEE THING.

*Lively.*

\* THIS VERY FINE BALLAD TUNE IS ALSO KNOWN BY THE NAME OF "CHEVY CHASE" AND IT SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN A GREAT FAVORITE IN SCOTLAND FOR A LONG PERIOD. IT IS TO BE MET WITH IN MOST SCOTCH COLLECTIONS.— AN IMPERFECT SET OF THE TUNE ACCOMPANIES THE BALLAD IN SCOTT'S "MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER," AND IT IS LIKEWISE INCLUDED IN RIMBAULT'S "COLLECTION OF OLD BALLAD TUNES;" IT ALSO APPEARS IN "ALBYN'S ANTHOLOGY" UNDER THE TITLE, "WILL YE BE KIND INDEED?"

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE (EXECUTED 1650) WROTE WORDS FOR THE TUNE, COMMENCING "MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE, I PRAY" MT CHAPPELL IN HIS POPULAR MUSIC OF THE OLDEN TIME (P.P.378.379) UNSUCCESSFULLY ATTEMPTS TO PROVE THIS TO BE AN ENGLISH AIR.



## THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.\*

It fell about the Lammas tide,  
When muir-men win their hay,  
The doughty Earl of Douglas rode  
To England for a prey:  
He chose the Gordons and the Graemes,  
The Lindsays light and gay;  
But the Jardines wad not with him ride,  
And they rue it to this day.

\* The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn;  
'Tis pleasant there to be;  
But there is nocht at Otterbourne  
To feed my men and me:  
The deer rins wild on hill and dale,  
Birds flee from tree to tree;  
But there is neither bread nor kail  
To fend my men and me.

Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,  
Where you shall welcome be;  
If ye come not at three days' end,  
A fause lord I'll ca' thee.—  
"Thither I'll come," proude Percy said,  
"By the might of Our Lady!"—  
"There will I bide thee," said Douglas,  
"My troth I plicht to thee."

They lichted high on Otterbourne  
Upon the bent sae brown;  
They lichted high on Otterbourne,  
And threw their pallions down.  
And he that had a bonnie boy,  
Sent out his horse to grass;

He that had not a bonnie boy,  
His ain servant he was.

But up then spak a little page,  
Before the peep o' dawn—  
"O wauken, wauken, my guid lord,  
For Percy's hard at han!"  
"Ye lee, ye lee, ye leear leard!  
Sae loud I hear ye lee:  
For Percy had not men yestreen  
To dight my men and me.

But I have dream'd a dreary dream,  
Beyond the Isle of Skye,  
I saw a dead man win a fecht,  
And I think that man was I."  
He belted on his guid braid sword,  
And to the field he ran;  
But he forgot the helmet strong,  
That should have kept his brain.

When Percy wi' the Douglas met  
I wat he was fu' fain!  
They swak'd their swords, till sair they swat,  
And the bluid ran down like rain.  
But Percy wi' his guid bricht sword,  
That could sae sharply wound,  
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,  
Till he fell to the ground.

Then he call'd on his little page,  
And said, "Run speedilie,  
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,  
Sir Hugh Montgomery."

"My nephew guid," the Douglas said,  
"What reckes the death of aye?  
Last night I dream'd a dreary dream,  
But I ken the day's thy ain.

My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;  
Tak the vanguard o' the three,  
And hide me by the bracken bush,  
That grows on yonder lea.  
O bury me by the bracken bush,  
Beneath the blooming breer;  
Let never living mortal ken  
That a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord,  
Wi' the sant tear in his e'e;  
He hid him in the bracken bush,  
That his ain men might not see.  
The moon was clear, the day drew near,  
The spears in flinders flew;  
And mony a gallant Englishman  
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

\* Now yield, Percy!" Montgoin'ry cried,  
"Or else I'll lay thee low!"  
"Whom shall I yield to," said Percy,  
"Since I see it must be so!"  
"Thou shalt not yield to lord nor laun,  
Nor shalt thou yield to me;  
But yield thee to the bracken bush  
That grows on yonder lea!"

\* Fought 15th August, 1388.

Lord Percy afterwards built Pencon Castle, Ayrshire, for his ransom to Montgomery.  
In this ancient fragment the hand of a master is exhibited by the characteristic touches of contrast between the proud Hotspur with his ready oath, and the haughty Douglas who plighted "his troth" to "bide" the attack; and who, when his dying moment came, recalls his ever dear nationality. The purity and the musical softness of language of these ancient anonymous ballads seem worthy of special study.—Vide pages 28, 33, 140, 147, 174, 196, 202, 208, &c.

## SHE IS A WINSOME WEE THING.

Tune—"My wife's a wanton wee thing."

SHE is a winsome wee thing,  
She is a winsome wee thing,  
She is a bonnie wee thing,  
This sweet wee wife o' mine!

I never saw a fairer,  
I never lo'ed a dearer;  
And neist my heart I'll wear her,  
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,  
She is a handsome wee thing,  
She is a bonnie wee thing,  
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack we share o't,  
The warsel and the care o't;  
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,  
And think my lot divine.

Burns.



## MARY MORISON.

Tune—"Bide ye yet."\*

O, MARY, at thy window be,  
 It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!  
 Those smiles and glances let me see  
 That make the miser's treasure poor!  
 How blythely wad I bide the stoure,  
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,  
 Could I the rich reward secure,  
 The lovely Mary Morison.  
 Yestreen, when, to the stented string,  
 The dance gaed through the lichtit ha',  
 To thee my fancy took its wing—  
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw.

Though this was fair, and that was braw,  
 And yon the toast o' a' the toun,  
 I sigh'd, and said among them a',  
 "Ye are na Mary Morison."

O, Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,  
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?  
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,  
 Whase only faut is loving thee?  
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,  
 At least be pity to me shown;  
 A thoctt ungentle canna be  
 The thoctt o' Mary Morison.

*Burns.*

\* It was for this tune that the above song was written.

## SONG OF SELMA.

ULLIN, Carril, and Ryno, voices of the days of old!  
 Let me hear you while yet it is dark,  
 To please and awake my soul.  
 I hear you not ye sons of song;  
 In what hall of the clouds is your rest?  
 Do you touch the shadowy harp, rob'd with morning mist,  
 When the rising sun comes forth  
 From his green-headed waves? from his green-headed waves?

*Ossian.*



N<sup>o</sup> 269. — MARY MORISON.\**Slowly and tenderly.*

*p* *p* *piu dim.*

*cres.* *p* *cres.*

N<sup>o</sup> 270. — SONG OF SELMA.

Gaelic.

*Plaintive.*

*p* *p* *mf*

*p* *cres.* *p* *cres.*

*p* *dim.* *mf*

*p* *mf* *f* *pp*

\* SEE PAGE 108.



## No 271.-THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

(Old set)

*Moderate.*

Musical score for No 271, "THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND." (Old set). The tempo is marked *Moderate.* The score is written for piano in C major, common time (C). It consists of three systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and ends with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system begins with a crescendo (*cres.*) marking.

## No 272.- CHARLIE YET.

*Merrily.*

Musical score for No 272, "CHARLIE YET." The tempo is marked *Merrily.* The score is written for piano in D major, 6/8 time. It consists of three systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and ends with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and ends with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic, followed by a *piu dim.* (more diminuendo) marking.



# O WHERE, AND O WHERE, DOES YOUR HIGHLAND LADDIE DWELL?

Tune—"The blue-bells of Scotland" (Old Set).

---

"O WHERE, and O where, does your Highland laddie dwell?  
 O where, and O where, does your Highland laddie dwell?"  
 "He dwells in bonnie Scotland, where the blue-bells sweetly smell,  
 And oh, in my heart I love my laddie well."

"O what, lassie, what does your Highland laddie wear?  
 O what, lassie, what does your Highland laddie wear?"  
 "A scarlet coat and bannet blue, with bonnie yellow hair;  
 And nane in the world can wi' my love compare."

"O what will you claim for your constancy to him?  
 O what will you claim for your constancy to him?"  
 "I'll claim a priest to marry us, a clerk to say, 'Amen':  
 And I'll ne'er part again from my bonnie Highlandman."

---

## CHARLIE YET.

---

A BONNIE boat cam owre the sea,  
 It brought meikle joy to my kimmer and me;  
 An' wha has it brought?—I wat ye ken—  
 It brought the king, an' the wale o' men.  
 CHORUS.—O it's Charlie yet, an' it's Charlie yet,  
 We'll hae mony braw days wi' our Charlie yet.

O he was lang o' comin' hame,  
 But weel we ken wha was to blame;  
 But sin' that he's come we'll dance and sing,  
 And drink a health to our richtfu' king.  
 CHORUS.—O it's Charlie yet, an' it's Charlie yet,  
 We'll hae mony braw days wi' our Charlie yet.

*Baroness Nairne.*



## COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

Tune—"Johnnie Macgill."

"COME under my plaidie; the nicht's gaun to fa';  
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw:  
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me;  
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.  
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me;  
I'll hap ye frae ev'ry cauld blast that can blaw:  
Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me;  
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa."

"Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! auld Donald, gae 'wa;  
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw!  
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie! I'll no sit beside ye;  
Ye nicht be my gutchet! auld Donald, gae 'wa.  
I'm gaun to meet Johnnie—he's young and he's bonnie;  
He's been at Meg's bridal, fu' trig and fu' braw!  
Nane dances sae lichtly, sae gracefu', or tichtly,  
His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw!"

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

"My faither aye tauld me, my mither and a',  
Ye'd mak a guid husband, and keep me aye braw;  
It's true, I lo'e Johnnie; he's young and he's bonnie;  
But, wae's me! I ken he has naething ava!  
I hae little tocher; ye've made a guid offer;  
I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but sma'!  
Sae gie me your plaidie; I'll creep in beside ye;  
I thocht ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa."

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',  
Whaur Johnnie was list'nin', and heard her tell a':  
The day was appointed!—his proud heart it dunted,  
And struck 'gainst his side, as if burstin' in twa.  
He wander'd hame wearie, the nicht it was drearie,  
And, thowless, he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw:  
The houlet was screaming, while Johnnie cried, "Women  
Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw."

O, the deil's in the lasses! they gang now sae braw,  
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;  
The haill o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage;  
Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw.  
Auld dotards, be wary! tak tent wha you marry;  
Young wives, wi' their coaches, they'll whip and they'll ca',  
Till they meet wi' some Johnnie that's youthfu' and bonnie,  
And they'll gie ye horns on ilk haffit to claw!

*Macneil*

## TAK TENT O' YOUR HEART, YOUNG MAN!

Tune—"Loons ye maun gae hame."

ISE redd ye tak tent o' your heart, young man,  
ISE redd ye tak tent o' your heart, young man:  
There's a hizzy I ken,  
Wha wons down in the glen,  
To wheedle't awa has the airt, young man—  
Tak tent o' your heart, young man!

An' O! she is pawky and slee, young man,  
An' O! she is pawky and slee, young man;  
For sae sweet is her smile,

That a saint she'd beguile,  
Sae witchin's the blink o' her e'e, young man—  
Tak tent o' your heart, young man!  
She's packit wi' mischief and fun, young man,  
She's packit wi' mischief and fun, young man;  
Gin ye dinna beware,  
An' tak unco guid care,  
She'll wile you as sure as a gun, young man—  
Tak tent o' your heart, young man!

*Alex. Fisher.*

Extracted from "Whistle-Binkie," by permission of the publisher, Mr. David Robertson.



## No 273. — JOHNNIE MACGILL.

(Come under my plaidie)

*Lively.*

*mf*

*cres.*

*f*

*cres.*

## No 274. — LOONS YE MAUN GAE HAME.

*Lively.*

*mf*

*p*



N<sup>o</sup> 275. — WHAT'S A' THE STEER KIMMER?*Lively.*

Two systems of piano accompaniment for No. 275. The first system is marked *mf* and the second system is marked *mp*, *mf*, and *cres.*. Both systems are in 2/4 time and feature a treble and bass staff.

N<sup>o</sup> 276. — KINDNESS FOR EVER MAIR.

Gaelic.

*Moderate.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for No. 276. The first system is marked *mf* and the second and third systems are marked *p*. All systems are in 2/4 time and feature a treble and bass staff.



# WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER?

"WHAT'S A' the steer, kimmer?

What's a' the steer?"

"Charlie he is landed,

An', haith, he'll soon be here.

The win' was at his back, carle,

The win' was at his back;

I carena, sin' he's come, carle,

We were na worth a plack."

"I'm richt glad to hear't, kimmer,

Richt glad to hear't;

I've a guid braid claymore,

And for his sake I'll wear't.

Sin' Charlie he is landed,

We hae nae mair to fear;

Sin' Charlie he is come, kimmer,

We'll hae a jub'lee year."

## 'T WAS NOT THE SONG, 'T WAS NOT THE DANCE.

Tune—"Kindness for evermair."

'T WAS not the song, 'twas not the dance,

That charm'd me in the pictur'd hall;

But 'twas the light of her whose glance

Awaken'd joy and love in all.

O! she was lovely as the spring,

When sun and song make glad the sky—

Fair as the young rose blossoming,

When summer's fresh'ning breath is nigh.

And like the first far streak of light,

That tells to morn of coming day,

So beam'd her eye, serenely bright,

A pure and holy, heav'nly ray!

And every word that trembling fell,

In softest music, from her tongue,

Appear'd as if, where angels dwell,

A minstrel angel raptur'd sung!

As dew of spring to flower of morn,

Or summer shower to leafy tree,

Or hope's bright ray to heart forlorn,

So her bright presence gladden'd me.

The music's fled, the dance is o'er,

The song has melted into air—

But round my heart, and in its core,

The fair one dwells that charm'd me there!

*R. Chaffin.*



## WHAT WILL I DO GIN MY HOGGIE DEEP

---

WHAT will I do gin my Hoggie dee?

My joy, my pride, my Hoggie!  
 My only beast, I had nae mae,  
 And vow but I was voggie!

The lee-lang nicht we watch'd the fauld,  
 Me and my faithfu' doggie;  
 We heard nocht but the roarin' linn,  
 Among the braes sae scroggie:

But the houlet cried frae the castle wa',  
 The blitter frae the boggie,  
 The tod replied upon the hill—  
 I trembled for my Hoggie.

When day did daw, and cocks did crow,  
 The mornin' it was foggie;  
 An unco tyke lap owre the dyke,  
 And maist has killed my Hoggie!

*Burns.*

## THE GOWDEN RING.

Tune—"He's dear to me tho' he's far frae me."

---

O WHAUR's the gowden ring?  
 An' whaur's the necklace rare?  
 An' whaur's the pretty velvet string,  
 To tie my raven hair, jo?  
 An' whaur the gloves, the gaudy gloves—  
 The silken gown sae fine?  
 An' whaur the bonnie flow'rs o' love,  
 Ye said wad a' be mine, jo?

When last we met, O think  
 On vows ye made to me!  
 Reca' the burnie's flow'ry brink,  
 Reca' the birken tree, jo!  
 Ye ken ye vow'd—I heard ye plead,  
 An' couldna say ye na—  
 O Jamie, hand my heavy head,  
 It's like to rend in twa, jo.

The ring, or necklace braw,  
 Nae mair to name I'll daur;  
 But whaur's the heart ye wiled awa?—  
 O Jamie, tell me whaur, jo!  
 I'll hie me to the burnie side,  
 An' aye I'll seek it there;  
 I'll be the burnie's dowie bride,  
 An' never fash ye mair, jo.

I'll tell the burn my waes,  
 I'll tell the birken tree,  
 I'll kneel me on the gow'ny braes,  
 An' aye I'll pray for thee, jo:  
 An' to the bonnie moon I'll sing,  
 Beneath the birken tree,  
 An' I'll forget the gowden ring  
 Ye fausely promis'd me, jo!

*P. Still.*

Extracted from "Whistle-Binkie," by permission of the publisher, Mr. David Robertson.



## No 277.- WHAT WILL I DO GIN MY HOGGIE DEE?

*Moderate.*

Handwritten musical score for No 277, 'WHAT WILL I DO GIN MY HOGGIE DEE?'. The score is in C major, 2/4 time, and consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a *mf* dynamic. The second system continues the melody. The third system includes a *mf* dynamic in the first measure and a *f* dynamic in the last measure. The fourth system concludes the piece. The notation features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing triplets or beamed notes.

## No 278.- HE'S DEAR TO ME THO' HE'S FAR FRAE ME. Gaelic.

*Slow with expression.*

Handwritten musical score for No 278, 'HE'S DEAR TO ME THO' HE'S FAR FRAE ME. Gaelic.'. The score is in D minor, 2/4 time, and consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a *p* dynamic. The second system continues the melody. The notation features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing triplets or beamed notes. The piece concludes with a final chord.



N<sup>o</sup> 279.— THE MILLER.*Lively.*

musical score for No. 279, "THE MILLER". The tempo is marked *Lively.* The score is in 2/4 time and B-flat major. It consists of three systems of piano and organ accompaniment. The piano part is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte) throughout. The organ part features various textures, including chords and moving lines. The first system has a repeat sign. The second system has a repeat sign. The third system has a repeat sign.

N<sup>o</sup> 280.— GIL MORICE.

(Old Ballad.)

*Slow.*

musical score for No. 280, "GIL MORICE". The tempo is marked *Slow.* The score is in 3/4 time and B-flat major. It consists of three systems of piano and organ accompaniment. The piano part is marked *p* (piano) throughout. The organ part features various textures, including chords and moving lines. The first system has a repeat sign. The second system has a repeat sign. The third system has a repeat sign.



## THE MILLER.

O MERRY may the maid be,  
That marries wi' the miller;  
For foul day and fair day,  
He's aye bringing till her;  
Has aye a penny in his purse  
For dinner and for supper;  
And gin she please, a guid fat cheese,  
And lumps of yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,  
I speir'd what was his calling;  
"Fair maid," says he, "O come and see,  
Ye're welcome to my dwelling:"  
Though I was shy, yet I could spy  
The truth of what he told me,  
And that his house was warm and couth,  
And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal,  
And in the kist was plenty  
Of guid hard cakes his mither bakes,  
And bannocks were na scanty:  
A guid fat sow, a sleeky cow  
Was standin' in the byre, O;  
Whilst lazy pouss wi' mealy mou'  
Was playin' at the fire, O.

"Guid signs are these," my mither says,  
And bids me tak the miller;  
For foul day and fair day,  
He's aye bringing till her:  
For meal and maist she does na want,  
Nor ony thing that's dainty;  
And noo and then a kecklin' hen  
To lay her eggs in plenty.

*Sir John Clerk, Bart.*

## GIL MORICE.

GIL MORICE was an erle's son,  
His name it wasd wide;  
It was na for his great riches,  
Nor yet his meikle pride,  
But it was for a lady gay  
That liv'd on Carron side.

"Whaur sall I get a bonnie boy  
That will win hose and sheene:  
That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha'  
And bid his lady come!"

And ye maun rin my errand, Willie,  
And ye maun rin wi' speed;  
When ither boys gang on their feet  
Ye sall hae prancin' steed."

"Oh no! oh no! my maister dear!  
I daur na for my life;  
I'll no gae to the bauld baron's  
For to tryst furth his wife."

"My burd Willie, my boy Willie,  
My dear Willie," he sayd,  
"How can ye strive against the stream?  
For I sall be obey'd."

And whan he cam to Barnard's yett,  
Would neither chap nor ca';  
But set his bent bow to his breast,  
And lightly lap the wa'.

He wadna tell the man his errand,  
Though he stood at the yett;  
But straight unto the ba' he cam,  
Whaur they were set at meat.

"Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame!  
My message winna wait;  
Dams, ye maun to the guid green wood,  
Before that it be late.

Ye're bidden tak this gay mantel,  
'Tis a' gowd but the hem;

Ye maun gae to the guid green wood,  
E'en by yoursel' alane.

And there it is, a silken sark,  
Your ain han' sew'd the sleeve;  
Ye maun gae speak to Gil Morice—  
Speir nae hault baron's leave."

The lady stamp'd wi' her fit,  
And wink'd wi' her e'e;  
But a' that she could say or do,  
Forbidden he wadna be.

Then up and spak the bauld baron,  
An angry man was he;  
He's taen the table wi' his fit,  
Sae has he wi' his knee—  
Till crystal cup and ear dish,  
In slanders he gart fleo.

"Gae bring a robe o' your cleeding,  
That hings upon the pin;  
And I'll gae to the guid green wood,  
And speak wi' your lemane."

"O bide at hame, noo Lord Barnard,  
I redd ye bide at hame;  
Ne'er wyte a man for violence,  
That ne'er wyte ye wi' mane."

Gil Morice sat in guid green wood,  
He whistled and he sang;  
"O what means a' the folk comin'?  
My mother tarries lang."

The baron to the green wood cam  
Wi' meikle dule and care,  
And there he spied Gil Morice  
Kaimin' his yellow hair.

"Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gil Morice,  
My lady lo'es you weel;  
The fairest part o' my body  
Is blacker than your heel.

Yet ne'er the less noo, Gil Morice,  
For a' thy great beautie,  
Ye'so rue the day ye e'er was born;  
That heid sall gae wi' me."

Then he has drawn his trusty brand,  
And slait it on the strae,  
And through Gil Morice' fair body  
He gart could iron gae.

And he has taen Gil Morice' heid,  
And set it on a speir;  
The meanest man in a' his train,  
Has gotten that heid to bear.

The lady, on the castle wa',  
Beheld baith dale and down;  
And there she saw Gil Morice' heid,  
Cum trillin' to the town.

"Better I lo'e that bluidy heid,  
Botand that yellow hair,  
Than Lord Barnard and a' his lands,  
As they lig here and there."

And syne she kis'd his bluidy cheek,  
And syne his bluidy chin;  
"O better I lo'ed my son Morice  
Than a' my kith and kin."

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman,  
An ill death may ye dee;  
Gin I had kenn'd he was your son,  
He'd ne'er been slain by me.

I curse the hand that did the deed,  
The heart that thoct the ill,  
The feet that bore me wi' sic speed,  
The comely youth to kill.

I'll aye lament for Gil Morice,  
As gin he were my ain;  
I'll ne'er forget the dreary day,  
On which the youth was slain."

*N.B.—When sung, the last two lines of each Verse to be repeated—1st and 12th excepted.*



## O SAW YE MY FAITHER?

"O SAW ye my faither, or saw ye my mither,  
Or saw ye my true love John?"  
"I saw na your faither, I saw na your mither,  
But I saw your true love John."

It's now ten at nicht, and the stars gie nae licht,  
And the bells they ring ding dang;  
He's met wi' some delay, that causes him to stay,  
But he will be here ere lang."

The surly auld carle did naething but snarl,  
And Johnnie's face it grew red;  
Yet though he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word replied,  
Till a' were asleep in bed.

Then up Johnnie rose, and to the door he goes,  
And gently tirl'd at the pin,

The lassie takin' tent, unto the door she went,  
And she open'd and lat him in.

"And are ye come at last! and do I hold you fast!  
And is my Johnnie true?"  
"I hae nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like mysel',  
Sae lang sall I like you."

"Flee up, flee up, my bonnie gray cock,  
And craw when it is day;  
And your neck shall be like the bonnie beaten gowd,  
And your wings o' the siller gray."

The cock proved fause, and untrue he was,  
For he crew an hour owre soon:  
The lassie thocht it day when she sent her love away,  
And it was but a blink o' the moon.

## THE CAULDRIFE WOOER.

Tune—"Bung your eye in the morning."

THERE cam a young man to my daddie's door,  
My daddie's door, my daddie's door;  
There cam a young man to my daddie's door,  
Cam 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,  
Cam seeking me to woo.

But I was bakin when he cam,  
When he cam, when he cam;  
I took him in and gied him a scone,  
To thowe his frozen mou'.  
And wow! &c.

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

"Gae, get you gane, you cauldrie wooer,  
Ye sour-looking cauldrie wooer!"

I straightway show'd him to the door,  
Saying, "Come nae mair to woo."  
And wow! &c.

There lay a deukdub before the door,  
Before the door, before the door;  
There lay a deukdub before the door,  
And there fell he, I trow!  
And wow! &c.

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

Then oot cam I, and sneer'd and smil'd;  
"Ye cam to woo, but ye're a' beguiled;  
Ye've fa'n i' the dirt, and ye're a' befyled;  
We'll hae nae mair o' you!"

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,  
Cam seeking me to woo.



## No 281. - O SAW YE MY FAITHER?\*

*Lively but not too quick.*

## No 282. - THE BRISK YOUNG LAD. (Bung your eye in the morning).

*Lively.*

\* FIRST TIME PUBLISHED - (FOR THE OTHER TUNE WITH SAME TITLE, SEE PAGE 30)



N<sup>o</sup> 283. - SIR JOHN MALCOLM.*Lively.*

mf *cres* *piu piano.*

mf *p* *cres* *piu piano.*

N<sup>o</sup> 284. - ALLAN WATER.*Slowly.*

*p* *cres.* *p*

*cres.* *dim.*

mf *p* *dim.*

*tempo.* *rall.* *p* *piu rall.*



## THE WARY CHIEL.

Tune—"Sir John Malcolm."

THEY wad gie me a wife yestreen,  
 Without my will—against my will;  
 They ettled wi' a winsome quean  
 To trap a wary chiel like me.  
 O had I been a silly fool,  
 Fast wad I been upon the breer;  
 For free and pawky was the lass,  
 And witnesses she had to swear.  
 It's no a joke to marry folk,  
 Wha want na wives—wha want na wives;  
 There's mair nor me that canna dree  
 The safest tether a' their lives.

I heard them laugh, when I ran aff  
 An' left them a'—the bride an' a:  
 But deil may care; I weel can spare  
 To gie them mair than ae gaffaw.

I ance was owre the lugs in love,  
 When daft and young—when daft and young;  
 But how I play'd the turtle-dove,  
 Shall ne'er be sung—shall ne'er be sung.  
 And though I'm safe, and draw my breath  
 Wi' freedom noo—wi' freedom noo;  
 I fear I may, some luckless day,  
 Still tine my precious liberty!

George Jaap.

From "Whistle-Binkie," by permission of the publisher, Mr. David Robertson.

## BY ALLAN STREAM I CHANC'D TO ROVE.

Tune—"Allan Water."

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,  
 While Phoebus sank beyond Benledi,  
 The winds were whisp'ring through the grove,  
 The yellow corn was waving ready:  
 I listen'd to a lover's sang,  
 And thought on youthful pleasures many;  
 And aye the wild-wood echoes rang—  
 "O, dearly do I love thee, Annie!"  
 O, happy be the woodbine bower;  
 Nae nightly bogle mak it eerie;  
 Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,  
 The place and time I met my dearie!

Her head upon my throbbing breast,  
 She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!"  
 While many a kiss the seal imprest,  
 The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.  
 The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae;  
 The simmer joys the flocks to follow:  
 How cheerie, through her short'ning day,  
 Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow!  
 But can they melt the glowing heart,  
 Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,  
 Or through each nerve the rapture dart,  
 Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

Burns.



## SLEEP'ST THOU OR WAK'ST THOU?

Tune—"Deil tak the wars."

SLEEP'ST thou or wak'st thou, fairest creature?

Rosy morn now lifts his eye,  
 Numbering ilka bud which Nature  
 Waters wi' the tears of joy.  
 Now through the leafy woods,  
 And by the reeking floods,  
 Wild Nature's tenants freely, gladly stray:  
 The lintwhite in his bower  
 Chants o'er the breathing flower;  
 The laverock to the sky  
 Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,  
 While the sun and thou arise, to bless the day.

Phoebus gilding the brow of morning,  
 Banishes ilk darksome shade,  
 Nature gladdening and adorning;  
 Such to me my lovely maid.  
 When absent frae my fair,  
 The murky shades o' care  
 With starless gloom o'ercast my sullen sky;  
 But when, in beauty's light,  
 She meets my ravish'd sight—  
 When through my very heart  
 Her beaming glories dart—  
 O 'tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

Burns.

## HARDYKNUTE.

O STATELY stept he east the wa',  
 And stately stept he west;  
 Full seventy years he now had seen,  
 With scarce seven years of rest.

He liv'd when Briton's breach of faith,  
 Wrought Scotland meikle wae;  
 And aye his sword tauld, to their cost,  
 He was their deadly fae.

High on a hill his castle stood,  
 Wi' halls and tow'rs a-light,  
 And guidly chambers, fair to see,  
 Whaur he lodg'd mony a knight.

The king of Norse, in summer tide,  
 Puft up wi' power and nicht,  
 Landed in fair Scotland the isle,  
 Wi' mony a hardy knight.

The tidings to our guid Scots king  
 Cam as he sat at dine,  
 Wi' noble chiefs in brave array,  
 Drinkin' the bluid-red wine.

"To horse, to horse, my royal liege,  
 Your faes stand on the strand;  
 Full twenty thousand glitt'rin' spears,  
 The king of Norse commands."

"Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,  
 That lives on hill sae hie,  
 To draw his sword, the dread of faes,  
 And haste and follow me."

The little page flew swift as dart  
 Flung by his master's arm;

"Come down, come down, Lord Hardyknute,  
 And redd your king frae harm."

Then red, red grew his dark brown cheeks,  
 Sae did his dark brown broo;  
 His looks grew keen, as they were wont  
 In dangers great to do.

He's taen a horn as green as grass,  
 And gien five sounds sae shrill,  
 That trees in green-wood shook thereat,  
 Sae loud rang ilka hill.

His sons, in manly sport and glee,  
 Had pass'd that summer's morn,  
 When low down in a grassy dale,  
 They heard their father's horn.

"That horn," quoth they, "ne'er sounds in  
 peace,  
 We've ither sport to bide;"  
 And sune they hied them up the hill,  
 And sune were at his side.

"Late, late yestreen, I thoct in peace  
 To end my lengthen'd life;  
 My ago might weel excuse my arm,  
 Frae manly feats o' strife."

But noo that Norse does proudly boast,  
 Fair Scotland to intral,  
 It's ne'er be said of Hardyknute,  
 He fear'd to fecht or fall.

Fareweel, my dame, sae peerless guid,  
 And took her by the hand,  
 "Fairer to me in age you seem,  
 Than maids for beauty fain'd."

My youngest son sall here remain,  
 To guard these stately tow'rs,  
 And shut the silver bolt that keeps  
 Sae fast your painted bow'rs."

To join his king a-down the hill  
 In haste his march he made,  
 While, playin' pibrochs, minstrels meet  
 Afore him stately stude.

Lang did they rage, and fecht full fierce,  
 Wi' little skaith to man;  
 But bluidy, bluidy was the field,  
 Or that lang day was done!

In thralls of death, wi' wallow'd cheek,  
 All panting on the plain,  
 The fainting corps of warriors lay,  
 Ne'er to rise again:

Ne'er to return to native land;  
 Nae mair wi' blythesome sounds  
 To boast the glories of the day,  
 And shaw their shining wounds.

On Norway's coast, the widow'd dame  
 May wash the rocks wi' tears;  
 May lang look owre the shipless seas,  
 Before her mate appears!

Let Scots, while Scots, praise Hardyknute,  
 Let Norse the name aye dread;  
 Aye how he faucht—aft how he spair'd—  
 Sall latest ages read.

Lady Wardlaw.  
 (Published 1719.)



Nº 285. — DEIL TAK THE WARS.  
*Slowly with expression.*

Nº 286. — HARDYKNUTE.\*  
*Moderate.*

(The battle of Largs)

\* THIS FINE SET OF THIS OLD BALLAD TUNE, HAS NOT BEEN HITHERTO PUBLISHED— IT IS SOMETIMES SUNG TO.  
 AND IS WELL ADAPTED FOR, MICHAEL BRUCE'S POPULAR BALLAD "SIR JAMES THE ROSS"



No 287. - WHEN THE KING COMES O'ER THE WATER.\*

*Slow.*

*p* *mf* *p* *tempo.* *p* *rall.*

No 288. - STU MO RUN.

(Thou art my love).

Gaelic.

*Plaintive.*

*p* *mf* *rit.* *p* *rit.*

\* THE IRISH CLAIM THIS TUNE UNDER THE TITLE "THE CAVALCADE OF THE BOYNE" OR "BOYNE WATER" - IT SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN COMMON TO BOTH COUNTRIES.



# WHEN THE KING COMES OWRE THE WATER.

(Jacobite song.)

I MAY sit in my wee croo house,  
At the rock and the reel to toil fu' dreary;  
I may think on the day that's gane,  
And sigh and sob till I grow weary.  
I ne'er could brook, I ne'er could brook,  
A foreign loon to own or flatter; \*  
But I will sing a rantin' sang,  
That day our king comes owre the water.

O gin I live to see the day,  
That I hae begg'd, and begg'd frae heaven,  
I'll fling my rock and reel away,  
And dance and sing frae morn till even:  
For there is aye I winna name,  
That comes the beengin' byke to scatter;  
And I'll put on my bridal gown,  
That day our king comes owre the water.

I hae seen the guid auld day,  
The day o' pride and chieftain's glory,  
When royal Stuarts bare the sway,  
And ne'er heard tell o' Whig nor Tory.  
Though lyart be my locks and gray,  
And eild has crook'd me down—what matter?  
I'll dance and sing ae ither day,  
The day our king comes owre the water.

A curse on dull and drawling Whig,  
The whinin', rantin', low deceiver,  
Wi' heart sae black, and look sae big,  
And cantin' tongue o' clish-ma-claver!  
My father was a guid lord's son,  
My mother was an earl's daughter;  
And I'll be Lady Keith again,  
That day our king comes owre the water.

*Ascribed to Lady Keith.*

# RED, RED IS THE PATH TO GLORY!

Tune—" 'stu mo run."

RED, red is the path to glory!  
See yon banners floating high!  
O, my Geordie, death's before ye!  
Turn and hear my boding sigh.  
Joy of my heart, Geordie agam! \*  
Joy of my heart, 'stu mo run! †

Turn and see thy tartan plaidie,  
Rising o'er my breaking heart;  
O my bonnie Highland laddie,  
Wae was I, with thee to part.  
Joy of my heart, &c.

But thou bleeds—O bleeds thou, beauty?  
Swims thy eye in woe and pain?

\* "My own."

† "Thou art my love."

Child of honour! child of duty!  
Shall we never meet again?  
Joy of my heart, &c.

Yes, my darling, on thy pillow,  
Soon thy heart shall easy lie;  
Soon, upon the bounding billow,  
Shall thy war-worn standard fly.  
Joy of my heart, &c.

Then, again thy tartan plaidie,  
Then, my bosom free from pain,  
Shall receive my Highland laddie:  
Never shall we part again.  
Joy of my heart, &c.

*Dr. Couper.*



## THE MAID OF GLENCONNEL.

Tune—"Island of Mull."

The pearl of the fountain, the rose of the valley,  
Are sparkling and lovely, are stainless and mild;  
The pearl sheds its ray 'neath the dark water gaily,  
The rose opes its blossoms to bloom on the wild.  
The pearl and the rose are the emblems of Mary,  
The maid of Glenconnel, once lovely and gay;  
A false lover woo'd her—ye damsels be wary—  
Now scath'd is the blossom, now dimm'd is the ray.

You've seen her, when morn brightly dawned on the mountain,  
Trip blythely along, singing sweet to the gale;  
At noon, with her lambs, by the side of yon fountain;  
Or wending, at eve, to her home in the vale.  
With the flowers of the willow-tree blent are her tresses,  
Now, woe-worn and pale, in the glen she is seen,  
Bewailing the cause of her rueful distresses,—  
How fondly he vow'd—and how false he has been!

*Munro.*

## THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Oh, I am come to the Low Countrie,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie, O!  
Without a penny in my purse  
To buy a meal to me, O.  
  
It was na sae in the Hielan' hills,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie, O!  
Nae woman in the country wide  
Sae happy was as me, O!  
  
For there I had a score o' kye,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie, O!  
Feeding on yon hill sae high,  
And giving milk to me, O.  
  
And there I had three score o' yowes,  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie, O!  
Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,  
And casting woo' to me, O.

I was the happiest o' the clan,  
Sair, sair may I repine, O!  
For Donald was the bravest man,  
And Donald he was mine, O!  
  
Till Charlie he cam owre at last,  
Sae far to set us free, O;  
My Donald's arm was wanting then,  
For Scotland and for me, O.  
  
Their waeft' fate what need I tell?  
Richt to the wrang did yield, O!  
My Donald and his country fell  
Upon Culloden field, O!  
  
Ochon, ochon, oh, Donald, oh!  
Ochon, ochon, ochrie, O!  
Nae woman in this world wide  
Sae wretched now as me, O!

*Burns.*



Nº 289.— THE ISLAND OF MULL.\* (The maid of Glenconnell.)  
*Plaintive but not too slow.*

Handwritten musical score for 'The Island of Mull' in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The score consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system features a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system includes a crescendo (*cres*) and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The fourth system concludes with a ritardando (*rit*) marking. The notation includes treble and bass staves with various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and slurs.

Nº 290.— THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT. Gaelic.  
*Slow and very mournfully.*

Handwritten musical score for 'The Highland Widow's Lament' in common time (C), key of B-flat major. The score consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The second system starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic and includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The notation includes treble and bass staves with various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and slurs.

\* THIS TUNE IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN COMPOSED BY ONE OF THE EARLS OF EGLINTON.



# No 291.— THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

*Slowly.*

Musical score for No 291, "THE WINTER IT IS PAST." The score is written for piano in 2/4 time, featuring a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of three systems of staves. The first system begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic and a *Slowly.* tempo marking. The second system includes a *rit.* (ritardando) marking, followed by a *Tempo.* marking and a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic. The third system concludes the piece with a *p* dynamic.

# No 292.— MORAG\*.

Gaelic.

*With tender expression.*

Musical score for No 292, "MORAG\*." The score is written for piano in 3/4 time, featuring a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of three systems of staves. The first system begins with a *p* dynamic and a *With tender expression.* marking. The second system includes a *Tempo.* marking and a *p* dynamic. The third system concludes the piece with a *mf* dynamic and a *rit.* marking.

\* MARION (THIS WAS A FAVORITE TUNE OF BURNS'S)



## THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

THE winter it is past, and the summer's come at last,  
And the small birds sing in ev'ry tree;  
The hearts of these are glad, but mine is very sad,  
For my true love is parted frae me.

The rose upon the breer, by the water runnin' clear,  
May have charms for the linnet and the bee;  
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,  
But my true love is parted frae me.

My love is like the sun, that in the sky does run,  
For ever so constant and true;  
But his is like the moon, that wanders up and down,  
And every month it is new.

All you that are in love, and cannot it remove,  
I pity the pains you endure;  
For experience makes me know, that your hearts are full of woe,  
A woe that no mortal can cure.

## WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME?

Tune—"Morag."

O WHA is she that lo'es me,  
And has my heart a-keeping?  
O sweet is she that lo'es me,  
As dews o' simmer weeping,  
In tears the rose-buds steeping!  
O that's the lassie o' my heart,  
My lassie ever dearer;  
O that's the queen o' womankind,  
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie  
In grace and beauty charming,  
That e'en thy chosen lassie—  
Erewhile thy breast sae warming—  
Had ne'er sic powers alarming:  
O that's the lassie o' my heart,  
My lassie ever dearer;  
O that's the queen o' womankind,  
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou hadst heard her talking,  
And thy attentions plighted,  
That ilka body talking,  
But her, by thee is slighted;  
And if thou art delighted:  
O that's the lassie o' my heart,  
My lassie ever dearer;  
O that's the queen o' womankind,  
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou hast met this fair one;  
When frae her thou hast parted—  
If every other fair one,  
But her, thou hast deserted—  
And thou art broken-hearted:  
O that's the lassie o' my heart,  
My lassie ever dearer;  
O that's the queen o' womankind,  
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

*Burns.*



## THE DREAM.

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing,  
Gaily in the sunny beam;  
List'ning to the wild birds singing,  
By a falling, crystal stream:  
Straight the sky grew black and daring;  
Through the woods the whirlwinds rave;  
Trees with agèd arms were warring  
O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

(Composed when 17 years of age.)

Such was my life's deceitful morning,  
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd:  
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming  
A' my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.  
Though fickle fortune has deceiv'd me—  
She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill—  
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,  
I bear a heart shall support me still.

Burns

## FRENNET HA'.

WHEN Frennet castle's ivied walls  
Through yellow leaves were seen;  
When birds forsook the sapless boughs,  
And bees the faded green;  
Then Lady Frennet, vengefu' dame,  
Did wander frae the ha',  
To the wild forest's dewie gloom,  
Amang the leaves that fa'.

Her page, the swiftest of her train,  
Had clamb a lofty tree,  
Whose branches to the angry blast,  
Were souging mournfullie:  
He turned his een towards the path,  
That near the castle lay,  
Where guid Lord John and Rothiemay,  
Were ridin' down the brae.

Swift darts the eagle frae the sky,  
When prey beneath is seen;  
As quickly he forgot his hold,  
And perch'd upon the green.  
"Oh! hie thee, hie thee, lady gay,  
Frae this dark wood awa,  
Some visitors of gallant mien,  
Are hastin' to the ha'."

Then round she row'd her silken plaid,  
Her feet she didna spare,  
Until she left the forest skirts,  
A lang bow-shot and mair.

"O whaur, O whaur, my guid Lord John,  
O tell me whaur you ride?  
Within my castle wa' this nicht  
I hope you mean to bide.

Kind nobles will ye but alicht,  
In yonder bow'r to stay;  
Soft ease shall teach you to forget  
The hardness of the way."  
"Forbear entreaty, gentle dame;  
How can we here remain?  
Fu' weel you ken your husband dear  
Was by our father slain.

The thochts of which, wi' fell revenge,  
Your angry bosom swell:  
Enrag'd you've sworn that blood for blood  
Should this black passion quell."

"O fear not, fear not, guid Lord John,  
That I will you betray;  
Or sue requital for a debt  
Which nature canna pay.

Bear witness, a' ye pow'rs on high,  
Ye lights that gin to shine,  
This nicht shall prove the sacred cord,  
That knits your faith and mine."  
The lady sleet, wi' honey'd words,  
Entic'd thir youths to stay;  
But morning sun ne'er shone upon  
Lord John nor Rothiemay.



## No 293. — THE DREAM.\*

Moderate.

Musical score for No 293, 'THE DREAM'. The piece is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a tempo change to 'Tempo.' and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system includes a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking and a piano (*p*) dynamic.

## No 294. — FRENNET HA'.\*\*

(Old Ballad)

Slow.

Musical score for No 294, 'FRENNET HA''. The piece is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a crescendo (*cres.*) and a decrescendo (*dim.*) marking, followed by a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic, a crescendo (*cres.*), and a decrescendo (*dim.*) marking.

\* THE SECOND PART OF THIS TUNE SOMEWHAT RESEMBLES THE FAVOURITE IRISH AIR "THE GROVES OF BLARNEY"

\*\* CORRUPTION OF "FRENDAUGHT HALL"



## No 295.- I'LL MAK YOU FAIN TO FOLLOW ME.

*Lively.*

Handwritten musical score for No 295, 'I'LL MAK YOU FAIN TO FOLLOW ME.' The tempo is marked 'Lively.' The score is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system includes a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking followed by a *mf* marking. The third system includes two *dim.* markings. The notation features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets and slurs.

## No 296.- O WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

*Moderate.*

Handwritten musical score for No 296, 'O WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.' The tempo is marked 'Moderate.' The score is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system includes a *mf* marking. The third system includes a *cres.* (crescendo) marking. The notation features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with many slurs and accents.



## I'LL MAK YOU FAIN TO FOLLOW ME.

As late by a sodger I happen'd to pass,  
I heard him a-courtin' a bonnie young lass:  
"My hinnie, my life, my dearest," quo' he,  
"I'll mak ye be fain to follow me."  
"Gin I were to follow a poor sodger lad,  
My friends wad be angry, my minnie be mad;  
A laird or a lord they were fitter for me—  
I'll never be fain to follow thee."  
"O come wi' me, dearest, and I'll mak you glad,  
Wi' share o' my supper, and share o' my bed;  
At sound o' the drum to range fearless and free,  
I'll gar ye be fain to follow me."

Of care or of sorrow no sodgers know,  
In mirth do we march, and in joy do we go;  
Between sweet St. Johnston and bonnie Dundee,  
Wha wadna be fain to follow me?  
O what heart but leaps when it lists to the fife?  
Ilk tuck o' the drum is a new lease o' life;  
We reign on the earth, and we rule on the sea—  
A queen might be fain to follow me."  
Her locks they were broun, and her een they were blue,  
Her looks were sae blythe, but her words they were few—  
The lads o' Dumfries stood a' starin' dumb,  
When sweet Jenny Primrose follow'd the drum.

## THE TRYSTIN' TREE.

Tune—"O, Willie was a wanton wag."

We sat beneath the trystin' tree,  
The bonnie dear auld trystin' tree,  
Whaur Harry tauld in early youth,  
His tender tale o' love to me.  
An' walth o' wedded happiness  
Has been our blessed lot sinsyne,  
Though foreign lands, lang twenty years,  
Hae been my Harry's hame an' mine.  
Wi' gratefu' glow at ilka heart,  
An' joyfu' tears in ilka e'e,  
We sat again, fond lovers still,  
Beneath the bonnie trystin' tree.

We gaz'd upon the trystin' tree,  
It's branches spreadin' far an' wide,  
An' thoct upon the bonnie bairns  
That blest our blythe bit ingle-side.  
The strappin' youth wi' martial mien,  
The maiden mild wi' gowden hair;  
They pictur'd what oursels had been,  
When first we fondly trysted there.  
Wi' gratefu' glow at ilka heart,  
An' joyfu' tears in ilka e'e,  
We blest the hour that e'er we met  
Beneath the dear auld trystin' tree.

*E. Conolly.*



## CRADLE SONG.

BALOO-LOO, lammie; now baloo my dear;  
 Now, baloo-loo, lammie, ain minnie is here;  
 What ails my wee bairnie? what ails it this night?  
 What ails my wee lammie? is bairnie no richt?

Baloo-loo, lammie; now baloo, my dear;  
 Does wee lammie ken that its daddie's no here?  
 Ye're rockin' fu' sweetly on mammie's warm knee,  
 But daddie's a-rockin' upon the saut sea.

Now hush-a-ba, lammie; now hush-a, my dear;  
 Now hush-a-ba, lammie, ain minnie is here;  
 The wild wind is ravin', and mammie's heart's sair;  
 The wild wind is ravin', and ye dinna care.

Sing baloo-loo, lammie; sing baloo my dear,  
 Sing baloo-loo, lammie, ain minnie is here;  
 My wee bairnie's dozin', it's dozin' now fine,  
 And oh! may its wauk'nin' be blyther than mine.

*Baroness Nairne.*

## JEANIE'S BLACK E'E.

Tune—"Cauld frosty morning."

THE sun raise sae rosy, the gray hills adorning;  
 Light sprang the laverock and mounted sae hie;  
 When true to the tryst o' blythe May's dewie morning,  
 My Jeanie cam linkin' owre the green lea.  
 To mark her impatience,  
 I crap 'mang the braikens:  
 Aft, aft to the kent gate she turn'd her black e'e;  
 Then lying down dowylie,  
 Sigh'd by the willow tree,  
 "Ha me mohatel na dousku me."†

Then saft through the green birks I sta' to my jewel,  
 Streik'd on spring's carpet aneath the saugh tree:  
 "Think na, dear lassie, that thy Willie's been cruel,"—  
 "Ha me mohatel na dousku me."

† "I am asleep, do not waken me."

"Wi' love's warm sensations,  
 I've mark'd your impatience,  
 Hid 'mang the braikens, I lang watch'd your black e'e:  
 You're no sleepin', pawkie Jean;  
 Open thae lovely e'en;"—  
 "Ha me mohatel na dousku me."  
 "Bright is the whin's bloom, ilka green knowe adorning,  
 Sweet is the primrose bespangled wi' dew;  
 Yonder comes sweet Peggy to welcome May morning;  
 Dark waves her haffet locks owre her white brow;  
 O! light she's dancin' keen,  
 On the smooth gow'ny green,  
 Barefit and kilted half up to the knee;  
 While Jeanie is sleepin' still,  
 I'll rin and sport my fill,"—  
 "I was asleep, but ye've waken'd me!"

*Macneil.*



N<sup>o</sup> 297.- CRADLE SONG.*Slow.*N<sup>o</sup> 298.- CAULD FROSTY MORNING\*.*Slow.*

\* THIS FINE OLD TUNE IS CLAIMED BY THE IRISH, AND SCOTTISH HIGHLANDERS, WHO CALL IT "THA MI MO GHADAL" OR "I AM ASLEEP" (ILLUS. TO JOHNSON'S MUSEUM)



No 299. - CRAIGIE BURN WOOD.

*Slow with expression.*

No 300. - O! ARE YE SLEEPING MAGGIE?

*Slow and plaintively.*



## SWEET FA'S THE EVE ON CRAIGIE-BURN.

Tune—"Craigie-burn-wood."

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,  
And blythe awakes the morrow;  
But a' the pride o' spring's return  
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flow'rs and spreading trees,  
I hear the wild birds singing;  
But what a weary wight can please,  
When care his bosom's wringing?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,  
Yet dare na for your anger;  
But secret love will break my heart,  
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,  
If thou shalt love anither,  
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,  
Around my grave they'll wither!

*Burns.*

## O, ARE YE SLEEPIN', MAGGIE?

"MIRK and rainy is the nicht;  
There's no a star in a' the carry;  
Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,  
The drivin' win' has winter's fury.  
O, are ye sleepin', Maggie?  
O, are ye sleepin', Maggie?  
Let me in, for loud the linn  
Is roarin' owre the warlock craigie!

Fearfu' soughs the boutree bank,  
The rifted wood roars wild and drearie;  
Loud the iron yett does clank;  
And cry o' houlets maks me eerie.  
O, are ye sleepin', Maggie! &c.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,  
For fear I rouse your waukrife deddy;  
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek;  
O rise, rise, my bonnie leddy!  
O, are ye sleepin', Maggie?" &c.

She opt the door; she let him in;  
He cuist aside his dreepin' plaidie;  
"Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',  
Since, Maggie, noo I'm in aside ye.  
Noo, since ye're waukin', Maggie,  
Noo, since, ye're waukin', Maggie,  
What care I for houlet's cry,  
For boutree bank, or warlock craigie?"

*Lannahill.*



## O WILT THOU THINK ON ME, WILLIE?

Tune—"The languor of love."

AGAIN the breeze blows through the trees;  
 The flow'rs bloom by the burn, Willie;  
 Gay spring is seen in fairy green,  
 The year nae mair shall mourn, Willie.  
 The tender buds hang on the woods,  
 An' lowly slaethorn tree, Willie;  
 Its blossom spreads, nor could blast dreads,  
 But may be nipt like me, Willie.

The frien'less bare is chas'd nae mair,  
 She whids along the lea, Willie;  
 Through dewy show'rs the lav'rock tow'rs,  
 An' sings, but not for me, Willie.  
 When far frae thee, a' nature's charms,  
 What pleasure can they gie, Willie?  
 My spring is past, my sky o'ercast;  
 It's sleepless nights wi' me, Willie.

Silent and shy, they now gae bye  
 That used to speak wi' me, Willie;  
 Nae tale, nae sang, the hale day lang,—  
 It's a' for lovin' thee, Willie.  
 Wi' wily art ye wan my heart,  
 That heart nae mair is free, Willie;  
 Then, O! be kin', sin' now it's thine,—  
 I had nae mair to gie, Willie.

But vain I've pled, for thou hast wed  
 A wealthier bride than me, Willie;  
 Now nought can heal the wound I feel,  
 But lay me down and dee, Willie.  
 Fareweel ye braes and happier days!  
 By crystal-winding Cree, Willie;  
 When owre my grave the green grass waves,  
 O wilt thou think on me, Willie?

*Nicholson.*

## THE WINTER HAS SET IN, LADS.

Tune—"Cawder Fair."

THE winter has set in, lads, but what care we for frost,  
 Its snawy doublet, icy trews, its croighle or its hoast?  
 For I opine we can contrive to brew wi' little din  
 A cup, tho' ne'er sae could without, will mak us warm  
 within.

Then, kimmer, tak the pint stoup, and bring it reamin' ben,  
 "This moment is our ain, for the neist,—we dinna ken."  
 And rax me owre your haun, man, my auld, my trusty frien';  
 May the warst o' a' our days be bye,—the days that we hae  
 seen.

What though our way in life through the brambles may hae  
 been,

Yet here and there a rose 'mang the prickles we hae seen.  
 We a' hae had our troubles, sirs, but wherefore should we fret?—  
 In spite o' a' that's come and gane, we're here to tell them yet.

And sae we'll aye keep up our hearts, though fortune whiles  
 may jar—

There never was an ill but there might hae been a waur;  
 As lang's we hae our health and our cantie wife's smile,  
 We've something left to sweeten life, and lichten a' our toil.

*Wm. Finlay.*

*Extracted from "Whistle-Binkie," by permission of the publisher, Mr. David Robertson.*



## No 301.— THE LANGOUR OF LOVE.

Gaelic.

*Slow.*

mf p

mf p rit.

mf p

p cres. p rit.

## No 302.— CAWDER FAIR.

*Lively.*

p

mf cres.



## No 303. — BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

(Old Ballad).

*Slow and mournfully.*

Three systems of musical notation for No 303. Each system consists of a piano (p) part on the left and an organ (o) part on the right. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The tempo is 'Slow and mournfully'. The first system shows the initial melody. The second system includes dynamic markings 'cres.' and 'mf'. The third system includes dynamic markings 'p' and 'mf'.

## No 304. — HODGART'S DELIGHT.

*Moderate.*

Three systems of musical notation for No 304. Each system consists of a piano (p) part on the left and an organ (o) part on the right. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The tempo is 'Moderate'. The first system includes a dynamic marking 'mf'. The second system includes a dynamic marking 'p'. The third system includes a dynamic marking 'mf'.



## BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

High upon Hielands and laigh upon Tay,  
Bonnie George Campbell rode out on a day;  
He saddled, he bridled, and gallant rode he,  
And hame cam his guid horse, but never cam he.

Doun cam his mother dear, greetin' fu' sair;  
And out cam his bonnie wife, wringing her hair,—  
"The meadow lies green, and my corn is unshorn,  
My barn is to build, and my baby's unborn!"

Saddled and bridled and booted rode he,  
A plume in his helmet, a sword at his knee;  
But toom cam his saddle, all bloody to see,  
Oh hame cam his guid horse, but never cam he!

## THE PRIDE O' LOCHER-SHAW.

Tune—"Hodgart's delight."

O LEEZE me on the bonnie lass

That I lo'e best of a';

O leeze me on my Marion,

The pride o' Locher-Shaw.

O weel I like my Marion,

For love blinks in her e'e;

An' she has vow'd a solemn vow,

She lo'es na ane but me.

The flow'rs grow bonnie on the bank,

Whaur doun the waters fa';

The birds sing bonnie in the bow'r,

Whaur red, red roses blaw.

An' there wi' blythe and lightsome heart,

When day has clos'd his e'e,

I wander wi' my Marion,

Wha lo'es na ane but me.

Sic love as mine an' Marion's,

O may it never fa'!

But bloom aye like the fairest flow'r,

That grows in Locher-Shaw.

My Marion I'll ne'er forget

Until the day I dee;

For she has vow'd a solemn vow,—

She lo'es na ane but me.

*Robert Allan.*



## THE FLOWERS ARE FAIR.

THE sun is setting on sweet Glengarry,  
 (The flowers are fair, and the leaves are green;)  
 O bonnie lassie, ye maun be my dearie,  
 (And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.)  
 Doun yon glen ye never will weary,  
 (The flowers are fair, and the leaves are green;)  
 Bonnie lassie, ye maun be my dearie,  
 (And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.)  
 Birds are singing fu' blythe and cheerie,  
 (The flowers are fair, and the leaves are green;)

Bonnie lassie, on bank sae brierie,  
 (And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.)  
 In yonder glen there's naething to fear ye,  
 (The flowers are fair, and the leaves are green;)  
 Ye canna be sad, ye canna be eerie,  
 (And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.)  
 The water is wimplin' by fu' clearly,  
 (The flowers are fair, and the leaves are green;)  
 Oh! ye shall ever be my dearie,  
 (And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.)

*Robert Allan.*

## UNA OF ULVA.

SURE many a maiden whose love-vows are plighted,  
 Oft droops and decays when by false lover slighted:  
 So Una of Ulva gave vent to her anguish,  
 When left upon Scarba by Iver to languish!  
     The wild waves roar  
     Round Scarba's shore;  
     The sea-birds soar,  
     And wing the storm:  
     Thwart lurid skies  
     Red lightning flies,  
     Black clouds arise  
     In awful form!

To Mid-Lorn's bleak mountains false Iver resorted;  
 Ere long, the fair Maid of Dunolly he courted;  
 Despite of her kindred, the treacherous rover  
 Escaped with his captive to Kerrara over.

The Maid off-borne,  
 He laughs to scorn  
 The Chief of Lorn,  
     And clansmen brave.  
 Far, far from home,  
 Now fain to roam,  
 He braves the foam,  
     And trusts the wave.

\* \* \* \* \*

How swift to the vortex the galley is gaining!—  
 But ah! 'tis in vain, ye stout rowers, your straining!  
 In the dread Corrievrechan engulph'd is that rover,  
 Who to Una of Ulva had proved a false lover!—  
     The wild waves roar  
     Round Scarba's shore;  
     The sea-birds soar,  
     And wing the storm:  
     Thwart lurid skies  
     Red lightning flies,  
     Black clouds arise  
     In awful form!



N<sup>o</sup> 305.— THE FLOWERS ARE FAIR.*Moderate.*

*p* *cres.* *dim.* *mf* *p* *dim.*

N<sup>o</sup> 306.— UNA OF ULVA.*Gaelic.**Rather slow with expression.*

*mf* *p* *piu rit.* *mf* *Tempo.* *piu rit.* *A little quicker.* *mf* *p* *f* *dim e piu rit.*



## No 307.— MAGGIE LAUDER.

*Lively.*

*mf*

*cres.*

*f*

## No 308.— MACGILCHRIST'S LAMENT.

Gaelic.

*Moderate.*

*p*

*mf*

*p*

*mf*

*p*

*piu rit.*



## MAGGIE LAUDER.

WHA wadna be in love  
 Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder?  
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,  
 And speir'd what was't they ca'd her;—  
 Right scornfully she answer'd him,  
 "Begone you hallanshaker!  
 Jog on your gate, you bladderskate,  
 My name is Maggie Lauder."

"Maggie," quo' he, "and by my bags,  
 I'm fidgin' fain to see thee;  
 Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,  
 In troth I winna steer thee:  
 For I'm a piper to my trade,  
 My name is Rob the Ranter;  
 The lasses loup as they were daft,  
 When I blaw up my chanter."

"Piper," quo' Meg, "hae ye your bags?  
 Or is your drone in order?  
 If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,  
 Live you upo' the border?"

The lasses a', baith far and near,  
 Hae heard o' Rob the Ranter;  
 I'll shake my fit wi' richt guid will,  
 Gif you'll blaw up your chanter."

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,  
 About the drone he twisted;  
 Meg up and wallop'd owre the green,  
 For brawly could she frisk it.  
 "Weel dune!" quo' he—"Play up!" quo' she;  
 "Weel bobb'd!" quo' Rob the Ranter;  
 "'Tis worth my while to play indeed,  
 When I hae sic a dancer."

"Weel hae you play'd your part," quo' Meg,  
 "Your cheeks are like the crimson;  
 There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,  
 Since we lost Habbie Simpson.  
 I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,  
 These ten years and a quarter;  
 Gin ye should come to Anster Fair,  
 Speir ye for Maggie Lauder."

*Generally ascribed to Francis Simple,  
 (Of Beltrees.)*

## THE LINNET.

Tune—"Maeglechrist's lament."

CHAUNT no more thy roundelay,  
 Lovely minstrel of the grove;  
 Charm no more the hours away  
 With thy artless tale of love.  
 Chaunt no more thy roundelay,  
 Sad it steals upon mine ear;  
 Leave, O leave thy leafy spray,  
 Till the smiling morn appear.

Light of heart thou quit'st thy song,  
 As the welkin's shadows lour;  
 Whilst the beetle wheels along,  
 Humming to the twilight hour.  
 Not like thee, I quit the scene  
 To enjoy night's balmy dream;  
 Not like thee, I wake again,  
 Smiling with the morning beam.

*Allan.*



## SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY?

Saw ye nae my Peggy,  
 Saw ye nae my Peggy,  
 Saw ye nae my Peggy,  
   Coming owre the lea?  
 Sure a finer creature  
 Ne'er was form'd by Nature,  
 So complete each feature,  
   So divine is she!

O! how Peggy charms me;  
 Every look still warms me;  
 Every thought alarms me;  
   Lest she lo'e na me.  
 Peggy doth discover  
 Nought but charms all over:  
 Nature bids me love her;  
   That's a law to me.

Who would leave a lover,  
 To become a rover?  
 No, I'll ne'er give over,  
   Till I happy be.  
 For since love inspires me,  
 As her beauty fires me,  
 And her absence tires me,  
   Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,  
 Fate seems to detain her;  
 Could I but obtain her,  
   Happy would I be.  
 I'll lie down before her,  
 Bless, sigh, and adore her,  
 With faint looks implore her,  
   Till she pity me.

## TULLOCHGORUM.

"Come, gie's a sang," the lady cried,  
 "And lay your disputes all aside,  
 What signifies't for folks to chide  
   For what's been done before them?  
 Let Whig and Tory a' agree,  
 Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,  
 Whig and Tory a' agree,  
   To drop their Whig-mig-morum;  
 Let Whig and Tory a' agree,  
 To spend the night in mirth and glee,  
 And cheerfu' sing along wi' me  
   The reel of Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight,  
 It gars us a' in ane unite,  
 And ony sumph that keeps up spite,  
   In conscience I abhor him.  
 Blythe and merry we'll be a',  
 Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,  
 Blythe and merry we'll be a',  
   And mak a cheerfu' quorum;  
 Blythe and merry we'll be a',  
 As lang as we hae breath to draw,  
 And dance, till we be like to fa',  
   The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na be sae great a phraise,  
 Wi' dringin' dull Italian lays,  
 I wadna gie our ain strathspeys,  
   For hauf-a-hunder score o' them.  
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,  
 Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,  
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,  
   Wi' a' their variorum;  
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,  
 Their *allegros*, and a' the rest,  
 They canna please a Highland taste,  
   Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress  
 Wi' fears o' want, and double cess;  
 And sullen sots themselves distress  
   Wi' keeping up decorum.  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
   Like auld Philosophorum?  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,  
 Nor ever rise to shake a fit  
   At the reel of Tullochgorum?"

*Rev. John Skinner.*



N<sup>o</sup> 309.— SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY.*Moderate*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for the song 'SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY.' The music is in 2/4 time, key of D major (two sharps), and marked 'Moderate'. Each system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a repeat sign. The third system concludes with a double bar line.

N<sup>o</sup> 310.— TULLOCHGORUM.*With spirit.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for the song 'TULLOCHGORUM.' The music is in 2/4 time, key of D major (two sharps), and marked 'With spirit.' Each system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and includes a crescendo hairpin. The second system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and includes a decrescendo hairpin. The third system concludes with a double bar line.



# No 311. — THE FLOWER O' DUNOON.\*

Not too slow.

# No 312. — THE BRAES O' KILLIECRANKIE.

Gaelic.

\* THIS TUNE IS EVIDENTLY A MODERN COMPOSITION.



## BLUE-EYED ANNE.

Tune—"The flower of Dunoon."

NINE times bleak winter's cranreuch snell  
Despoiled o' bloom the daisied lea;  
And nine times has the prinrose pale  
Spread round the dells of Coir-in-t-shee,  
Since, where Mountstuart's dusky grove  
Waves o'er yon foaming distant sea,  
I blushing own'd my youthful love,  
And blue-eyed Anne reprov'd na me.

Wha then wad think our joys could fade?  
Love's dearest pleasures a' we knew;  
And not a cloud was seen to shade  
The blissful scenes young fancy drew.

But scowling tempests soon o'ercast  
Our azure skies and summer sea—  
I've borne misfortune's rudest blast,  
Yet blue-eyed Anne still smiles on me.

Now safe retir'd, no more I'll stray  
Ambition's faithless path along,  
But calmly spend the careless day  
Dunoon's green winding vales among:  
And aft I'll climb this hoary pile,  
When spring revives each flower and tree,  
To view yon sweet sequester'd isle,  
Where blue-eyed Anne first smil'd on me.

*Angus Fletcher.*

## THE BRAES O' KILLIECRANKIE.

"WHaur hae ye been sae braw, lad?"

Whaur hae ye been sae brankie, O?

Whaur hae ye been sae braw, lad?

Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O?"

"An ye had been whaur I hae been,

Ye wadna been sae cantie, O,

An ye had seen what I hae seen

On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O."

"Whaur hae ye been, &c."

"I've faught at land, I've faught at sea,

At hame I faught my auntie, O;

But I met the deevil and Dundee,

On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O!"

"Whaur hae ye been, &c."

"The bould Piteur fell in a fur,

And Claverse gat a clankie, O;

Or I had fed an Athol gled,

On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O."

*Fragment of an old song, with additions by Burns.*



# LOUDON'S BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES.

Tune—"The Earl of Moira's welcome."

"LOUDON'S bonnie woods and braes,  
I maun lea' them a', lassie;  
Wha can thole when Britain's faes  
Would gie Britons law, lassie?  
Wha would shun the field of danger?  
Wha frae fame would live a stranger?  
Now when freedom bids avenge her,  
Wha would shun her ca', lassie?  
Loudon's bonnie woods and braes,  
Hae seen our happy bridal days,  
And gentle hope shall soothe thy wae  
When I am far awa, lassie."

"Hark! the swelling bugle sings,  
Yielding joy to thee, laddie;  
But the dolefu' bugle brings  
Waefu' thoughts to me, laddie.  
Lanely I may climb the mountain,  
Lanely stray beside the fountain,

Still the weary moments countin',  
Far frae love and thee, laddie:  
Owre the gory fields of war,  
Where vengeance drives his crimson car,  
Thou'lt maybe fa', frae me afar,  
And nane to close thy e'e, laddie."

"Oh, resume thy wonted smile!  
Oh, suppress thy fears, lassie!  
Glorious honour crowns the toil  
That the soldier shares, lassie;  
Heaven will shield thy faithful lover,  
Till the vengeful strife is over;  
Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever,  
Till the day we dee, lassie:  
Midst our bonnie woods and braes,  
We'll spend our peaceful happy days,  
As blythe's yon lightsome lamb that plays  
On Loudon's flow'ry lea, lassie."

*Tannahill.*

## CAM YE BY ATHOL?

CAM ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg,  
Doun by the Tummel, or banks of the Garry?  
Saw ye our lads, wi' their bonnets and white cockades,  
Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie?  
Follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee?  
Lang hast thou lov'd and trusted us fairly!  
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee?  
King of the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie.  
I hae but ae son, my brave young Donald,  
But if I had ten they should follow Glengarry;

Health to McDonald and gallant Clan-Ronald,  
For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.  
Follow thee, follow thee, &c.  
I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them;  
Doun by Lord Murray and Roy of Kildarlie:  
Brave Mackintosh he shall fly to the field wi' them;  
They are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.  
Follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee?  
Lang hast thou lov'd and trusted us fairly!  
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee?  
King of the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie.

*Hogg.*



## No 313. — THE EARL OF MOIRA'S WELCOME.\*

*Moderate with expression.*

Three systems of piano music for No 313. The first system has a piano (*p*) dynamic in the right hand and mezzo-forte (*mf*) in the left. The second system has a forte (*f*) dynamic in the right hand. The third system has a piano (*p*) dynamic in the right hand. The music is in 2/4 time, key of D major, and consists of 16 measures.

## No 314. — CAM YE BY ATHOL?

*Moderate.*

Three systems of piano music for No 314. The first system has a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic in the right hand. The second system has a piano (*p*) dynamic in the right hand and mezzo-forte (*mf*) in the left. The third system has a crescendo (*cres.*) marking in the right hand. The music is in 6/8 time, key of D major, and consists of 16 measures.

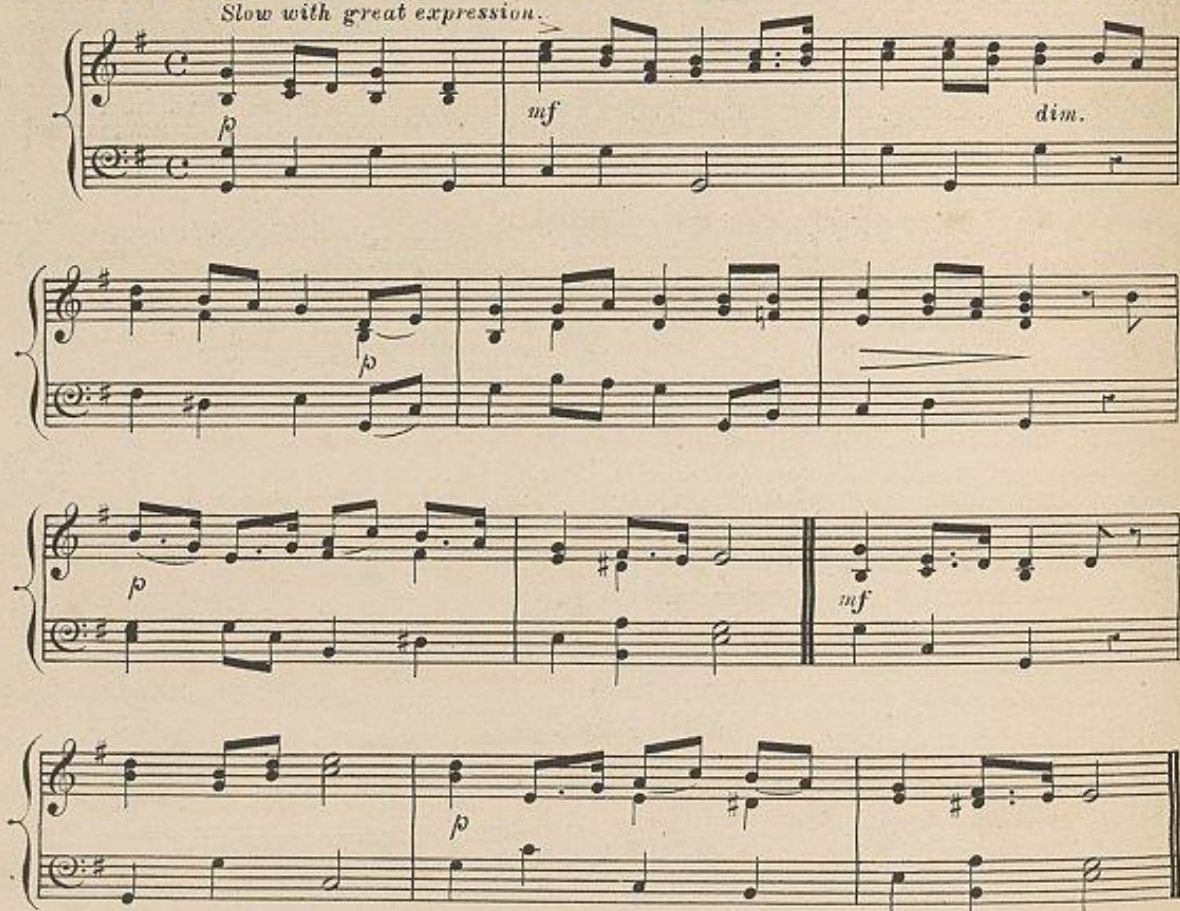
\* "LOUDON'S BONNIE WOODS AND BHAES" (COMPOSED BY D. Mc INTYRE.)



## No 315.— PUT THE GOWN UPON THE BISHOP.

*Lively.*

## No 316.— MOORLAND BALLAD.

*Gaelic.**Slow with great expression.*



# THENIEL MENZIES' BONNIE MARY.

Tune—"Put the gown upon the bishop."

In comin' by the brig o' Dye,  
At Darlet we a blink did tarry;  
As day was dawin' in the sky,  
We drank a health to bonnie Mary;  
Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary.  
  
Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,  
Her haffet locks as brown's a berry;  
And aye they dimpled wi' a smile,

The rosy cheeks o' bonnie Mary;  
Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary.

We lap and danc'd the lee-lang day,  
Till piper lads were wae and weary;  
But Charlie gat the spring to pay,  
For kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary;  
Theniel Menzies' bonnie Mary.

*Burns.*

# BONNIE STRATHNAVER!

Tune—"Moorland ballad."

BONNIE Strathnaver! Sutherland's pride!  
With thy stream softly flowing, and mead spreading wide;  
O bonnie Strathnaver! where now are the men  
That peopled with gladness thy green-mantled glen?  
Bonnie Strathnaver! green-mantled glen,  
Bonnie Strathnaver! where are thy men?

Bonnie Strathnaver! Sutherland's pride!  
O how sweet is the breath of the birks on thy side;  
But where is the blue smoke that curl'd from thy glen,  
When thy lone hills were dappled with dwellings of men?  
Bonnie Strathnaver! &c.

Bonnie Strathnaver! tearful to tell  
Are the harsh deeds once done in thy bonnie green dell!  
When to rocks of the cold blastful ocean were driv'n,  
The men on thy green turfy walks who had thriv'n;  
Bonnie Strathnaver! &c.

When the brave lad and light-tripping maid,  
Look'd their last on the hills where their infancy stray'd;  
When the grey drooping sire and the old hirpling dame,

Were chas'd from their hearths by the fierce spreading flame.  
Bonnie Strathnaver! &c.

Bonnie Strathnaver! Sutherland's pride!  
Wide, wide is the ruin that is spread on thy side:  
The bramble now climbs o'er the old ruin'd wall,  
And the green fern is rank in the tenantless hall.  
Bonnie Strathnaver! &c.

Bonnie Strathnaver! Sutherland's pride!  
Loud now is the "baa" of the sheep on thy side;  
But the pipe, and the song, and the dance are no more,  
And gone the brave clansmen that trod thy green floor.  
Bonnie Strathnaver! &c.

Bonnie Strathnaver! Sutherland's pride!  
O vain are the tears that I weep on thy side:  
The praise of the bard is the meed of the glen,  
But where is the charm that can bring back the men?  
Bonnie Strathnaver! green-mantled glen,  
Bonnie Strathnaver! where are thy men?

*Professor Blackie,  
(Of Edinburgh.)*



## O, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOUN.

Tune—"I'll gang nae mair to yon toun."

O, wat ye wha's in yon toun,  
Ye see the c'enin' sun upon?  
The fairest maid's in yon toun,  
That c'enin' sun is shinin' on.

Now haply doun yon gay green shaw,  
She wanders by yon spreadin' tree;  
How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,  
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e.  
O wat ye wha's, &c.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,  
And welcome in the bloomin' year!  
And doubly welcome be the spring,  
The season to my Lucy dear!  
O, wat ye wha's, &c.

The sun blinks blythe on yon toun,  
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr:  
But my delight in yon toun,  
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.  
O wat ye wha's, &c.

O sweet is she in yon toun,  
The sinkin' sun's gaen doun upon;  
A fairer than's in yon toun,  
His sottin' beam ne'er shone upon.  
O, wat ye wha's, &c.

If angry fate be sworn my foe,  
And suff'rin' I am doom'd to bear,  
I'll careless quit aught else below,  
But spare me—spare me, Lucy dear.  
O, wat ye wha's, &c.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,  
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart;  
And she—as fairest is her form—  
She has the truest, kindest heart.

O, wat ye wha's in yon toun,  
Ye see the c'enin' sun upon?  
The fairest maid's in yon toun,  
That c'enin' sun is shinin' on.

*Burns.*

## MY MITHER'S AYE GLOWRIN' OWRE ME.

Tune—"A health to Betty."

My mither's aye glowrin' owre me,  
Though she did the same before me;  
I canna get leave  
To look at my love,  
Or else she'd be like to devour me.

Richt fain wad I tak your offer,  
Sweet sir—but I'll tyne my tocher;  
Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,  
And wyte your puir Kate,  
Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For though my faither has plenty  
Of siller, and plenishin' dainty;  
Yet he's unco sweir  
To twine wi' his gear;  
And sae we had need to be tenty.

O tutor my parents wi' caution,  
Be wily in ilka motion;  
Brag weel o' your lan',  
And there's my leal han',  
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

*Ramsay.*



## No 317.— I'LL GANG NAE MAIR TO YON TOUN.\*

*Lively.*

Musical score for No 317, "I'LL GANG NAE MAIR TO YON TOUN.\*". The score is in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*mf*) dynamic. The second system also begins with a piano (*mf*) dynamic. The third system includes a crescendo (*cres.*) marking. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef.

## No 318.— A HEALTH TO BETTY.\*

*Lively.*

Musical score for No 318, "A HEALTH TO BETTY.\*". The score is in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system includes piano (*p*), forte (*f*), and mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamics. The second system includes a crescendo (*cres.*) and mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamics. The third system includes mezzo-forte (*mf*) and forte (*f*) dynamics. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef.

\* "O, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOUN?"

\*\* "MY MITHER'S AYE GLOWRIN' OWRE ME?"



## No 319.— CROMLET'S LILT.

(Old Ballad).

*Slow and mournfully.*

## No 320.— THE SCOTTISH LULLABY.

*Slowly.*

\* [OR CROMLECK'S] "THIS TUNE WAS SELECTED BY THE REV. WM. CEDDES IN 1672 FOR ONE OF THE HYMNS IN HIS 'SAINTS' RECREATION' NOTES TO JOHNSON'S MUSEUM P. 137. —



SINCE all thy vows, false maid,  
Are blown to air,  
And my poor heart betray'd  
To sad despair;  
Into some wilderness  
My grief I will express,  
And thy hard-heartedness,  
Oh, cruel fair!

Have I not graven our loves  
On ev'ry tree  
In yonder spreading grove,  
Though false thou be?  
Was not a solemn oath  
Plighted betwixt us both,  
Thou thy faith, I my troth,  
Constant to be?

Some gloomy place I'll find,  
Some doleful shade,  
Where neither sun nor wind  
E'er entrance had.

Into that hollow cave  
There will I sigh and rave,  
Because thou dost behave  
So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat,  
I'll drink the spring;  
Cold earth shall be my seat;  
For covering  
I'll have the starry sky  
My head to canopy,  
Until my soul on high  
Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,  
No tears for me;  
No grave do I desire,  
Nor obsequie:  
The courteous red-breast, he  
With leaves will cover me,  
And sing my elegy  
With doleful voice!

## BALOO, BALOO, MY WEE WEE THING.

Tune—"The Scottish lullaby."

BALOO, baloo, my wee wee thing,  
O softly close thy blinkin' e'e!  
Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,  
For thou art doubly dear to me.  
Thy daddy now is far awa  
A sailor laddie owre the sea;  
But Hope aye hechts his safe return  
To you, my bonnie lamb, an' me.

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,  
O softly close thy blinkin' e'e!  
Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,  
For thou art doubly dear to me.

Thy face is simple, sweet, an' mild,  
Like ony simmer e'enin' fa';  
Thy sparklin' e'e is bonnie black;  
Thy neck is like the mountain snaw.

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,  
O softly close thy blinkin' e'e!  
Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,  
For thou art doubly dear to me.  
O but thy daddie's absence lang,  
Might break my dowie heart in twa,  
Wert thou na left a dawtit pledge,  
To steal the eerie hours awa.

*Gall.*



## THE SAILOR'S WIFE'S SONG.

Tune—"Wet is the night and cold."

Oh! weary long this lonely night,  
 And dowie dark the starless skies, [the starless skies,]  
 Like my poor heart that hath no light,  
 But comes from my beloved's eyes, [my beloved's eyes,]  
 And thine, dear babe, in lightest sleep, [lightest sleep,]  
 Unbroken as the summer's deep.

Roll on, thou cold and stilly hours,  
 Roll on like waves that gently fan [that gently fan]  
 The morning with her honied flowers!  
 When leaves grow brighter, ev'ry one, [brighter, ev'ry one,]  
 And the soft air like silver bells, [silver bells,]  
 Sings in the broom that gems our dells.

I hear the gentle rush of wings—  
 I see the light of wand'ring stars, [of wand'ring stars,]  
 And many a budding hope upsprings,  
 Glitt'ring with gowden dots and bars; [gowden dots and  
 bars;]  
 But ah! woe's me, 'tis in my mind, [in my mind,]  
 A peopled world, where all are blind.

And now, ah! now the vision fades,  
 The colours fly—the lights are gone, [the lights are gone,]  
 The inmates hang their weary heads,  
 Their features freeze—are turn'd to stone; [they are turn'd  
 to stone,]  
 Alas, alas! my baby boy! [baby boy!]  
 Awake and give thy mother joy.

*W. B. Sangster.*

N.B.—The repeated words, within brackets, are intended for singing only.

## FAREWELL, O SWEET HOPE!

FAREWELL, O sweet hope! I have wept thee in sadness,  
 Thy bright star illumin'd life's gloomiest day;  
 It rose on my soul like an angel of gladness,  
 And smil'd the dark clouds of misfortune away.

In youth ev'ry prospect by pleasure was bounded,  
 And joy was the portion that destiny gave;  
 'Twas pure as the lake by the mountains surrounded,  
 And warm as the sun-beam that dan'd on its wave.

Thy visions were transient as mists of the morning;  
 They shone on my sight like the rainbow of eve;  
 And the first tear of sorrow proclaim'd the sad warning,  
 Those visions were sent to betray and deceive.



N<sup>o</sup> 321. — WET IS THE NIGHT AND COLD.

Gaelic.

*Slow and mournfully.*

Musical score for No. 321, "Wet is the Night and Cold." The score is written for piano in 2/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo/mood is "Slow and mournfully." The score consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system also begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The fourth system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic, a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic, and a "rall." (rallentando) marking. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

N<sup>o</sup> 322. — FAREWELL O SWEET HOPE.

Gaelic.

*Slow.*

Musical score for No. 322, "Farewell O Sweet Hope." The score is written for piano in 2/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is "Slow." The score consists of two systems of music. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The piece concludes with a double bar line.



Nº 323.— MY LOVE IS LOST TO ME.

*Slow and with expression.*

Musical score for No. 323, "MY LOVE IS LOST TO ME." The score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic and a *rall.* (rallentando) marking. The third system features mezzo-forte (*mf*) and piano (*p*) dynamics. The fourth system includes a crescendo (*cres.*) marking, piano (*p*) dynamic, and a *rall.* marking. The melody is primarily in the right hand, with harmonic support in the left hand.

Nº 324.— HOLLIN GREEN HOLLIN.

(Border Melody).

*Slow and pathetic.*

Musical score for No. 324, "HOLLIN GREEN HOLLIN." The score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of two systems of music. The melody is primarily in the right hand, with harmonic support in the left hand. The tempo and mood are indicated as "Slow and pathetic."



## O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

Tune—"My love is lost to me."

O, WERE I on Parnassus' hill,  
Or had of Helicon my fill,  
That I might catch poetic skill,  
    To sing how dear I love thee!  
But Nith maun be my Muse's well,  
My Muse maun be thy bonnie sel',  
On Corsincon I'll glower and spell,  
    And write how dear I love thee.  
Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay;  
For, a' the lee-lang simmer's day,  
I could na sing, I could na say,  
    How much, how dear I love thee.

I see thee dancing owre the green,  
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,  
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—  
    By heaven and earth, I love thee!  
By night, by day—a-field, at hame—  
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame!  
And aye I muse and sing thy name—  
    I only live to love thee.  
Though I were doom'd to wander on,  
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,  
Till my last weary sand was run,  
    Till then—and then I love thee.

*Burns.*

## HOLLIN, GREEN HOLLIN.

ALONE in greenwood must I roam,  
    Hollin, green hollin!  
The shade of green leaves is my home,  
    Birk and green hollin!  
Where nought is seen but boundless green,  
    Hollin, green hollin!  
And spots of far blue sky between,  
    Birk and green hollin!  
The wand'rer needs no costly dome,  
    Hollin, green hollin!  
Where'er he rests to him is home,  
    Birk and green hollin!

A weary head soft pillow finds,  
    Hollin, green hollin!  
Where leaves fall green in summer winds,  
    Birk and green hollin!  
From man, and works of man, exiled,  
    Hollin, green hollin!  
With beasts joint-tenant of the wild,  
    Birk and green hollin!  
Enough for them—enough for me,  
    Hollin, green hollin!  
To live at large with liberty,  
    Birk and green hollin!

*James Douglas of Cavers.*



## TO SPEAK TO ME O' SIC A THING.

Tune—"The glen of copsewood."

To speak to me o' sic a thing, indeed ye are na blate, sir;  
 I often wonder what ye mean—ye plague me air' and late, sir;  
 And though I aye deny ye, still ye winna let me be, sir;  
 Weel, mind, it's just to humour ye, I let ye sit wi' me, sir.

The little table we maun set atween us a' the nicht, sir,  
 And I shall hae a can'le there to gie us pleasant licht, sir;  
 But ye're to keep your distance, noo, an' dinna mak sae free, sir,  
 Sin' it's only just to humour ye, I let ye visit me, sir.

Or should there neither boord nor licht come you an' me between, sir,  
 Ye'll keep your arms frae 'bout my neck, nor on my shouther lean, sir;  
 We shall, at least, hae seats apiece—I'll no sit on your knee, sir;  
 An', mind, it's just to humour ye, if ye get a kiss o' me, sir.

*Robert White.**Extracted from "Whistle-Binkie," by permission of the publisher, Mr. David Robertson.*

## THE MARTYR'S STANE.

WHEN the sun gaes owre the hill at e'en,  
 An' a' to rest are gane,  
 It's then that I sae waefu' sit,  
 Beside the Martyr's stane.

It's then the tear comes in my e'e,  
 As I sing the sweet psalm tune;  
 But there's nane to join the melodie,  
 But blythe angels aboon.

Oh! wae to thee, fell Claverhouse,  
 To thine, an' a' the lave!  
 Thou hast made me, a widow, sit  
 Beside a bluidy grave.

My three sweet bairns, my bonnie bairns,  
 Ye yet may live to see  
 Far better days in dear Scotland,  
 Than is ordain'd for me!

*Cameronian Fragment.*



## Nº 325.-THE GLEN OF COPSEWOOD.

Gaelic.

*Lively.*

The musical score for No. 325, 'The Glen of Copsewood', is written for piano in 6/8 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The accompaniment in the bass clef consists of chords and single notes. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line. The tempo is indicated as *Lively*.

## Nº 326.- THE MARTYR'S STANE.

*Very mournfully.*

The musical score for No. 326, 'The Martyr's Stane', is written for piano in 2/4 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is marked *p* (piano). The accompaniment in the bass clef consists of chords and single notes. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line. The tempo is indicated as *Very mournfully*. The second system also includes the marking *piu rit.* (piu ritardando).



## No 327. - CARRICK'S RANT.\*

(Dinna think bonnie lassie).

*Moderate with expression.*

*mf*

*p*

*Slowly and tenderly.*

*p*

## No 328. - GLENOGIE.

(Old Ballad).

*Moderate.*

*mf*

*mf*

*p*

*rit.*

\* (OR "CLUNIE'S REEL") STENHOUSE IN HIS NOTES TO JOHNSON'S "MUSEUM" (P. 78.) IS VERY POSITIVE ABOUT THIS TUNE BEING MERELY A STRATHSPEY VERSION OF "MARY SCOTT" (NO 25. PAGE 43, OF THIS COLLECTION), WHILE COW IN HIS "REPOSITORY" STATES EXACTLY THE REVERSE. THE LATTER OPINION IS MORE LIKELY TO BE THE CORRECT ONE. -



## O, DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE.

Tune—"Carriek's rant."

"O DINNA think, bonnie lassie, I am gaun to leave thee;  
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I am gaun to leave thee;  
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I am gaun to leave thee;  
I'll tak a stick into my han', and come again and see thee."

"Far's the gate ye hae to gang; dark's the nicht and eerie;  
Far's the gate ye hae to gang; dark's the nicht and eerie;  
Far's the gate ye hae to gang; dark's the nicht and eerie;  
O stay this nicht wi' me, my love, and dinna gang and leave me."

"It's but a nicht and hauf a day that I will leave my dearie;  
But a nicht and hauf a day that I will leave my dearie;

But a nicht and hauf a day that I will leave my dearie;  
Whene'er the sun gae west the loch, I'll come again and see thee."

"Waves are risin' owre the sea; winds blaw loud and fear me;  
Waves are risin' owre the sea; winds blaw loud and fear me;  
While the winds and waves do roar, I am wae and drearie,  
And gin ye lo'e me, as ye say, ye winna gang and leave me."

"O never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee;  
Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee;  
Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave thee;  
E'en let the world gang as it will, I'll stay at hame and cheer thee."

*Macneil.*

## GLENOGIE.

THREESCORE o' nobles rade up the King's ha',  
But bonnie Glenogie's the flower o' them a';  
Wi' his milk-white steed and his bonnie black e'e,  
"Glenogie, dear mither, Glenogie for me!"

"O haud your tongue, dochter, ye'll get better than he."  
"O say na sae, mither, for that canna be;  
Though Drumlie is richer, and greater than he,  
Yet if I maun tak him, I'll certainly dee."

"There is, Glenogie, a letter for thee,  
O there is, Glenogie, a letter for thee;"

The first line he look'd at, a licht lauch lauch'd he,  
But, ere he read through it, tears blinded his e'e.

When he cam to Glenfeldy's door, little mirth was there,  
And bonnie Jean's mither was tearin' her hair;  
"Ye're welcome, Glenogie, ye're welcome!" said she,  
"Ye're welcome, Glenogie, your Jeanie to see."

Pale and wan was she, when Glenogie gued ben,  
But rosy red grew she whene'er he sat down;  
She turn'd awa her head, but the smile was in her e'e,  
"O binna fear'd, mither, I'll maybe no dee!"



## MY LOVE HAS FORSAKEN ME.

My love has forsaken me;  
 Ken ye for why?  
 Because he has flocks and herds,  
 And nane hae I  
 Whether I get him, whether I get him,  
 Whether I get him or no;  
 I care na three fardins,  
 Whether I get him or no.  
 Alas! that e'er poortith  
 On leal hearts should fa';  
 For love it turns cauldrie,  
 And soon flies awa.  
 Whether I get him, &c.

The fairest o' maidens,  
 If poor they may be,  
 Will aft sit fu' waefu',  
 Wi' the tear in their e'e.  
 Whether I get him, &c.  
 He vow'd, and he promis'd,  
 And I did believe;  
 But, since that he's faithless,  
 'Tis folly to grieve,  
 Whether I get him, whether I get him,  
 Whether I get him or no;  
 I care na three fardins,  
 Whether I get him or no.

*First verse old, the others by Robert Allan.*

## LEEZIE LINDSAY.

"Will ye gang to the Hielan's, Leezie Lindsay,  
 Will ye gang to the Hielan's wi' me?  
 Will ye gang to the Hielan's, Leezie Lindsay,  
 My bride and my darlin' to be?"

"To gang to the Hielan's wi' you, sir?  
 I dinna ken how that may be,  
 For I ken na the lan' that ye live in,  
 Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'."

"O Leezie, lass, ye maun ken little,  
 If sae be ye dinna ken me;  
 My name is Lord Ronald MacDonald,  
 A chieftain o' high degree."

She has kilted her coats o' green satin,  
 She has kilted them up to the knee,  
 And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald MacDonald,  
 His bride and his darlin' to be.

*First verse by Burns.*



## No 329. - MY LOVE HAS FORSAKEN ME.

*Moderate.*

*p* *mf*

*Chorus.*

*mf*

This musical score is for a piece in 2/4 time. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system is marked 'Moderate.' and begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a mezzo-forte (*mf*) section. The second system includes a 'Chorus.' section, also marked *mf*. The third system concludes the piece. The notation features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, and rests.

## No 330. - LEEZIE LINDSAY.

*Tenderly.*

*mf* *p* *tempo.* *mf* *rit.*

This musical score is for a piece in 3/4 time. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system is marked 'Tenderly.' and begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third system is marked 'tempo.' and includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) section, followed by a ritardando (*rit.*) section. The notation features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, and rests.



## No 331. — THE BROOM BLOOMS BONNIE.

*Moderately slow and mournfully.*

Two systems of piano accompaniment for No 331. The first system consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The melody is in the right hand, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system continues the melody, featuring a crescendo (*cres.*) and a ritardando (*rit.*) marking. The left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

## No 332. — HEY THE RANTIN' MURRAY'S HA'

*Moderate with tender expression.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for No 332. The first system is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The melody is in the right hand, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system continues the melody, featuring a piano (*p*) dynamic and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third system continues the melody, featuring a piano (*p*) dynamic and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.



## RED IS THE ROSE AND BONNIE, O.

Tune—"The broom blooms bonnie."

How sweet the rose blaws, it fades and it fa's;  
 Red is the rose and bonnie, O:  
 It brings to my mind what my dear Johnnie was;  
 So bloom'd, so cut off was my Johnnie, O.

Now peace is return'd, but nae joy brings to me;  
 Red is the rose and bonnie, O:  
 For cold is his cheek, and closed is his e'e,  
 And nae mair beats the heart o' my Johnnie, O.

Ah! why did he love me, and leave these sweet plains;  
 Red is the rose and bonnie, O:  
 Where smiling contentment and peace ever reigns;  
 But they'll ne'er bloom again for my Johnnie, O.

Nor to me will their beauties e'er pleasure impart;  
 Red is the rose and bonnie, O:  
 For sunk is my spirit, and broken my heart;  
 Soon I'll meet, ne'er to part frae my Johnnie, O.

## THE BONNIE LASS O' WOODHOUSELEE.

Tune—"Hey the rantin' Murray's ha'."

THE sun blinks sweetly on yon shaw,  
 But sweeter far on Woodhouselee,  
 And dear I like his settin' beam,  
 For the sake o' ane sae dear to me.  
 It was na simmer's fairy scenes,  
 In a' their charmin' luxury,  
 But beauty's sel' that won my heart,  
 The bonnie lass o' Woodhouselee.

Sae winnin' was her witchin' smile,  
 Sae piercin' was her coal black e'e,  
 She sairly wounded has my heart,  
 That had na wist sic ills to dree.

In vain I strave wi' beauty's charms,  
 I could na keep my fancy free,  
 She gat my heart sae in her thrall,  
 The bonnie lass o' Woodhouselee.

The flowers that kiss the wimplin' burn,  
 The dew-clad gowans on the lea,  
 The water-lily on the lake,  
 Are but sweet emblems a' o' thee:  
 And while in simmer smiles they bloom,  
 Sae lovely, and sae fair to see,  
 I'll woo their sweets e'en for thy sake,  
 The bonnie lass o' Woodhouselee.

*Robert Allan.*



## O, SAFTLY SLEEP, MY BONNIE BAIRN!

Tune—"Auld Maggy Sharp."

O, SAFTLY sleep, my bonnie bairn!  
 Rock'd on this breast o' mine;  
 The heart that beats sae sair within,  
 Will not awaken thine.

Lie still, lie still, ye canker'd thoughts,  
 That such late watches keep;  
 An' if ye break the mother's heart,  
 Yet let the baby sleep.

Sleep on, sleep on, my ae, ae bairn!  
 Nor look sae wae on me,  
 As if ye felt the bitter tear  
 That blin's thy mother's e'e.

Dry up, dry up, ye saut, saut tears,  
 Lest on my bairn ye dreep;  
 An' break in silence, waefu' heart,  
 An' let my baby sleep!

*Alex. F. Ritchie.*

## AULD JOE NICHOLSON'S BONNIE NANNIE.

THE daisy is fair, the day-lily rare,  
 The bud o' the rose as sweet as it's bonnie;  
 But there ne'er was a flower, in garden or bow'r,  
 Like auld Joe Nicholson's bonnie Nannie!

O, my Nannie!

My dear little Nannie!

My sweet little niddlety-noddlety Nannie!

There ne'er was a flower,

In garden or bower,

Like auld Joe Nicholson's bonnie Nannie!

Her looks that stray owre the flowery green,  
 Frae bonnie blue een sae mild and sae mellow,  
 See naething sae sweet in the fairy scene,  
 Though clad in the morning's gowden yellow.

O, my Nannie, &amp;c.

There's mony a joy in this world below,  
 An' sweet the hopes that to sing were uncanny;  
 But of all the pleasures I ever can know,  
 There's nane like the love o' my bonnie Nannie.

O, my Nannie, &amp;c.

*Hogg.*



## No 333. - AULD MAGGIE SHARP.

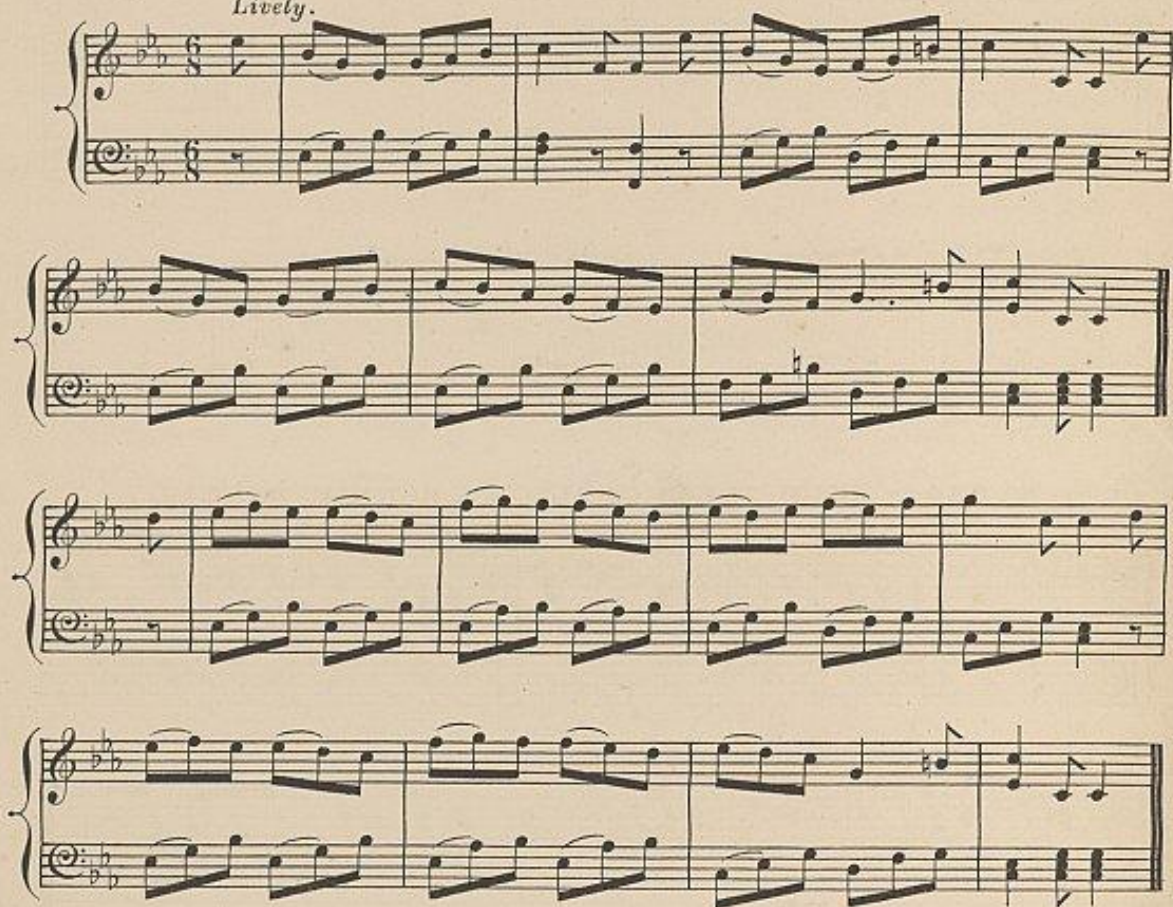
*Mournfully.*

## No 334. - AULD JOE NICHOLSON'S BONNIE NANNIE.

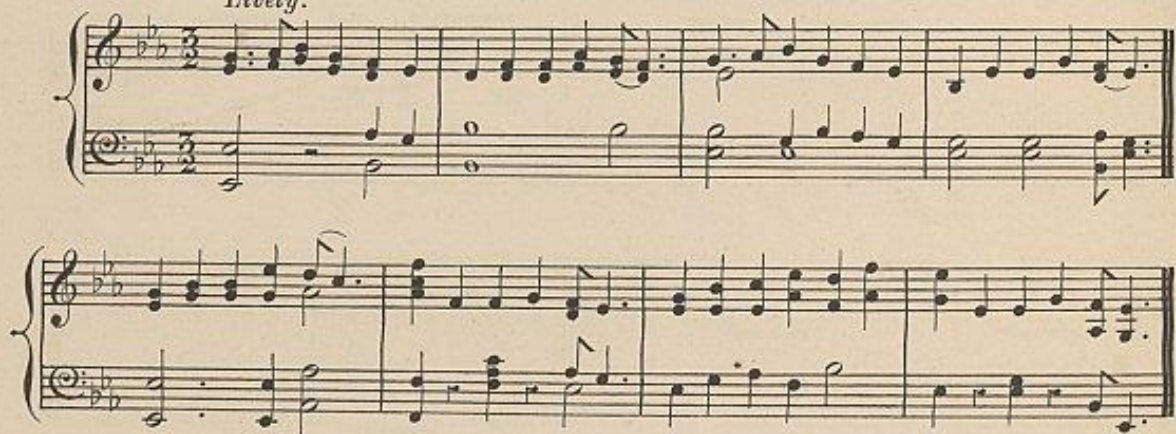
*Tenderly.*



## No 335.— THE MOUDIEWORT. (And oh, for ane-and-twenty, Tam)

*Lively.*

## No 336.— THE DUSTY MILLER.

*Lively.*



## AND OH, FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM!

Tune—"The moudiewort."

AND oh, for ane-and-twenty, Tam!  
And hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!  
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,  
An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They snool me sair, and haud me down,  
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam;  
But three short years will soon wheel roun',  
And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam.  
And oh, &c.

A glebe o' lan', a claut o' gear,  
Were left me by my auntie, Tam;  
At kith and kin I need na speir,  
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.  
And oh, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,  
Though I myself hae plenty, Tam;  
But hear'st thou, laddie?—there's my loof,—  
I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam!  
And oh! &c.

*Burns.*

## THE DUSTY MILLER.

HEY, the dusty miller,  
And his dusty coat!  
He will win a shilling,  
Ere he spend a groat.  
Dusty was the coat,  
Dusty was the colour;  
Dusty was the kiss,  
That I gat frae the miller!

Hey, the dusty miller,  
And his dusty sack!  
Leeze me on the calling  
Fills the dusty peck;  
Fills the dusty peck,  
Brings the dusty siller:  
I wad gie my coatie  
For the dusty miller.

*A fragment of an old Song, slightly altered by Burns.*



## WHY TARRIES MY LOVE?

Tune—"The inheritance of the MacLeod."

"WHY tarries my love?  
 Ah! where does he rove?  
 My love is long absent from me:  
 Come hither, my dove,  
 I'll write to my love,  
 And send him a letter by thee.  
 To find him, swift fly!  
 The letter I'll tie  
 Secure to thy leg with a string:"  
 "Ah! not to my leg,  
 Fair lady, I beg.  
 But fasten it under my wing."  
 Her dove she did deck,  
 She drew o'er his neck  
 A bell and a collar so gay;

She tied to his wing  
 The scroll, with a string,  
 Then kiss'd him and sent him away.  
 It blew and it ruin'd,  
 The pigeon disdain'd  
 To seek shelter—undaunted he flew;  
 Till wet was his wing,  
 And painful the string,  
 So heavy the letter it grew.  
 He flew all around,  
 Till Colin he found,  
 Then perch'd on his hand with the prize,  
 Whose heart, while he reads,  
 With tenderness bleeds  
 For the pigeon that flutters and dies!  
*Ascribed to Lady Anne Lindsay.*

N.B.—In singing the above, the third and last lines of each verse are repeated.

## GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O.

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han',  
 In ev'ry hour that passes, O;  
 What signifies the life o' man,  
 An' 'twere na for the lasses, O?  
 Green grow the rashes, O!  
 Green grow the rashes, O!  
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,  
 Are spent among the lasses, O.

The war'ly race may riches chase,  
 An' riches still may fly them, O;  
 An' though at last they catch them fast,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.  
 Green grow, &c.

Gie me a canny hour at e'en,  
 My arms about my dearie, O;

An' war'ly cares an' war'ly men  
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.  
 Green grow, &c.

For you sae douce, wha sneer at this,  
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;  
 The wisest man the war' e'er saw,  
 He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.  
 Green grow, &c.

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

*Burns.*



## No. 337.- THE INHERITANCE OF THE MACLEOD. Gaelic.

*Moderate with expression.*

Handwritten musical score for No. 337, 'The Inheritance of the Macleod'. The score is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major (two flats), and consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The melody is primarily in the right hand, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with quarter and eighth notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line at the end of the fourth system.

## No. 338.- GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

*Lively.*

Handwritten musical score for No. 338, 'Green Grow the Rashes'. The score is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major (two flats), and consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The melody is in the right hand, characterized by a lively, repetitive eighth-note pattern. The left hand features a complex, rhythmic accompaniment with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes. The second system continues this pattern and ends with a double bar line.



## No 339. - O, KENMURE'S ON AND AWA WILLIE.

*Lively.*

*mf*

*mf*

*mf* *dim.*

## No 340. - THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

*Slowly.*

*p* *cres.* *p*

*mf* *cres.*

*dim.* *p* *rit.*

\* BURNS TRANSMITTED THIS VERY PRETTY TUNE TO JOHNSON FOR THE "MUSEUM," ACCOMPANIED BY THE BALLAD (IN HIS OWN HANDWRITING) TO WHICH IT IS ADAPTED.-



## O, KENMURE'S ON AND AWA, WILLIE.

O, KENMURE'S on and awa, Willie!  
 O, Kenmure's on and awa!  
 And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord  
 That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!  
 Success to Kenmure's band;  
 There's no a heart that fears a Whig,  
 That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!  
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine;  
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's bluid,  
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

O, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!  
 O, Kenmure's lads are men;  
 Their hearts and swords are metal true—  
 And that their faces shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie!  
 They'll live or die wi' fame;  
 But soon, wi' sounding victorie,  
 May Kenmure's lord come hame!

Here's him that's far awa, Willie!  
 Here's him that's far awa!  
 And here's the flower that I lo'e best—  
 The rose that's like the snaw!

*Part of this Song is old, and part by Burns.*

## THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

By yon castle-wa', at the close o' the day,  
 I heard a man sing, though his head it was gray;  
 And as he was singing, the tears fast doun came—  
 "There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,  
 Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;  
 We daur na weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame,—  
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,  
 And now I greet round their green beds in the yird;  
 It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—  
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me doun,  
 Since I tint my bairns, and he tint his croun;  
 But till my last moments my words are the same,—  
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!"

*Burns.*



# LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

LASSIE wi' the lint-white locks,  
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,  
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?  
Wilt thou be my dearie O?

Now nature cleads the flow'ry lea,  
And a' is young and sweet like thee;  
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,  
And say thou'lt be my dearie O?  
Lassie wi', &c.

And when the welcome simmer shower  
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,

We'll to the breathing woodbine bower,  
At sultry noon, my dearie O.  
Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,  
The weary shearer's hameward way,  
Through yellow-waving fields we'll stray,  
And talk o' love, my dearie O.  
Lassie wi', &c.

And when the howling wintry blast  
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,  
Enclasp'd to my faithfu' breast,  
I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.  
Lassie wi', &c.

*Burns.*

# JOCKY'S TAEN THE PARTING KISS.

Tune—"Bonnie lassie tak a man."

JOCKY's taen the parting kiss,  
Owre the mountains he is gane;  
And with him is a' my bliss,  
Nought but griefs wi' me remain.  
Spare my love, ye winds that blaw,  
Plashy sleets, and beating rain!  
Spare my love, thou feathery snaw,  
Driftin' owre the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep  
Owre the day's fair gladsome e'e,  
Sound and safely may he sleep,  
Sweetly blythe his wauk'nin' be!  
He will think on her he loves,  
Fondly he'll repeat her name;  
For, where'er he distant roves,  
Jocky's heart is still at hame.

*Burns.*



## No 341.- LASSIE WI' THE LINT WHITE LOCKS.\*

Gaelic.

*Sprightly.*

Two systems of piano accompaniment for No 341. The first system consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes with accents. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the piece, with dynamic markings *mf*, *p*, and *mf* indicated.

## No 342.- BONNIE LASSIE TAK A MAN.

*Moderate.*

Five systems of piano accompaniment for No 342. The first system is in common time and features a more complex melody with slurs and ties. The subsequent systems continue the piece, with dynamic markings *p*, *cres.*, *mf*, and *rit.* used to indicate changes in volume and tempo. The notation includes various musical symbols such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings.

\* THIS TUNE IS COMPOSED OF THE FIRST AND LAST PARTS OF THE BEAUTIFUL HIGHLAND STRATHSPEY (PERHAPS THE VERY FINEST OF ITS KIND) CALLED "ROTHIEMURCHUS' RANT"—BURNS WAS UNCOMMONLY FOND OF IT.



## No 343. - CAIRNGORM MOUNTAIN.

Gaelic.

*Lively.*

Musical score for No 343 - CAIRNGORM MOUNTAIN. The score is in 6/8 time, key of D major. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system ends with a rallentando (*rall.*) marking.

## No 344. - LORD BUCHAN.

*Mournfully.*

Musical score for No 344 - LORD BUCHAN. The score is in 3/4 time, key of D major. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a forte (*f*) dynamic. The third system includes a piano (*p*) and pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic.



## ALAKE MY LASSIE.

Tune—"Cairngorm mountain."

ALAKE for the lassie! she's no richt at a',  
That lo'es a dear laddie, an' he far awa;  
But the lassie has muckle mair cause to complain,  
That lo'es a dear lad, when she's no lo'ed again.

The fair was just comin', my heart it grew fain  
To see my dear laddie, to see him again;  
My heart it grew fain, an' lap licht at the thocht  
O' milkin' the ewes my dear Jamie wad bught.

T' the hirin' richt soon my dear Jamie I saw,  
I saw nae ane like him, sae bonnie an' braw;  
I watch'd an' baid near him, his motion to see,  
In hopes aye to catch a kind glance o' his e'e.

He never wad see me in ony ae place:  
At length I gaed up an' just smil'd in his face;  
I wonder aye yet my heart brakna in twa,—  
He just said, "How are ye?" and steppit awa.

My neebor lads strave to entice me awa;  
They roos'd me, an' hecht me ilk thing that was braw;  
But I hatit them a', an' I hatit the fair,  
For Jamie's behaviour had wounded me sair.

His heart was sae leal, and his manners sae kind;  
He's someway gane wrang—he may alter his mind;  
An' should he dae sae, he's be welcome to me;  
I'm sure I can never like ony but he.

*William Laidlaw.*

## JEANIE'S GRAVE.

Tune—"Lord Buchan."

I saw my true love first on the banks of queenly Tay,  
Nor did I deem it yielding my trembling heart away;  
I feasted on her deep dark eye, and lov'd it more and more,  
For, oh! I thought I ne'er had seen a look so kind before!  
For, oh! &c.

I heard my true love sing, and she taught me many a strain;  
But a voice so sweet, oh! never, shall my cold ear hear again.  
In all our friendless wanderings—in homeless penury—  
Her gentle song and jetty eye, were all unchang'd to me.  
Her gentle song, &c.

I saw my true love fade—I heard her latest sigh—  
I wept no friv'lous weeping when I closed her lightless eye.  
Far from her native Tay she sleeps, and other waters lave  
The markless spot where Ury creeps around my Jeanie's grave.  
The markless spot, &c.

Move noiseless, gentle Ury! around my Jeanie's bed,  
And I'll love thee, gentle Ury! where'er my footsteps tread;  
For sooner shall thy fairy wave return from yonder sea,  
Than I forget yon lowly grave, and all it hides from me!  
Than I forget, &c.

*Wm. Thom.*



# RAB RORYSON'S BONNET.

Tune—"The auld wife o' the glen."

YE'LL a' hae heard tell o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,  
Ye'll a' hae heard tell o' Rab Roryson's bonnet;  
'Twas no for itself, 'twas the head that was in it,  
Gar'd a' bodies talk o' Rab Roryson's bonnet.

This bonnet that theekit his won'erfu' head,  
Was his shelter in winter, in summer his shade;  
And at kirk or at market, on bridals, I ween,  
A braw gaucier bonnet there never was seen.

Wi' a round rosy tap, like a muckle blackboyd,  
It was slouch'd just a kennin' on either hand side;  
Some maintain'd it was black, some maintain'd it was blue,  
It had something o' baith, as a body may trow.

But in sooth, I assure you, for ought that I saw,  
Still his bonnet had naething uncommon ava;  
Tho' the haill parish talk'd o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,  
'Twas a' for the marvellous head that was in it.

That head—let it rest—it is now in the mools,  
Though in life a' the world beside it were fools;  
Yet o' what kind o' wisdom his head was possest,  
Nane e'er kent but himself, sae there's nane that will miss't.

There are some still in life wha eternally blame—  
Wha on *buts* and on *ifs* rear their fabric o' fame;  
Unto such I inscribe this most elegant sonnet—  
Sae let them be crown'd wi' Rab Roryson's bonnet.

*Gannahill.*

# MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' LAMENT.

Now nature hangs her mantle green  
On ev'ry blooming tree,  
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white  
Out o'er the grassy lee.

Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,  
And glads the azure skies;  
But nought can glad the weary wight,  
That fast in durance lies.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn,  
Aloft on dewy wing;  
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,  
Makes woodland echoes ring.

The mavis mild, wi' many a note,  
Sings drowsy day to rest;  
In love and freedom they rejoice,  
Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,  
The primrose down the brae;  
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,  
And milk-white is the slae.

The meanest bind in fair Scotland  
May rove their sweets amang;  
But I, the queen o' a' Scotland,  
Mann lie in prison strang!

I was the queen o' bonnie Franco,  
Where happy I hae been;  
Fu' lightly rose I in the morn,  
As blythe lay down at e'en.

And I'm the Sov'reign of Scotland,  
And mony a traitor there,  
Yet here I lie in foreign lands,  
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman!—  
My sister and my foe;  
Grim Vengeance yet shall whet a sword,  
That through thy soul shall gae!

The weeping blood in woman's breast,  
Was never known to thee;  
Nor the balm that drops on wounds of woe,  
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars  
Upon thy fortune shine!  
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,  
That ne'er would blink on mine!

God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,  
Or turn their hearts to thee;  
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,  
Remember him for me!

O! soon, to me, may summer suns  
Nae mair light up the morn!  
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds  
Wave owre the yellow corn!

And in the narrow house o' death  
Let winter round me rave;  
And the next flow'rs that deck the spring  
Bloom on my peaceful grave!

*Burns.*



Nº 345.- THE AULD WIFE O' THE GLEN. (Rab Roryson's bonnet).

*Lively.*

Handwritten musical score for 'The Auld Wife o' the Glen' in 6/8 time, key of D major. The score consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system includes dynamic markings *mf*, *cres.*, *mf*, *cres.*, and *mf*. The second system includes *cres.* and *f*. The third system includes *mf*. The fourth system includes *cres.*. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets and slurs.

Nº 346.- MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' LAMENT.\* (Old Ballad).

*Slow.*

Handwritten musical score for 'Mary Queen of Scots' Lament' in common time, key of D major. The score consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system includes a dynamic marking *p*. The second system includes a dynamic marking *p*. The music is characterized by a slow tempo and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some slurs and ties.

\* CONTRIBUTED BY BURNS TO JOHNSON'S "MUSEUM," ALONG WITH HIS PATHETIC BALLAD BEGINNING, "NOW NATURE HANGS HER MANTLE GREEN"



## No 347. - OHON! OCHRI, OH!

Gaelic.

*Slow and mournful.*

Musical score for No 347, Gaelic, "OHON! OCHRI, OH!". The score is in 2/4 time and consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic and a crescendo (*cres.*) marking. The second system includes a rallentando (*rall.*) marking. The third system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic and a crescendo (*cres.*) marking. The fourth system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic and a rallentando (*rall.*) marking.

## No 348. - SIR PATRICK SPENCE.\*

(Old Ballad).

*Moderate.*

Musical score for No 348, "SIR PATRICK SPENCE". The score is in 2/4 time and consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The second system includes a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

\* FIRST TIME PUBLISHED.



## OHON! OCHRI, OH!

Oh, was not I a weary wight?

Ohon! ochri, oh! ohon! ochri, oh!

Maid, wife, and widow, in one night!

Ohon! ochri, oh! ohon! ochri, oh!

When in my soft and yielding arms,

Ohon! ochri, oh! ohon! ochri, oh!

When most I thought him free from harms,

Ohon! ochri, oh! ohon! ochri, oh!

\* Even at the dead time of the night,

Ohon! ochri, oh! ohon! ochri, oh!

They broke my bower, and slew my knight,

Ohon! ochri, oh! ohon! ochri, oh!

With ae lock of his jet black hair,

Ohon! ochri, oh! ohon! ochri, oh!

I'll tie my heart for ever mair,

Ohon! ochri, oh! ohon! ochri, oh!

Nae sly-tongued youth, or flattering swain,

Ohon! ochri, oh! ohon! ochri, oh!

Shall e'er untie this knot again,

Ohon! ochri, oh! ohon! ochri, oh!

Thine, still, dear youth, that heart shall be,

Ohon! ochri, oh! ohon! ochri, oh!

Nor pant for aught save heaven and thee!

Ohon! ochri, oh! ohon! ochri, oh!

\* This verse is evidently borrowed from "The border widow's lament." (See page 112.)

## SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

The king sits in Dunfermline town,  
Drinkin' the bluid red wine;  
"O whaur will I get a skeely skipper,  
To sail this ship o' mine?"

Then up and spak an eldern knight,  
Sat at the king's richt knee,  
"Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor,  
That ever sail'd the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,  
And seal'd it wi' his han',  
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,  
Was walkin' on the stran'.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,  
To Noroway owre the faim;  
The king's dochter o' Noroway,  
It's thou maun bring her hame."

The first line that Sir Patrick read,  
Sae loud, loud laugh'd he;  
The next line that Sir Patrick read,  
The tear blinded his e'e.

"O wha is this has done this deed,  
And tauld the king o' me,  
To send us oot at this time o' the year  
To sail upon the sea?"

Be't wind, be't weat, be't hail, be't sleet,  
Our ship maun sail the faim;  
The king's dochter o' Noroway,  
It's we maun fetch her hame."

They hoys'd their sails on Mononday,  
Wi' a' the speed they may;  
They hae landed in Noroway  
Upon a Wednesday.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a',  
Our guid ship sails the morn."  
"O say na sae, my maister dear,  
For I fear a deddly storm."

I saw the new moon late yestreen,  
Wi' the auld moon in her arm,  
And I fear, I fear, my maister dear,  
That we will come to harm."

They had na sail'd a league, a league,  
A league but barely three,  
When the lift grew dark, and the wind  
blew loud,  
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the tapmasts lap,  
'Twas sic a deddly storm;  
And the waves cam owre the broken ship,  
Till a' her sides were torn.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Gae fetch a wab o' the silken clath,  
Anither o' the twine,  
And wap them to our guid ship's side,  
That the saut sea come na in."

They fetch'd a wab o' the silken clath,  
Anither o' the twine,  
And they wapp'd them round that guid  
ship's side,  
But still the sea cam in!

O laith, laith were our guid Scots lords,  
To weet their cork-heel'd shoon;  
But lang or a' the play was play'd,  
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather bed,  
That flauchter'd on the faim;  
And mony was the guid lord's son,  
That never mair cam hame!

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,  
The maidens tore their hair,  
A' for the sake o' their true loves,—  
For them they'll see nae mair!

O lang, lang may the ladyes sit,  
Wi' their fans into their han',  
Before they see Sir Patrick Spence  
Come sailin' to the stran'!

O lang, lang may the maidens sit,  
Wi' their gowd kaims in their hair,  
A' waiting for their ain dear loves,—  
For them they'll see nae mair!

It's forty miles frae Aberdeen,  
And fifty fathoms deep,  
And there lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,  
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet!

N.B.—When sung, the two last lines of each verse may be repeated.



## MARY MACNEIL.

Tune—"Kinloch o' Kinloch."

THE last gleam o' sunset in ocean was sinkin',  
 Owre mountain an' meadowland glintin' fareweel;  
 An' thousands o' stars in the heavens were blinkin',  
 As bright as the een o' sweet Mary Macneil.  
 A' glowin' wi' gladness she lean'd on her lover,  
 Her een tellin' secrets she thought to conceal;  
 And fondly they wander'd whaur nane might discover  
 The tryst o' young Ronald an' Mary Macneil.

O! Mary was modest, an' pure as the lily  
 That dew-drops o' mornin' in fragrance reveal;  
 Nae fresh bloomin' flow'ret in hill or in valley  
 Could rival the beauty of Mary Macneil.

She moved, and the graces play'd sportive around her;  
 She smiled, and the hearts o' the caulddest wad thrill;  
 She sang, an' the mavis cam list'nin' in wonder,  
 To claim a sweet sister in Mary Macneil.

But ae bitter blast on its fair promise blawin',  
 Frae spring a' its beauty an' blossoms will steal;  
 An' ae sudden blight on the gentle heart fa'in',  
 Inflicts the deep wound nothing earthly can heal.  
 The simmer saw Ronald on glory's path biein'—  
 The autumn his corse on the red battle-fiel;  
 The winter, the maiden found heart-broken, dyin';  
 An' spring spread the green turf owre Mary Macneil!

*Ethelaine Conolly.*

## O MOUNT AND GO.

O MOUNT and go,  
 Mount and make you ready;  
 Mount and go,  
 And be a captain's lady.  
 When the drums do beat,  
 And the cannons rattle,  
 I'll fight for thy dear sake,  
 Nor heed the shock of battle.

O mount and go,  
 Mount and make you ready;  
 Mount and go,  
 And be a captain's lady.  
 When the vanquish'd foe,  
 Shall sue for peace and quiet,  
 Then homeward I shall go,  
 And with my love enjoy it.  
 O mount and go, &c.



## No 349.- KINLOCH OF KINLOCH?

*With tenderness.*

Three systems of piano music for No 349. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system features a crescendo (*cres.*) and mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic, followed by a piano (*p*) dynamic.

## No 350.- O MOUNT AND GO.

*Lively.*

Three systems of piano music for No 350. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system includes mezzo-forte (*mf*) and piano (*p*) dynamics. The third system features mezzo-forte (*mf*) and piano (*p*) dynamics.

\*THE FIRST PART OF THIS TUNE WAS CONTRIBUTED BY BURNS TO THE "MUSEUM" UNDER THE TITLE OF "SWEETEST MAY!"



## No 351. — KELVIN GROVE.

*Moderate.*

*dolce.*

*mf* *cres.* *p*

*cres.* *dim.* *p* *piu rit.*

## No 352. — THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

*Lively.*

*mf* *f* *mf* *f* *mf*

*cres.* *piu dim.* *f*

*f* *cres.* *piu dim.*



# KELVIN GROVE.

LET us haste to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O,  
Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, O;  
Where the rose in all her pride,  
Paints the hollow dingle side,  
Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, O!  
Where the rose, &c.

O Kelvin banks are fair, bonnie lassie, O,  
When in summer we are there, bonnie lassie, O;  
There, the May-pink's crimson plume,  
Throws a soft, but sweet perfume,  
Round the yellow banks of broom, bonnie lassie, O.  
There, the May-pink's, &c.

Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O,  
As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, O;  
Yet with fortune on my side,  
I could stay thy father's pride,  
And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O.  
Yet with fortune, &c.

But the frowns of fortune low'r, bonnie lassie, O,  
On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O;  
Ere yon golden orb of day  
Wake the warblers on the spray,  
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.  
Ere yon golden, &c.

Then farewell to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie, O,  
And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O;  
To the river winding clear,  
To the fragrant scented breer,  
Even to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.  
To the river, &c.

When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O,  
Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O;  
Then, Helen! should'st thou hear  
Of thy lover on his bier,  
To his mem'ry shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O.  
Then, Helen! &c.

*Thomas Lyle*

# THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

THE Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho!  
The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho!  
The Campbells are coming to bonnie Lochleven!  
The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho!

Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay;  
Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay;  
I lookit down to bonnie Lochleven,  
And saw three perches play, and play.  
The Campbells are coming, &c.

O, great Argyle he goes before,  
He makes the cannons and guns to roar;  
With sound of trumpet, pipe, and drum,  
The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho!  
The Campbells are coming, &c.

The Campbells they are a' in arms,  
Their loyal faith and truth to show;  
With banners rattling in the wind,  
The Campbells are coming, O-ho, O-ho!



## SONG OF DEATH.

Tune—"Oran an aoig."

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,  
 Now gay with the bright setting sun!  
 Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties—  
 Our race of existence is run.  
 Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,  
 Go frighten the coward and slave!  
 Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,  
 No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,  
 Nor saves ev'n the wreck of a name:  
 Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!  
 He falls in the blaze of his fame!  
 In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,  
 Our king and our country to save,  
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,  
 O! who would not die with the brave?

*Burns.*

## THE BLACK-HAIR'D YOUTH.

(Gillie dubh ciar dubh.)\*

ONCE o'er the wide moor wending,  
 Or round the green hill bending,  
 Gay words and wild notes blending  
 Spread far my good cheer;  
 For then my heart, light-leaping,  
 In waking, in sleeping,  
 Had no dubh ciar dubh keeping  
 Its joys far from here.  
 Had no, &c.

Now, oh! that, together,  
 Dubh ciar dubh, dubh ciar dubh,  
 We fac'd the rude weather  
 On hills bleak and blue!  
 Some peaceful spot near me  
 I'd choose, and there cheer me;  
 No gray-beard to fear me  
 And thou in my view.  
 No gray-beard, &c.

Thy health-draught, if drinking,  
 My gillie dubh ciar dubh,  
 Mud-pools, to my thinking,  
 Like sweet wine would be;

Yet though I've no dower,  
 If some had the power,  
 They'd take thy wild flower  
 From thee, love! from thee.  
 They'd take, &c.

My bonnie dubh ciar dubh!  
 Let sharp tongues assail thee—  
 One heart will not fail thee  
 That knows to be true.  
 Dubh ciar dubh! dubh ciar dubh!  
 Though poor, poor thou be,  
 No rich old man can please me  
 Like thee, love! like thee.  
 No rich, &c.

In sadness oft sleeping  
 I wake up, half weeping—  
 Such wild dreams come creeping  
 Over me, my dear!  
 I've heard the old folks say,  
 That grief makes the hair gray;  
 Then gillie dubh! this love may  
 Make mine so, I fear!  
 Then gillie dubh! &c.

Translated from the Gaelic by

*James Pattison.*

(Published by permission.)

\* Pronounced "gillie doo kear doo,"—literally translated, "The black-hair'd swarthy youth."



N<sup>o</sup> 353.- ORAN AN AOIG.\*

Gaelic.

*Slow.*

N<sup>o</sup> 354.- THE BLACK-HAIR'D YOUTH.\*\*

Gaelic.

*With mournful expression.*

\* BURNS WROTE HIS SONG BEGINNING "FAREWELL, THOU FAIR DAY" & C. FOR THIS WILD, PECULIAR TUNE.—"LOOKING OVER," HE WRITES "MR DONALD'S COLLECTION OF HIGHLAND AIRS, I WAS STRUCK WITH ONE, AN ISLE OF SKYE TUNE, ENTITLED "ORAN AN AOIG" OR "THE SONG OF DEATH," TO THE MEASURE OF WHICH I HAVE ADAPTED MY STANZAS." G. THOMSON IN HIS COLLECTION, ADAPTED THE SONG TO THE IRISH AIR "MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND"

\*\* "GILLIE DUBH CIAR DUBH."—THE PUBLISHER IS INDEBTED TO THE KINDNESS OF A HIGHLAND LADY FOR THIS BEAUTIFUL SET OF THIS FAVORITE MELODY.—



## No 355.— LAGGAN BURN.

*Moderate.*

First system: Treble and bass staves. Treble staff begins with a piano (p) dynamic. The melody is in C major, 2/4 time. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

Second system: Continues the melody. The treble staff has a crescendo (cres.) marking. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Third system: Concludes the piece. The treble staff has a piano (p) dynamic. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

## No 356.— NORTH'S FAREWELL.

*Moderate.*

First system: Treble and bass staves. Treble staff begins with a piano (p) dynamic. The melody is in C major, 6/8 time. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

Second system: Continues the melody. The treble staff has a piano (p) dynamic. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Third system: Concludes the piece. The treble staff has a piano (p) dynamic. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.



# HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONNIE LASS.

Tune—"Laggan burn."

HERE'S to thy health, my bonnie lass,  
Guid nicht and joy be wi' thee;  
I'll come nae mair to thy bow'r door,  
To tell thee that I lo'e thee.  
O dinna think, my pretty pink,  
But I can live without thee;  
I vow and swear I dinna care  
How lang ye look about ye.

Thou'rt aye sae free informing me  
Thou hast nae mind to marry;  
I'll be as free informing thee  
Nae time hae I to tarry.  
I ken thy friens try ilka means,  
Frae wedlock to delay thee,  
Dependin' on some higher chance—  
But fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,  
But that does never grieve me;  
For I'm as free as ony he,  
Sma' siller will relieve me.  
I'll count my health my greatest wealth,  
Sae lang as I'll enjoy it:  
I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,  
As lang's I get employment.

But far aff fowls hae feathers fair,  
And aye until ye try them;  
Though they seem fair, still have a care,  
They may prove waur than I am.  
But at twal at nicht, when the moon shines bricht,  
My dear, I'll come and see thee;  
For the man that lo'es his mistress weel,  
Nae travel maks him weary.

*An early production of Burns.*

# AMID LOCH KATRINE'S SCENERY WILD.

Tune—"North's farewell."

AMID Loch Katrine's scenery wild,  
Is seen my lassie's dwelling,  
Where cavern'd rocks on mountains pi'd  
Howl to the sea-breeze swelling.  
She's purer than the snaw that fa's  
On mountain's summit airy;  
The sweetest mountain flower that blows  
Is not so fair as Mary.

'Tis sweet when woodland echo rings,  
Where purling streams meander;  
But sweeter when my Mary sings,  
As through the glens we wander.

The wild deer on the mountain side,  
The fabled elf or fairy,  
Or skiff, that skims the crystal tide,  
Moves not more light than Mary.

From Lowland plains I've wander'd far,  
In endless search of pleasure;  
Till guided by some friendly star,  
I found this lovely treasure.  
Although my native home has charms  
Among these hills I'll tarry;  
And while life's blood my bosom warms,  
I'll love my dearest Mary.



## ANNIE LAURIE.

MAXWELLTON braces are bonnie,  
 Whaur early fa's the dew,  
 And it's there that Annie Laurie  
 Gied me her promise true;  
 Gied me her promise true,  
 Which ne'er forgot will be;  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,  
 Her throat is like the swan,  
 Her face it is the fairest  
 That e'er the sun shone on;

That e'er the sun shone on,  
 And dark blue is her e'e;  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lyin',  
 Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;  
 And like winds in summer sighin',  
 Her voice is low and sweet;  
 Her voice is low and sweet,  
 And she's a' the world to me;  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me down and dee.

## THE GALLANT GRAHAMS.

\* \* \* \* \*

I HAE nae gowd, I hae nae lan',  
 I hae nae pearl nor precious stane;  
 But I would sell my silken snood,  
 To see the gallant Grahams come hame.

In Wallace' days, when they began,  
 Sir John the Graham did bear the gree  
 Through all the lands of Scotland wide;  
 He was a lord o' the south countrie.

And so was seen full mony a time—  
 For summer flowers did never spring.  
 But ev'ry Graham, in armour bricht,  
 Would then appear before the king.

They all were drest in armour sheen,  
 Upon the pleasant banks of Tay;  
 Before a king they might be seen,  
 These gallant Grahams in their array.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Now, fare ye weel, sweet Ennerdale!"  
 Countrie and kin I quit ye free;  
 Cheer up your hearts, brave cavaliers,  
 For the Grahams are gane to Germanie."

\* \* \* \* \*

To wear the blue I think it best,  
 Of all the colours that I see;  
 And I'll wear it for the gallant Grahams,  
 That banish'd are frae their countrie.

\* A corruption of Enderickdale.



## No 357.— ANNIE LAURIE.

*Slow.*

## No 358.— THE GALLANT GRAHAMS.\*

(Old Ballad).

*Mournfully.*

\* THIS VERY PLAINTIVE MELODY IS ALSO CALLED, "THE DUKE OF PERTH'S THREE DAUGHTERS"



## No 359.- THE QUAKER'S WIFE.\*

*Lively.*

Musical score for "The Quaker's Wife" in 6/8 time, marked *Lively.* The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a *mf* dynamic. The second system includes a *cres.* (crescendo) marking. The third system also includes a *cres.* marking. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand, often beamed together, and a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand.

## No 360.- HUGHIE GRAHAM.

(Old Ballad).

*Slow.*

Musical score for "Hughie Graham" in 7/8 time, marked *Slow.* The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic. The second system includes a *p* marking. The third system includes a *mf* (mezzo-forte) marking and a *rit.* (ritardando) marking. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand, often beamed together, and a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand.

\* BURNS STATES ON THE AUTHORITY OF "AN OLD HIGHLAND GENTLEMAN, A DEEP ANTIQUARIAN" THAT THIS IS "A CAELIC AIR, KNOWN BY THE NAME OF 'GLIOGRAM CHOS'."



# THINE AM I, MY FAITHFUL FAIR.

Tune—"The quaker's wife."

THINE am I, my faithful fair,  
Thine, my lovely Nancy;  
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,  
Every roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,  
There to throb and languish;  
Though despair had wrung its core,  
That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,  
Rich with balmy treasure;  
Turn away thine eyes of love,  
Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love?  
Night without a morning;  
Love's the cloudless summer sun,  
Nature gay adorning.

*Burns.*

## HUGHIE GRAHAM.

OUR lords are to the mountains gane,  
A-hunting o' the fallow deer,  
And they hae grippit Hughie Graham,  
For stealin' o' the bishop's mear.  
And they hae tied him hand and foot,  
And led him up through Stirling toun;  
The lads and lasses met him there,  
Cried "Hughie Graham, thou art a loon."

"O lowse my richt han' free," he says,  
"And put my braidsword in the same;  
He's no in Stirling toun this day,  
Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graham."

\* \* \* \* \*

They've taen him to the gallows knowe;  
He lookit to the gallows tree,  
Yet never colour left his cheek,  
Nor ever did he blin' his e'e.  
At length he lookit round about,  
To see whatever he could spy;

And there he saw his auld faither,  
And he was weepin' bitterly.

"O haud your tongue, my faither dear,  
And wi' your weepin' let it be;  
Thy weepin's sairer on my heart,  
Than a' that they can dae to me.

And ye may gie my brither John  
My sword that's bent in the middle clear;  
And let him come at twelve o'clock,  
And see me pay the bishop's mear.

And ye may gie my brither James  
My sword that's bent in the middle broun;  
And bid him come at four o'clock,  
To see his brither Hugh cut down.

And ye may tell my kith and kin,  
I never did disgrace their blood;  
And when they meet the bishop's cloak,  
To mak it shorter by the hood."



## I HAE NAE KITH, I HAE NAE KIN.

Tune—"The hundred pipers."

I HAE nae kith, I hae nae kin,  
 Nor ane that's dear to me;  
 For the bonnie lad that I lo'e best,  
 He's far ayont the sea.  
 He's gane wi' ane that was our ain,  
 And we may rue the day  
 Our king's ae daughter e'er cam here,  
 To play us sic foul play.  
 O gin I were a bonnie bird,  
 Wi' wings that I micht flee;  
 Then would I travel owre the main,  
 My ae true love to see.

Then I wad tell a joyfu' tale,  
 To ane that's dear to me;  
 And sit upon a king's window  
 And sing my melodie.  
 The adder lies i' the corbie's nest,  
 Aneath the corbie's wing;  
 And the blast that reeves the corbie's brood,  
 Will soon blaw hame our king.  
 Then blaw ye east, or blaw ye west,  
 Or blaw ye owre the faim;  
 O bring the lad that I lo'e best,  
 And ane I daur na name.

*Jacobite Song.*

## THE BARRIN' O' THE DOOR.

It fell about the Mart' mas time,  
 (And a gay time it was than, O.)  
 That our guidwife got puddins to mak,  
 And she biled them in a pan, O.  
 The win' blew cauld frae north to south,  
 And it blew into the floor, O;  
 Quoth our guidman to our guidwife,  
 "Get up and bar the door, O."  
 "My han' is in my hussyfkap,  
 Guidman, as ye may see, O;  
 Though it be na barr'd this hunner year,  
 It's ne'er be barr'd by me, O."  
 So they made a paction 'tween them twa,  
 They made it firm and sure, O;  
 That the first that spak the foremost word,  
 Should rise and bar the door, O.  
 Then by there cam twa gentlemen,  
 At twal o'clock at night, O;  
 And they could see nor hoose, nor ha',  
 Nor coal, nor can'le licht, O.  
 "Noo, whether is this a rich man's hoose,  
 Or whether is it a puir, O?"

But never a word wad ane o' them speak,  
 For the barrin' o' the door, O.  
 And first they ate the white puddins,  
 And syne they ate the black, O;  
 Muckle thoct our guidwife till hersel',  
 Yet never a word she spak, O.  
 Then says the tane unto the tither,  
 "Here, man, tak ye my knife, O;  
 And ye'll tak aff the auld man's beard,  
 While I kiss the guidwife, O."  
 "But there's nae water in the hoose,  
 And what will we do than, O?"  
 "What ails ye at the puddin bree,  
 That biles into the pan, O?"  
 O up then started our guidman,  
 And an angry man was he, O;  
 "Ye wad kiss my wife before my face,  
 And scad me wi' puddin bree, O!"  
 Then up jumpit our guidwife,  
 Gied three skips owre the floor, O;  
 "Guidman, ye've spoken the foremost word!  
 Get up and bar the door, O."



## No 361.— THE HUNDRED PIPERS.

*Lively.*

*mf* *p*

Handwritten 'C' and 'Intro' in the left margin.

The musical score for 'The Hundred Pipers' is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano introduction marked 'mf' (mezzo-forte) and ends with a piano (p) dynamic. The second system continues the melody. The third system also begins with 'mf'. The fourth system concludes with a piano (p) dynamic. The notation includes various musical symbols such as treble and bass clefs, time signatures, key signatures, and dynamic markings.

## No 362.— THE BARRIN' O' THE DOOR.

*Moderate.*

*mf* *cres.* *p*

The musical score for 'The Barrin' O' the Door' is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic and includes a crescendo (cres.) marking. The second system concludes with a piano (p) dynamic. The notation includes various musical symbols such as treble and bass clefs, time signatures, key signatures, and dynamic markings.



## No 363.— ZETLAND MELODY.

*Slow with feeling.*

Musical score for No 363, Zetland Melody. The score is written for piano and consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system features a ritardando (*rit.*) and a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic. The third system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and a crescendo (*cres.*). The fourth system also includes a crescendo (*cres.*) and a ritardando (*rit.*).

## No 364.— O TIBBIE I HAE SEEN THE DAY.\*

*Lively.*

Musical score for No 364, O Tibbie I Hae Seen the Day. The score is written for piano and consists of two systems of music. The first system is marked with a lively tempo. The second system continues the lively tempo.

\* INVERCAULD'S REEL.



# MINNA'S FAREWELL TO CLEVELAND.

Tune—"Zetland melody."

Go, Cleveland, from thy Minna go,  
Where deeds of glory lead to fame!  
The hand of death ne'er parted two,  
With fainter hope to meet again.  
'Tis thine from Zetland's coast to roam,  
To bid each mountain scene adieu;  
And soon, I feel, the time will come,  
When I, alas! shall leave them too.  
  
'Tis not 'mid revelry and joy,  
That Minna claims a thought from thee;  
'Tis not 'mid wine-cups sparkling high,  
That I would bid thee pledge to me!

But oh! 'mid war or tempest's roar,  
When o'er the surge thy bark is borne,  
Think on the maid on Zetland's shore,  
Whose prayers are mingling with the storm.  
  
And oh! if earthly joy can cheer  
A heart fast wending to the grave,  
'Twill be thy much-lov'd name to hear,  
Enroll'd among the good and brave:  
To hear a nation swell the praise  
Of him, whose deeds of valour drew  
The cheer that daring outlaws raised,  
And plaudits from the shouting crew.

*John Goldie.*

# O TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

Tune—"Invercauld's reel."

O TIBBIE, I hae seen the day  
Ye wad na been sae shy;  
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
But troth I care na by.  
  
Yestreen I meet you on the moor,  
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stour;  
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,  
But fient a hair care I.  
O Tibbie, &c.  
  
I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,  
Because ye hae the name o' clink,  
That ye can please me at a wink,  
Whene'er ye like to try.  
O Tibbie, &c.  
  
But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,  
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,  
Wha follows ony saucy quean,  
That looks sae proud and high.  
O Tibbie, &c.

Although a lad were e'er sae smart,  
If that he want the yellow dirt,  
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,  
And answer him fu' dry.  
O Tibbie, &c.  
  
But if he hae the name o' gear,  
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,  
Tho' hardly he for sense or lear,  
Be better than the kye.  
O Tibbie, &c.  
  
But Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,  
Your daddie's gear maks ye sae nice;  
The deil a ane wad speir your price,  
Were ye as poor as I.  
O Tibbie, &c.  
  
There lives a lass in yonder park,  
I wad na gie her in her sark,  
For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark;  
Ye need na look sae high.  
O Tibbie, &c.

*Burns.*



## FINE FLOWERS IN THE VALLEY.

"SMILE na sae sweet, my bonnie babe,"  
(Fine flowers in the valley.)  
"An ye smile sae sweet, ye'll smile me dead,"  
(And the green leaves they grow rarely.)

She's taen out her little penknife,  
(Fine flowers in the valley.)  
And twin'd the sweet babe o' its life:  
(And the green leaves they grow rarely.)

She's howkit a grave by the licht o' the moon,  
(Fine flowers in the valley.)  
And there she's buried her sweet babe in:  
(And the green leaves they grow rarely.)

As she was going to the church,  
(Fine flowers in the valley.)  
She saw a sweet babe in the porch:  
(And the green leaves they grow rarely.)

"O my sweet babe, an thou wert mine,"  
(Fine flowers in the valley.)  
"I wad cleed thee in the silk sae fine!"  
(And the green leaves they grow rarely.)

"O mither dear, when I was thine,"  
(Fine flowers in the valley.)  
"Ye did na prove to me sae kin'!"  
(And the green leaves they grow rarely.)

*Fragment of old Ballad contributed to Johnson's "Museum" by Burns.*

## THE CAULD WINTER'S GANE.

Tune—"The cottage adjoining the fall."

THE cauld cauld winter's gane, love,  
Sae bitter and sae snell;  
And spring has come again, love,  
To deck yon leesome dell.  
The buds burst frae the tree, love;  
The birds sing by the shaw;  
But sad, sad is my dowie heart,  
For ye are far awa!

I thocht the time wad flee, love,  
As in the days gane by;  
While I wad think on thee, love,  
And a' my patience try;

But O! the weary hours, love,  
They wad na flee awa;  
And they hae borne me nocht but dule,  
Sin' ye hae been awa.

Wae's me! they're sair to bide, love,  
The dirdums ane maun dree;  
The feelings winna hide, love,  
Wi' saut tears in the e'e.  
And yet the ills o' life, love,  
Compar'd wi' joys are stna'—  
Sae will it be when ye return,  
Nae mair to gang awa.

*William Grain.*

*From "The Book of Scottish Song," by permission of Messrs. Blackie & Son.*



## No 365.— FINE FLOWERS IN THE VALLEY.

*Slowly.*

Musical score for No 365, "FINE FLOWERS IN THE VALLEY". The piece is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major, and marked "Slowly". It consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system has a piano (*p*) dynamic in the left hand and a *piu forte.* dynamic in the right hand. The second system ends with a *dim. rit.* marking.

## No 366.— THE COTTAGE ADJOINING THE FALL. Gaelic.

*Moderately slow.*

Musical score for No 366, "THE COTTAGE ADJOINING THE FALL. Gaelic.". The piece is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major, and marked "Moderately slow.". It consists of five systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The piece concludes with a final system.



## No 367. — THE POSIE.\*

*Slow with expression.*

Musical score for No 367, 'THE POSIE'. The score is written for piano in C major, 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes dynamics of *dim.*, *p*, *cres.*, *p*, and *mf*. The piece concludes with a *piu dim.* marking.

## No 368. — THE BRAES OF BUSHBIE.

Gaelic.

*Slowly and plaintively.*

Musical score for No 368, 'THE BRAES OF BUSHBIE'. The score is written for piano in C major, 4/4 time. It consists of five systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes dynamics of *mf* and *p*. The third system includes a *mf* dynamic. The fourth system includes a *mf* dynamic. The piece concludes with a *p* dynamic.

\* THIS PRETTY TUNE IS EVIDENTLY A MODIFICATION OF "ROSLIN CASTLE" (SEE PAGE 34.)



## THE POSIE.

Oh, love will venture in where it daur na weel be seen;  
 Oh, love will venture in where wisdom ance has been;  
 But I will doun yon river rove, amang the woods sae green,  
 And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year;  
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;  
 For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer—  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phoebus peeps in view,  
 For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou';  
 The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue:  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,  
 And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;

The daisy's for simplicity, of unaffected air:  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray,  
 Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day;  
 But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away—  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the evening star is near,  
 And the diamond-drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear;  
 The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear:  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love,  
 And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,  
 That to my latest draught o' life the band shall no'er remove;  
 And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

Burns.

## I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

Tune—"The braes of Busby."

I GAED a wae fu' gate yestreen,  
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;  
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,  
 Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.  
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,  
 Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,  
 Her heaving bosom, lily-white—  
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.  
 [Oh hon! oh hon a ri!  
 And oh hon! oh hon a ri!  
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,  
 Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.]

She talk'd, she smiled, my heart she wiled,  
 She charm'd my soul—I wist na how;  
 But aye the stound, the deadly wound,  
 Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.  
 But, spare to speak, and spare to speed,  
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow:  
 Should she refuse, I'll lay me dead  
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.  
 [Oh hon! oh hon a ri!  
 And oh hon! oh hon a ri!  
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,  
 Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.]

Burns.



## THOU LING'RING STAR.

Tune—"The death of Captain Cook."

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,  
That lov'st to greet the early morn;  
Again thou usher'st in the day,  
My Mary from my soul was torn.  
Oh, Mary! dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st 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 will not efface  
Those records dear of transports past;  
Thy image at our last embrace—  
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green;  
The fragrant birch, the hawthorn hoar,  
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene;  
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
The birds sung love on every spray—  
Till too, too soon the glowing west  
Proclaim'd the speed of wing'd day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care;  
Time but the impression stronger makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.  
My Mary! dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

*Burns.*

## WHAT DO YE THINK I SHOULD DO?

I AM a young man, and I live wi' my minnie,  
A guid honest lucky, I trow;  
But whenever I speak o' takin' a wife,  
She aye flees up in a lowe.  
And what do ye think I should do, guid folks?  
O! what do ye think I should try?  
For if she dees, there's naeboddy leevin',  
To mind the fowls an' the kye.

My mither yestreen, she pouter'd my head,  
Till it was as white as the snaw;  
She took her auld mutch and stuff'd my gravat,  
And put in my breast-preen an' a'.  
And what do ye think I'm to do, guid folks?  
O! what do ye think I'm to do?  
I'm gaun to the east, to a braw waddin' feast,  
To meet the M'Haffys, I trow.

"Noo gang awa, Jamie, noo gang to the bridal—  
Ye ken ye've to be the 'best man,'  
And Betty M'Haffy, she is the 'best maid'—  
Speak up to her noo like a man."

And what do ye think o' me noo, guid folks?  
O! what do ye think o' me, noo?  
I ken very weel, it's a' for the siller  
That mither wad hae me to woo.

I gaed to the bridal, and Betty was there,  
And wow! but she was buskit braw,  
Wi' ribbons and lace, a' set round her face,  
And necklaces twa or three raw.

And what do ye think o' me noo, guid folks?  
O! what do ye think I should try?  
For really I'm vext, an' sairly perplex'd,  
When I think o' the fowls and the kye.

To please my mither, and speak up till her,  
Lang I thocht afore I wad try;  
At length I speir'd, if ever she heard  
"That we had twa dizen o' kye?"

And what do ye think o' me noo, guid folks?—  
O! keep me frae Betty, say I—  
Wi' a toss o' her head, she answered, "Indeed!  
Wha cares for you or your kye?"



## No 369.— THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK.\*

*Very mournfully.*

Very mournfully.

*p* *dim.* *p* *rit.*

This musical score is for a piano piece in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff. The third system has a treble and bass staff. The piece begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a very mournful tempo. It features a variety of musical notations, including eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as *p*, *dim.*, and *rit.* The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## No 370.— WHAT DO YOU THINK I SHOULD DO?

*Lively.*

*Lively.*

*mf* *cres.* *mf* *tempo.* *piu rit.* *p*

This musical score is for a piano piece in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff. The third system has a treble and bass staff. The piece begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and a lively tempo. It features a variety of musical notations, including eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and dynamic markings such as *mf*, *cres.*, *tempo.*, *piu rit.*, and *p*. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

\* THIS PLAINTIVE AIR IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN COMPOSED BY MISS JOHNSTON OF HILTON (AFTERWARDS MRS OSWALD OF AUCHINCROUIE)—BURNS REQUESTED JOHNSTON TO SET HIS CELEBRATED PATHETIC ADDRESS "TO MARY IN HEAVEN" TO THIS TUNE IN THE "MUSEUM"—WHICH WAS ACCORDINGLY ATTENDED TO!—



## No 371.— THE MARTYR'S GRAVE.

*With melancholy.*

## No 372.— WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?

*Moderate.*

"WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?"—BY PERMISSION—FROM PATERSON & SONS' COLLECTION "LAWS FROM STRATHEARN," BY CAROLINE, BARONESS HAIRNE.



## THE COVENANTER'S LAMENT.

Tune—"The Martyr's grave."

THERE'S nae covenant noo, lassie!  
 There's nae covenant noo!  
 The solemn league and covenant  
 Are a' broken through!  
 There's nae Renwick noo, lassie,  
 There's nae guid Cargill,  
 Nor holy Sabbath preaching  
 Upon the Martyr's Hill!  
 It's naething but a sword, lassie!  
 A bluidy, bluidy aye!  
 Waving owre poor Scotland  
 For her rebellious sin.

Scotland's a' wrang, lassie,  
 Scotland's a' wrang—  
 It's neither to the hill nor glen,  
 Lassie, we daur gang.  
 The Martyr's Hill's forsaken,  
 In simmer's dusk sae calm;  
 There's nae gathering noo, lassie,  
 To sing the e'enin' psalm!  
 But the martyr's grave will rise, lassie,  
 Aboon the warrior's cairn;  
 An' the martyr soun' will sleep, lassie,  
 Aneath the waving fern!

*Robert Allan.*

## THE BONNIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA.

Tune—"Will ye no come back again?"

O HOW can I be blythe and glad,  
 Or how can I gang brisk and braw,  
 When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best  
 Is owre the hills and far awa?  
*Will ye no come back again?*  
*Will ye no come back again?*  
*Dearer lo'ed ye canna be—*  
*Will ye no come back again?*

It's no the frosty winter wind,  
 It's no the driving drift and snaw;  
 But aye the tear comes in my e'e,  
 To think on him that's far awa.  
*Will ye no, &c.*

My father pat me frae his door,  
 My friends they hae disown'd me a';  
 But I hae aye will tak my part,  
 The bonnie lad that's far awa.  
*Will ye no, &c.*

A pair o' gloves he ga'e to me,  
 And silken snoods he ga'e me twa;  
 And I will wear them for his sake,  
 The bonnie lad that's far awa.  
*Will ye no come back again?*  
*Will ye no come back again?*  
*Dearer lo'ed ye canna be—*  
*Will ye no come back again?*

First verse and chorus old, the other verses by *Burns*.



## OUT OVER THE FORTH.

Out over the Forth I look to the north,  
 But what is the north and its Hielands to me?  
 The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,  
 The far foreign land, or the wild-rolling sea.  
 But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,  
 That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be,  
 For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,  
 The lad that is dear to my baby and me.  
 His father he frown'd on the love of his boyhood,  
 And oh! his proud mother look'd cold upon me;  
 But he follow'd me aye to my hame in the shealing,  
 And the hills o' Breadalbane rang wild wi' our glee.

A' the lang summer day, 'mid the heather and braiken,  
 I joy'd in the light o' his bonnie blue e'e;  
 I little then thought that the wide western ocean  
 Would be rolling this day 'tween my laddie and me.  
 When we plighted our faith by the cairn on the mountain,  
 The deer and the roe stood bride-maidens to me;  
 And my bride's tiring glass was the clear crystal fountain—  
 What then was the warld to my laddie and me?  
 So I look to the west when I gae to my rest,  
 That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;  
 For far in the west is the lad I lo'e best,  
 He's seeking a hame for my bairnie and me.

*First stanza by Burns.*

## THE PRIMROSE IS BONNIE IN SPRING.

Tune—"The banks of Esval."

The primrose is bonnie in spring,  
 An' the rose it is sweet in June;  
 It's bonnie, whaur leaves are green,  
 I' the sunny afternoon.  
 It's bonnie when the sun gae down,  
 An' glints on the broomy knowe;  
 It's bonnie to see the clouds  
 Sae red wi' the dazzlin' lowe.

When the nicht is a' sae calm,  
 An' comes the sweet twilight gloom,  
 Oh! it cheers my heart to meet  
 My lassie amang the broom.  
 When the birds in bush or brake  
 Do quit their blythe e'enin' sang,  
 O! what an hour to sit  
 Thae gay gowden links amang.

*Robert Allan.*



N<sup>o</sup> 373.— OUT OVER THE FORTH.*Lively.*

Musical score for "Out Over the Forth" (N<sup>o</sup> 373). The piece is in 8/8 time and marked *Lively.* It consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a *mf* dynamic. The second system continues the melody. The third system includes a *p* dynamic marking. The fourth system concludes with a *tempo.* marking and a *p* dynamic.

N<sup>o</sup> 374.— THE BANKS OF ESWAL.*Moderate.*

Musical score for "The Banks of Eswal" (N<sup>o</sup> 374). The piece is in 8/8 time and marked *Moderate.* It consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system includes *p*, *cres.*, and *p* dynamic markings. The second system includes *cres.*, *p*, *mf*, and *piu dim.* dynamic markings.



## No 375.— OUR GUIDMAN CAM HAME AT E'EN.

*Moderate.*

Musical score for No 375, "OUR GUIDMAN CAM HAME AT E'EN." The piece is in 2/4 time, key of D major, and marked "Moderate." It consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The third system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The fourth system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and a tempo change instruction: "a little slower." The score concludes with a final double bar line.

## No 376.— WE'RE A' NODDIN'.

*With animation*

Musical score for No 376, "WE'RE A' NODDIN'." The piece is in 2/4 time, key of D major, and marked "With animation." It consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system features a lively, rhythmic melody in the right hand. The second system continues the piece with similar rhythmic patterns. The score concludes with a final double bar line.

\* SEE "KIND KIMMER" PAGE 28.



Our guidman cam hame at e'en,  
And hame cam he;  
And there he saw a saddle-horse,  
Where nae horse should be.  
"O, how cam this horse here?  
And how cam this be!  
How cam this horse here,  
Without the leave o' me?"  
"A horse!" quo' she;  
"Ay, a horse," quo' he.  
"Ye auld blind dotard carle,  
And blinder mat ye be!  
It's but a bonnie milk-cow,  
My mither sent to me."  
"A milk-cow!" quo' he;  
"Ay, a milk-cow," quo' she.  
"O far hae I ridden,  
And muckle hae I seen;  
But a saddle on a milk-cow  
Saw I ne'er nane."  
Our guidman cam hame at e'en,  
And hame cam he;  
He spied a pair o' jack-boots,  
Where nae boots should be.  
"O what's this noo, guidwife?  
And what's this I see?  
How cam thae boots here,  
Without the leave o' me?"  
"Boots!" quo' she;  
"Ay, boots," quo' he.  
"Ye auld blind dotard carle,  
And blinder mat ye be!  
It's but a pair o' water-stoups,  
The cooper sent to me."

"Water-stoups!" quo' he;  
"Ay, water-stoups," quo' she.  
"O far hae I ridden,  
And muckle hae I seen;  
But siller spurs on water-stoups  
Saw I ne'er nane."

Our guidman cam hame at e'en,  
And hame cam he;  
And there he saw a siller-sword,  
Where nae sword should be.  
"O what's this noo, guidwife?  
And what's this I see?  
O how cam this sword here,  
Without the leave o' me?"  
"A sword!" quo' she;  
"Ay, a sword," quo' he.  
"Ye auld blind dotard carle,  
And blinder mat ye be!  
It's but a parritch-spurtle,  
My minnie sent to me."  
"A parritch-spurtle!" quo' he;  
"Ay, a parritch-spurtle," quo' she.  
"Weel, far hae I ridden,  
And muckle hae I seen;  
But siller-handed parritch-spurtles  
Saw I ne'er nane!"

Our guidman cam hame at e'en,  
And hame cam he;  
And there he saw a muckle coat,  
Where nae coat should be.  
"O how cam this coat here?  
And how cam this be?"

How cam this coat here,  
Without the leave o' me?"  
"A coat!" quo' she;  
"Ay, a coat," quo' he.  
"Ye auld blind dotard carle,  
And blinder mat ye be!  
It's but a pair o' blankets  
My minnie sent to me."  
"Blankets!" quo' he;  
"Ay, blankets," quo' she.  
"O far hae I ridden,  
And muckle hae I seen;  
But buttons upon blankets  
Saw I ne'er nane."

Ben gaed our guidman,  
And ben gaed he;  
And there he spied a sturdy man,  
Where nae man should be.  
"O how cam this man here?  
And how cam this be?  
How cam this man here,  
Without the leave o' me?"  
"A man!" quo' she;  
"Ay, a man," quo' he.  
"Pair blind bodie,  
And blinder mat ye be!  
It's but a new milkin' maid,  
My mither sent to me."  
"A maid!" quo' he;  
"Ay, a maid," quo' she.  
"O far hae I ridden,  
And muckle hae I seen,  
But lang-bearded maidens  
Saw I ne'er nane!"

*From Herd's Collection, 1776.*

WE'RE A' NODDIN.

O, our guidwife's awa,  
And noo's the time to woo;  
For the lads like the lasses,  
And the lasses lads too.  
The moon is beaming bright,  
And the gowan is in dew,  
And my love's by my side,  
And we're a' happy noo.  
And we're a' noddin,  
Nid, nid noddin,  
And we're a' noddin,  
At our house at hame.

O, I hae wale o' loves,—  
There's Nannie rich and fair,  
Bessie brown and bonnie,

And Kate wi' curling hair;  
And Bell sae young and proud,  
Wi' gold aboon her brow;  
But my Jean has twa een  
That glow'r me through and through.  
And we're a' noddin, &c.

And sair she slichts the lads—  
Three lie a' like to dee,  
Four in sorrow listed,  
And five flew to the sea.  
But nigh her chamber door  
A' nicht I watch in dool;  
As kind word frae my love  
Would charm frae Yule to Yule.  
And we're a' noddin, &c.

*Allan Cunningham.*



## THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.

FRAE Dunideir as I cam through,  
 Down by the hill of Banochie,  
 Alangst the lands of Garioch—  
 Great pity 'twas to hear and see,  
 The noise and dulesome harmonie,  
 That e'er that dreary day did daw,  
 Crying the coronach sae hie,  
 "Alas! alas! for the Harlaw!"

I marvelt what the matter meant,  
 All folks were in a feiry-fary;  
 I wist not wha was fae or friend,  
 Yet quietly I did me carry:  
 But sin' the days of auld King Harry  
 Sic slauchter was not heard or seen;  
 And there I had nae time to tarry,  
 For bissiness in Aberdeen.

Thus as I walkit on the way,  
 To Inverury as I went,  
 I met a man, and bade him stay,  
 Requesting him to mak me 'quaint

Of the beginning and the event,  
 That happen'd there at the Harlaw;  
 Then he entreated me, tak tent,  
 And he the truth sould to me shaw.

"Great Donald of the Isles, did claim  
 Unto the lands of Ross some richt;  
 And to the Governor he cam,  
 Them for to have, if that he nicht;  
 Wha saw his interest was but slicht,  
 And therefore answer'd with disdain;  
 He hastit hame baith day and nicht,  
 And sent nae bodword back again.

But Donald, richt impatient  
 Of that answer Duke Robert\* gave,  
 He vow'd to God omnipotent,  
 All the hale lands of Ross to have,  
 Or else be graith'd in his grave:  
 He would not quat his richt for nocht,  
 Nor be abusit like a slave—  
 That bargain sould be dearly bocht."

\* Duke of Albany.

## THE TAILOR FELL THROUGH THE BED.

Tune—"The tailors' march."

THE tailor fell through the bed thimble an' a',  
 The tailor fell through the bed thimble an' a';  
 The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma';  
 The tailor fell through the bed thimble an' a'.

Afore it was licht, up the tailor he raise,  
 Afore it was licht, syne he pat on his claise;

"The blankets are thin, and the sheets they are sma',  
 I canna get rest, sae I'll e'en gang awa."

Sae loud rair'd the luckie, when she gaed ben,  
 "O sic a like trick, whae'er did ken!  
 The wark's no hauf dune, and the tailor's awa;  
 He's aff wi' his shears, an' his thimble, an' a'."



## No 377.— THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.\*

Gaelic.

*Moderately slow.*

Musical score for 'The Battle of Harlaw' in D major, 2/4 time. The score consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system continues the melody. The third system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic and a diminuendo (*dim.*) marking. The fourth system concludes with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, and rests.

## No 378.— THE TAILORS' MARCH.\*\*

*Moderate.*

Musical score for 'The Tailors' March' in D major, 6/8 time. The score consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system features a lively melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The second system continues the melody with similar rhythmic patterns. The music is characterized by a strong, rhythmic pulse.

\* FOUGHT 24<sup>th</sup> JULY 1411, AGAINST DONALD OF THE ISLES.

\*\* EVIDENTLY THE ORIGIN OF "LOCIE O' BUCHAN" (SEE PAGE 17.)



## No 379.— THE RIN AWA BRIDE.

*Lively.*

Three systems of piano music for No 379, 'THE RIN AWA BRIDE'. The music is in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first system begins with a *mf* dynamic. The second system also begins with a *mf* dynamic. The third system begins with a *dim.* dynamic, followed by a *mf* dynamic. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## No 380.— DUNCAN GRAY.

*Lively.*

Three systems of piano music for No 380, 'DUNCAN GRAY'. The music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first system begins with a *mf* dynamic, followed by a *f* dynamic. The second system begins with a *mf* dynamic, followed by a *f* dynamic, and then a *mf* dynamic. The third system begins with a *mf* dynamic, followed by a *f* dynamic. The piece concludes with a double bar line.



## MY WIFE SHALL HAE HER WILL.

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Tune—"The rin-awa bride."

If my dear wife should chance to gang,  
Wi' me, to Edinbro' toun;  
Into a shop I will her tak,  
And buy her a new gown.  
But if my wife should hain the charge,  
As I expect she will;  
And if she says, "The auld will dae"—  
By my word she'll hae her will.  
  
If my dear wife should wish to gang,  
To see a neebor or friend;  
A horse or a chair I will provide,  
And a servant to attend.

But if my wife shall hain the charge,  
As I expect she will;  
And if she says, "I'll walk on fit"—  
By my word she'll hae her will.  
  
If my dear wife shall bring me a son,  
As I expect she will;  
Cake and wine I will provide,  
And a nurse to nurse the child.  
But if my wife shall hain the charge,  
As I expect she will;  
And if she says, "I'll nurse't mysel"—  
By my word she'll hae her will.

## DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN GRAY cam here to woo,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
On blythe Yule nicht, when we were fu',  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;  
Maggie cuist her head fu' heigh,  
Look'd asklant, and unco skeigh,  
Gart puir Duncan stand abeigh—  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
  
Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;  
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,  
Grat his een baith blear't and blin',  
Spak o' loupin owre a linn—  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
  
Time and chance are but a tide,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;  
Slightit love is sair to bide,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

"Shall I, like a fool," quoth he,  
"For a haughty hizzy dee?  
She may gae to—France, for me!"  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
  
How it comes let doctors tell,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;  
Meg grew sick—as he grew hale,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;  
Something in her bosom wrings,  
For relief a sigh she brings;  
And oh, her een, they spak sic things!  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
  
Duncan was a lad o' grace,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;  
Maggie's was a piteous case,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
Duncan could na be her death,  
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;  
Now they're crouse and canty baith,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

*Burns.*



## MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

My love, she's but a lassie yet;  
 My love, she's but a lassie yet;  
 I'll let her stand a year or twa;  
 She'll no be half sae saucy yet.  
 I rue the day I sought her, O;  
 I rue the day I sought her, O;  
 Wha gets her, needs na say she's woo'd,  
 But he may say he's bought her, O.

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,  
 Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;  
 Gae seek for pleasure whaur ye will—  
 But here I never miss'd it yet.  
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;  
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;  
 The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,  
 And could na preach for thinking o't.

*Part old, and part by Burns.*

## THE BRIDAL O'T.

Tune—"The cardin' o't."

THEY say that Jocky'll speed weel o't,  
 They say that Jocky'll speed weel o't,  
 For he grows brawer ilka day;  
 I hope we'll hae a bridal o't:  
 For yesternight, nae farther gane,  
 The back-house at the side-wa' o't,  
 He there wi' Meg was mirdin' seen;  
 I hope we'll hae a bridal o't.

An we had but a bridal o't,  
 And we had but a bridal o't,  
 We'd leave the rest unto good luck,  
 Although there might betide ill o't.  
 For bridal days are merry times,  
 And young folk like the coming o't;  
 And scribblers they bang up their rhymes,  
 And pipers play 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,  
 Although that they should guide ill o't.  
 The boddom o' the kist is then  
 Turn'd up into the inmost o't;  
 The end that held the keeks sae clean,  
 Is now become the teemest 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 three-fauld they convene,  
 Ilk ane envies the tother o't;  
 And wishes nane but him alane  
 May ever see another o't.

*Alexander Ross.*



No 381.— MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.\*

*Lively.*

*mf* *mf* *rit.*

*tempo.* *f*

*tempo.* *rit.*

No 382.— THE CARDIN' O'T.

*Lively.*

*p* *piu forte.* *p* *cres.*

*p* *cres.* *mf* *p*

*cres.* *mf* *cres.* *p* *cres.*

\* ACCORDING TO MR C K. SHARPE, THE OLD NAME OF THIS TUNE WAS "PUT UP YOUR DACCER, JAMIE!"



Nº 383.— O WHA'S AT THE WINDOW.\*

*Lively.*

Two systems of piano accompaniment for the song 'O WHA'S AT THE WINDOW'. The first system begins with a treble and bass staff in 6/8 time, marked *mf*. The melody is in the treble staff, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the piece, marked *cres.* (crescendo) in the treble staff, leading to a final measure with a double bar line.

Nº 384.— MY PEGGY'S FACE.

*Slow.*

Five systems of piano accompaniment for the song 'MY PEGGY'S FACE'. The first system is in 2/4 time, marked *mf*. The melody is in the treble staff, with a slow, steady pace. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the piece, marked *mf*. The third system is marked *piu forte.* (piano forte). The fourth system is marked *mf*. The fifth system is marked *mf* and ends with a double bar line.

\* THIS VERY PRETTY COMPOSITION OF M. A. SMITH'S HAS A CERTAIN RESEMBLANCE TO THE TUNE OF "O TELL ME O' WIND AND RAIN" PAGE 61.—



## O WHA'S AT THE WINDOW, WHA, WHAP

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O WHA'S at the window, wha, wha ?

O wha's at the window, wha, wha ?

Wha but blythe Jamie Glen,

He's come sax miles an' ten,

To tak bonnie Jeanie awa, awa,

To tak bonnie Jeanie awa.

O bridal maidens are braw, braw,

O bridal maidens are braw, braw ;

But the bride's modest o'e,

And warm check are to me,

'Boon pearlins and brooches, an' a', an' a',

'Boon pearlins and brooches, an' a'.

There's mirth on the green, in the ha', the ha',

There's mirth on the green, in the ha', the ha',

There's laughin', there's quaffin',

There's jestin', there's daffin',

But the bride's faither's blythest of a', of a',

But the bride's faither's blythest of a'.

It's no that she's Jamie's, awa, awa,

It's no that she's Jamie's, awa, awa,

That my heart is sae weary,

When a' the lave's cheery,

But it's just that she'll aye be awa, awa,

But it's just that she'll aye be awa!

*Alexander Carlyle.*

## MY PEGGY'S FACE.

MY Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,

The frost of hermit age might warm ;

My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,

Might charm the first of human kind.

I love my Peggy's angel air,

Her face so truly, heav'nly fair,

Her native grace so void of art—

But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,

The kindling lustre of an eye ;

Who but owns their magic sway !

Who but knows they all decay !

The tender thrill, the pitying tear,

The gen'rous purpose, nobly dear,

The gentle look, that rage disarms—

These are all immortal charms

*Burns.*



## PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
 Pibroch of Donuil,  
 Wake thy wild voice anew,  
 Summon Clan Conuil.  
 Come away, come away,  
 Hark to the summons!  
 Come in your war array,  
 Gentles and commons!  
 Come from deep glen, and  
 From mountain so rocky;  
 The war-pipe and pennon  
 Are at Inverlochy.  
 Come every hill-plaid, and  
 True heart that wears one;  
 Come every steel blade, and  
 Strong hand that bears one!  
 Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
 Leave nets and barges;  
 Come with your fighting gear,  
 Broadswords and targes.

Untended leave the herd,  
 The flock without shelter;  
 Leave the corpse uninterr'd,  
 The bride at the altar.  
 Come as the winds come, when  
 Forests are rended;  
 Come as the waves come, when  
 Navies are stranded.  
 Faster come, faster come,  
 Faster and faster,  
 Chief, vassal, page, and groom,  
 Tenant and master,  
 Fast they come, fast they come,  
 See how they gather!  
 Wide waves the eagle plume,  
 Blended with heather.  
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
 Forward each man set;  
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
 Knell for the onset!

*Scott.*

## OWRE BOGIE.

I WILL awa wi' my love,  
 I will awa wi' her;  
 Though a' my kin had sworn and said,  
 I will awa wi' her.  
 I'll owre Bogie, owre Bogie,  
 Owre Bogie wi' her;  
 Though a' my kin had sworn and said,  
 I will awa wi' her.  
 If I can get but her consent,  
 I dinna care a strae;  
 Though ilka ane be discontent,  
 Awa wi' her I'll gae.  
 I'll owre Bogie, &c.

For noo she's mistress o' my heart,  
 And worthy o' my han';  
 And weel I wat we shanna part  
 For siller or for lan'.  
 I'll owre Bogie, &c.  
 My uncle he aye threatens me,  
 And auntie looks sae sour;  
 Although there's naething they can say,  
 But that the lassie's pair.  
 I'll owre Bogie, owre Bogie,  
 Owre Bogie wi' her;  
 Though a' my kin had sworn and said,  
 I will awa wi' her.



## No 385.— PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.\*

Gaelic.

*With energy.*

First system: Treble and bass staves with piano accompaniment. Treble staff has a forte (f) dynamic marking. The music is in 6/8 time and B-flat major.

Second system: Treble and bass staves with piano accompaniment. Includes a repeat sign. The music is in 6/8 time and B-flat major.

Third system: Treble and bass staves with piano accompaniment. Ends with a double bar line. The music is in 6/8 time and B-flat major.

## No 386.— OWRE BOGIE.

*Lively.*

First system: Treble and bass staves with piano accompaniment. Treble staff has a piano (p) dynamic marking. The music is in 2/4 time and B-flat major.

Second system: Treble and bass staves with piano accompaniment. Includes a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking. The music is in 2/4 time and B-flat major.

Third system: Treble and bass staves with piano accompaniment. Ends with a double bar line. The music is in 2/4 time and B-flat major.

\* ADAPTED FROM "LOCHIEL'S MARCH".



## No 387.— THE WINTER OF LIFE.\*

*Slow.*

Musical score for No 387, "THE WINTER OF LIFE." The tempo is marked *Slow.* The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a *piu forte.* marking. The third system includes a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking. The music is written in a key with two flats and a 2/4 time signature.

## No 388.— THE LASSIE WI' THE YELLOW COATIE.

*Moderate with expression.*

Musical score for No 388, "THE LASSIE WI' THE YELLOW COATIE." The tempo is marked *Moderate with expression.* The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a *cres.* (crescendo) marking. The second system includes a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking. The third system includes a *piu cres.* (piu crescendo) marking and a *dim.* marking. The music is written in a key with two flats and a common time (C) signature.

\* THIS APPEARS TO BE A MODERN COMPOSITION.—



## THE WINTER OF LIFE.

BUT lately seen  
 In gladsome green,  
 The woods rejoic'd the day;  
 Through gentle showers,  
 The laughing flowers  
 In double pride were gay:  
 But now our joys are fled  
 On winter's blast awa!  
 Yet maiden May,  
 In rich array,  
 Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow,  
 Nae kindly thowe  
 Shall melt the snaws of age;  
 My trunk of eild,  
 But buss or bield,  
 Sinks in time's wintry rage.  
 Oh! age has weary days,  
 And nights o' sleepless pain!  
 Thou golden time  
 O' youthfu' prime,  
 Why com'st thou not again?

*Burns.*

## FAREWHEEL, YE STREAMS, SAE DEAR TO ME.

Tune—"The lassie wi' the yellow coatie."

FAREWHEEL, ye streams, sae dear to me,  
 My bonnie Cluden, Nith, an' Dee;  
 Ye burns that row sae bonnie,  
 Your siller waves nae mair I'll see.  
 Yet tho' frae your green banks I'm driv'n,  
 My saul awa could ne'er be riv'n;  
 For still she lifts her een to heav'n,  
 An' sighs to be again wi' thee.

Ye canty bards ayont the Tweed,  
 Yoursel's wi' claes o' tartan cleed,  
 An' lilt along the verdant mead,  
 Or blythely on your whistles blaw:  
 An' sing auld Scotia's barns an' ha's;  
 Her boutree dykes an' mossy wa's;  
 Her faulds, her bughts, an' birken shaws,  
 Whaur love an' freedom sweetens a'.

Sing o' her carles, baith teuch an' auld;  
 Her carlins grim, that flyte an' scauld;  
 Her wabsters blythe, an' souters bauld;  
 Her flocks an' herds sae fair to see.  
 Sing o' her mountains, bleak an' high;  
 Her fords, whaur nichrin' kelpies ply;  
 Her glens, the haunts o' rural joy;  
 Her lasses liltin' owre the lea.

To you the darling theme belongs,  
 That frae my heart exulting spangs;  
 O mind, amang your bonnie sangs,  
 The lads that bled for liberty.  
 Think on our auld forbears o' yore,  
 Wha dy'd the muirs wi' hostile gore;  
 Wha slavery's bands indignant tore,  
 An' bravely fell for you an' me.

My gallant brithers, brave an' bauld,  
 Wha haud the pleugh, or wauk the fauld,  
 Until your dearest bluid rin cauld,  
 Aye true unto your country be.  
 Wi' daring look her dark she drew,  
 An' coost a mither's e'e on you;  
 Then let na onie spulyien crew  
 Her dear-bought freedom wrest frae thee.

Fareweel, ye streams, sae dear to me,  
 My bonnie Cluden, Nith, an' Dee;  
 Ye burns that row sae bonnie,  
 Your siller waves nae mair I'll see.  
 Yet tho' frae your green banks I'm driv'n,  
 My saul awa could ne'er be riv'n;  
 For still she lifts her een to heav'n,  
 An' sighs to be again wi' thee.

*L. M. Cunningham.*



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

O, WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad;  
 O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;  
 Tho' faither, and mither, and a' should gae mad,  
 O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,  
 And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;  
 Syne up the back-stile, and let nae body see,  
 And come as ye were na comin' to me,  
 And come as ye were na comin' to me.  
 O, whistle, &c.

At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet me,  
 Gang by me as though that ye cared na a flee;  
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,  
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,  
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

O, whistle, &c.

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

*Burns.*

## THE DUKE OF ATHOL'S COURTSHIP.

"I AM gaun awa, Jeanie,  
 I am gaun awa, Jeanie,  
 I'm gaun ayont the saut seas,  
 I'm gaun sae far awa, Jeanie."

"Whan will ye marry me, Jamie?  
 Whan will ye marry me, Jamie?  
 Will ye tak me to your countrie,  
 And will ye marry me, Jamie?"

"How can I marry thee, Jeanie?  
 How can I marry thee, lassie?  
 Whan I've a wife and bairns three,  
 'Twa wad na weel agree, lassie."

"Wae be to your fause tongue, Jamie,  
 Wae be to your fause tongue, Jamie;  
 Ye promis'd fair to marry me,  
 And has a wife at hame, Jamie!"

"Your een were like a spell, Jeanie,  
 Mair sweet than I could tell, lassie,

That ilka day bewitch'd me sae,  
 I could na help mysel', lassie.

If my wife wad dee, Jeanie,  
 And sae my bairns three, lassie,  
 I'd tak ye to my ain countrie,  
 And married we wad be, lassie."

"O an your head were sair, Jamie,  
 An your head were sair, Jamie,  
 I'd tak the napkin frae my neck,  
 And tie down your yellow hair, Jamie."

"I hae nae wife at a', Jeanie,  
 I hae nae wife at a', lassie;  
 I've neither wife nor bairns three,  
 I said it but to try thee, lassie.

Blair in Athol's mine, Jeanie,  
 And Huntingtower is mine, Jeanie;  
 Bonnie Dunkel' is whaur I dwell,  
 And a' I hae is thine, Jeanie."



N<sup>o</sup> 389. — O WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU MY LAD.

*Lively.*

mf p mf

*piu rit. f tempo.*

*f piu rit. mf tempo.*

*cres. f*

This musical score is for a piano piece in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with a 'Lively' tempo marking and features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include mezzo-forte (mf), piano (p), and mezzo-forte (mf). The second system introduces a 'piu rit.' (ritardando) and 'f' (forte) dynamic, followed by a 'tempo.' (return to tempo) marking. The third system continues with 'f' and 'piu rit. mf' dynamics, also ending with a 'tempo.' marking. The fourth system features a 'cres.' (crescendo) leading to a 'f' dynamic. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

N<sup>o</sup> 390. — THE DUKE OF ATHOL'S COURTSHIP.\* (Old Ballad).*With feeling.*

*piu dim.*

This musical score is for a piano piece in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of two systems of music. The first system begins with a 'With feeling' tempo marking and features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the melody and bass line, ending with a 'piu dim.' (diminuendo) marking. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

\* ALSO CALLED 'HURTINGTOWER'!



## No 391.— THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

*Moderate.*

Musical score for "The Flowers of Edinburgh" (No. 391). The piece is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major, and marked *Moderate*. It consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic in the right hand and a *piu cres.* (more crescendo) instruction in the left hand. The second system features a *cres.* (crescendo) instruction in the right hand and a *p* (piano) dynamic in the left hand. The third system starts with a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic in the right hand and includes a *p* (piano) dynamic in the left hand. The fourth system concludes with a *rit.* (ritardando) instruction in the right hand. The score is written for piano with treble and bass staves.

## No 392.— THE OLD BARD.

(Lord Thomas and fair Annet).

*Moderate.*

Musical score for "The Old Bard" (No. 392). The piece is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major, and marked *Moderate*. It consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system is written for piano with treble and bass staves. The second system continues the piece with similar notation. The score is written for piano with treble and bass staves.



## THE BANKS OF TARF.

Tune—"The flowers of Edinburgh."

WHERE windin' Tarf, by broomy knowes,  
 Her siller wave sae softly rows;  
 And mony a green-wood cluster grows,  
 An' hare-bells bloomin' bonnie, O,  
 Below a spreading hazel tree,  
 Fu' saugly hid whaur nane could see,  
 While blinkin' love beamed frae her e'e,  
 I met my bonnie Annie, O.

Her neck was o' the snaw-drap hue,  
 Her lips like roses wet wi' dew:  
 But O, her e'e, o' azure blue,  
 Was past expressin' bonnie, O.

Like threads o' gowd her flowin' hair,  
 That lichtly wanton'd in the air;  
 But vain were a' my skill an' mair  
 To tell the charms o' Annie, O.

The Beltane winds blew loud an' lang,  
 An' ripplin' rais'd the spray along;  
 We cheerfu' sat, and cheerfu' sang,  
 "The banks o' Tarf are bonnie, O."  
 Though sweet is spring, whan young and gay,  
 An' blythe the blinks o' summer's day;  
 I fear nae winter, cauld and blae,  
 If blest wi' love an' Annie, O.

*Nicholson.*

## LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.

Tune—"The old bard."

LORD THOMAS and the fair Annet  
 Sat a' day on a hill;  
 When nicht was come, and sun was set,  
 They had na talk'd their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,  
 Fair Annet took it ill;  
 "O I will never wed a wife  
 Against my ain frien's will."

"Gin ye will never wed a wife,  
 A wife will ne'er wed ye."  
 Sae he is hame to tell his mither,  
 And knelt upon his knee:

"O rede, O rede, mither," he says,  
 "A guid rede gie to me;  
 O shall I tak the nut-brown bride,  
 And let fair Annet be?"

"The nut-brown bride has gowd and gear,  
 Fair Annet she's gat nane;  
 And the little beauty Annet has,  
 O it will soon be gane!"

And he has till his brither gane;  
 "Noo, brither, rede ye me—  
 Shall I marry the nut-brown bride,  
 And let fair Annet be?"

"The nut-brown bride has owsen, brither,  
 The nut-brown bride has kye;  
 I'd hae ye marry the nut-brown bride,  
 And cast fair Annet by."

"Her owsen may dee i' the hoose, billie,  
 And her kye into the byre;  
 And I'll hae naething to mysel'  
 But a fat fudge by the fire."

Then he has till his sister gane;  
 "Noo, sister, rede ye me—  
 O shall I marry the nut-brown bride,  
 And set fair Annet free?"

"I see rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,  
 And let the broun bride alane;  
 Lest ye should sigh and say, 'Alace!  
 What is this we brought hame?'"

"No, I will tak my mither's rede,  
 And marry me out o' han';  
 And I will tak the nut-brown bride—  
 Fair Annet may leave the lan'."

Up then rose fair Annet's faither,  
 Twa hours or it were day;  
 And he has gane into the bower,  
 Wherein fair Annet lay.

"Rise up, rise up, Annet," he says,  
 "Put on your silken sheen;  
 Let us gae to St. Marie's kirk,  
 And see this rich weddin'."

The horse fair Annet rode upon,  
 He ambled like the wind;  
 Wi' siller he was shod before,  
 Wi' burnin' gowd behind.

Four-and-twenty siller bells  
 Were a' tied till his mane;  
 Wi' yae tift o' the norlan' wind,  
 They tinkled ane by ane.

Four-and-twenty gay guid knights  
 Rode by fair Annet's side,  
 And four-and-twenty fair ladies,  
 As gin she'd been a bride.

And when she cam into the kirk,  
 She shimmer'd like the sun;  
 The belt that was about her waist,  
 Was a' wi' pearls bedone.

She sat her by the nut-brown bride,  
 And her een they were sae clear,  
 Lord Thomas clean forgot the bride,  
 When fair Annet drew near.



## AWA, WHIGS, AWA!

Awa, Whigs, awa! \*  
 Awa, Whigs, awa!  
 Ye're but a pack o' traitor loons,  
 Ye'll dae nae guid at a'.

Our thistles flourish'd fresh and fair,  
 And bonnie bloom'd our roses;  
 But Whigs cam like a frost in June,  
 And wither'd a' our posies.  
 Awa, Whigs, awa! &c.

Our sad decay in Church and State,  
 Surpasses my describing;  
 The Whigs cam owre us for a curse,  
 And we hae dune wi' thriving.  
 Awa, Whigs, awa! &c.

Grim vengeance lang has taen a nap,  
 But we may see him wauken;  
 Guid help the day when royal heads  
 Are hunted like a maukin!  
 Awa, Whigs, awa! &c.

*Last verse by Burns.*

\* The name "Whigs" was applied by the Jacobites to all who opposed the Stuart dynasty and despotism.

## O! JEANIE, THERE'S NAETHING TO FEAR YE.

Tune—"Blue bonnets over the border."

O! my lassie, our joy to complete again,  
 Meet me again in the gloamin', my dearie;  
 Low down i' the dell let us meet again—  
 O! Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye.  
 Come when the wee bat flits silent an' eerie;  
 Come when the pale face o' nature looks weary;  
 Love be thy sure defence,  
 Beauty and innocence—  
 O! Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye.

Sweetly blows the haw and the rowan-tree,  
 Wild roses speck our thicket sae broerie;  
 Still, still will our bed in the greenwood be—  
 O! Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye.

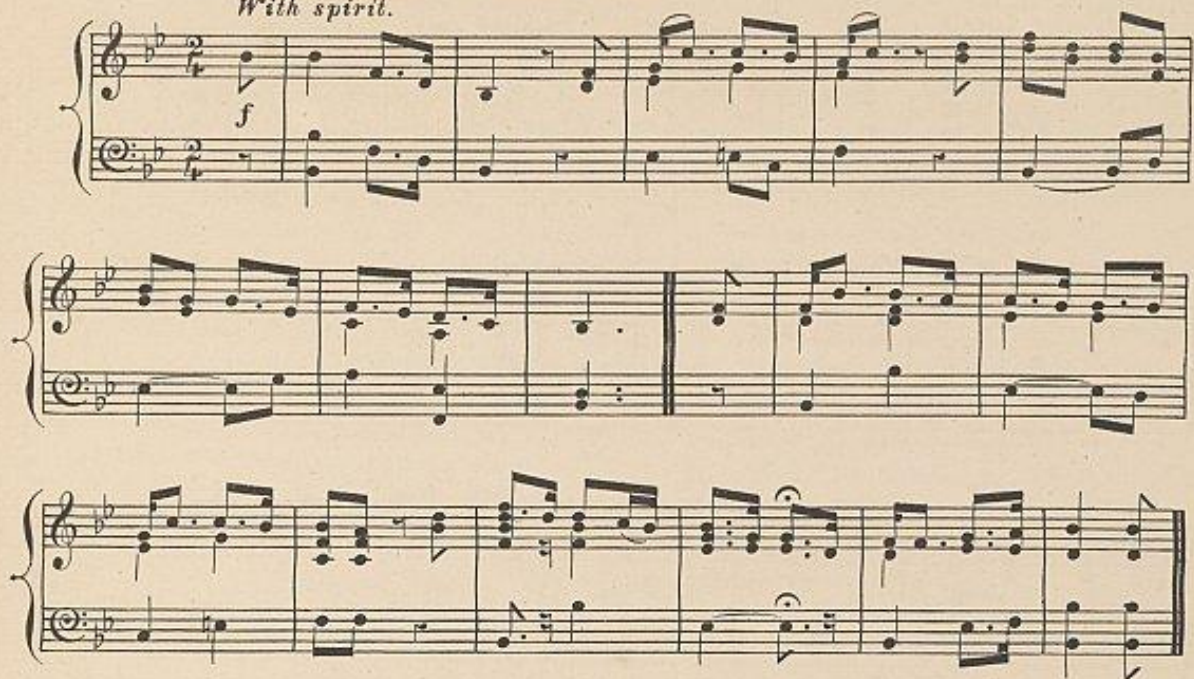
List when the blackbird o' singing grows weary;  
 List when the beetle-bee's bugle comes near ye;  
 Then come with fairy haste,  
 Light foot and beating breast—  
 O! Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye.

Far, far will the bogle and brownie be;  
 Beauty an' truth, they daur na come near it;  
 Kind love is the tie of our unity,  
 A' maun love it, and a' maun revere it.  
 Love maks the sang o' the woodland sae cheerie;  
 Love gars a' nature look bonnie that's near ye;  
 Love maks the rose sae sweet,  
 Cowslip an' violet—  
 O! Jeanie, there's naething to fear ye.

*Hogg.*



## No 393.- AWA WHIGS AWA.\*

*With spirit.*

## No 394.- BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.\*\*

*Lively.*

\* THE TUNE WITH THIS TITLE, PUBLISHED IN JOHNSON'S "MUSEUM" &c. IS JUST ANOTHER VERSION OF "MY DEARIE AN THOU DEE" (No 80 - PAGE 40 OF THIS COLLECTION.) THE AIR HERE GIVEN SEEMS TO BE A MORE MODERN COMPOSITION.

\*\* SEE No 113. PAGE 57.



# No 395.- THE BONNIE BREEST-KNOTS.

*Lively.*

musical score for No 395, 'THE BONNIE BREEST-KNOTS.' The score is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system ends with a double bar line and the word 'FINE.' above it, followed by a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third system ends with a double bar line and the initials 'D.C.' (Da Capo) below it.

# No 396.- THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN.\*

*Moderate.*

musical score for No 396, 'THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN.' The score is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second system ends with a double bar line and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third system ends with a double bar line.

\* SEE ALSO PAGE 120.



## THE BONNIE BREEST-KNOTS.

HEY the bonnie, how the bonnie,  
 Hey the bonnie breest-knots!  
 Blythe and merry were they a',  
 When they got on their breest-knots.

There was a bridal in the town,  
 And till't the lassies a' were boun',  
 Wi' mankie facin's on each gown,  
 And some o' them had breest-knots.  
 Hey the bonnie, &c.

At nine o'clock the lads convene,  
 Some clad in blue, some clad in green,  
 Wi' glancin' buckles in their shoon,  
 And flow'rs upon their waistcoats.  
 Hey the bonnie, &c.  
 Forth cam the wives a' wi' a phrase,  
 And wish'd the lassie happy days;  
 And meikle thocht they o' her claes,  
 And 'specially the breest-knots.  
 Hey the bonnie, &c.

## THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN.

O WERE I able to rehearse,  
 My ewie's praise in proper verse,  
 I'd sound it out as loud and fierce  
 As ever piper's drone could blaw.  
 The ewie wi' the crookit horn,  
 A' that kent her could hae sworn,  
 Sic a ewie ne'er was born,  
 Hereabout, nor far awa.

She neither needed tar nor keel,  
 To mark her upon hip or heel;  
 Her crookit hornie did as weel,  
 To ken her by amang them a'.  
 The ewie, &c.

She never threaten'd scab nor rot,  
 But keepit aye her ain jog-trot;  
 Baith to the fauld and to the cot,  
 Was never sweir to lead nor ca'.  
 The ewie, &c.

Could nor hunger never dang her,  
 Wind or wet could never wrang her;  
 Ance she lay an ook and langer,  
 Furth aneath a wreath o' snaw.  
 The ewie, &c.

Whan ither ewies lap the dyke,  
 And ate the kule for a' the tyke,  
 My ewie never play'd the like,  
 But ty'd about the barn wa'.  
 The ewie, &c.

A better, or a thriftier beast,  
 Nae honest man need e'er hae wist;  
 For, silly thing, she never miss'd  
 To hae, ilk year, a lamb or twa.  
 The ewie, &c.

The first she had I ga'e to Jock,  
 To be to him a kind o' stock;  
 And now the laddie has a flock  
 O' mair nor thirty head of a'.  
 The ewie, &c.

I lookit aye at even for her,  
 Lest mishanter should come owre her,  
 Or the founnarte might devour her,  
 Gin the beastie bade awa.  
 The ewie, &c.

Yet, last ook, for a' my keeping,  
 (Wha can speak it without greeting!)  
 A villain cam, when I was sleeping,  
 Staw my ewie, horn an' a'.  
 The ewie, &c.

I socht her sair upon the morn,  
 And down aneath a bus o' thorn,  
 I got my ewie's crookit horn—  
 But my ewie was awa!  
 The ewie, &c.

O! gin I had the loon that did it,  
 I hae sworn as weel as said it,

Though a' the world should forbid it,  
 I wad gie his neck a thrav.  
 The ewie, &c.

I never met wi' sic a turn  
 As this, sin' ever I was born;  
 My ewie wi' the crookit horn,  
 Silly ewie, stown awa.  
 The ewie, &c.

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

For a' the claiith that we hae worn,  
 Frae her and hers sae often shorn,  
 The loss o' her we could hae borne,  
 Had fair strae-death taen her awa.  
 The ewie, &c.

But thus, pair thing, to lose her life  
 Beneath a bluidy villain's knife;  
 I'm really fley't that our guidwife  
 Will never win aboon't awa.  
 The ewie, &c.

O! a' ye bards benorth Kinghorn,  
 Call your muses, up and mourn,  
 Our ewie wi' the crookit horn,  
 Is frae us stown, and fell'd an' a'!  
 The ewie, &c.

*Rev. John Skinner.*



## MAY MORNING.

Tune—"Dumfries house."

Thus let the varied seasons pass,  
 Each day its pleasures bringing;  
 From winter's silent leafless shade,  
 Till summer bow'rs are ringing.  
 Thus let me woo each lovely scene  
 Of nature's own adorning;  
 But still, of all that she can give,  
 Be mine a sweet May morning.  
 Sweetest of months—that now unlocks  
 The summer's balmy treasures,  
 And gives a never-ending charm  
 To life and all its pleasures—

I greet thee with delighted heart,  
 All other pleasures scorning;  
 And still, of all that earth can give,  
 Be mine a sweet May morning.  
 Now sweetly sings upon the ear  
 The murmurs of the fountain;  
 The lambkins sport upon the lea,  
 The fawns upon the mountain;  
 Nature throws, from the beechen tree,  
 Her robe of latest mourning;  
 And all is mirth and merry glee,  
 Upon a sweet May morning.

*Robert Allan.*

## THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

Tune—"Mill o' Tiftie's Annie."

THE lovely lass of Inverness,  
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see,  
 For e'en and morn she cries, "Alas!"  
 And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e;  
 "Drumossie muir—Drumossie day—  
 A wae fu' day it was to me!  
 For there I lost my faither dear,  
 My faither dear and brethren three.  
 Their winding sheets, the bluidy clay;  
 Their graves are growing green to see;  
 And by them lies the dearest lad  
 That ever bless'd a woman's e'e!  
 Now, wae to thee, thou cruel lord!  
 A bluidy man I trow thou be;  
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair,  
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee."

*Burns.*



## No 397. — DUMFRIES HOUSE.\*

*Lively.*

*p*  
*cres.*  
*p*  
*mf*  
*cres.*  
*mf*

## No 398. — MILL O' TIFTIE'S ANNIE.\*\*

*Plaintively.*

*mf*  
*p*  
*mf*  
*ritard.*

\* COMPOSED BY JOHN RIDDEL.

\*\* DR. THE TRUMPETER OF FYVIE!\*



## No 399.- GUID NICHT AN' JOY BE WI' YOU A'.

*Moderate.*

Musical score for No 399, "GUID NICHT AN' JOY BE WI' YOU A'". The score is in 2/4 time, key of D major (two sharps). It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a *mf* dynamic, followed by a *cres.* (crescendo) leading to a *f* (forte) section, and then a *mf* section. The second system continues with a *cres.* leading to a *f* section, followed by a *mf* section. The third system begins with a *cres.* leading to a *mf* section, which concludes the piece.

## No 400.- DONALD AND FLORA.

Gaelic.

*Moderate with expression.*

Musical score for No 400, "DONALD AND FLORA". The score is in 2/4 time, key of D major (two sharps). It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic, followed by a *mf* (mezzo-forte) section. The second system continues with a *mf* section. The third system begins with a *p* section, followed by a *dim.* (diminuendo) section, which concludes the piece.



# GUID NICHT AN' JOY BE WI' YOU A'!

THE year is wearin' to the wane,  
 An' day is fadin' west awa;  
 Loud raves the torrent and the rain,  
 An' dark the cloud comes down the shaw.  
 But let the tempest tout an' blaw,  
 Upon his loudest winter horn;  
 "Guid nicht an' joy be wi' you a',  
 We'll maybe meet again the morn."  
 O, we hae wander'd far an' wide  
 Owre Scotia's hills, owre firth an' fell;  
 An' mony a simple flower we've cull'd,  
 An' trimm'd them wi' the heather-bell!

We've rang'd the dingle an' the dell,  
 The hamlet an' the baron's ha';  
 Now let us take a kind farewell,  
 "Guid nicht an' joy be wi' you a'!"  
 Ye hae been kind, as I was keen,  
 An' follow'd where I led the way;  
 Till ilka poet's lore we've seen  
 Of this, an' mony a former day.  
 If e'er I led your steps astray,  
 Forgi'e your minstrel ance for a';  
 A tear fa's wi' his parting lay—  
 "Guid nicht an' joy be wi' you a'!"

*Hogg.*

## DONALD AND FLORA.

WHEN merry hearts were gay,  
 Careless of aught but play,  
 Poor Flora slipt away,  
 Sad'ning, to Mora;  
 Loose flow'd her yellow hair,  
 Quick heav'd her bosom bare,  
 As to the troubled air  
 She vented her sorrow.

"Loud howls the stormy west,  
 Cold, cold is winter's blast;  
 Haste, then, O! Donald, haste,  
 Haste to thy Flora!  
 Twice twelve long months are o'er,  
 Since on 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 mean;  
 Each heart is turned to stone—  
 Ah! Flora thou'rt now alone,  
 Friendless in Mora.

Come, then, O, come away!  
 Donald, no longer stay,  
 Where can my rover stray  
 From his lov'd Flora?  
 Ah! sure he ne'er can be  
 False to his vows and me;  
 O Heaven!—is not yonder he  
 Bounding o'er Mora?"

"Never, ah, wretched fair!"  
 (Sigh'd the sad messenger),  
 "Never shall Donald naur  
 Meet his lov'd Flora!  
 Cold as yon mountain snow,  
 Donald, thy love, lies low:  
 He sent me to soothe thy woe,  
 Weeping in Mora.

Well fought our gallant men  
 On Saratoga's plain;  
 Thrice fled the hostile train  
 From British glory.  
 But, ah! tho' our foes did flee,  
 Sad was each victory;  
 Youth, love, and loyalty,  
 Fell far from Mora.

'Here, take this love-wrought plaid,'  
 Donald expiring said:  
 'Give it to yon dear maid  
 Drooping in Mora.  
 Tell her, O 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!  
 Ah! Donald! ah, well-a-day!"  
 Was all the fond heart could say:  
 At length the sound died away,  
 Feebly, in Mora!

*Macneill.*



# BONNIE MARY HAY.

BONNIE Mary Hay, I will lo'e thee yet,  
For thy e'e is the slae, and thy hair is the jet;  
The snaw is thy skin, and the rose is thy cheek:  
Oh! bonnie Mary Hay, I will lo'e thee yet.

Bonnie Mary Hay, will ye gang wi' me,  
When the sun's in the west, to the hawthorn tree?  
To the hawthorn tree, in the bonnie berry den?  
And I'll tell ye, Mary Hay, how I lo'e ye then.

Bonnie Mary Hay, it's haliday to me  
When thou art coothie, kind-hearted, and free;  
There's nae clouds in the lift, nor storms in the sky,  
My bonnie Mary Hay, when thou art nigh.

Bonnie Mary Hay, thou maun na say me nae,  
But come to the bow'r by the hawthorn brae;  
But come to the bow'r, an' I'll tell ye a' that's true,  
How, Mary! I can ne'er lo'e aye but you.

*Frederick Crawford.*

# THE CAMPSIE LASSIE.

Tune—"Miss Forbes's farewell."

I'll ne'er forget yon bonnie glen,  
'Mang Campsie fells sac vernal green;  
For there I met the sweetest lass  
Yon tow'ring hills had ever seen.  
The smile o' love sat on her lips,  
And twinkled in her sparkling e'e;  
And while I fondly gaz'd on her,  
I wish'd she had been born for me.

My thochts are wand'ring 'mang yon braes—  
And aye the lass I think I see  
Wha trippit owre yon craggy rocks,  
Ae joyful summer day wi' me.  
There's nane can tell what's yet to come;  
But round my heart I will entwine  
The hope, that time will bring the day  
When I can ca' yon lassie mine.

— *Steele.*



N<sup>o</sup> 401.— BONNIE MARY HAY.\**Slowly.*N<sup>o</sup> 402.— MISS FORBES'S FAREWELL.*Lively.*

\* A COMPOSITION OF R.A. SMITH'S—IN SEVERAL PASSAGES, IT STRONGLY RESEMBLES "THE BORDER WIDOW'S LAMENT," (N<sup>o</sup> 224, PAGE 112).



## No 403. - THE HIGHLAND (OR BLACK) WATCH.\*

Gaelic.

*Very slow.*

Musical score for No 403, The Highland (or Black) Watch. The score is written for piano and consists of three systems. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

## No 404. - YOUNG WATERS.

(Old Ballad).

*Slowly.*

Musical score for No 404, Young Waters. The score is written for piano and consists of three systems. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

\* MARCH OF THE 42ND REGIMENT



## I SHALL RETURN AGAIN.

Tune—"The Highland (or black) watch."

I WOULD not have thee dry the tear  
That dims thine eye of blue;  
I would not that thy cheek should wear  
A smile at our adieu;  
Yet cheer thee, love, the past was bliss,  
And though we part in pain,  
A happier hour will follow this,  
And we shall meet again.  
O think not that the wild sea-wave  
Shall bear my heart from thee;  
Unless its cold breast prove my grave,  
'Twill work no change in me.

The troubled music of the deep  
Is now our farewell strain;  
And fond affection well may weep,  
Yet—I'll return again.  
I go to find a bow'r of peace,  
In lovelier lands than thine;  
Where cruel fortune's frowns shall cease,  
Where I can call thee mine:  
And when, to crown my fairy plan,  
But one thing shall remain;  
Then, love—if there be truth in man—  
I shall return again.

*Wm. Kennedy.*

## YOUNG WATERS.\*

\* \* \* \* \*  
O out then spak a wylie lord,  
Unto the queen said he:  
"O tell me wha's the fairest face  
Rides in the company?"  
"I've seen lord, and I've seen laird,  
And knights o' high degree;  
But a fairer face than young Waters',  
Mine een did never see."  
O out then spak the jealous king,  
(And an angry man was he):  
"And if he had been twice as fair,  
Ye might hae excepted me."  
"You're neither laird nor lord," she says,  
"But the king that wears the crown;  
There's no a knight in fair Scotland,  
But to thee maun bow down."  
For a' that she could do or say,  
Appeas'd he wad na be;  
But for the words which she had said,  
Young Waters he maun dee!

They hae taen young Waters, and  
Put fetters to his feet;  
O they hae taen young Waters, and  
Thrown him in dungeon deep.  
"Aft hae I ridden through Stirling toun,  
In the wind bot and the weat;  
But I ne'er rade through Stirling toun  
Wi' fetters at my feet.  
Aft hae I ridden through Stirling toun,  
In the wind bot and the rain;  
But I ne'er rade through Stirling toun  
Ne'er to return again!"  
They hae taen to the headin' hill,  
His young son in his cradle;  
And they hae taen to the headin' hill,  
His horse bot and the saddle.  
They hae taen to the headin' hill,  
His lady fair to see;  
And for the words the queen had spöke,  
Young Waters he did dee!

\* Supposed to refer to the unfortunate James, Earl of Murray (1502).



## WILL YE GO, LASSIE, GO?

Tune—"The braes o' Balquither."

Will ye go, lassie, go,  
 To the braes o' Balquither?  
 Where the blaeberries grow,  
 'Mang the bonnie Hielan' heather.  
 Where the deer and the rae,  
 Lightly bounding together,  
 Sport the lang simmer day  
 On the braes o' Balquither.  
 Will ye go, lassie, go, &c.

I will twine thee a bow'r  
 By the clear siller fountain,  
 And I'll cover it owre  
 Wi' the flow'rs o' the mountain.  
 Will ye go, lassie, go, &c.

I will range through the wilds,  
 And the deep glens sae dreary,

And return wi' the spoils  
 To the bow'r o' my deary.  
 Will ye go, lassie, go, &c.

Now the simmer's in prime,  
 Wi' the flowers richly blooming,  
 And the wild mountain thyme  
 A' the moorlands perfuming.  
 Will ye go, lassie, go, &c.

To our dear native scenes  
 Let us journey together,  
 Where glad innocence reigns,  
 'Mang the braes o' Balquither.  
 Will ye go, lassie, go,  
 To the braes o' Balquither?  
 Where the blaeberries grow,  
 'Mang the bonnie Hielan' heather.

*Gannahill.*

## MY NANNIE'S AWA.

Now in her green mantle blythe nature arrays,  
 And listens the lambkins that bleat owre the braes,  
 While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;  
 But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa!  
 But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa!

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,  
 And violets bathe in the weat o' the morn:  
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,  
 They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa!  
 They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa!

The laverock, that springs frae the dews o' the lawn,  
 The shepherd to warn o' the gray breaking dawn,  
 And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa';  
 Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa!  
 Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa!

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

*Burns.*



N<sup>o</sup> 405.— THE BRAES OF BALQUITHER.*Lively.*N<sup>o</sup> 406.— MY NANNIE'S AWA.*With expression.*\* SEE ALSO N<sup>o</sup> 105 PAGE 58.



## No 407.- CRAIG O' BARNs.

Gaelic.

*Moderate with expression.*

Two systems of piano accompaniment for No 407. The first system is marked *mf* and the second system is marked *p*. Both systems are in 2/4 time and G major.

## No 408.- ROW WHEEL MY BOATIE, ROW WHEEL.

*Slow with feeling.*

Five systems of piano accompaniment for No 408. The first system is marked *f*. The second system is marked *mf*. The third system is marked *f* and *slower.* The fourth system is marked *p* and *f*. The fifth system is marked *pp* and *Very slow. dim.*

\* THIS IS ANOTHER MUCH ADMIRRED COMPOSITION OF R.A. SMITH'S.-IT WOULD ALMOST APPEAR THOUGH, AS IF HE HAD RECEIVED HIS INSPIRATION IN THIS INSTANCE, FROM THE BEAUTIFUL GAELIC AIR "MY LOVER WOUNDED" No 168, PAGE 84.-



## THE QUERN LILT.

Tune—"Craig o' Barns."

THE *cronach* stills the dowie heart,  
 The *jorram* stills the bairnie;  
 The music for a hungry wame,  
 Is grinding o' the quernie.  
 And leeze me o' my little quern!  
 Grind the graddan, grind it;  
 We'll a' get crowdie whan it's dune,  
 And bannocks steeve to bind it.

The married man his joy may prize;  
 The lover prize his erlies;  
 But gin the quernie gang na round,  
 They baith will soon be sareless.  
 Sae leeze me, &c.

The whisky gars the bark o' life  
 Drive merrily and rarely;

But graddan is the ballast gars  
 Is steady gang and fairly.  
 Then leeze me, &c.

Though winter stocks the door wif drift,  
 And owre the ingle hings us;  
 Let but the little quernie gae,  
 We're blythe whatever dings us.  
 Then leeze me, &c.

And how it cheers the herd at e'en,  
 And sets his heart-strings dirlin',  
 When, comin' frae the hungry hill,  
 He hears the quernie birlin'!  
 Then leeze me o' my little quern!  
 Grind the graddan, grind it;  
 We'll a' get crowdie whan it's dune,  
 And bannocks steeve to bind it.

Robert Jamieson.

## ROW WEEL, MY BOATIE.

"Row weel, my boatie, row weel,  
 Row weel, my merry men a';  
 For there's dool and there's wae in Glenfiorich's bow'rs,  
 And there's grief in my faither's ha'."

And the skiff it danc'd licht on the merry wee waves,  
 And it flew owre the water sae blue;  
 And the wind it blew licht, and the moon it shone bricht,  
 But the boatie ne'er reach'd Allandhu!

Ohon! for fair Ellen, ohon!  
 Ohon! for the pride of Strathcoe—  
 In the deep, deep sea, in the saut, saut bree,  
 Lord Reoch, thy Ellen lies low.  
 Ohon! ohon!  
 Lord Reoch, thy Ellen lies low!



## THE LASSIE O' THE GLEN.\*

Tune—"Pearlin Peggy's bonnie."

BENEATH a hill, 'mang birken bushes,  
By a burnie's dimpilt linn,  
I told my love, with artless blushes,  
• To the lassie o' the glen.

O the birken bank sae grassy!  
Hey the burnie's dimpilt linn!  
Dear to me's the bonnie lassie  
Living in yon rashie glen.

Lanely Ruell thy stream sae glassie,  
Shall be aye my fav'rite theme;  
For, on thy bank my Highland lassie  
First confess'd a mutual flame.  
O the birken, &c.

There, as she mark'd the sportive fishes  
Upward spring wi' quiv'ring fin,  
I slyly stole some melting kisses,  
Frae the lassie o' the glen.  
O the birken, &c.

What bliss! to sit, and nane to fash us,  
In some sweet wee bow'ry den;  
Or fondly stray among the rashes,  
Wi' the lassie o' the glen.  
O the birken, &c.

And though I wander now unhappy,  
Far frae scenes we haunted then,  
I'll ne'er forget the—bank sae grassy,  
Nor—the lassie o' the glen.  
O the birken, &c.

*Angus Fletcher.*

\* Glendaruel, Argyleshire.

## ALLISTER M'ALLISTER.

"O ALLISTER M'ALLISTER,  
Your chanter sets us a' astir;  
Then to your bags and blaw wi' bir,  
We'll dance the Hielan' fling."  
Noo Allister has tuned his pipes,  
And thrang as bumbees frae their bikes,  
The lads and lasses loup the dykes,  
And gather on the green.  
O Allister M'Allister, &c.

The miller, Hab, was fidgin' fain  
To dance the Hielan' fling his lane;  
He lap and dane'd wi' nicht an' main,  
The like was never seen.  
O Allister M'Allister, &c.

As round about the ring he whuds,  
And cracks his thooms and shakes his duds,  
The meal flew frae his tail in cluds,  
And blinded a' their een.  
O Allister M'Allister, &c.

Neist rauckle-handed smiddy Jock,  
A' blacken'd owre wi' coom and smoke,  
Wi' shauchlin' blear-e'd Bess did yoke,  
That slaverin'-gabbit quean.  
O Allister M'Allister, &c.

He shook his doublet in the wund,  
His feet like hammers strack the grund;  
The very moudiwarts were stunn'd,  
Nor kenn'd what it could mean.  
O Allister M'Allister, &c.

Now wanton Willie was na blate,  
For he got hand o' winsome Kate;  
"Come here," quo' he, "I'll show the gate,  
To dance the Hielan' fling."  
O Allister M'Allister, &c.

The Hielan' fling he danced wi' glee,  
And lap as he were gaun to flee;  
Kate beck'd and bobb'd sae bonnilie,  
And tript it licht and clean.  
O Allister M'Allister, &c.

Noo Allister has dune his best,  
And weary hochs are wantin' rest;  
Besides they snair wi' drouth were strest,  
Wi' dancin' sae, I ween.  
O Allister M'Allister, &c.

I trow the gantrees gat a lift,  
And round the bicker flew like drift;  
And Allister that very nicht  
Could hardly stan' his lane.  
O Allister M'Allister, &c.



N<sup>o</sup> 409.— PEARLIN PEGGY'S BONNIE.\**Slow with feeling.*

Musical score for No. 409, "PEARLIN PEGGY'S BONNIE." The tempo is "Slow with feeling." The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system returns to a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody is primarily in the right hand, with a supporting bass line in the left hand.

N<sup>o</sup> 410.— ALLISTER M<sup>c</sup> ALLISTER.

Gaelic.

*Lively.*

Musical score for No. 410, "ALLISTER M<sup>c</sup> ALLISTER." The tempo is "Lively." The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is C (common time). The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system includes both a forte (*f*) and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The melody is primarily in the right hand, with a supporting bass line in the left hand.

\* ON "THE LAIRD OF FOYERAN."



## Nº 411.— JENNY'S BAWBEE.

*Moderate.*

Musical score for "Jenny's Bawbee" (Nº 411), marked *Moderate*. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4.

## Nº 412.— THE PLOUGHMAN.\*

*Lively.*

Musical score for "The Ploughman" (Nº 412), marked *Lively*. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system includes a section labeled "Chorus." The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is C (common time).

\* AN OLD AIR CALLED "SLEEPY BODY" IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE ORIGIN OF THIS TUNE, AS WELL AS OF "THERE'S CAULD KAIL IN ABER-DEEN!" (Nº 42, PAGE 21.)



## WHEN GLOAMIN' OWRE THE WELKIN STEALS.

Tune—"Jenny's bawbee."

WHEN gloamin' owre the welkin steals,  
And brings the ploughman frae the fiel's,  
Oh, Jenny's cot, amang the shiels,

Is aye the hame to me.

To meet wi' her my heart is fain,  
And parting gies me meikle pain;  
A queen and throne I would disdain

For Jenny's bawbee.

Though braws she has na mony feck,  
Nae riches to command respect,  
Her rosy lip and lily neck

Mair pleasure gie to me,

I see her beauties, prize them a',  
Wi' heart as pure as new-blawn snaw;  
I'd prize her cot before a ha',

Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Nae daisy, wi' its lovely form,  
Nor dew-drap shinin' frae the corn,  
Nor echo frae the distant horn,

Is half sae sweet to me!

And if the lassie were my ain,  
For her I'd toil through wind and rain,  
And gowd and siller I would gain

Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

## THE PLOUGHMAN.

THE ploughman he's a bonnie lad,  
His mind is ever true, jo;

His garters knit below his knee,

His bannet it is blue, jo.

Merry butt, and merry ben,

O merry is my ploughman;

Of a' the trades that I do ken,

Commend me to the ploughman.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,

He's aften wat and weary:

"Cast aff the wat, put on the dry,

And gae to bed, my dearie!"

Merry butt, &c.

I will wash my ploughman's hose,  
And I will dress his o'erlay;

I will mak my ploughman's bed,  
And cheer him late and early.

Merry butt, &c.

I hae been east, I hae been west,

I hae been at St. Johnston;

The bonniest sight that e'er I saw,

Was the ploughman laddie dancin'.

Merry butt, &c.

Snaw-white stockin's on his legs,

And siller buckles glancin';

A guid blue bannet on his head,

And O! but he was handsome!

Merry butt, &c.

*An old song furnished up by Burns.*



## A WAUKRIFE MINNY.

"WHAUR are ye gaun, my bonnie lass?

Whaur are ye gaun, my hinny?"

She answered me richt saucily,

"An errand for my minny."

"O whaur live ye, my bonnie lass?

O whaur live ye, my hinny?"

"By yon burnside, gin ye maun ken,

In a wee house wi' my minny."

\* \* \*

O weary fa' the waukrife cock,

And the founarte lay his crawin'!

He wauken'd the auld wife frae her sleep,

A wee blink or the dawin.

"O fare thee weel, my bonnie lass!

O fare thee weel, my hinny!

Thou art a gay and a bonnie lass,

But thou has a waukrife minny!"

*Picked up from the singing of a country girl in Nithsdale, and sent to Johnson's "Museum" by Burns.*

## ADIEU! ROMANTIC BANKS OF CLYDE.

Tune—"The butcher boy."

ADIEU! romantic banks of Clyde,

Where oft I've spent the joyful day;

Now, weary wand'ring on thy side,

I pour the plaintive, joyless lay.

To other lands I'm doom'd to rove,

The thought with grief my bosom fills;

Why am I forc'd to leave my love,

And wander far from Lanark Mills?

Can I forget th' ecstatic hours,

When ('scap'd the village ev'ning din)

I met my lass 'midst Braxfield bowers,

Or near the falls of Corra Linn?

While close I clasp'd her to my breast,

(Th' idea still with rapture thrills!)

I thought myself completely blest,

By all the lads of Lanark Mills.

Deceitful, dear, delusive dream!

Thou'rt fled—alas! I know not where;

Evanish'd is each blissful gleam,

And left behind a load of care.

Adieu! dear winding banks of Clyde,

A long farewell, ye rising hills;

No more I'll wander on your side,

Though still my heart's at Lanark Mills.

While Tintock stands the pride of hills,

While Clyde's dark stream rolls to the sea,

So long, my dear-lov'd Lanark Mills,

May heaven's blessings smile on thee.

A last adieu! my Mary dear,

The briny tear my eye distills;

When reason's powers continue clear,

I'll think of thee, and Lanark Mills.

*Stewart Lewis.*



## No 413. — A WAUKRIFE MINNY.

*Lively.*

## No 414. — THE BUTCHER BOY.

*Moderate.*



## No 415. — THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND. (Modern set.)

*Moderate with expression.*

Musical score for "The Blue Bells of Scotland" (Modern set). The piece is in D major (two sharps) and common time (C). It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The third system concludes the piece with a double bar line.

## No 416. — DOWN IN YON GARDEN SWEET AND GAY.\*

*Very plaintively.*

Musical score for "Down in Yon Garden Sweet and Gay" (Modern set). The piece is in D major (two sharps) and 3/4 time. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The third system concludes the piece with a double bar line.

\*OR "WILLIE'S HARE AND WILLIE'S FAIR"



# O WHERE, TELL ME WHERE, IS YOUR HIGHLAND LADDIE GONE?

Tune—"The blue bolls of Scotland."

"O WHERE, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?  
O where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?"  
"He's gone, with streaming banners, where noble deeds are  
done;  
And it's oh! in my heart I wish him safe at home."  
"O where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie dwell?  
O where, tell me where, did your Highland laddie dwell?"  
"He dwelt in bonnie Scotland, where blooms the sweet blue bell;  
And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my laddie well."

"O what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?  
O what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie wear?"  
"A bonnet of the Saxon green, and on his breast a plaid;  
And it's oh! in my heart, I lo'e my Highland lad."  
"O what, tell me what, if your Highland lad be slain?  
O what, tell me what, if your Highland lad be slain?"  
"O no! true love will be his guard, and bring him safe again;  
For it's oh! my heart would break if my Highland lad were  
slain."

## DOWN IN YON GARDEN SWEET AND GAY.

DOWN in yon garden sweet and gay,  
Where bonnie grows the lillie,  
I heard a fair maid, sighing, say,  
"My wish be wi' sweet Willie!"  
O Willie's rare, and Willie's fair,  
And Willie's wondrous bonnie;  
And Willie hecht to marry me,  
Gin e'er he married ony.  
But Willie's gone, whom I thought on,  
And does not hear me weepin':  
Draws mony a tear frae's true love's e'e,  
When other maids are sleepin'.  
Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,  
The nicht I'll mak it narrow;  
For, s' the live-lang winter nicht,  
I lie twin'd o' my marrow.  
O gentle wind that bloweth south  
From where my love repaireth;  
Convey a kiss frae his dear mouth,  
And tell me how he fareth!

O tell sweet Willie to come down,  
And bid him no be cruel;  
And tell him no to break the heart  
O' his love and only jewel.  
O tell sweet Willie to come down,  
And hear the mavis singin';  
And see the birds on ilka bush,  
And leaves around them hingin'.  
O Leader haughs are wide and braid,  
And Yarrow haughs are bonnie;  
There Willie hecht to marry me,  
If e'er he married ony.  
O cam ye by yon water side?  
Pu'd ye the rose or lillie?  
Or cam ye by yon meadow green?  
Or saw ye my sweet Willie?"  
She sought him up, she sought him down,  
She sought the braid and narrow;  
Syne, in the cleavin' o' a craig,  
She found him droun'd in Yarrow!

N.B.—The last line of each verse is sung twice.



## THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

Tune—"Dumbarton's drums."

O! WHY should old age so much wound us, O?  
 There is nothing in it all to confound us, O;  
     For how happy now am I,  
     With my old wife sitting by,  
 And our bairns and our oyes,\* all around us, O.  
 We began in the world wi' naething, O;  
 And we've jogg'd on and toil'd for the ae thing, O;  
     We made use of what we had,  
     And our thankful hearts were glad  
 When we got the bit meat, and the claithing, O.

We have liv'd all our life-time contented, O,  
 Since the day we became first acquainted, O;  
     It's true we've been but poor,  
     And we are so to this hour,  
 But we never yet repin'd or lamented, O.  
 When we had any stock, we ne'er vauntit, O,  
 Nor did we hing our heads when we wantit, O;  
     But we always gave a share,  
     Of the little we could spare,  
 When it pleas'd a kind Heaven to grant it, O.

We never laid a scheme to be wealthy, O,  
 By means that were cunning or stealthy, O;  
     But we always had the bliss—  
     And what further could we wiss?  
 To be pleas'd with ourselves, and be healthy, O.

What though we cannot boast of our guineas, O,  
 We have plenty of Jockies and Jeanies, O;  
     And these, I'm certain, are  
     More desirable by far,  
 Than a bag full of poor yellow steinies, O.

We have seen many a wonder and ferly, O,  
 Of changes that almost are yearly, O,  
     Among rich folks up and down,  
     Both in country and in toun,  
 Who now live but scrimply and barely, O.  
 Then why should people brag of prosperity, O?  
 A straiten'd life, we see, is no rarity, O:  
     Indeed, we've been in want,  
     And our living's been but scant;  
 Yet we never were reduc'd to need charity, O.

In this house we first came together, O,  
 Where we've lang been a faither and mither, O;  
     And though not of stone and lime,  
     It will last us all our time,  
 And I hope we shall never need anither, O.  
 And when we leave this poor habitation, O,  
 We'll depart with a good commendation, O;  
     We'll go hand in hand, I wiss,  
     To a better house than this,  
 To make room for the next generation, O.

Rev. John Skinner.

\* Or, oes, grandchildren.

## HOW CAN MY POOR HEART BE GLAD?

Tune—"Owre the hills and far awa."

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

When in summer's noon I faint,  
 As weary flocks around me pant,  
 Haply in this scorching sun  
 My sailor's thund'ring at his gun:  
 Bullets, spare my only joy!  
 Bullets, spare my darling boy!  
 Fate, do with me what you may,  
 Spare but him that's far away!

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

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

Burns.



## No 417. — DUMBARTON'S DRUMS.\*

*Not too slow.*

mf cresc. mf cresc. mf

mf

p mf

## No 418. — OWRE THE HILLS AND FAR AWA.

*Moderate.*

p

mf

piu rit. tempo.

\* i. e. THE DRUMS OF "DUMBARTON'S REGIMENT," SO CALLED AFTER ITS COMMANDER THE EARL OF DUMBARTON, WHO DIED AN EXILE IN FRANCE IN 1692.



## No 419. — WILL YE GO AND MARRY, KATIE?\*

*Lively.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for the song 'Will Ye Go and Marry, Katie?'. The music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second system features a repeat sign followed by a forte (*f*) dynamic. The third system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and a *piu rit.* (more ritardando) instruction towards the end.

## No 420. — O BOTHWELL BANK THOU BLOOMEST FAIR.\*\*

*Slow.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for the song 'O Bothwell Bank Thou Bloomest Fair.'. The music is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system contains a repeat sign. The third system concludes the piece.

\* MODERN TITLE "WHA WADNA FECHT FOR CHARLIE?"

\*\* COMPOSED BY JOHN PERCUS.



## WILL YE GO AND MARRY, KATIE?

Will ye go and marry, Katie?  
 Listen to a loving swain;  
 Tak a mark by auntie Betty,  
 Once the darling o' the men:  
 She, wi' coy and fickle nature,  
 Trifled aft till she's grown auld;  
 Noo she's left by ilka creature—  
 Let na this o' thee be tauld.

O my dear and lovely Katie,  
 This ae thing I hae to tell,  
 I could wish nae man to get ye,  
 Save it were my very sel'.  
 Say then, Katie, say ye'll tak me,  
 As the very wale o' men,  
 Never after to forsake me—  
 And the priest shall say "Amen."

## O BOTHWELL BANK, THOU BLOOMEST FAIR.

O BOTHWELL bank, thou bloomest fair,  
 But, ah! thou mak'st my heart fu' sair;  
 For a' beneath thy woods sae green,  
 My love and I wad sit at e'en,  
 While daises and primroses, mix'd  
 Wi' blue-bells, in my locks he fix'd.  
 O Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair,  
 But, ah! thou mak'st my heart fu' sair.

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

*John Pinkerton.*



# PU' GAY MEADOW GOWANS.

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Pu' gay meadow gowans,  
 Meadow gowans, meadow gowans,  
 Pu' gay meadow gowans,  
 Wet wi' dewy pearls, O;  
 Pu' the lilies where they hing,  
 Bending o'er the belling spring,  
 Tie them wi' a rashen string—  
 They are lovers' arles, O.

When gray gloamin' closes,  
 Gloamin' closes, gloamin' closes,  
 When gray gloamin' closes,  
 In the budding grove, O;  
 Gather roses frae the breer,  
 Mix the bin'-wood, emblem dear,  
 Steep them wi' the gushing tear,  
 And gie them to thy love, O.

*R. Hogg.*

# MY LOVE, COME LET US WANDER.

---

My love, come let us wander,  
 Where Raven's streams meander,\*  
 And where in simple grandeur,  
 The daisy decks the plain.  
 Peace and joy our hours shall measure;  
 Come, oh come, my soul's best treasure!  
 Then how sweet, and then how cheerie,  
 Raven's bras will be, my dearie.

---

The silver moon is beaming,  
 On Clyde her light is streaming,  
 And, while the world is dreaming,  
 We'll talk of love, my dear.  
 None, my love, will share this bosom,  
 Where thine image loves to blossom;  
 And no storm will ever sever  
 That dear flower, or part us ever.

*Daniel Weir.*

\* Raven's stream is in the neighbourhood of Greenock.



## No 421. — PU' GAY MEADOW GOWANS.

*With playful expression.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for No 421. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The first measure of the treble staff is marked *mf*. The second system includes a repeat sign in the middle. The third system ends with a double bar line. Dynamics include *mf* and *p*.

## No 422. — MY LOVE, COME LET US WANDER.

Gaelic.

*Moderate with expression.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for No 422. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The first measure of the treble staff is marked *p*. The second system includes a repeat sign in the middle. The third system ends with a double bar line. Dynamics include *p* and *mf*.



No 423. — HAPPY WERE I AN YE WERE A MAN.\* (a lullaby.)  
*Moderately lively.*

Two systems of piano accompaniment for No. 423. The first system consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one flat and a 6/8 time signature. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and ends with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system continues the piece, also in two staves, with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

No 424. — CALLER HERRIN'\*\*. *Moderate.*

Five systems of piano accompaniment for No. 424. The first system is in two staves with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. It includes dynamics of mezzo-forte (*mf*) and piano (*p*). The second system continues with a crescendo (*cres*) and mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system features piano (*p*) and mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamics. The fourth system includes piano (*p*), mezzo-forte (*mf*), and crescendo (*cres*) dynamics. The fifth system concludes the piece with mezzo-forte (*mf*) and ritardando (*rit*) markings.

\* FIRST TIME PUBLISHED.

\*\* COMPOSED BY NATH: COW.



## HAPPY WERE I AN YE WERE A MAN.

(A nursery song.)

HEY doo, dilly doo, dantilly dan,  
 Happy were I an ye were a man;  
 An ye were a man, and a braw ane tae,  
 For wha can tell what my laddie may dae.

Whan, my laddie, ye list to rise,  
 Ye'se hae ye're dinner dight in a new guise;  
 A lav'rock's leg and a titlin's tae,  
 And a' sic dainties my mannie shall hae.  
 Hey doo, &c.

## CALLER HERRIN'.

WHA'LL buy caller herrin'?  
 They're bonnie fish, and halesome farin';  
 Wha'll buy caller herrin',  
 New drawn frae the Forth?  
 When ye were sleeping on your pillows,  
 Dream'd ye ought o' our pair fellows,  
 Darkling, as they faced the billows,  
 A' to fill the woven willows?  
 Buy my caller herrin',  
 They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';  
 Buy my caller herrin',  
 New drawn frae the Forth.  
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?  
 They're no brought here without brave darin';  
 Buy my caller herrin',  
 Ye little ken their worth.  
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?  
 Oh! ye may ca' them vulgar farin';  
 Wives and mithers, maist despairin',  
 Ca' them lives o' men!

Wha'll buy caller herrin'?  
 They're bonnie fish, and halesome farin';  
 Wha'll buy caller herrin',  
 New drawn frae the Forth?  
 O when the creel o' herrin' passes,  
 Leddies clad in silk or laces,  
 Gather in their braw pelisses,  
 Cast their heads and scrow their faces!  
 Buy my caller herrin',  
 They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';

Buy my caller herrin',  
 New drawn frae the Forth.  
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?  
 They're no brought here without brave darin';  
 Buy my caller herrin',  
 Ye little ken their worth.  
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?  
 Oh! ye may ca' them vulgar farin';  
 Wives and mithers, maist despairin',  
 Ca' them lives o' men!

Wha'll buy caller herrin'?  
 They're bonnie fish, and halesome farin';  
 Wha'll buy caller herrin',  
 New drawn frae the Forth?  
 Noo neeber wives come tent my tellin';  
 When the bonnie fish ye're sellin',  
 At a word be aye your dealin'—  
 Truth will stand when a' thing's failin'.  
 Buy my caller herrin',  
 They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';  
 Buy my caller herrin',  
 New drawn frae the Forth.  
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?  
 They're no brought here without brave darin';  
 Buy my caller herrin',  
 Ye little ken their worth.  
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?  
 Oh! ye may ca' them vulgar farin';  
 Wives and mithers, maist despairin',  
 Ca' them lives o' men!

*Baroness Nairne.*



## WILLIE'S DROUN'D IN GAM'RY.\*

"O WILLIE's fair, and Willie's rare,  
And Willie's wondrous bonnie;  
And Willie says he'll marry me,  
Gin e'er he marry ony.  
O Willie's fair, and Willie's rare,  
And Willie's wondrous bonnie;  
There's nane wi' him that can compare,  
I lo'e him best o' ony."

On Wednesday, that fatal day,  
The people were convenin';  
Besides all this, threescore and ten,  
To gang to th' bridestool wi' him.  
Then they rade on, and further on,  
Till they cam on to Gam'ry;  
The wind was loud, the stream was proud,  
And wi' the stream gaed Willie!

And they rade on, and further on,  
Till they cam to the kirk o' Gam'ry;  
And ev'ry ane on high horse sat,  
But Willie's horse rade toomly.

When they were settled at that place,  
The people fell a-mournin';  
And a council held amang them a'—  
But sair, sair wept Kimmundy!

Then out it speaks the bride hersel',  
Says, "What means a' this mournin'?  
Where is the man amang ye a',  
That should gie me fair weddin'?"  
Then out it speaks his brother John,  
Says, "Meg, I'll tell you plainly—  
The stream was strang, the clerk rade wrang,  
And Willie's droun'd in Gam'ry!"

She put her hand up to her head,  
Where were the ribbons many;  
She rave them a', let them doun fa',  
And straightway ran to Gam'ry.  
She sought it up, she sought it doun,  
Till she was wet and weary;  
And in the middle part o' it,  
O there she gat her deary!

\* Gamery is a small fishing town on the east coast of the Moray Firth. The unfortunate hero of this ballad (according to Mr. Buchan) was a factor to the Laird of Kimmundy. (See the beautiful ballad commencing "Down in yon garden sweet and gay," page 208, where a similar incident is recorded as having taken place in the Yarrow. As two of the verses in each ballad are almost identical, it would appear that the one has borrowed from the other. Has the North been indebted to the South in this instance?)

## THE GALLANT WEAVER.

Tune—"The weavers' march."

WHERE Cart rins rowin' to the sea,  
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,  
There lives a lad, the lad for me,  
He is a gallant weaver.  
Oh, I had wouers aught or nine,  
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;  
And I was fear'd my heart would tine,  
And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,  
To gie the lad that has the land;  
But to my heart I'll add my hand,  
And gie it to the weaver.  
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;  
While bees delight in op'ning flowers;  
While corn grows green in summer showers,  
I will love my gallant weaver.

Burns.



N<sup>o</sup> 425. — WILLIE'S DROUN'D IN GAM'RY.*Mournfully.*

N<sup>o</sup> 426. — THE WEAVERS' MARCH.*March time.*



Nº 427. — O GAE TO THE KYE WI' ME, JOHNNIE.

*Lively.*

Two systems of piano accompaniment for the song 'O GAE TO THE KYE WI' ME, JOHNNIE.' The first system begins with a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time, marked 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment. The second system continues the piece, ending with a double bar line.

Nº 428. — JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE.\*

*With artless simplicity.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for the song 'JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE.' The first system is marked 'p' (piano) and 'With artless simplicity.' The second system includes a 'tempo.' marking and a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking. The third system includes 'ad lib.' (ad libitum), 'cres.' (crescendo), and 'piu rit.' (piu ritardando) markings. The score is written for piano with treble and bass staves.

\* COMPOSED BY R. A. SMITH.



## O GAE TO THE KYE WI' ME, JOHNNIE.

"O GAE to the kye wi' me, Johnnie,  
Gae to the kye wi' me;  
O gae to the kye wi' me, Johnnie,  
And I'll be merry wi' thee."

"O lassie, I'm weary wand'rin',  
I've gane mair miles than three;  
I see no gang the day to the herdin',  
It's fashions and naething to see."  
"O gae, &c."

Oh we'll tak a rest at the shieling,  
Aneut the tap o' the hill;

And there's a loch o' pure water,  
Whaur ye may drink your fill.  
O gae, &c.

Amang the rocks and the heather,  
A burn does roaring fa';  
And there the trouties are loupin',  
The bonniest ever I saw.

O gae to the kye wi' me, Johnnie,  
Gae to the kye wi' me;  
O gae to the kye wi' me, Johnnie,  
And I'll be merry wi' thee."

## JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE.

THE sun has gane doun o'er the lofty Ben Lomond,  
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,  
While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloamin',  
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.  
How sweet is the breer, wi' its soft fauldin' blossom!  
And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green;  
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,  
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane—  
Is lovely young Jessie,  
Is lovely young Jessie,  
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonnie,  
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;  
And far be the villain, divested o' feeling,  
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dunblane.  
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ning,  
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;

Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,  
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane—  
Is charming young Jessie,  
Is charming young Jessie,  
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

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

*Gannahill.*



## O WAT YE WHA CAM HERE YESTREEN?

Tune—"I'll hae a piper to my guidman."

O WAT ye wha cam here yestreen?  
 A lad that may fu' weel be seen!  
 My luck for gowd I wadna gie,  
 I'm just as blythe as blythe can be.  
 His frien'ly bow, an' frank "guid e'en,"  
 He gied them baith to sister Jean;  
 But a' the time, as I could see,  
 His kindly looks he gied to me.

I wadna gie his looks yestreen,  
 For a' the blythesome sights I've seen—  
 I've waited lang, an' wearied been,  
 But a' my fears were tint yestreen.  
 A faither's house—a pantry fu'  
 O' meal to bake, and mant to brew;  
 They're nae to slicht nor cast awa—  
 But his kindly looks are worth them a'.

*Alexander Laing.*

## WE'LL HAP AND ROW.

Tune—"Willie Winkie's testament."

WE'LL hap and row, we'll hap and row,  
 We'll hap and row the feetie o't;  
 It is a wee bit weary thing—  
 I downa bide the greetie o't.

And we pat on the wee bit pan,  
 To boil the lick o' meatie o't;  
 A cinder fell and spoil'd the plan,  
 And burnt a' the feetie o't!

Fu' sair it grat, the pair wee brat,  
 And aye it kick'd the feetie o't,  
 Till, pair wee elf, it tired itself;  
 And then began the sleepie o't.

The skirlin' brat nae parritch gat,  
 When it gaed to the sleepie o't;  
 It's waesome true, instead o' 'ts mou',  
 They're round about the feetie o't!

*William Creech.*



## No 429. — I'LL HAE A PIPER TO MY GUIDMAN.

*Lively*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for No 429. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic. The music is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major, and features a lively, rhythmic melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

## No 430. — WILLIE WINKIE'S TESTAMENT.

*Lively*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for No 430. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand, indicated by a '3' above the notes. The music is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major, and has a lively, rhythmic character.



## No 431.— THE LASS O' GLENSHEE.\*

*Moderate with expression.*

Handwritten musical score for 'The Lass o' Glenshee'. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. Each system has a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

## No 432.— MY LADY'S GOWN.\*\*

*Moderate.*

Handwritten musical score for 'My Lady's Gown'. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. Each system has a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is C (common time). The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third system ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

\* W. LAIDLAW'S PATHETIC BALLAD "LUGY'S FLITTIN'" IS OFTEN SUNG TO THIS TUNE.—THE IRISH CLAIM THIS AIR UNDER THE TITLE, "O SHEELAN MY LOVE!"

\*\* A POPULAR STRATHSPEY TUNE, COMPOSED BY JAMES CRECC.



## THE LASS O' GLENSHEE.

On ae simmer day when the heather was bloomin',  
And the silent hill humm'd wi' the sair laden bee,  
I met a fair maid as I hame-ward was ridin',  
A-herdin' her sheep on the hills o' Glenshee.  
The rose on her cheek it was gemm'd wi' a dimple,  
And blythe was the blink o' her bonnie blue e'e;  
Her face sae enchanting, sae neat and sae han'some—  
My heart sune belang'd to the lass o' Glenshee.

I kiss'd and caress'd her, and said, "My dear lassie,  
Gin you would but come to St. Johnston wi' me,  
There's nane o' the fair shall set foot on the causeway,  
Wi' cleedin' mair fine than the lass o' Glenshee.  
A carriage for pleasure you shall hae to ride in,  
And folk shall say "Madam!" when they speak to thee;  
Servants you shall hae to come at your biddin';  
I'll mak you my leddy, the lass o' Glenshee."

"It's mock me nae mair wi' your carriage to ride in,  
Nor think that your grandeur I value a flee;  
I'd think mysel' happy wi' a coatie o' plaiden,  
And an honest herd lad on the hills o' Glenshee."  
"Believe me, dear lassie, Caledonia's clear waters  
May alter their course, and rin back frae the sea—  
Her brave hardy sons will submit to the fetters—  
Ere I can prove false to the lass o' Glenshee."

The lark may forget to rise up in the mornin',  
The spring may forget to revive on the lea;  
But never will I, while my senses govern me,  
Forget to be kind to the lass o' Glenshee."  
"O let me alane, for I'm sure I would blunder,  
And set a' the gentry a-laughin' at me;  
They're book-taught in manners, baith auld and young yonder,  
While we ken but little o' that in Glenshee."

'Just look,' they would say, 'what a fine Hielan' leddy,  
Set up for a show in a window sae hie;  
Row'd up like a witch in a hamely-span plaidie'—  
And pointin' aye towards the lass o' Glenshee."  
"Don't dream o' sic stories, but come up behind me,  
Ere Phoebus gaes roun', my sweet bride ye shall be;  
This night in my arms I will dawt you sae kindly:"  
She smil'd—she consented—I took her wi' me.

Noo years hae gane by sin' we buckl'd thegither,  
And seasons hae chang'd—but nae changes wi' me;  
She's always as gay as the fine summer weather,  
When the sun's at his hicht on the hills o' Glenshee.  
To meet wi' my lassie awa I would venture;  
She's true as the echo that rings owre the lea;  
She's spotless and pure as the robe o' the winter,  
When laid out to bleach on the hills o' Glenshee.

*This simple but very characteristic Song, long popular in the North, has been kindly contributed by*

Here published for the first time.

*James Paterson,  
(Maudsliff.)*

## MY LADY'S GOWN.

My lady's gown there's gairs upon't,  
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;  
But Jenny's jumps and jirkinett,  
My lord thinks meikle mair upon't.

My lord a-hunting he is gane,  
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;  
By Colin's cottage lies his game,  
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's white, my lady's red,  
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' bluid;  
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher guid,  
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

My lady's gown, &c.

Out owre yon muir, out owre yon moss,  
Whaur gor-cocks through the heather pass,  
There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass—  
A lily in a wilderness!

My lady's gown, &c.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,  
Like music-notes o' lovers' hymns:  
The diamond dew in her een sae blue,  
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,  
The flower and fancy o' the west;  
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,  
O, that's the lass to mak him blest.

My lady's gown, &c.

*Burns.*



# MY WIFE HAS TAEN THE GEE.

A FREEN o' mine cam here yestreen,  
 And he would hae me doun  
 To drink a pot of ale wi' him,  
 In the neist borrows toun.  
 But O, alake! it was the waur,  
 And sair the waur for me;  
 For lang or e'er that I cam hame,  
 My wife had taen the gee.

We sat sae late, and drank sae stout,  
 The truth I tell to you,  
 That lang or ever midnight cam,  
 We were a' roarin' fu'.  
 My wife sits at the fire-side,  
 The tear blin's aye her e'e,  
 The ne'er a bed will she gae to,  
 But sit and tak the gee.

In the mornin' soon, when I cam doun,  
 The ne'er a word she spake;  
 But mony a sad and sour look,  
 And aye her head she'd shake.  
 "My dear," quoth I, "what aileth thee,  
 To look sae sour on me?  
 I'll never do the like again,  
 If ye'll ne'er tak the gee."

When that she heard, she ran, she flang  
 Her arms about my neck;  
 And twenty kisses in a crack,  
 And, puir wee thing, she grat!  
 "If ye'll ne'er do the like again,  
 But bide at hame wi' me,  
 I'll lay my life I se be the wife  
 That's never tak the gee."

*From Herd's Collection, 1769.*

# O, MY LOVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

Tune—"Major Graham's strathspey."

O, my love's like a red, red rose,  
 That's newly sprung in June:  
 O, my love's like the melodie  
 That's sweetly played in tune.  
 As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
 So deep in love am I;  
 And I will love thee still, my dear,  
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun:  
 O, I will love thee still, my dear,  
 While the sands o' life shall run.  
 And fare thee weel, my only love!  
 And fare thee weel a while!  
 And I will come again, my love,  
 Though it were ten thousand mile.

*Part of this Song is old, and part by Burns.*



Nº 433.— MY WIFE HAS TAEN THE GEE.\*

*Rather lively, with expression.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for No. 433. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The first staff has a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking appearing in the second staff. The third system concludes the piece, featuring a piano (*p*) dynamic marking in the first staff and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking in the second staff.

Nº 434.— MAJOR GRAHAM'S STRATHSPEY.\*\*

*Sweetly.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for No. 434. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The first staff has a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking appearing in the second staff. The third system concludes the piece, featuring a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking in the first staff and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking in the second staff.

\* EVIDENTLY BORROWED FROM "THE MILLER" (Nº 279, PAGE. 140.)

\*\* FROM NEIL COW'S FIRST COLLECTION.—BURNS WROTE HIS SONG "O, MY LOVE'S LIKE A RED RED ROSE" TO THIS TUNE FOR THE "MUSEUM"—THE SONG IS NOW HOWEVER USUALLY SUNG TO A SLIGHTLY ALTERED VERSION OF "LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM" (Nº 81, PAGE. 41.)



N<sup>o</sup> 435. — HOOLY AND FAIRLY.\**Lively.*

Musical score for N° 435, "HOOLY AND FAIRLY." The score is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The tempo is marked "Lively."

Chorus.

Musical score for the Chorus of N° 435. It is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major, and begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

N<sup>o</sup> 436. — THE BEDS OF SWEET ROSES.*With serio-comic expression.*

Musical score for N° 436, "THE BEDS OF SWEET ROSES." The score is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third system includes a forte (*f*) dynamic and a "ritard." (ritardando) instruction.

\* OR, THE DRUCKEN WIFE OF CALOWA!



## HOOLY AND FAIRLY.

---

O! WHAT had I do for to marry!  
 My wife drinks naething but sack and canary;  
 I to her freens complain'd richt sairly—  
 O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!  
     Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,  
 O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

I ne'er was given to wranglin' nor strife,  
 Nor e'er did refuse her the comforts o' life;  
 Ere it come to a war, I am aye for a parley—  
 O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!  
     Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,  
 O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow,  
 But when she sits down she aye fills hersel' fu';  
 And when she is fu' she is unco camstairie—  
 O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!  
     Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,  
 O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

---

## THE BEDS OF SWEET ROSES.

---

As I was a-walking one morning in May,  
 The little birds were singing delightful and gay,  
 The little birds were singing delightful and gay,  
 Where I and my true love did often sport and play,  
     Down among the beds of sweet roses.

My fond devoted parents they oft to me did say,  
 That I was a naughty boy, and spent all my time in play,  
 That I was a naughty boy, and spent all my time in play;  
 But I ne'er lik'd in all my life a maiden that was shy,  
     Down among the beds of sweet roses.



## YE FLOW'RY BANKS O' BONNIE DOON.\*

Ye flow'ry banks o' bonnie Doon,  
 How can ye bloom sae fair!  
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
 And I sae fu' o' care!  
 Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,  
 That sings upon the bough;  
 Thou minds me o' the happy days  
 When my fause love was true.  
 Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,  
 That sings beside thy mate;

For sae I sat, and sae I sang,  
 And wist na o' my fate.  
 Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,  
 To see the woodbine twine;  
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,  
 And sae did I o' mine.  
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
 Frae aff its thorny tree;  
 And my fause lover staw the rose,  
 But left the thorn wi' me.

*Burns.*

\* Cromek found this Song among the papers of Burns, and inserted it in the "Reliques." Burns altered it, as given in the Second Version, to suit an air composed by a Mr. Miller, a writer in Edinburgh (see page 24). The altered version, though it has almost entirely supplanted the original, wants the pathetic simplicity of the above.

## LOCH-NA-GAR.

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses,  
 In you let the minions of luxury rove;  
 Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,  
 If still they are sacred to freedom and love.  
 Yet, Caledonia, belov'd are thy mountains,  
 Round their white summits though elements war,  
 Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth flowing fountains—  
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch-na-gar.

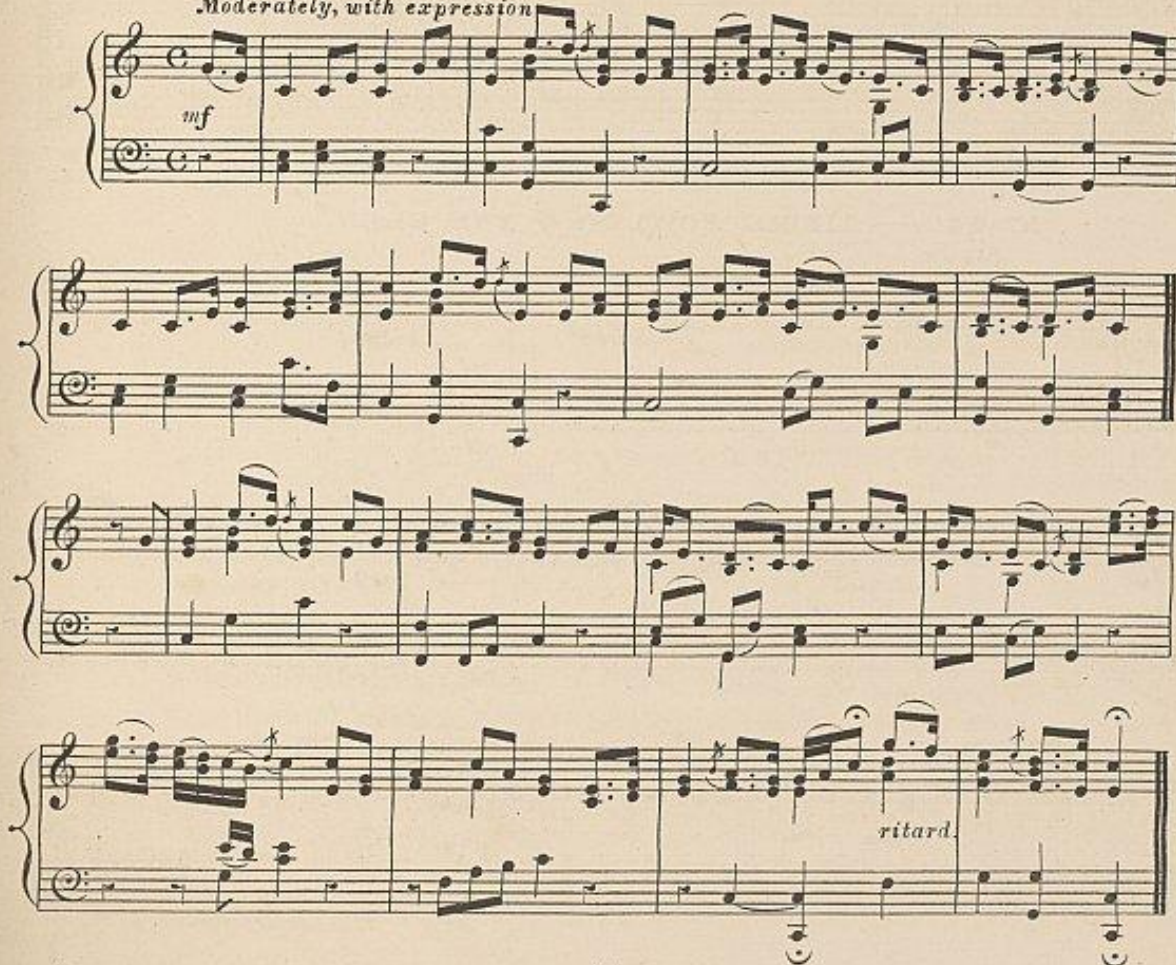
Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd;  
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;  
 On chieftains, long perish'd, my memory ponder'd,  
 As daily I stray'd through the pine-cover'd glade.

I sought not my home till the day's dying glory,  
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar-star;  
 For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,  
 Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch-na-gar.

Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices  
 Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?  
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,  
 And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale.  
 Round Loch-na-gar, while the stormy mist gathers,  
 Winter presides in his cold icy car;  
 Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers,  
 They dwell 'mid the tempests of dark Loch-na-gar!

*Byron.*



N<sup>o</sup> 437.—YE FLOW'RY BANKS O' BONNIE DOON.\**Very plaintively*N<sup>o</sup> 438.—LOCHNAGAR.\*\**Moderately, with expression*

\* FIRST TIME PUBLISHED

\*\* COMPOSED BY MRS GIBSON ?



N<sup>o</sup> 439.— FAIR HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL.*With feeling.*

Musical score for 'Fair Helen of Kirkconnel' in 2/4 time, key of D major. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a crescendo to a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third system concludes with a *ritard.* (ritardando) marking.

N<sup>o</sup> 440.— TIBBIE FOWLER O' THE GLEN.*Lively.*

Musical score for 'Tibbie Fowler o' the Glen' in 2/4 time, key of D major. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system includes a *Chorus.* marking and a forte (*f*) dynamic. The third system concludes with a repeat sign.



# FAIR EELIN (HELEN) OF KIRKCONNEL.\*

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I wish I were where Eelin lies,  
For nicht and day on me she cries;  
I wish I were where Eelin lies,  
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

Curse on the hand that shot the shot,  
Likewise the gun that ga'e the crack;  
Fair Eelin in my arms she lap,  
And died for love o' me!

O think na ye my heart was sair  
To see her lie, and speak nae mair!  
There did she swoon, wi' meikle care,  
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

I loutit down, my sword did draw;  
I cuttit him in pieces sma';  
I cuttit him in pieces sma',  
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

O Eelin fair, without compare!  
I'll mak a garland o' thy hair,  
And wear the same for evermair,  
Until the day I dee.

I wish my grave were growin' green,  
A windin'-sheet put owre my een,  
And I in Eelin's arms lyin',  
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

O Eelin chaste, thou wast modest;  
Were I wi' thee I wad be blest—  
Where thou lies low, and taks thy rest,  
On fair Kirkconnel lee.

I wish I were where Eelin lies,  
For nicht and day on me she cries;  
I wish I were where Eelin lies,  
On fair Kirkconnel lee!

\* "Helen Irving, a young lady of extraordinary beauty and uncommon qualifications, was descended from the ancient and respectable family of Kirkconnel, in Annandale, at present in the possession of Sir William Maxwell of Springhall, Bart. She had for some time been courted by two gentlemen, whose names were Bell and Fleeming. Bell was proprietor of Blackwood House, properly 'Blacket House;' and Fleeming, of Fleeming Hall, situate near Mossknowe, at present in the possession of Captain Graham. Bell one day told the young lady, that if he at any time afterwards found her in Fleeming's company, he would certainly kill him. She, however, had a greater regard for Fleeming; and being one day walking along with him on the pleasant, romantic banks of the Kirtle, she observed his rival on the other side of the river amongst the bushes. Conscious of the danger her lover was in, she passed betwixt him and his enemy, who, immediately firing, shot her dead, whilst she leaped into Fleeming's arms, whom she endeavoured to screen from the attempts of his antagonist. He drew his sword, crossed the river, and cut the murderer in pieces. A cairn, or heap of stones, was raised on the place where she fell. She was buried in the adjacent churchyard of Kirkconnel; and the poor, forlorn, disconsolate Fleeming, overwhelmed with love and oppressed with grief, is said to have gone abroad for some time—returned—visited her grave, upon which he stretched himself and expired, and was buried in the same place."—STEWART LEWIS (in the preface to his poem of "Fair Helen"—printed 1796).

# TIBBIE FOWLER O' THE GLEN.

TIBBIE FOWLER o' the Glen,  
There's owre mony wooin' at her;  
Tibbie Fowler o' the Glen,  
There's owre mony wooin' at her.  
Wooin' at her, pu'in' at her,  
Courtin' her, and canna get her;  
Silly elf, it's for her pelf  
That a' the lads are wooin' at her.

Ten cam east, and ten cam west;  
Ten cam rowin' owre the water;  
Twa cam down the lang dyke-side:  
There's twa-and-thirty wooin' at her.  
Wooin' at her, &c.

There's seven butt, and seven ben,  
Seven in the pantry wi' her;  
Twenty head about the door:  
There's aye-and-forty wooin' at her.  
Wooin' at her, &c.

She's got pendles in her lugs;  
Cockle-shells wad set her better!  
High-heel'd shoon, and siller tags;  
And a' the lads are wooin' at her.  
Wooin' at her, &c.

Be a lassie e'er sae black,  
An she hae the name o' siller,  
Set her up on Tintock tap,  
The wind will blaw a man till her.  
Wooin' at her, &c.

Be a lassie e'er sae fair,  
An she want the penny siller,  
A fee may fell her in the air,  
Before a man be even'd till her.  
Wooin' at her, pu'in' at her,  
Courtin' her, and canna get her;  
Silly elf, it's for her pelf  
That a' the lads are wooin' at her.



# FLORA MACDONALD'S LAMENT.

FAR over the hills of the heather so green,  
 And down by the Corrie that sings to the sea,  
 The bonnie young Flora sat weeping her lane,  
 The dew on her plaid and the tear in her e'e.  
 She look'd at a boat with the breezes that swung,  
 Away on the wave like a bird on the main;  
 And aye as it lessen'd she sigh'd and she sung,  
 "Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again!  
 Farewell to my hero, the gallant and young,  
 Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again!

The moorcock that craws on the brows o' Ben-Connal,  
 He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;  
 The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan-Ronald,  
 Unawed and unhunted his ciry can claim;  
 The solan can sleep on his shelve on the shore;

The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea;  
 But oh! there is ane whose hard fate I deplore,  
 Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he;  
 The conflict is past, and our name is no more,  
 There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me.

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

*Hogg.*

# THERE'S NONE TO SOOTHE MY SOUL TO REST.

THERE'S none to soothe my soul to rest,  
 There's none my load of grief to share,  
 Or wake to joy this lonely breast,  
 Or light the gloom of dark despair.

Oft to the winds my grief I tell,  
 They bear along the mournful tale,  
 To dreary echo's rocky cell,  
 That heaves it back upon the gale.

The little wild bird's merry lay,  
 That wont my lightsome heart to cheer,  
 In murmuring echoes dies away,  
 And melts like sorrow on my ear.

The voice of joy no more can cheer,  
 The look of love no more can warm,  
 Since mute for aye's that voice so dear,  
 And clos'd that eye alone could charm.

*James Yool.*



## Nº 441. — FLORA MACDONALD'S LAMENT.\*

*Slow with expression.*

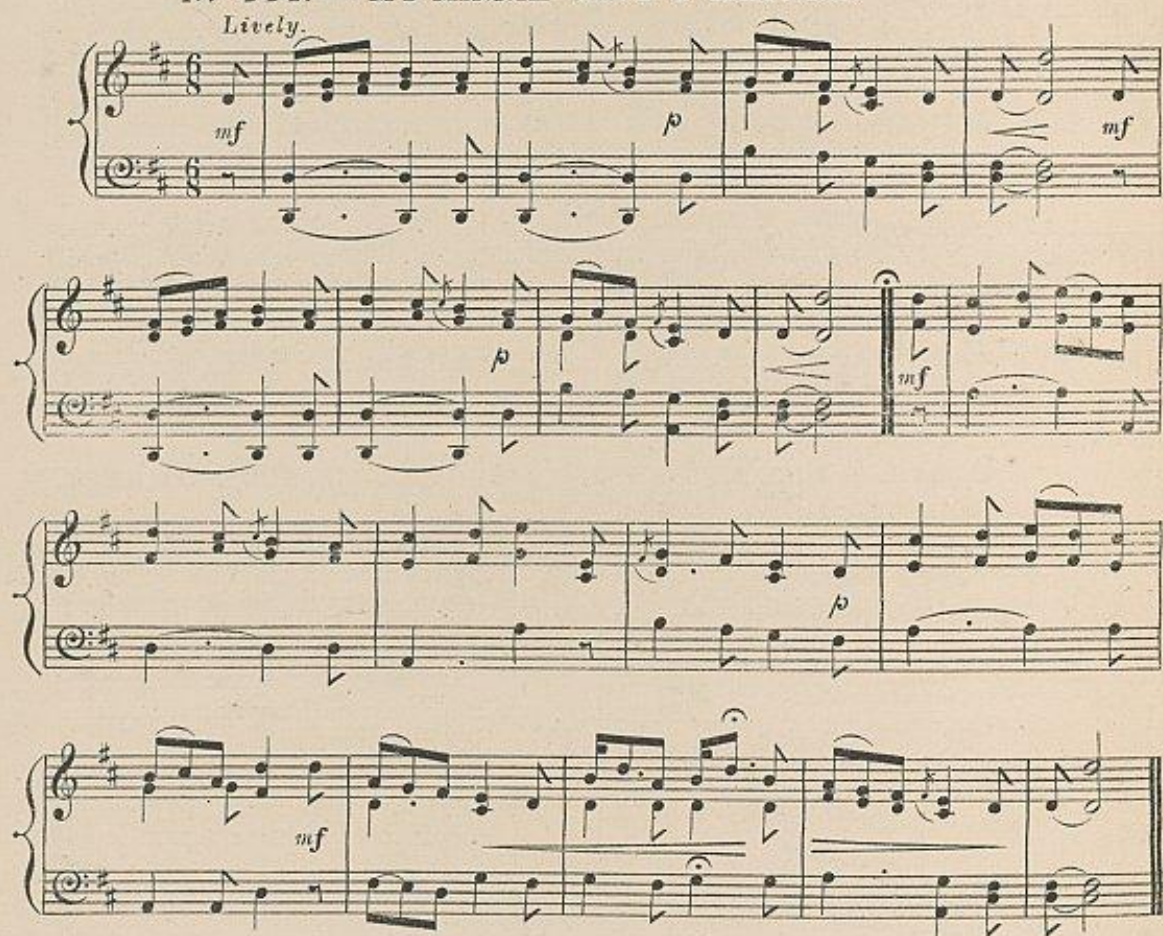
## Nº 442. — THERE'S NONE TO SOOTHE MY SOUL TO REST.\*\*

*Slow.*

\* COMPOSED, OR ARRANGED, BY NEIL COW, JUNR

\*\* CAELIC.



N<sup>o</sup> 443.— CHARLIE YE ARE WELCOME.\**Lively.*N<sup>o</sup> 444.— MY MINNIE SAYS I MAUNNA.*Lively.*

\* A SLIGHTLY ALTERED SET OF THIS TUNE IS ADAPTED TO THE MODERN SONG, "DRAW THE SWORD SCOTLAND!"



## CHARLIE, YE ARE WELCOME.

CHARLIE, ye are welcome, welcome, welcome;  
 Charlie, ye are welcome to Scotland, and to me.  
 There's some folk in yon toun, yon toun, yon toun;  
 There's some folk in yon toun, I trow, that should na be.  
 Charlie, we'll no name them, name them, name them;  
 Charlie, we'll no name them, we ken weel wha they be.

The swords they are ready, ready, ready;  
 The swords they are ready, I trow, to mak them flee.  
 Charlie it's the warning, warning, warning;  
 Charlie it's the warning, we hear owre hill and lea:  
 The colours they are flying, flying, flying;  
 The colours they are flying, will lead to victory.

## MY MINNIE SAYS I MAUNNA.

Fu' fain wad I be Jamie's lass,  
 My minnie says, I "maunna;"  
 Fu' fain wad I be Jamie's lass,  
 My minnie says, I "maunna."  
 My daddie bann'd, my minnie grat,  
 To get me Jamie's love to quat;  
 But in my heart, I'll tell you what  
 I said, "In sooth I canna—I canna"—  
 I said, "In sooth I canna."  
 Fu' fain, &c.

For Jamie's aye sae leal and kin',  
 And vows he ever will be mine;  
 O how would my dear lad repine,  
 Gin I tauld him "I maunna—I maunna"—  
 Gin I tauld him "I maunna."  
 Fu' fain, &c.

My sister Nan, the ither year,  
 At neither mam nor dad did speer,  
 But buckled Will and a' his gear;  
 Sae what for is't I maunna—I maunna?  
 Sae what for is't I maunna?  
 Fu' fain, &c.

'Tis sinfu' to mak twa hearts wae,  
 Sae I'll tak Jamie, come what may;  
 Nor care what kith or kin will say—  
 They needna think I canna—I canna—  
 They needna think I canna.

And I will aye be Jamie's lass,  
 Though minnie says, I "maunna;"  
 And I will aye be Jamie's lass,  
 Though minnie says, I "maunna."

*First two verses old, the others by James Paterson.*  
 First time published.



## ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

ROBIN shure in hairst,  
 I shure wi' him;  
 Fient a heuk had I,  
 Yet I stuck by him.

I gaed up to Dunse,  
 To warp a wab o' plaiden;  
 At his daddie's yett,  
 Wha met me but Robin?  
 Robin shure, &c.

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

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

*Burns.*

## I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

I'm owre young, I'm owre young,  
 I'm owre young to marry yet;  
 I'm sae young, 'twad be a sin  
 To tak me frae my mammy yet.

I am my mammy's ae bairn,  
 Nor of my hame I'm weary yet;  
 And I will have you learn, lads,  
 That ye for me maun tarry yet.  
 For I'm owre young, &c.

For I have had my ain way,  
 Nane daur to contradict me yet;

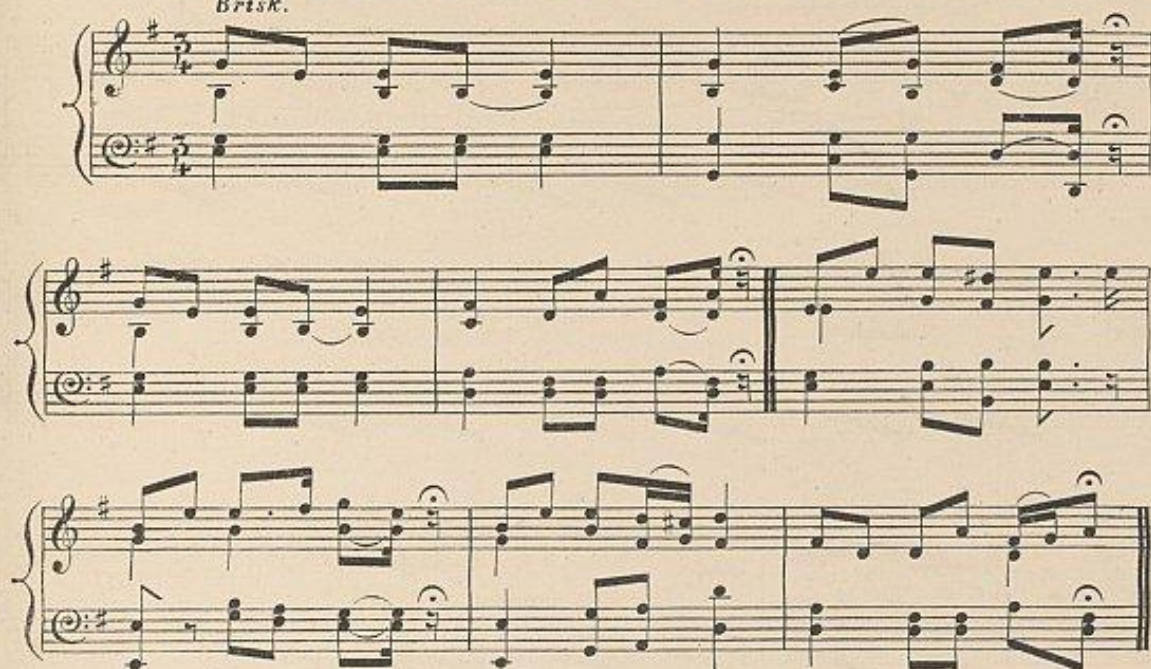
Sae soon to say I wad obey,  
 In truth I daurna venture yet.  
 For I'm owre young, &c.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind  
 Blaws through the leafless timmer, sir;  
 But if ye come this gate again,  
 I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.

For I'm owre young, I'm owre young,  
 I'm owre young to marry yet;  
 I'm sae young, 'twad be a sin  
 To tak me frae my mammy yet.



## No 445. — ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

*Brisk.*

## No 446. — I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET.\*

*Lively.*

\* THIS IS A MODERN COMPOSITION—THE FIRST PART IS FROM THE OLD SET OF "THE BRAES O' BALQUIDDER" (JOHNSON'S "MUSEUM" PAGE 201.) THE ORIGINAL TUNE OF "I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET" ("MUSEUM" PAGE 210.) IS EVIDENTLY THE SOURCE OF THE MORE MODERN "LOCH-ERROCH SIDE" ("THE LASS O' COWRIE")



N<sup>o</sup> 447.— THE BROWN DAIRY-MAID \*

Gaelic.

*Slow with expression.*

Musical score for "The Brown Dairy-Maid" in 6/8 time, key of D major. The score consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The fourth system concludes the piece. The melody is primarily in the right hand, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

N<sup>o</sup> 448.— GEORDIE. \*\*

(Old Ballad.)

*Slowly.*

Musical score for "Geordie" in 3/4 time, key of D major. The score consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes the instruction *piu forte* in the middle. The second system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody is primarily in the right hand, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

\* "THE BANKS OF THE DEVON?"

\*\* SUPPOSED TO RELATE TO GEORGE GORDON, EARL OF HUNTLY, WHO WAS SENT ON AN EXPEDITION TO SHETLAND IN 1554.



## THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

Tune—"The brown dairy-maid."

How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,  
 With green-spreading bushes, and flow'rs blooming fair!  
 But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon  
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.  
 Mild be the sun on this sweet-blushing flower,  
 In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew!  
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,  
 That steals on the ev'ning each leaf to renew.  
 Oh, spare the dear blossom, ye Orient breezes,  
 With chill hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn!  
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile, that seizes  
 The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!  
 Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,  
 And England, triumphant, display her proud rose:  
 A fairer than either adorns the green valleys  
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

*Burns.*

## GEORDIE.\*

THERE was a battle in the north,  
 And nobles there were many,  
 And they hae killed Sir Charlie Hay,  
 And they laid the wyte on Geordie.

O he has written a lang letter,  
 And sent it to his lady—  
 "Ye maun come up to Enbrugh toun,  
 To see what word's o' Geordie."

When first she look'd the letter on,  
 She was baith red and rosy;  
 But she had na read a word but twa,  
 Till she wallow't like a lily.

"Gar get to me my guid gray steed,  
 My menzie a' gae wi' me;  
 For I shall neither eat nor drink  
 Till Enbrugh toun shall see me."

And she has mountit her gray steed,  
 Her menzie a' gae wi' her;  
 And she did neither eat nor drink  
 Till Enbrugh toun did see her.

And first appear'd the fatal block,  
 And syne the aix to 'head him;  
 And Geordie comin' down the stair,  
 And bands o' airn upon him.

But though he's chain'd in fetters strang,  
 O' airn and steel sae heavy,  
 There was na ane in a' the court  
 Sae braw a man as Geordie.

O she's down on her bended knee—  
 I wat she's pale and weary—  
 "O pardon, pardon, noble king,  
 And gie me back my dearie!"

I've borne seven sons to my Geordie dear,  
 The seventh ne'er saw his daddie;  
 O pardon, pardon, noble king,  
 And pity a waeft' lady!"

"Gar bid the hendin' man mak haste,"  
 Our king replied fu' lordly;  
 "O noble king tak a' that's mine,  
 But gie me back my Geordie!"

The Gordons cam, and the Gordons ran,  
 And they were stark and steady;  
 And aye the word among them a',  
 Was, "Gordons keep you ready."

An aged lord at the king's right han',  
 Says, "Noble king but hear me;  
 Gar her tell down five thousand pound,  
 And gie her back her dearie."

Some ga'e her marks, some ga'e her crowns,  
 Some ga'e her dollars many;  
 And she's tell'd down five thousand pound,  
 And gotten again her dearie.

She blinkit blythe in her Geordie's face,  
 Says, "Dear I've bought thee Geordie;  
 But there had been bluidy bouks on the green,  
 Or I had tint my laddie."

He claspit her by the middle sma',  
 And he kist her lips sae rosy;  
 "The fairest flow'r o' woman-kind  
 Is my sweet, my bonnie lady!"

\* George Gordon, Earl of Huntly. Supposed to relate to a transaction which occurred during the reign of Queen Mary.



## O GUID ALE COMES, AND GUID ALE GOES.

Tune—"The bottom of the punch bowl."

O GUID ale comes, and guid ale goes,  
 Guid ale gars me sell my hose;  
 Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon—  
 Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.  
 I had sax owsen in a plough,  
 They drew a' weel enough;

I sell'd them a' just ane by ane—  
 Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.  
 O guid ale comes, and guid ale goes,  
 Guid ale gars me sell my hose:  
 Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon—  
 Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

Part of an old song amended for Johnson's "Museum" by Burns.

## MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

"FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,  
 The wretch's destinie!  
 Macpherson's time will not be long  
 On yonder gallows-tree."  
 Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,  
 Sae dauntingly gaed he;  
 He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,  
 Below the gallows-tree.

"Oh! what is death but parting breath?—  
 On mony a bloody plain  
 I've dared his face, and in this place  
 I scorn him yet again!"  
 Sae rantingly, &c.

"Untie these bands from off my hands,  
 And bring to me my sword;

And there's no a man in all Scotland,  
 But I'll brave him at a word."  
 Sae rantingly, &c.

"I've lived a life of start and strife;  
 I die by treacherie:  
 It burns my heart, I must depart  
 And not avenged be."  
 Sae rantingly, &c.

"Now farewell, light,—thou sunshine bright,  
 And all beneath the sky!  
 May coward shame distain his name,  
 The wretch that dares not die."  
 Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,  
 Sae dauntingly gaed he;  
 He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,  
 Below the gallows-tree.

Burns.

"Macpherson's Lament," says Sir Walter Scott, "was a well-known song many years before the Ayrshire Bard wrote those additional verses which constitute its principal merit. When he came to the fatal tree he played the tune, to which he has bequeathed his name, upon a favourite violin, and, holding up the instrument, offered it to any one of his clan who would undertake to play the tune over his body, at his lyke-walk; as none answered, he dashed it to pieces on the executioner's head, and flung himself from the ladder." This noted freebooter was executed at the cross of Banff, November 16, 1700, eight days after his conviction. Tradition asserts that the magistrates hurried on the execution early in the morning, and that Macpherson suffered several hours before the specified time. The motive for this indecent haste is said to have been a desire to defeat a reprieve, then on the way. An anonymous article in the first volume of the *New Monthly Magazine* supplies some particulars of his lineage and exploits. "James Macpherson was born of a beautiful gipsy who, at a great wedding, attracted the notice of a half-intoxicated Highland gentleman. He acknowledged the child, and had him reared in his house, until he lost his life in bravely pursuing a hostile clan, to recover a spread of cattle taken from Badenoch. The gipsy woman hearing of this disaster in her rambles, the following summer came and took away her boy, but she often returned with him, to wait upon his relations and clansmen, who never failed to clothe him well, besides giving money to his mother. He grew up in beauty, strength, and stature, rarely equalled. His sword is still preserved at Duff House, the residence of the Earl of Fife, and few men of our day could carry, far less wield it as a weapon of war; and if it must be owned that his prowess was debased by the exploits of a freebooter, it is certain no act of cruelty, no robbery of the widow, the fatherless, or the distressed, and no murder, was ever perpetrated under his command. He often gave the spoils of the rich to relieve the poor; and all his tribe were restrained from many atrocities of rapine by the awe of his mighty arm. Indeed it is said that a dispute with an aspiring and savage man of his tribe, who wished to rob a gentleman's house, while his wife and two children lay on the bier for interment, was the cause of his being betrayed to the vengeance of the law. He was betrayed by a man of his own tribe, and was the last person executed at Banff previous to the abolition of heritable jurisdiction." "Who," says Carlyle, "except Burns, could have given words to such a soul; words that we never listen to without a strange, half-barbarous, half-poetic fellow-feeling?"



## No 449.— THE BOTTOM OF THE PUNCH BOWL.

*Lively.*

musical score for piano, in G major (one sharp), 2/4 time. The piece is marked *Lively.* and *mf*. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has 8 measures. The second system has 8 measures, including a repeat sign. The third system has 8 measures. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand.

## No 450.— MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

*With spirit.*

musical score for piano, in G major (one sharp), 2/4 time. The piece is marked *With spirit.* and *f*. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has 8 measures. The second system has 8 measures, including a repeat sign. The third system has 8 measures. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. A *Chorus.* section is indicated above the second system.



## No 451. — BONNIE BESSIE LEE.

*Moderately.*

Chorus.

## No 452. — O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE.\*

*Slowly and tenderly.*

\* FIRST TIME PUBLISHED.



## BONNIE BESSIE LEE.

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BONNIE Bessie Lee had a face fu' o' smiles,  
 And mirth round her ripe lips was aye dancing slee;  
 And light was the foot-fa', and winsome the wiles,  
 O' the flower o' the parochin—our ain Bessie Lee!  
 Wi' the bairns she would rin, and the school laddies paik,  
 And o'er the broomy braes like a fairy would flee,  
 Till auld hearts grew young again wi' love for her sake:  
 There was life in the blythe blink o' bonnie Bessie Lee!  
 Our ain Bessie Lee, our bonnie Bessie Lee,  
 There was life in the blythe blink o' bonnie Bessie Lee!

She grat wi' the waefu' and laugh'd wi' the glad,  
 And light as the wind 'mang the dancers was she;  
 And a tongue that could jeer, too, the little limmer had,  
 Whilk keepit aye her ain side for bonnie Bessie Lee!  
 She whiles had a sweetheart, and sometimes had twa—  
 A limmer o' a lassie!—but atween you and me,  
 Her warm wee bit heartie she ne'er threw awa,  
 Though mony a ane had sought it frae bonnie Bessie Lee!  
 Our ain Bessie Lee, &c.

But ten years had gane since I gaz'd on her last,  
 For ten years had parted my auld hame and me;  
 And I said to mysel', as her mither's door I pass'd,  
 "Will I ever get anither kiss frae bonnie Bessie Lee?"  
 But time changes a' thing—the ill-natured loon!—  
 Were it ever sae rightly he'll no let it be;  
 But I rubb'd at my een, and I thought I would swoon,  
 How the carle had come roun' about our bonnie Bessie Lee!  
 Our ain Bessie Lee, &c.

The wee laughing lassie was a guidwife grown auld—  
 Twa weans at her apron and ane on her knee;  
 She was douce, too, and wiselike—and wisdom's sae cauld;  
 I would rather hae the ither ane than this Bessie Lee!  
 The ither little Bessie, wi' the sweet smiling face  
 O' her mither, lookit up like an angel at me;  
 I ga'e her sic a kiss, O! could I hae done less?  
 She's her mither turn'd back again, my bonnie Bessie Lee!  
 Our ain Bessie Lee, our bonnie Bessie Lee!  
 There was life in the blythe blink o' bonnie Bessie Lee!

*Robert Nicoll.\**

*From Robert Nicoll's Poems; by permission of Messrs. Blackie & Son.*

\* With the exception of the four concluding lines, which have been very successfully added to complete the last stanza, by James Paterson, Macduff.

## O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE.

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

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

*First two verses old, the other two by Burns.*



## THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE.

THE shepherd's wife cries owre the knowe,  
 "Will ye come hame, will ye come hame?"  
 The shepherd's wife cries owre the knowe,  
 "Will ye come hame agayne e'en, jo?"  
 "What will ye gie me to my supper,  
 Gin I come hame, gin I come hame?  
 What will ye gie me to my supper,  
 Gin I come hame agayne e'en, jo?"

"Ye'se get a panfu' o' plumpin' parritch,  
 And butter in them, and butter in them;  
 Ye'se get a panfu' o' plumpin' parritch,  
 Gin ye'll come hame agayne e'en, jo!"  
 "O ha, ha, how! that's naething that dow,  
 I winna come hame, I canna come hame;  
 O ha, ha, how! that's naething that dow,  
 I winna come hame agayne e'en, jo."

"A reekin' fat hen, weel fryth'd i' the pan,  
 Gin ye'll come hame, gin ye'll come hame;  
 A reekin' fat hen, weel fryth'd i' the pan,  
 Gin ye'll come hame agayne e'en, jo."

"O ha, ha, how! that's naething that dow,  
 I winna come hame, I canna come hame;  
 O ha, ha, how! that's naething that dow,  
 I winna come hame agayne e'en, jo."

"A weel made bed and a pair o' clean sheets,  
 Gin ye'll come hame, gin ye'll come hame;  
 A weel made bed and a pair o' clean sheets,  
 Gin ye'll come hame agayne e'en, jo."  
 "O ha, ha, how! that's naething that dow,  
 I winna come hame, I canna come hame;  
 O ha, ha, how! that's naething that dow,  
 I winna come hame agayne e'en, jo."

"A loving wife in lily-white linens,  
 Gin ye'll come hame, gin ye'll come hame;  
 A loving wife in lily-white linens,  
 Gin ye'll come hame agayne e'en, jo."  
 "O ha, ha, how! that's something that dow,  
 I will come hame, I will come hame;  
 O ha, ha, how! that's something that dow,  
 I will come hame agayne e'en, jo!"

## HEY CA' THROUGH.

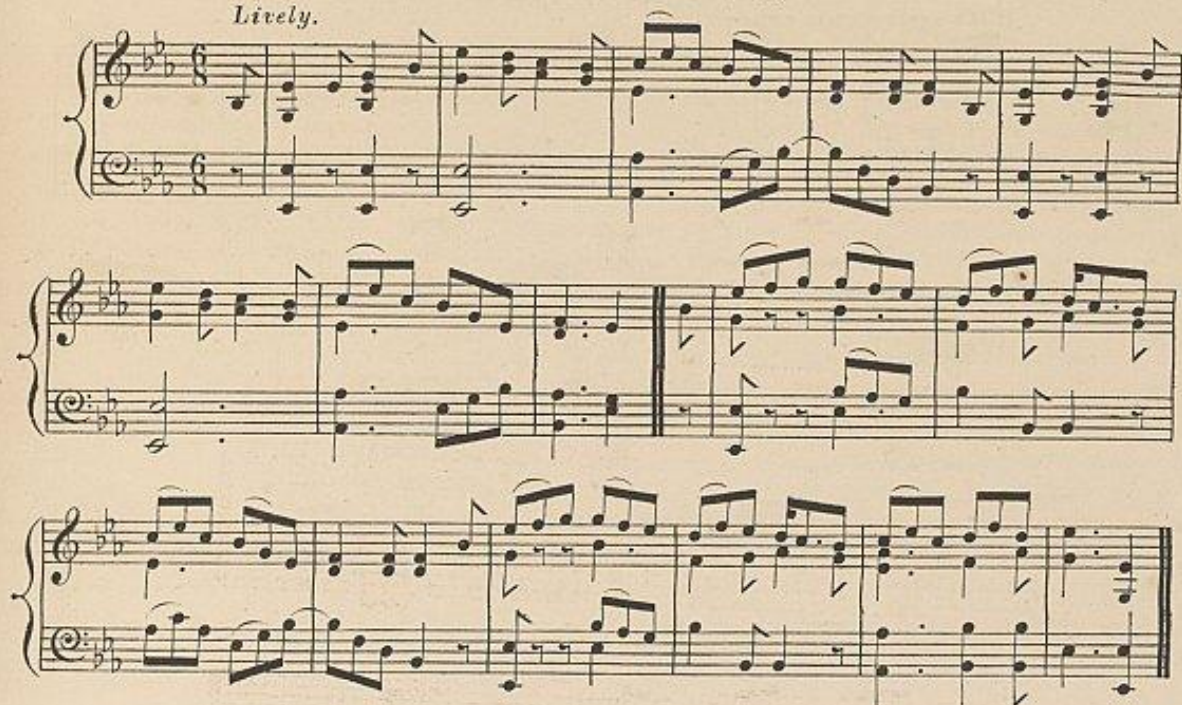
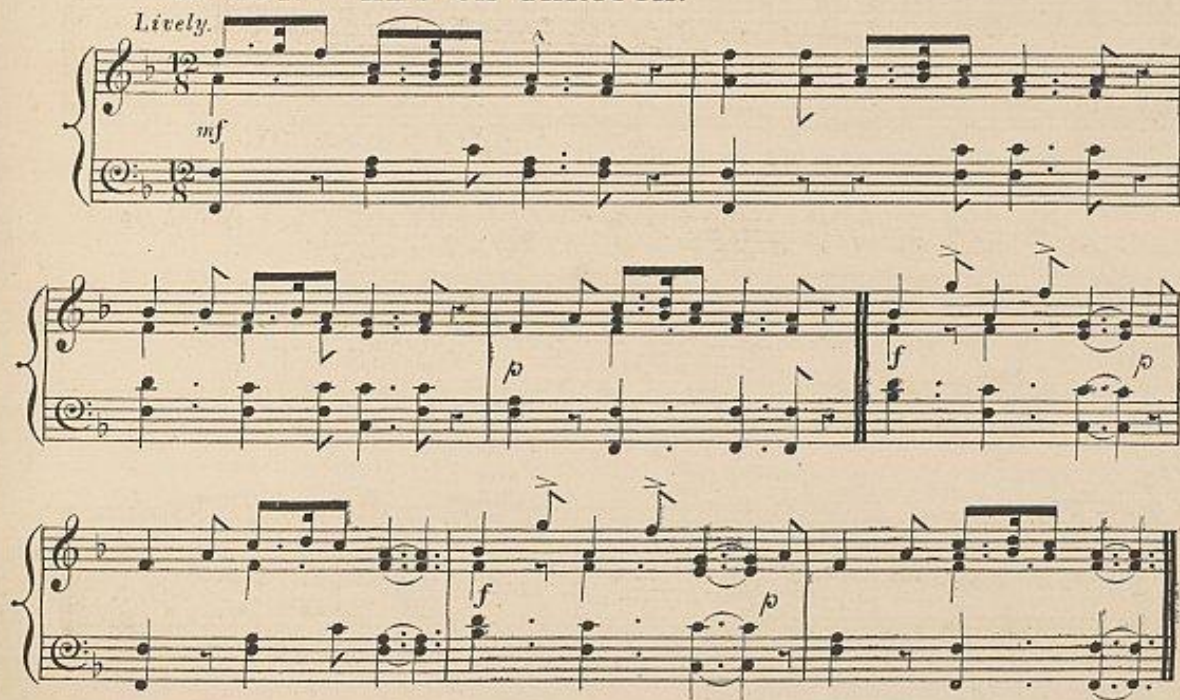
Up wi' the carles o' Dysart,  
 And the lads o' Buckhaven,  
 And the kimmers o' Largo,  
 And the lasses o' Leven.  
 Hey ca' through, ca' through,  
 For we hae meikle ado;  
 Hey ca' through, ca' through,  
 For we hae meikle ado.

We hae tales to tell,  
 And we hae sangs to sing;

We hae pennies to spend,  
 And we hae pints to bring.  
 Hey ca' through, &c.

We'll live a' our days;  
 And them that comes behin',  
 Let them do the like,  
 And spend the gear they win.  
 Hey ca' through, ca' through,  
 For we hae meikle ado;  
 Hey ca' through, ca' through,  
 For we hae meikle ado.



N<sup>o</sup> 453. — THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE.\**Lively.*N<sup>o</sup> 454. — HEY CA' THROUGH.*Lively.*

\* THIS TUNE WAS CONTRIBUTED BY BURNS TO THE "MUSEUM"



N<sup>o</sup> 455. — CAPTAIN PATON'S LAMENT.\**With serio-comic expression.*

*p*

*mf* *rit.*

N<sup>o</sup> 456. — AND WERE NA MY HEART LIGHT I WAD DEE.*Moderate.*

\* COMPOSED BY MR W<sup>m</sup> M<sup>r</sup> KEAN, OLDBURY, NEAR BIRMINGHAM (FORMERLY OF PAISLEY). FIRST TIME PUBLISHED.



## CAPTAIN PATON'S LAMENT.\*

TOUCH once more a sober measure,  
And let punch and tears be shed,  
For a prince of good old fellows,  
That, alack-a-day! is dead;  
For a prince of worthy fellows,  
And a pretty man also,  
That has left the Saltmarket  
In sorrow, grief, and wee—  
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain  
Paton no mo'e!

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches,  
Were all cut off the same web,  
Of a beautiful snuff-colour,  
Or a modest gentry drab;  
The blue stripe in his stocking,  
Round his neat slim leg did go;  
And his ruffles of the cambric fine  
They were whiter than the snow—  
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain  
Paton no mo'e!

His hair was curled in order,  
At the rising of the sun,  
In comely rows and buckles smart  
That about his ears did run;  
And before there was a toupee  
That some inches up did go;  
And behind there was a long queue  
That did o'er his shoulders flow—  
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain  
Paton no mo'e!

And whenever we foregather'd  
He took off his wee three-cockit,  
And he proffer'd you his snuff-box,  
Which he drew from his side pocket;  
And on Burdett, or Bonaparte,  
He would make a remark or so;  
And then along the plainstones  
Like a provost he would go—  
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain  
Paton no mo'e!

In dirty days he pick'd well  
His footsteps with his rattan;  
Oh! you ne'er could see the least speck  
On the shoes of Captain Paton:  
And on entering the coffee-room  
About two, all men did know,  
They would see him with his "Courier"  
In the middle of the row—  
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain  
Paton no mo'e!

Now and then upon a Sunday  
He invited me to dine,  
On a herring and a mutton-chop,  
Which his maid dress'd very fine;  
There was also a little Malmsey,  
And a bottle of Bordeaux;  
Which between me and the Captain  
Pass'd nimbly to and fro—  
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain  
Paton no mo'e!

Or if a bowl was mentioned,  
The Captain he would ring,  
And bid Nelly to the West-port,  
And a stoup of water bring;  
Then would he mix the genuine stuff,  
As they made it long ago,  
With limes that on his property  
In Trinidad did grow—  
Oh! we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain  
Paton's punch no mo'e!

And then all the time he would discourse  
So sensible and courteous,  
Perhaps talking of last sermon  
He had heard from Dr. Porteous;  
Of some little bit of scandal  
Of Mrs. so-and-so,  
Which he scarce could credit, having heard  
The con, but not the pro—  
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain  
Paton no mo'e!

Or when the candles were brought forth,  
And the night was setting in,  
He would tell some fine old stories  
About Minden-field, or Dettingen—  
How he fought with a French major,  
And despatch'd him at a blow,  
While his blood ran out like water  
On the soft grass below—  
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain  
Paton no mo'e!

But at last the Captain sicken'd,  
And grew worse from day to day,  
And all miss'd him in the coffee-room,  
From which now he stay'd away;  
On Sabbaths, too, the Wynd Kirk  
Made a melancholy show,  
All for wanting of the presence  
Of our venerable beau—  
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain  
Paton no mo'e!

And in spite of all that Cleghorn  
And Corkindale could do,  
It was plain, from twenty symptoms,  
That death was in his view;  
So the Captain made his test'ment  
And submitted to his foe,  
And we laid him by the Ram's-horn-kirk,  
'Tis the way we all must go—  
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain  
Paton no mo'e!

Join all in chorus, jolly boys,  
And let punch and tears be shed,  
For this prince of good old fellows,  
That, alack-a-day! is dead;  
For this prince of worthy fellows,  
And a pretty man also,  
That has left the Saltmarket  
In sorrow, grief, and wee!  
For it ne'er shall see the like of Captain  
Paton no mo'e!

*J. G. Lockhart.*

\* Captain Paton was a real personage, and lived for many years with two maiden sisters, in a tenement of his own, opposite the Old Exchange, Glasgow. He died 30th July, 1807, aged 68. Drs. Cleghorn and Corkindale were physicians of high standing in the city.

## AND WERE NA MY HEART LIGHT I WAD DEE.

THERE was anes a may, and she lo'ed na men:  
She biggit her bonnie bower down i' yon glen;  
But now she cries "Dool, and well-a-day!  
Come down the green gate, and come here away.

When bonnie young Johnnie cam owre the sea,  
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;  
He hecht me baith rings and mony braw things;  
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.

He had a wee titty that lo'ed na me,  
Because I was twice as bonnie as she;  
She rais'd such a pother 'twixt him and his mother,  
That were na my heart licht I wad dee.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be;  
The wife took a dwaum, and lay down to dee;  
She main'd, and she graned, out o' dolour and pain,  
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,  
Said 'What had he to do wi' the like o' me?

Albeit I was bonnie, I was na for Johnnie:  
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.

His titty she was baith wylie and slee,  
She spied me as I cam owre the lea;  
And then she ran in, and made a loud din,  
'Believe your ain een an ye trow na me.'

His bonnet stood aye fu' round on his brow;  
His auld ane look'd aye as weel as some's new;  
But now he lets 't wear ony gate it will bring,  
And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.

And now he gaes daumerin' about the dykes,  
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:  
The live-lang nicht he ne'er steeks his e'e;  
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,  
We should hae been gallopin' down on yon green,  
And linkin' it on yon lillie-white lea;  
And wow! gin I were but young for thee!"

*Lady Grizzel Baillie.*



## THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

WHEN I was young I was well belovèd,  
 In ev'ry young man's companie;  
 But now, when old, I am disregarded—  
 A false young man has deceivèd me.  
 At first he tried his worst endeavour,  
 And then he used his art and skill,  
 To overcome all my good behaviour,  
 And break my fortune against my will.  
 I never thought he was going to leave me,  
 Until one morning that he came in;  
 With scornful words he did undeceive me,  
 Then all my sorrow it did begin.

Oh! why are young men grown so deceiving?  
 And why do we trust their falsitie?  
 To mourn in sadness and silent grieving—  
 Oh! hard indeed is our destinie!  
 But after ev'ning there comes a morning,  
 And after morning there comes a day;  
 And after all this unkindly scorning,  
 He may begone—when he will not stay.  
 O, turn ye round, ye wheel of fortune!  
 O, turn ye round, that I may see!  
 For young men's ways they are so uncertain,  
 That little hope they have left to me.

*Old Song, amended by James Paterson.*

First time published.

## THE COLLIER LADDIE.

"Oh! whaur live ye, my bonnie lass?  
 And tell me what they ca' ye?"  
 "My name," she says, "is mistress Jean,  
 And I follow the collier laddie."  
 "My name," she says, "is mistress Jean,  
 And I follow the collier laddie."  
 "Oh see ye not yon hills and dales,  
 The sun shines on sae brawlie?  
 They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,  
 Gin ye'll leave your collier laddie:  
 They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,  
 Gin ye'll leave your collier laddie.  
 And ye shall gang in gay attire,  
 Weel buskit up sae gaudy;  
 And ane to wait at every hand,

Gin ye'll leave your collier laddie:  
 And ane to wait at every hand,  
 Gin ye'll leave your collier laddie."  
 "Though ye had a' the sun shines on,  
 And the earth conceals sae lowly,  
 I wad turn my back on you and it a',  
 And embrace my collier laddie:  
 I wad turn my back on you and it a',  
 And embrace my collier laddie.  
 Love for love is the bargain for me,  
 Though the wee cot-house should haud me;  
 And the warld before me to win my bread,  
 And fair fa' my collier laddie:  
 And the warld before me to win my bread,  
 And fair fa' my collier laddie."

*Burns.*



## No 457.— THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.\*

*Very plaintively.*

Musical score for 'The Wheel of Fortune' in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The third system concludes the piece with a double bar line.

## No 458.— THE COLLIER LADDIE.

*Moderately slow.*

Musical score for 'The Collier Laddie' in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The third system concludes the piece with a double bar line.

\* FIRST TIME PUBLISHED.



## Nº 459. — THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

*Lively.*

musical score for 'The Blythsome Bridal' in 3/8 time, marked *Lively.* and *mf*. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system has two staves. The second system has two staves. The third system has two staves. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

## Nº 460. — MORMOND BRAES.\*

*Plaintively.*

musical score for 'Mormond Braes' in 2/4 time, marked *Plaintively.* and *mf*. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system has two staves. The second system has two staves. The third system has two staves. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

\*FIRST TIME PUBLISHED.



## THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

COME, fy! let us a' to the bridal,  
 For there will be liltin' there;  
 For Jock's to be married to Maggie,  
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.  
 And there will be lang kail and castocks,  
 And bannocks o' barley meal;  
 And there will be guid saut herrin',  
 To relish a cog o' guid ale.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 There lads, and lasses in pearlins,  
 Will feast in the heart o' the ha',  
 On sybaws, and ryfarts, and earlings,  
 That are baith sodden and raw.  
 And there will be fadges and brochan,  
 Wi' fouth o' guid gabbocks o' skate;

Powsowdie, and dramock, and crowdie,  
 And caller nowt-feet in a plate.

And there will be partens and buckies,  
 And whitens and speldings enow;  
 Wi' singit sheep-heads and a haggis,  
 And scadlips to sup till you're fu'.  
 Scrap'd haddocks, wilks, dulse, and tangle,  
 And a mill o' guid sneeshin' to pree:  
 When weary wi' eatin' and drinkin',  
 We'll rise up and dance till we dee.

Then fy! let us a' to the bridal,  
 For there will be liltin' there;  
 For Jock's to be married to Maggie,  
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.

## MORMOND BRAES.

ON Mormond braes, ae summer eve,  
 I heard a fair maid mourning—  
 "My laddie's gane, he's taen his leave,  
 But I long for his returning.  
 Fareweel, ye Mormond dales,  
 Where aften I've been cheerie;  
 And fareweel, ye heather bells,  
 Since I have lost my dearie!

With plighted troth he me betray'd,  
 O! how I've been mistaken;  
 He's taken up with another maid,  
 And left me here forsaken.  
 Fareweel, &c.

Young men are now so fickle grown,  
 Aye ready to deceive us;  
 One day they love, the next disown,  
 Alas! how sore they grieve us.  
 Fareweel, &c.

But I will dress myself in blue,  
 And that will be a token,  
 To let him know my heart is true,  
 Though he his vows has broken.  
 Fareweel, &c.

And I will seek a distant land,  
 Frae Mormond braes a stranger;  
 Some truer love may take my hand,  
 And shield me from all danger.  
 Fareweel," &c.

Thus mourn'd the maid, but did na wiss  
 That her dear lad was near her;  
 Unseen, behint a bracken bush,  
 And ready there to cheer her.  
 "True love on Mormond braes,  
 Will ever mak us cheerie;  
 And mony, mony, happy days  
 We'll live, and never wearie."

*Remodelled from an old Song by James Paterson.*

First time published.



# SAE WILL WE YET.

Sit ye down here, my cronies, and gie us your crack,  
Let the win' tak the care o' this life on its back;  
Our hearts to despondency we ne'er will submit,  
For we've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet.

And sae will we yet,

And sae will we yet;

For we've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet.

Let the miser delight in the hoarding of pelf,  
Since he has not the soul to enjoy it himself;  
Since the bounty of Providence is new ev'ry day,  
As we journey through life, let us live by the way.

Let us live by the way,

Let us live by the way;

As we journey through life, let us live by the way.

Then bring us a tankard o' nappy guid ale,  
For to comfort our hearts and enliven the tale;  
We'll aye be the merrier the langer we sit,  
For we've drank thegither mony a time, and sae will we yet.

And sae will we yet,

And sae will we yet;

We've drank thegither mony a time, and sae will we yet.

Success to the farmer, and prosper his plough,  
Rewarding his eident toils a' the year through!  
Our seed time and harvest we ever will get,  
For we've lippen'd aye to Providence, and sae will we yet.

And sae will we yet,

And sae will we yet;

We've lippen'd aye to Providence, and sae will we yet.

Long live the king, and happy may he be,  
And success to his forces by land and by sea!  
His enemies to triumph we never will permit,  
Britons aye hae been victorious, and sae will they yet.

And sae will they yet,

And sae will they yet;

Britons aye hae been victorious, and sae will they yet.

Let the glass keep it's course, and go merrily roun',  
For the sun has to rise, though the moon it goes down:  
Till the house be rinnin' roun' about, it's time enough to flit,  
When we fell we aye got up again, and sae will we yet.

And sae will we yet,

And sae will we yet;

When we fell we aye got up again, and sae will we yet.

*Walter Watson.*

# MEG O' THE MILL.

Tune—"O, bonnie lass, will ye lie in a barrack?"

O, KEN ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten?  
And ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten?  
She's gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,  
And broken the heart o' the barley miller.

The miller was strappin', the miller was ruddy;  
A heart like a lord and a hue like a lady;  
The laird was a widdiefu', bleer ee't knurl—  
She's left the guid-fellow and taen the churl.

The miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving;  
The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving:  
A fine-pacing horse wi' a clear-chain'd bridle,  
A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing;  
And wae on the love that is fix'd on a mailen!  
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,  
But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl!

*Burns.*



N<sup>o</sup> 461. — SAE WILL WE YET.*With expression.*

Musical score for N° 461, "SAE WILL WE YET." The score is written for piano in B-flat major (two flats) and common time (C). It consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with a piano (*mf*) dynamic and includes the instruction "With expression." The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system features a section labeled "Chorus." which begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The fourth system concludes the piece with a double bar line.

N<sup>o</sup> 462. — O BONNIE LASS WILL YE LIE IN A BARRACK?*Lively.*

Musical score for N° 462, "O BONNIE LASS WILL YE LIE IN A BARRACK?" The score is written for piano in B-flat major (two flats) and 6/8 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system begins with a piano (*mf*) dynamic and includes the instruction "Lively." The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a double bar line.



## No 463.— AN' I'LL AWA TO BONNIE TWEEDSIDE.

*With joyful expression.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for No 463. The first system is marked *mf*. The second system has a *p* marking in the first measure and an *mf* marking in the third measure. The third system concludes the piece with a double bar line.

## No 464.— SARAH WILLIAMSON'S LAMENT.

*Mournfully.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for No 464. The first system is marked *mf*. The second system has a *p* marking in the first measure and an *mf* marking in the third measure. The third system concludes the piece with a double bar line.



## BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN.

Tune—"An' I'll awa to bonnie Tweed side."

Ye gallants bright, I rede ye right,  
 Beware o' bonnie Ann;  
 Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,  
 Your heart she will trepan.  
 Her een sae bright, like stars by night,  
 Her skin is like the swan;  
 Sae jimply lae'd her genty waist,  
 That sweetly ye might span.

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

*Burns.*

## THE AULD GRAY PLAID.

Tune—"Sarah Williamson's lament."

DEEP moan'd the night, and ilka star  
 Had quietly stown away, O,  
 As hame I journey'd 'neath my plaid  
 That's seen a better day, O.  
 The wind sough'd loud, and aye the cauld  
 Gaed to my duntin' heart, O;  
 But still I sang, "My auld gray plaid,  
 We twa sall never part, O."  
 I ance had gowd within my reach,  
 But, like the faithless snaw, O,  
 When just about to seize the prize,  
 It melted fast awa, O.

My lassie left me for a lout,  
 Whilk maist did break my heart, O;  
 But still I sang, "My auld gray plaid,  
 We twa sall never part, O."  
 The grave of ocean holds a friend  
 That ance was dear to me, O;  
 And mony a weel-kent face is gane,  
 That never mair I'll see, O!  
 For what is life, e'en at the best?  
 We meet but just to part, O!  
 And thou, my plaid, art maistly a'  
 That gathers round my heart, O!

*R. Gilfillan.*



## I WILL GAE DOUN TO THE BONNIE BROOM NAE MAIR.

Tune—"Will you go to the broom?"

I ANCE knew content, but my heart's stown awa,  
 Where the broom blooms sae bonnie, and grows aye sae fair;  
 Now tryst time may come, an' sweet Phemie an' a',  
 But I will gae doun to the bonnie broom nae mair.  
 How light was my step, an' my heart, O how gay!  
 Where the broom blooms sae bonnie, an' grows aye sae fair,  
 Till Phemie was crown'd the Queen of the May—  
 Sae I will gae doun to the bonnie broom nae mair!  
 She was mine when the snaw-drops grew white on the lea,  
 Ere the broom bloom'd sae bonnie, an' grew up sae fair;  
 But May-day the Squire wis'd young Phemie frae me—  
 Sae I will gae doun to the bonnie broom nae mair.

O love! thy fond promises melt like the snaw,  
 When the broom hangs a' heary an' black to the air;  
 An' Phemie to me now is naething ava,  
 If my heart could say "Gang to the bonnie broom nae mair!"  
 Dare I hope that thy dreams in the night hover o'er  
 Where the broom blooms sae bonnie and grows aye sae fair?  
 And o'er him who, while waking, thou think'st of no more,  
 Saying, "I will gae doun to the bonnie broom nae mair!"  
 But fare thee weel, Phemie—I'm owre wae to weep,  
 Or to think on the broom, growin' bonnie and fair;  
 Since thy heart is anither's, in death I maun sleep,  
 An' gae doun to the broom—oh! the bonnie broom—nae mair!

*Thomas Lyle.*

## THE SMUGGLER.

Tune—"The lads o' Londalft."

"THE boat rides south o' Ailsa Craig,  
 In the doupin' o' the nicht;  
 There's thretty men at Londalft,  
 To mak her burden licht;  
 There's thretty naigs in Hazelholm,  
 Wi' the halter on their head,  
 Will cadg'd this nicht ayont yon hicht,  
 If wind and water speed.  
 Fy, reck ye oot the pat and spit,  
 For the roast, bot and the boil;  
 For wave-worn wicht it is na meet,  
 Spare feedin' and sair toil."  
 "O Mungo, ye've a cozie bield,  
 Wi' a butt ay and a ben;  
 Can ye no live a lawfu' life,  
 And lig wi' lawfu' men?"

"Gae blaw your win' aneath your pat,  
 It's blawn awa on me;  
 For bag and bark shall be my wark,  
 Until the day I dee.  
 Maun I haud by our hamecart goods,  
 And foreign gear sae fine?  
 Maun I drink at the water wan,  
 And France sae rife o' wine?  
 O weel I like to see thee, Kate,  
 Wi' the bairnie on thy knee;  
 But my heart is noo wi' yon gallant crew,  
 That push through the angry sea.  
 The jawpin' weet, the stented sheet,  
 The south-west stiffest gowl;  
 On a moonless nicht, if the timmer's ticht,  
 Are the joys o' a smuggler's soul!"

*Hugh Finlay.*



N<sup>o</sup> 465. — WILL YOU GO TO THE BROOM? \**Rather slow with great expression.*

Musical score for 'Will You Go to the Broom?' in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The score consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic in the right hand and a piano (p) dynamic in the left hand. The second system continues with mf in the right hand and p in the left hand. The third system features mf in both hands. The fourth system concludes with p in the right hand and mf in the left hand. The piece ends with a double bar line.

N<sup>o</sup> 466. — THE LADS O' LENDALFIT.*With spirit.*

Musical score for 'The Lads o' Lendalfit.' in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The score consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (p) dynamic in the right hand and a forte (f) dynamic in the left hand. The second system continues with mf in both hands. The piece ends with a double bar line.

\* THIS BEAUTIFUL TUNE COMMENCES VERY MUCH LIKE "CRODH CHAILLEAN" (N<sup>o</sup> 124. PAGE 62.)



No 467. — WHEN WILL YOU WED ME WI' A RING?

*Mournfully.*

Three systems of musical notation for piano. The first system begins with a treble and bass staff in C major, 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble, and the accompaniment is in the bass. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a double bar line.

No 468. — THE BRAES OF BOYNDLIE.

*With mournful expression.*

Three systems of musical notation for piano. The first system begins with a treble and bass staff in C major, 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble, and the accompaniment is in the bass. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano). The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a double bar line.



## DESPAIRING MARY.

Tune—"When will you wed me wi' a ring?"

"O MARY, why thus waste thy youth-time in sorrow?  
 See, a' around you, the flowers sweetly blaw;  
 Blythe sets the sun o'er the wild cliffs of Jura,  
 Blythe sings the mavis in ilka green shaw."  
 "How can this heart ever mair think of pleasure?  
 Summer may smile, but delight I hae nane;  
 Cauld in the grave lies my heart's only treasure,  
 Nature seems dead since my Jamie is gane.  
 This 'kerchief he gave me, a true lover's token,  
 Dear, dear to me was the gift for his sake!  
 I wear't near my heart, but this poor heart is broken,  
 Hope died wi' Jamie, and left it to break.

Sighing for him, I lie down in the e'ening,  
 Sighing for him, I awake in the morn;  
 Spent are my days a' in secret repining,  
 Peace to this bosom can never return.  
 Oft have we wander'd in sweetest retirement,  
 Telling our loves 'neath the moon's silent beam,  
 Sweet were our meetings of tender endearment,  
 But fled are these joys like a fleet-passing dream.  
 Cruel remembrance, oh! why wilt thou wreck me,  
 Brooding o'er joys that for ever are flown?  
 Cruel remembrance, in pity forsake me,  
 Flee to some bosom where grief is unknown!"

*Gannahill.*

## OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

Tune—"The braces o' Boyndlie."

"OH, open the door, some pity to show,  
 Oh, open the door to me, oh!  
 Though thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,  
 Oh, open the door to me, oh!  
 Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,  
 But caulder thy love for me, oh!  
 The frost that freezes the life at my heart,  
 Is nought to my pains frae thee, oh!  
 The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,  
 And time is setting with me, oh!  
 False friends, false love, farewell! for mair  
 I'll ne'er trouble them nor thee, oh!"  
 She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide;  
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh!  
 "My true love!" she cried, and sank down by his side,  
 Never to rise again, oh!

*Burns.*



## THE LASSIE BY THE LOCH SAE BLUE.

Tune—"Fife and a' the lands about it."

FRAE Caledonia's climes afar,  
Upon the rough and roaring main,  
I sail'd, marine, in man-o'-war;  
At last, on leave, came home again.  
As I ilk youthfu' haunt did pass,  
An' near my native village drew;  
I little thought upon the lass—  
That now dwells by the loch sae blue.

I heard sweet music's melting din,  
And merry young folks' gigglin' glee;  
Then kindly I was usher'd in,  
As if they'd met to welcome me.  
A lassie there fu' fealty danc'd,  
And through the reel sae lightly flew;  
In raptures she my soul entranc'd—  
The lassie by the loch sae blue.

I saw, while gazing on her face,  
The rose an' lily close allied;  
And on ilk bloomin' cheek could trace,  
The scented apple's sunny side.

Her lips were like the red-rose bud,  
Before the sun has sipp'd its dew;  
Her bosom like the snawy clud  
Reflected in the loch sae blue.

Soon to her mither's house I went,  
An' courted her wi' love sincere;  
To marry me she ga'e consent,  
When o' the navy I was clear.  
That nane but she should be my wife,  
I pledged wi' her my written voo;  
Meanwhile, she left the shores o' Fife  
To dwell beside the loch sae blue.

It was na lang ere I was free,  
For peace to Europe soon return'd;  
An' my dear destined bride to see,  
Wi' fervent glow my bosom burn'd.  
I sought my native land—I found  
My lassie to her pledge was true;  
An' soon by Hymen's bands was bound  
To Bessie—by the loch sae blue.

*Robert Carmichael.*

## O! GIN I WERE WHERE GADIE RINS.

O! GIN I were where Gadie rins,  
Where Gadie rins—where Gadie rins,  
O! gin I were where Gadie rins,  
By the foot o' Bennachie!  
I've roam'd by Tweed—I've roam'd by Tay,  
By border Nith and highland Spey,  
But dearer far to me than they,  
The braes o' Bennachie.  
O! gin I were, &c.

When blade and blossoms sprout in spring,  
And bid the birdies wag the wing,  
They blythely bob, and soar, and sing,  
By the foot o' Bennachie.  
O! gin I were, &c.

When simmer cleeds the varied scene,  
Wi' licht o' gowd and leaves o' green,  
I fain wad be where aft I've been,  
At the foot o' Bennachie.  
O! gin I were, &c.

When autumn's yellow sheaf is shorn,  
And barn-yards stored wi' stooks o' corn,  
'Tis blythe to toom the clyack horn,  
At the foot o' Bennachie!  
O! gin I were, &c.

When winter winds blaw sharp and shrill,  
O'er icy burn and sheeted hill,  
The ingle neuk is gleesome still,  
At the foot o' Bennachie.  
O! gin I were, &c.

Though few to welcome me remain,  
Though a' I lov'd be dead and gane,  
I'll back, though I should live alane,  
To the foot o' Bennachie.

O! gin I were where Gadie rins,  
Where Gadie rins—where Gadie rins,  
O! gin I were where Gadie rins,  
By the foot o' Bennachie!

*John Imbrie.*



N<sup>o</sup> 469. — FIFE AND A' THE LANDS ABOUT IT.*With lively expression.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for N° 469. The first system begins with a *mf* dynamic. The second system includes a *f* dynamic. The music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb).

N<sup>o</sup> 470. — O GIN I WERE WHERE GADIE RINS.*With feeling.*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for N° 470. The first system begins with a *mf* dynamic. The second system includes a *p* dynamic. The music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb).



## No 471. — O NANCY'S HAIR IS YELLOW LIKE GOWD.\*

*Moderately slow.*

Musical score for No 471, 'O NANCY'S HAIR IS YELLOW LIKE GOWD.' The score is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) marking. The second system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic and a crescendo (*cres.*) marking. The third system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and a 'piu rit.' (piu ritardando) marking.

## No 472. — MAY COLVIN.

(Old Ballad.)

*Slow.*

Musical score for No 472, 'MAY COLVIN.' The score is in common time (C), key of B-flat major. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) marking. The third system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

\* BORDER MELODY.



## O NANCY'S HAIR IS YELLOW LIKE GOWD.

O NANCY's hair is yellow like gowd,  
 An' her een, like the lift, are blue;  
 Her face is the image o' heavenly love,  
 An' her heart is leal and true.

The innocent smile that plays on her cheek,  
 Is like the dawning morn;  
 An' the red, red blush, that across it flees,  
 Is sic as the rose ne'er has worn.

If it's sweet to see the flickerin' smile  
 Licht up her sparklin' e'e;

It's holier far to see it dimm'd  
 Wi' the gushin' tear's saut bree.

'Twas na for a faithless love's fause vows,  
 Nor a brither upo' the wave,  
 That I saw them fa'—no, they were drapt  
 On an aged father's grave.

Though joy may dimple her bonnie mou',  
 An' daffin' may banish care;  
 In nae blythsome mood, nor hour o' bliss,  
 Will these een e'er glint sae fair.

## MAY COLVIN.\*

O FAUSE Sir John a wooin' cam,  
 To a maid of beauty fair;  
 May Colvin was the lady's name,  
 Her faither's only heir.

He's courted butt, he's courted hen,  
 And he's courted in the ha',  
 Until he got fair May's consent  
 To mount and ride awa.

And he rode on, and she rode on,  
 They rode a lang simmer's day,  
 Until they cam to a broad river,  
 An arm of a lonesome sea.

"Loup aff the steed," says fause Sir John,  
 "Your bridal bed you see;  
 For seven knight's dochters I've droun'd here,  
 And the eighth I'll mak o' thee.

Cast aff, cast aff, your silks sae fine,  
 And lay them on a stane;  
 For they're owre guid, and owre costly,  
 To rot in the saut sea faem.

Cast aff, cast aff, your Holland smock,  
 And lay it on this stane;

For it's too fine, and owre costly,  
 To rot in the saut sea faem."

"O turn about, thou fause Sir John,  
 And look to the leaf o' the tree;  
 For it never became a gentleman  
 A naked woman to see."

He turn'd himself straight roun' about,  
 To look to the leaf o' the tree;  
 She's twin'd her arms about his waist,  
 And thrown him in the sea.

"O help me, help me, May Colvin,  
 For fear that I should droun!  
 I'll tak you to your faither's gate,  
 And safely set you down."

"O lie you there, thou fause Sir John,  
 O lie you there," said she;  
 "For you lie not in a cauldor bed,  
 Than the aye you meant for me."

So she flew on her faither's steed,  
 As swift as she could gae;  
 And she cam to her faither's gate,  
 At the breaking o' the day.

\* \* \* \*

\* Or Collean, supposed to refer to a daughter of the family of Kennedy of Collean, now represented by the Earl of Cassillis. "The ballad finds locality," says Mr. Chalmers, "in that wild portion of the coast of Carrick (Ayrshire) which intervenes betwixt Girvan and Ballantrae."



# I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

I HAE a wife o' my ain,  
 I'll partake wi naebody;  
 I'll tak cuckold frae nane,  
 I'll gie cuckold to naebody.  
 I hae a penny to spend,  
 There—thanks to naebody;  
 I hae naething to lend—  
 I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord—  
 I'll be slave to naebody;  
 I hae a guid braid sword,  
 I'll tak dunts frae naebody.  
 I'll be merry and free,  
 I'll be sad for naebody;  
 If naebody care for me,  
 I'll care for naebody.

*Burns.*

# THE AULD MAN HE CAM OWRE THE LEA.

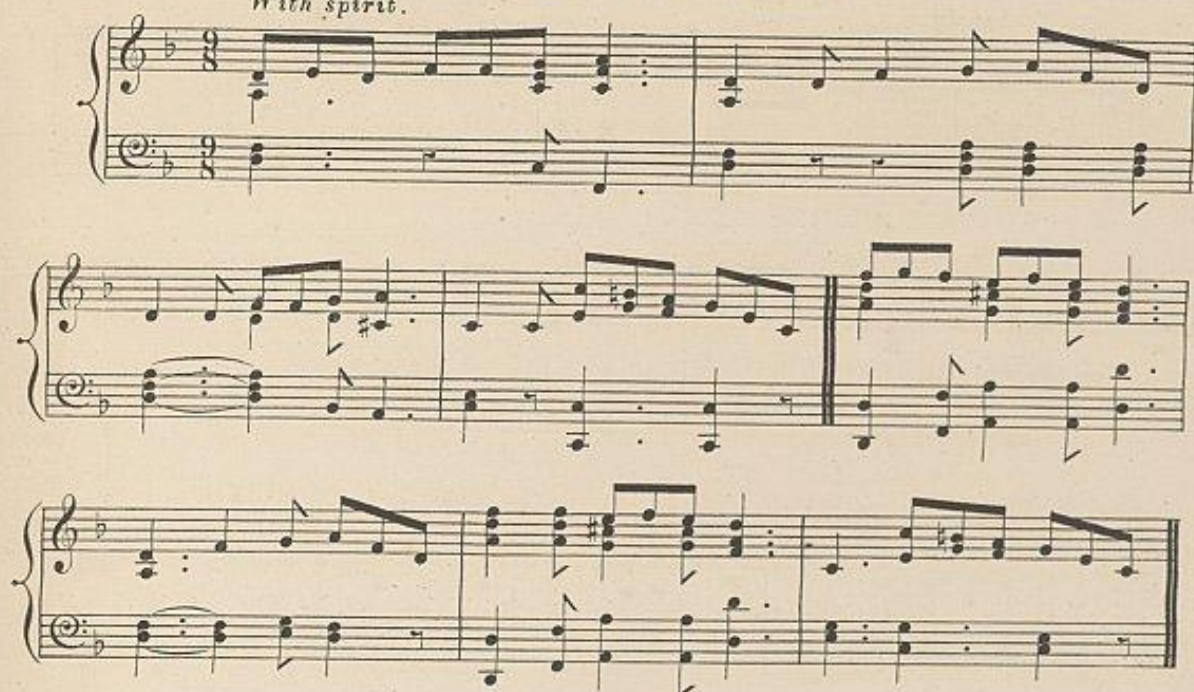
THE auld man he cam owre the lea,  
 (Ha, ha, ha, but I'll no hae him);  
 He cam on purpose for to court me,  
 (Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven).  
 My mither bade me gie him a stool,  
 (Ha, ha, ha, but I'll no hae him);  
 I ga'e him a stool, and he look'd like a fool,  
 (Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven).  
 My mither bade me gie him some pye,  
 (Ha, ha, ha, but I'll no hae him);

I ga'e him some pye, and he laid the crust by,  
 (Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven).  
 My mither bade me gie him a dram,  
 (Ha, ha, ha, but I'll no hae him);  
 I ga'e him a dram o' the brand sae strang,  
 (Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven).  
 My mither bade me put him to bed,  
 (Ha, ha, ha, but I'll no hae him);  
 I put him to bed, and he swore he would wed,  
 (Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven).

*"The words and music of this Song were communicated by BURNS as an ancient fragment for the 'Museum.' It is a humorous parody of the old song 'The Carle he cam owre the Craft.' The tune is said to be very old."—Notes to Johnson's "Museum."*



## No 473. — I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

*With spirit.*

## No 474. — THE AULD MAN HE CAM OWRE THE LEA.

*With lively expression.*



Nº 475. — THE DEIL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN.\*

*Lively.*



*Chorus.*



Nº 476. — SIR DAVID GRÆME.

(Border Air.)

*With expression.*



\*"THE HEMPRESSER"



## THE DEIL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

The deil cam fiddlin' through the town,  
And danc'd awa wi' the exciseman;  
And ilka wife cries, "Auld Mahoun,  
I wish you luck o' the prize, man!"  
The deil's awa, the deil's awa,  
The deil's awa wi' the exciseman;  
He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,  
He's danc'd awa wi' the exciseman!

We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink,  
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;  
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,  
That danc'd awa wi' the exciseman.

The deil's awa, the deil's awa,  
The deil's awa wi' the exciseman;  
He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,  
He's danc'd awa wi' the exciseman.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,  
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;  
But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land,  
Was, "The Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman."  
The deil's awa, the deil's awa,  
The deil's awa wi' the exciseman;  
He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,  
He's danc'd awa wi' the exciseman!

*Burns.*

## SIR DAVID GRÆME.

The doo flew east, the doo flew west,  
The doo flew far ayont yon fell,  
An' sair at e'en she seem'd distress,  
But what perplext her could na tell.

An' aye she croo'd wi' mournfu' croon,  
An' ruffled a' her feathers fair,  
An' lookit sad, as she were boun'  
To leave the land for evermair.

The lady pined, and sair did blame—  
She did na blame the bonnie doo,  
But sair she blam'd Sir David Græme,  
Wha noo to her had broke his vow.

He swore by moon and stars sae bricht,  
An' by their bed o' grass sae green,  
To meet her there on Lammas nicht,  
Whatever dangers lay between:

To risk his fortune and his life;  
To bear her frae her father's ha';  
To gie her a' the lands o' Drife,  
An' wed wi' her for guid an' a'.

The day arriv'd, the ev'nin' came,  
The lady look'd wi' wistfu' e'e;

But, O, alack! her noble Græme,  
Frae e'en to morn she could na see.

An' ilka nicht she sat an' grat,  
An' ilka nicht she sat and wrought;  
Aye wytin' this, an' blamin' that,  
But o' the cause she never thought.

The sun had drunk frae Reider fells,  
His bevrage o' the mornin' dew;  
The wild fowl slumber'd in the dells,  
The heather hung its bells o' blue.

The lamba were skippin' on the brae,  
In airy notes the shepherd sung;  
The lav'rock hail'd the jocund lay,  
Till ilka thicket sweetly sung.

The lady to her window hied,  
That open'd owre the banks o' Tyne,  
"An' O, alack!" she said, and sigh'd,  
"Sure every heart is blythe but mine.

Whaur hae ye been my bonnie doo,  
That I hae fed wi' bread an' wine?  
As rovin' a' the country through,  
O! saw ye this fause love o' mine?"

The doo sat on the window tree,  
And held a lock o' yellow hair;  
She perch'd upon the lady's knee,  
And carefully she placed it there.

"What can this mean! it is the same,  
Or ens my senses me beguile!  
This lock belong'd to David Græme,  
The flour o' a' the British Isle.

It is na cut wi' shears or knife,  
But frae his haffits torn awa!  
I ken he lo'ed me as his life,  
But this I canna read awa."

The doo flew east, the doo flew west,  
The doo flew far ayont the fell,  
And back she cam wi' pantin' breast,  
At ringin' o' the castle bell.

She lichted on the haly tap,  
An' cried "curdoo," an' hung her wing;  
Then flew into the lady's lap,  
An' there she dropt a diamond ring.

"What can this mean! it is the same,  
Or ens my senses me beguile!  
This ring I gave to David Græme,  
The bravest knight in Britain's Isle!"

*Hogg.*



## I'LL BID MY HEART BE STILL.

I'll bid my heart be still,  
 And check each struggling sigh;  
     And there's none e'er shall know  
     My soul's cherish'd woe,  
 When the first tears of sorrow are dry.  
  
 They bid me cease to weep,  
 For glory gilds his name;  
     Ah! 'tis therefore I mourn—  
     He ne'er can return  
 To enjoy the bright noon of his fame.

While minstrels wake the lay  
 For peace and freedom won,  
     Like my lost lover's knell  
     The tones seem to swell,  
 And I hear but his death-dirge alone.  
  
 My cheek has lost its hue,  
 My eye grows faint and dim;  
     But 'tis sweeter to fade  
     In grief's gloomy shade,  
 Than to bloom for another than him.

*Thomas Pringle.*

## THE DEUKS DANG OWRE MY DADDIE, O.

THE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,  
 The deuks dang owre my daddie, O;  
 Quo' our guidwife, "Let him lie there,  
     For he's just a paidlin' body, O;  
 He paidles out, and he paidles in,  
     He paidles late and early, O;  
 This thirty years I hae been his wife,  
     And comfort comes but sparely, O."

"Now haud your tongue," quo' our guidman,  
     "And dinna be sae saucy, O,  
 I've seen the day, and so hae ye,  
     I was baith young and gaucy, O.  
 I've seen the day you butter'd my brose,  
     And cuitered me late and early, O;  
 But auld age is on me now,  
     And vow but I fin't richt sairly, O."

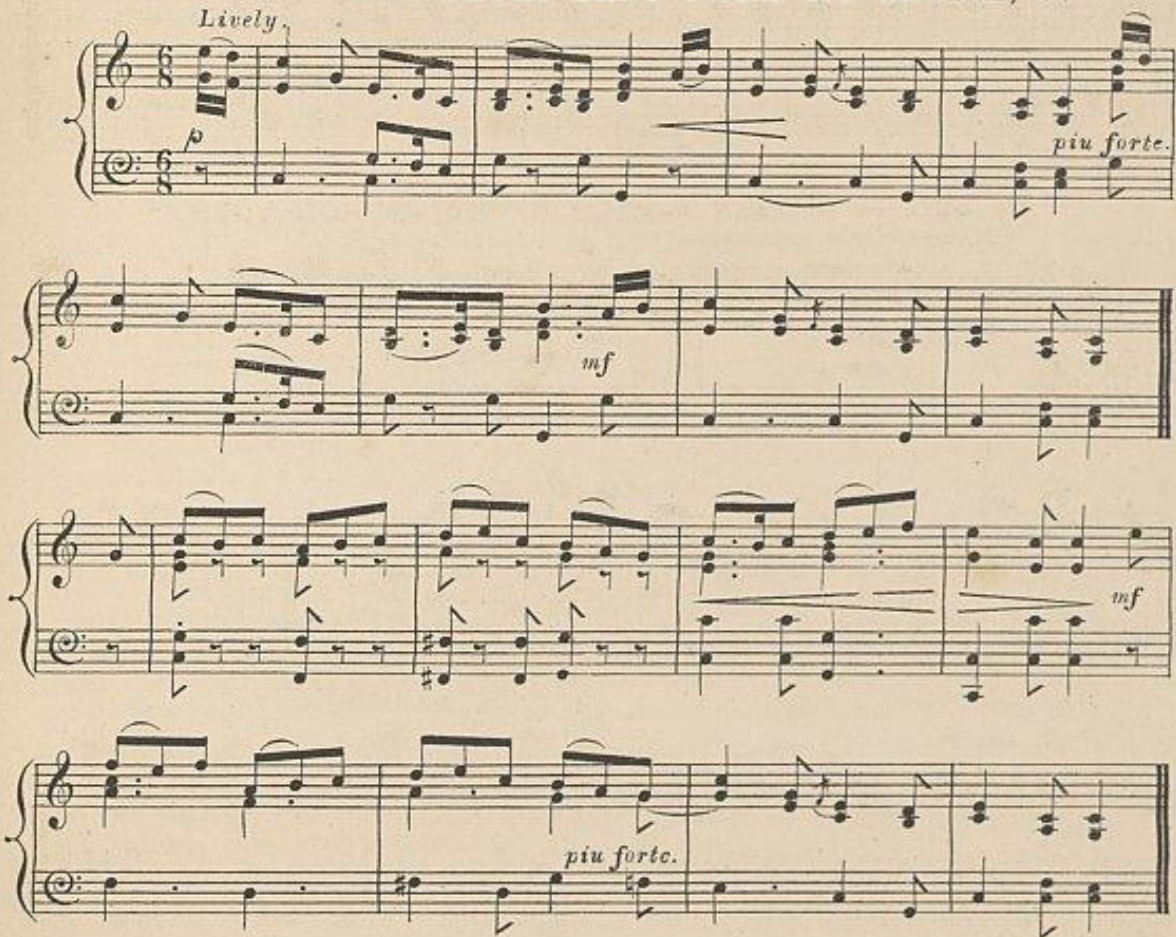
*Altered from an old but somewhat licentious ditty, by Burns.*



## No 477. — I'LL BID MY HEART BE STILL. (Border Melody.)

*Slow.*

## No 478. — THE DEUKS DANG OWRE MY DADDIE, O.

*Lively*



## No 479. — THE MASONS' MARCH.\*

*Marching time.*

Three systems of musical notation for 'The Masons' March'. Each system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The first system begins with a *mf* dynamic. The second system includes a *p* dynamic. The third system begins with a *f* dynamic. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, and rests.

## No 480. — WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH TOWN.\*\*

*Moderate with expression.*

Three systems of musical notation for 'Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town'. Each system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is C (common time). The first system begins with a *p* dynamic. The second system includes a *mf* dynamic. The third system includes a *p* dynamic and a *ritard.* marking. The music is characterized by frequent sixteenth-note patterns and beamed eighth notes.

\*AS PLAYED BY THE MASONIC BANDS IN SCOTLAND.—

\*\*"COMPOSED BY MR JAMES HOOK, OF LONDON, WELL KNOWN FOR SEVERAL SUCCESSFUL IMITATIONS OF THE SCOTTISH STYLE." (NOTES TO JOHNSON'S "MUSEUM") THIS IS PERHAPS THE MOST "SUCCESSFUL" OF ALL THE "IMITATIONS!"



## THE MASONS' ANTHEM.

---

How grand our occupation,  
And ancient as creation;  
Spread over every nation, to all it is free.  
By sea or by land,  
We join hand in hand,  
In the mystic relation of brethren stand we.  
By sea or by land,  
We join hand in hand,  
Then who would not wish a freemason to be?

In love we are united,  
By honour we're requited,  
And always delighted by true unity;  
Wherever we roam,  
Abroad or at home,  
In the pure tie of friendship we ever agree.  
Wherever we roam,  
Abroad or at home,  
'Tis always our pride true freemasons to be.

*James Paterson.*

## WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH TOUN.

---

'TWAS within a mile of Edinburgh toun,  
In the rosy time of the year;  
Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass was down,  
And each shepherd woo'd his dear.  
Bonnie Jocky, blythe and gay,  
Kiss'd young Jenny making hay;  
The lassie blushed, and frowning cried, "Na, na, it winna do;  
I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to."

Young Jocky was a wag that never wad wed,  
Though lang he had followed the lass;  
Contented she earn'd and ate her brown bread,  
And merrily turn'd up the grass.

Bonnie Jocky, blythe and free,  
Won her heart right merrily;  
Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried, "Na, na, it winna do;  
I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to."

But when he vow'd he wad make her his bride,  
Though his flocks and herds were not few;  
She gried him her hand and a kiss beside,  
And vow'd she'd for ever be true.  
Bonnie Jocky, blythe and free,  
Won her heart right merrily;  
At kirk she no more frowning cried, "Na, na, it winna do;  
I canna, canna, winna, winna, maunna buckle to."



# MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

Tune—"Druimíonn dhu."

MUSING on the roaring ocean,  
Which divides my love and me;  
Wearying heav'n in warm devotion,  
For his weal, where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow,  
Yielding late to nature's law;  
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow  
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,  
Ye who never shed a tear,  
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,  
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me;  
Downy sleep, the curtain draw;  
Spirits kind, again attend me—  
Talk of him that's far awa!

*Burns.*

# WHEN ROSY MAY COMES IN WI' FLOWERS.

Tune—"The gardeners' march."

WHEN rosy May comes in wi' flowers,  
To deck her gay green-sprending bowers,  
Then busy, busy are his hours—  
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.  
The crystal waters gently fa';  
The merry birds are lovers a';  
The scented breezes round him blaw—  
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

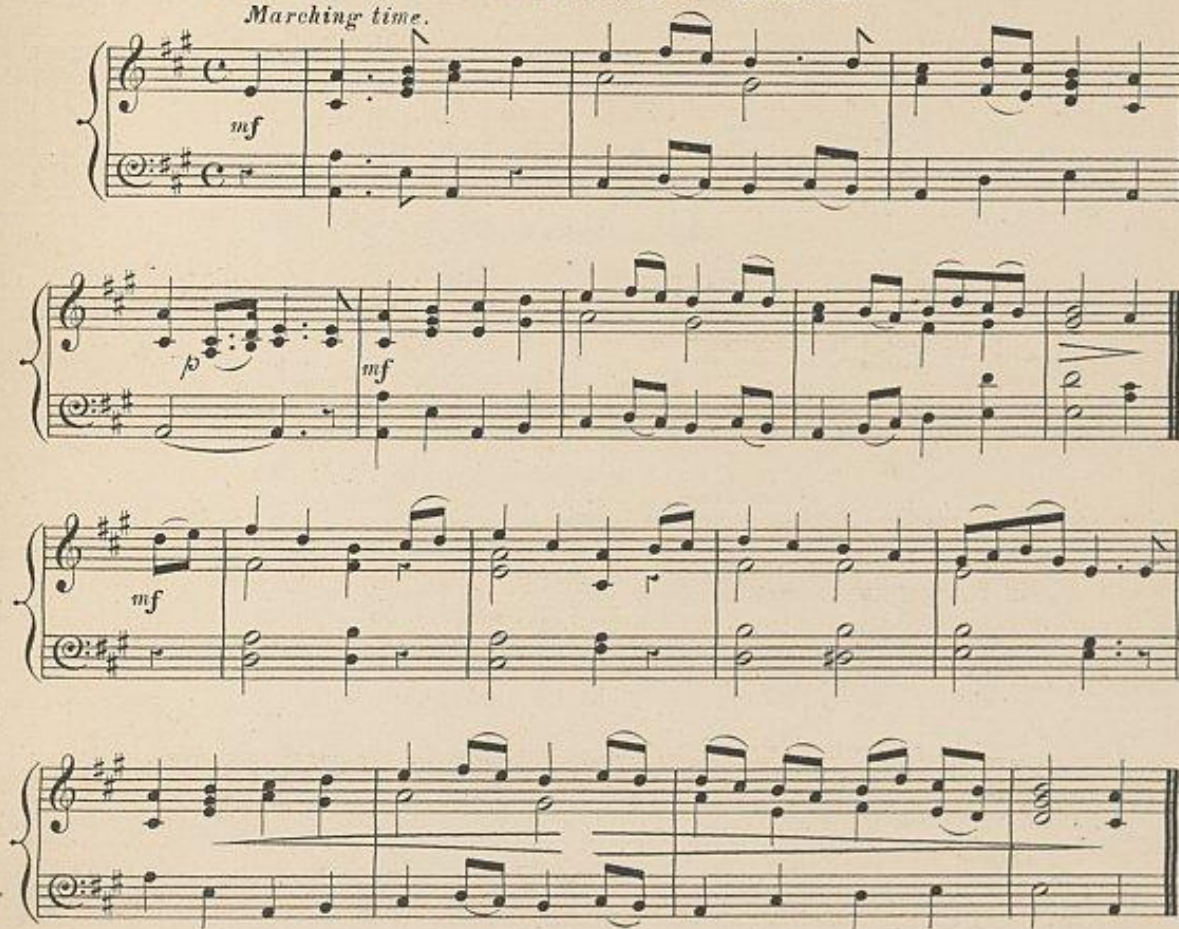
When purple morning starts the hare  
To steal upon her early fare;  
Then through the dews he maun repair—  
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.  
When day, expiring in the west,  
The curtain draws of nature's rest,  
He flies to her arms he lo'es best—  
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

*Burns.*



N<sup>o</sup> 481. — DRUIMIONN DHU.*With mournful expression.*

Gaelic.

N<sup>o</sup> 482. — THE GARDENERS' MARCH.*Marching time.*



N<sup>o</sup> 483. — THE JOLLY BEGGAR.*With spirit.*

Two systems of piano accompaniment for 'The Jolly Beggar'. The first system is marked *mf*. The second system is marked *f* and includes the word 'Chorus.' above the staff. The piece concludes with a *ritard* marking.

N<sup>o</sup> 484. — THE HOWES O' BUCHAN.\*

Gaelic.

*With lively expression*

Three systems of piano accompaniment for 'The Howes o' Buchan'. The first system is marked *mf*. The second and third systems include dynamic markings *p* and *mf* throughout the piece.

\* THE GAELIC NAME OF THIS TUNE IS, "CILLE NA DHOABHAIN!"



## THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

THERE was a jolly beggar,  
And a-begging he was boun',  
And he took up his quarters  
Into a landwart toun.  
"And we'll gang nae mair a-roving  
Sae late into the night;  
And we'll gang nae mair a-roving,  
Let the moon shine e'er sae bright:  
And we'll gang nae mair a-roving."

He wad neither lie in barn,  
Nor yet wad he in byre;  
But in abint 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' guid clean strae and hay,  
Just in abint the ha' door—  
And there the beggar lay.  
"And we'll gang nae mair, &c."

Up raise the guidman's dochter,  
She raise to bar the door,  
And there she saw the beggar man  
Stan'in' on the floor.  
"And we'll gang nae mair, &c."

He took a horn up frae his side,  
And blew baith loud and shrill;  
And four-and-twenty belted knights  
Cam skippin' owre the hill.  
"And we'll gang nae mair, &c."

And he took out his little knife,  
Loot a' his duddies fa',  
And he stood the brawest gentleman  
That was among them a'.  
"And we'll gang nae mair a-roving  
Sae late into the night;  
And we'll gang nae mair a-roving,  
Let the moon shine e'er sae bright:  
And we'll gang nae mair a-roving."

*James V. of Scotland.*

## THE BASHFUL LOVER.

Tune—"The howes o' Buchan."

I COURTED a lassie for mair than a year,  
Sae couthie and kin'—sae couthie and kin';  
But ne'er had the sense nor the courage to speer,  
Gin she would be mine—gin she would be mine.  
She's artless, and guileless, and bonnie, and young,  
What mair could I hae?—what mair could I hae?  
But somehow, the word would na come to my tongue,  
That I wanted to say—that I wanted to say.  
She liv'd wi' her mam' at the edge o' the wood,  
In a cottage so fair—in a cottage so fair;  
Ane or twico ilka week, a' the hale towmond guid,  
I was sure to be there—I was sure to be there.  
The mither was free, and the lassie was fain,  
Sae, wha was to blame?—sae, wha was to blame?  
I was sure that her heart and her han' were my ain,  
Gin I hadna thocht shame—gin I hadna thocht shame.

But ill fa' the Fates, sae mischancy and thrawn  
They ever hae been—they ever hae been;  
Gin we think that a prize in our favour has fa'en,  
We'll be waefu' mista'en—we'll be waefu' mista'en.  
A dashing young tailor, the pride o' the race,  
Puff'd up wi' conceit—puff'd up wi' conceit;  
Just chanc'd, shortly after he cam to the place,  
My lassie to meet—my lassie to meet.  
Wi' a glib, wily gab he's decoyed her awa,  
And gain'd her consent—and gain'd her consent;  
Sae she's left her auld mither, her lover, and a',  
O! I fear she'll repent—O! I fear she'll repent.  
Noo wae may I sing, that I've aye been sae shy,  
And backward and blate—and backward and blate;  
Ony mair at the courtin' I never will try,  
But submit to my fate—but submit to my fate.

*James Paterson.*

First time published.



## GO TO BERWICK, JOHNNIE.

---

Go to Berwick, Johnnie;  
 Bring her frae the Border;  
 Yon sweet bonnie lassie,  
 Let her gae nae farder.  
 English loons will twine ye  
 O' the lovely treasure;  
 But we'll let them ken,  
 A sword wi' them we'll measure.

Go to Berwick, Johnnie,  
 An' regain your honour;  
 Drive them owre the Tweed,  
 And show our Scottish banner.  
 I am Rab the king,  
 An' ye are Jock, my brither;  
 But, before we lose her,  
 We'll a' there thegither.

## OH! WHY LEFT I MY HAME?

---

Oh! why left I my hame?  
 Why did I cross the deep?  
 Oh! why left I the land  
 Where my forefathers sleep?  
 I sigh for Scotia's shore,  
 And I gaze across the sea;  
 But I canna get a blink  
 O' my ain countrie.

The palm tree waveth high,  
 And fair the myrtle springs;  
 And to the Indian maid,  
 The bulbul sweetly sings;  
 But I dinna see the broom,  
 Wi' its tassels on the lea;  
 Nor hear the lintie's sang  
 O' my ain countrie.

Oh! here no Sabbath bell  
 Awakes the Sabbath morn,  
 Nor song of reapers heard  
 Among the yellow corn;  
 For the tyrant's voice is here,  
 And the wail o' slavery;  
 But the sun of freedom shines  
 In my ain countrie.

There's a hope for ev'ry woe,  
 And a balm for ev'ry pain;  
 But the first joys of our heart  
 Come never back again:  
 There's a track upon the deep,  
 And a path across the sea—  
 But the weary ne'er return  
 To their ain countrie!

*Robt. Gilfillan.*

*From Robert Gilfillan's Poems, by permission of Messrs. Blackie & Son.*



N<sup>o</sup> 485. — GO TO BERWICK JOHNNIE.*Lively.*

Musical score for "GO TO BERWICK JOHNNIE" in 3/2 time, key of D major. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system includes a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The third system concludes the piece with a double bar line.

N<sup>o</sup> 486. — OH, WHY LEFT I MY HAME?\**With much feeling.*

Musical score for "OH, WHY LEFT I MY HAME?" in 2/4 time, key of D major. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The third system concludes the piece with a double bar line.

\* THIS IS JUST THE "LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND," WITH SOME SLIGHT VARIATIONS. (SEE N<sup>o</sup> 77, PAGE 89.)



## Nº 487. — MACKRIMMON'S LAMENT.\*

Gaelic.

*Slowly with feeling.*

*p* *mf*

*p ritard* *mf*

*p ritard* *mf* Chorus.

*p ritard*

## Nº 488. — FARE THEE WHEEL, THOU FIRST AND FAIREST.

*Slow with mournful expression.*

*p* *mf*

*piu rit.* *mf*

*dim. e rit.*

\* CHA TILL SINN TUILLÉ ("WE WILL NEVER RETURN!") THIS SET FIRST TIME PUBLISHED.



# MACCRIMMIN'S (OR MACKRIMMON'S) LAMENT.

MACLEOD's wizard flag from the gray castle sallies,  
The rowers are seated, unmoor'd are the galleys;  
Gleam war-axe and broadsword, clang target and quiver,  
As MacCrimmin sings, "Farewell to Dunvegan for ever!  
Farewell to each cliff, on which breakers are foaming!  
Farewell, each dark glen, in which red-deer are roaming;  
Farewell, lonely Skye, to lake, mountain, and river;  
Macleod may return, but MacCrimmin shall never!

Cha till, cha till, cha till sinn tuille!

Cha till, cha till, cha till sinn tuille!

Cha till, cha till, cha till sinn tuille!

Ged' thillis Macleod, cha till MacCrimmin!\*

Farewell, the bright clouds that on Cullien are sleeping;  
Farewell, the bright eyes in the Dun that are weeping:  
To each minstrel delusion, farewell!—and for ever—  
MacCrimmin departs to return to you never!

The *Banshee's* wild voice sings the death-dirge before me,  
The pall of the dead for a mantle hangs o'er me;  
But my heart shall not flag, and my nerves shall not shiver,  
Though devoted I go—to return again never!

Cha till, &c.

Dunvegan's high walls shall no longer, at even,  
Resound to loud strains that were wont to enliven;  
Music and song both are gone now for ever,  
For MacCrimmin departs, to return again never!  
Too oft shall the notes of MacCrimmin's bewailing,  
Be heard when the Gael on their exile are sailing;  
Dear land! to the shores, whence unwilling we sever,  
Return—return—return shall we never!

Cha till, cha till, cha till sinn tuille!

Cha till, cha till, cha till sinn tuille!

Cha till, cha till, cha till sinn tuille!

Ged' thillis Macleod, cha till MacCrimmin!"

*Scott.*

\* *Pronounced*:—Ha cheel, ha cheel, ha cheel shein tooly,  
Gad a hillis Macleod, ha cheel MacCrimmin.

MacCrimmin, hereditary piper to the Laird of Macleod, is said to have composed this Lament when the clan was about to depart upon a distant and dangerous expedition. The Minstrel was impressed with a belief, which the event verified, that he was to be slain in the approaching feud; and hence the Gaelic words, "cha till mi tuille; ged' thillis Macleod, cha till MacCrimmin!"—"I shall never return; although Macleod returns, MacCrimmin shall never return!"

The mournful, wailing melody is but too well known, from its being the strain with which the emigrants from the West Highlands and Isles usually take leave of their native shore.

# FARE THEE WEEL, THOU FIRST AND FAIREST!

FARE thee weel, thou first and fairest!  
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!  
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
Peace, contentment, love and pleasure!  
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,  
While the star of hope she leaves him?  
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,  
Dark despair around benights me,  
Fare thee weel!

Ae fond kiss, and then—we sever!  
Ae fareweel—alas! for ever!  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.  
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,  
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,  
Never met—or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted!  
Fare thee weel!

*Burns.*



# GENUINE SCOTTISH MELODIES.

## GLOSSARY,

EMBRACING all words peculiarly Scottish which occur in this Collection; also such Scottish modifications of English words, and such rarely used words as are common to both countries: so that there may be found within the Work itself the readiest possible references, wherever required. The three Scottish-speaking districts of Scotland—the South-East, the West, and the North-East—having each their own predilections in the matter of *Spelling*, resulting in different readings of same words, a somewhat enlarged Glossary has become useful, to those especially who are not natives of Scotland. The motives of our Bards for the frequent elision of letters, the preference given to *t* over *d*, &c., may be traced, in each case, after a little study of the subject, by any one desirous to follow it up. Where it has seemed expedient, a remark in the proper place has been appended to many words, conveying the nearest practicable pronunciation, according to modern English sounds; while such characteristic sounds as those which are nearly allied to the French *u* in *une*, and the ancient and non-English sound of the vowel *i*, are indicated accordingly. The Scottish *ch* and *gh*, with a few exceptions, ought to be pronounced with a soft guttural sound, analogous to the guttural pronunciations of the Spanish and German languages; and, to those who can acquire these sounds, the acquisition will be found to improve the musical effect in singing. The *wh* and *th* are used distinctly vocal; the *g* generally hard before the vowels, and the *r* well sounded, as by the French.

We have the testimony of the learned Danish Professor, THORKELIN, to the high antiquity of the Scottish language; and a competent authority\* has eulogised the mingled strength and euphony attained by the Scottish usages in pronunciation; whilst the pithy meanings of the words are remarkable.

A', *all; every one; every thing.* Broad *a*.  
 ABRIGH, *aloof; at a shy distance.* The *gh* guttural.  
 ABUNE, *above; beyond.* Like the French *u*.  
 ABUSIT, *abused.* The three syllables emphasised.  
 A-COURTIN', *courting.* ou like oo.  
 ACQUENT, *acquaint.*  
 ADOUN, *down upon.* ou like oo.  
 AE, used emphatically for *one only.* See YAE.  
 A-FALLIN', *dropping down.*  
 AFF, *away from.* a as in *staff*.  
 AFT; AFTEN, *many times; frequently.* a full.  
 AGATNE, *over against.*  
 AHINT, *behind; late.* i short.  
 AIELINS, *perhaps.*  
 AIK, *oak.*  
 AILS, *ill at ease.*  
 AIN, *own.*  
 AINCE, *once.* See YINCE.  
 AIR, *early.*  
 AIRE, *iron.*  
 AIRT, *point of the compass.*  
 AITH, *oath.*  
 AIX, *an axe.*  
 AJEE, *a little to one side.* a full.  
 ALAKE! *alas!*  
 ALANE, *alone.*  
 ALANG; ALANGST, *along.* a broad.  
 ALICHT, *dismount; descend.* ch guttural.  
 AMANG, *among.* a broad.  
 AN, *if.*  
 AN', *and.*  
 ANCE. See AINCE.  
 AND A', *also; besides.* The *a'* broad.

ANE, *one.* See YIN.  
 ANEATH, *beneath.*  
 ANENT, *opposite to; concerning.* Emphasis on last syllable.  
 ANITRE, *another.* i short, like *hither*.  
 ARLE; ARIE PESNY, *an earnest; piece of money confirming a bargain.*  
 ASE; ASS, *ashes.*  
 ASKLANT; ASKLENT, *obliquely; askant.*  
 A-SPILLIN', *spilling.*  
 ASTEER, *astir; in commotion.*  
 ATOUR, *across; out from.*  
 ATWEEN, *between.*  
 AULD, *old.* au like *hauled*.  
 AUNTIE, *aunt.*  
 AYA, *at all.* a broad.  
 AWA, *away.* a broad.  
 AY, *yes.* Like English *I*.  
 AY; AYE, *still; to this time; always.* ay long.  
 AYONT, *beyond.* a full.  
 BACKIT, *backed.* Both syllables emphasised.  
 BAIEN, *child; implying relation to a parent.*  
 BAIENIE, *little child.*  
 BAITH, *both.* th vocal.  
 BALLALOO, *used as a lullaby.*  
 BALOO; BALOW, *used in lulling an infant.*  
 BAND, *a band.* a full.  
 BANISTER, *one who binds sheaves after reapers.*  
 BANE, *bane.*  
 BANGSTER, *a merry, sometimes a violent, person.*  
 BANNET, *bonnet.* a broad.  
 BANNOCK, *thick cake made of meal and water, &c.*

BARRETT, *barbed.*  
 BAULD, *bold.*  
 BAUMY, *boomy.*  
 BAWREE, *halfpenny.*  
 BAWK, *a strip of land left unploughed.*  
 BAWN, *a Gaelic word signifying fair, viz.:-Betty Bawn—fair Betty.*  
 BAWINT, *a predominance of white on face of horse, cow, &c.*  
 BEAD-MEAL; BEBE-MEAL, *meal of coarse barley.*  
 BECK; BECK'D, *curtesy; obedience by a female.*  
 BEDEEN, *quickly; forthwith.*  
 BEDONE, *believed; sprinkled.*  
 BEENGIN', *faunting.* g soft; two distinct syllables.  
 BEVYLED; BEFILED, *soiled; made foul.*  
 BEHINT, *behind.*  
 BEIN, *being; wealthy.* Like *been*.  
 BELANGS, *belongs.* a full.  
 BELD, *bold; smooth; shining.* e as in *held*.  
 BELLING-SPEING, *a spring throwing up air-bells.*  
 BELTANE, *festival held on 1st May, O.S.*  
 BEN, *in; inner apartment.* In Gaelic, a mountain.  
 BEST, *the open moorland.*  
 BEYONT, *beyond.*  
 BICKER, *a wooden drinking vessel.*  
 BIDE, *to endure; await.*  
 BIELD, *protecting shelter.* ie like *field*.  
 BIG, *to build.* g hard.  
 BIGGIN, *a building.*  
 BIGGIT, *built.*  
 BIGGONET, *a linen cap.*  
 BILE; BILED, *to boil; boiled.*  
 BILLIE, *a brother; a comrade.* i short.

\* The late F. C. MEADOWS, M.A., of the University of Paris.



- BING'D, made obeisance. *i* like *ee*, *g* soft.  
 BINK, a bench; a bank. *i* short.  
 BINNA, *be not*.  
 BIR-wood, *ivy*, called "the binding-wood."  
 BIR, force. Strong emphasis on the *r*, as in French.  
 BIRKEN, birchwood.  
 BIRKIE; BIRKY, boastful; forward.  
 BIRLIN', a rattling noise.  
 BIRNESS, business.  
 BIT, used as a diminutive.  
 BIZZY, busy.  
 BLACKBOYD, bramble-berry. Like black-bird.  
 BLACK-O'-ELER, of a black bluish shade.  
 BLADDERSKATE, indiscreet talker. Sometimes *del* is sounded like *th*.  
 BLAE, of a blue shade; discoloured.  
 BLATHRIE; BLETHRIE, foolish talking.  
 BLATE, bashful.  
 BLATEST, most backward.  
 BLAW, blow. *au* long.  
 BLAWN, blown.  
 BLEAK'EY, obscured in sight.  
 BLETHRE'D, talked foolishly.  
 BLINKIT, glanced.  
 BLINKA, glances.  
 BLITTER, the log-blower; the blitter.  
 BLUE BONNETS, applied to the Scottish bands on the Borders of England.  
 BLUID, blood. French *u*.  
 BLUNTIE, stupid. *u* short.  
 BOATIE, diminutive of boat.  
 BOBBED; BOBBIT, danced, cartied.  
 BOCHY, bought. *o* long; *ch* guttural.  
 BODDOM, bottom.  
 BODING, ominous. *o* long.  
 BODWORD, message; prediction.  
 BOOIE; BOOIE, diminutive of bog.  
 BOGLE, apparition.  
 BOLE, small aperture in a wall.  
 BOOKE, boyd.  
 BORROWSTON, belonging to a borough.  
 BOT, but; both.  
 BOTAND, but and; besides.  
 BOTHER, something troublesome; teasing.  
 BOVED, bored. *ou* like *oo*.  
 BOVIE, beaver; retired apartment.  
 BOURS, bodies.  
 BOUS, ready; thicker bound.  
 BOUB-TREE, bower tree; common elder tree.  
 BRAE, sloping bank; hillside.  
 BRAG; BRAGGER, to boast; boaster.  
 BRAID, broad; wide.  
 BRAIKENS; BRACKENS, ferns; female ferns.  
 BRAK, broke. Like sack.  
 BRANKIE, gaily; dressed up.  
 BRAW; BRAWS, fine; gay and handsome clothes.  
 BRAWLY, very well; handsomely.  
 BREE, brewings; juices; brine.  
 BREERS, breeches.  
 BREER, sweet-beer; bramble.  
 BREERIE; BRIERIE, full of briars.  
 BREEST; BREEST, breast.  
 BRENT, high; smooth; shining.  
 BRIGHT, bright. *i* short; *ch* guttural.  
 BRIG; BRIG-EN', bridge; bridge-end. *i* short; *g* full and hard.  
 BRITHER, brother. *i* short.  
 BROCHAN, meal boiled thicker than gruel; pottage. *ch* guttural.  
 BROCHT, brought. *ch* guttural.  
 BROO, the broo.  
 BROOK, meal treated with boiling water, &c., or with broth.  
 BROON, brown. *ou* like *oo*.  
 BROWNIE, a good-natured spirit.  
 BRUCKIT, streaked; freckled.  
 BRULYIE, broad; frag. French *u*.  
 BRUME, the broom shrub. French *u*.  
 BUCHT; BUCHT, sheep pen; fold. *u* short; *ch* and *gh* guttural.  
 BUCKIE, spiral shell-fish.  
 BUIK, book. French *u*. Sometimes like "B-yuck."  
 BUM-BEES, humble bees. *u* short.  
 BUMMING, humming noise.  
 BUNG, to strike; close.  
 BUNN, bread enriched with sugar, currants, raisins, &c.  
 BURE, offering; a damsel.  
 BUBONNET, kind of helmet.  
 BURN, rivulet; torrent.  
 BURNIE, diminutive of burn.  
 BURSTIE, burst; exploded.  
 BUSE, to dress; to put on the bodice. *u* short.  
 BUSKINS; BUSKINS, kind of high shoe; articles of dress generally.  
 BUSS, a dash.  
 BUT; BUTT, the outer apartment of a small house.  
 BY, beyond; above.  
 BYGONE, gone by; past.  
 BYKE, the "building" of the wild bee or wasp. *y* as English *i*.  
 CA', CA'D, to dries; to call; named. *a* broad.  
 CADD'D, driven; carried with a joggling motion.  
 CADDILY, excitedly; cheerfully.  
 CALLAN, a young lad. *a* full.  
 CALLER, fresh; sound. To rhyme with valour.  
 CAM, came. To rhyme with have.  
 CAMSTAIRIE, perceiver.  
 CAN, a vessel of tinued iron; a drinking cup. *a* full.  
 CANKERY, testy.  
 CAN'LE, candle. *a* broad.  
 CANNA, cannot. *a* full.  
 CANNIE; CANNY, cautious; frugal.  
 CANNILIE; CANNILY, prudently; softly.  
 CANTIE; CANTY, merry; brisk.  
 CARDIT, to tense wool, &c., for spinning. *a* short.  
 CARENA, care not.  
 CAELE, a war, especially as distinguished from a boy.  
 CARLIE, a little man.  
 CARLIN, contemptuous term for a woman.  
 CARLINGS, peas broiled, called "bireled."  
 CARRY (The Carry), motion of the clouds across the sky.  
 CASTOCK, the stalk of cabbage, &c.  
 CA'T, call it. *a* broad.  
 CAUF, a calf. *au* long.  
 CAULD, cold.  
 CAULDRIFE, chilly; scolding ardour.  
 CAULDRON, caldron; a large pot for boiling purposes.  
 CHANTER, the drone of a bagpipe. *ch* vocal.  
 CHAP, to knock. *ch* vocal.  
 CHAPMAN, a pedlar. *ch* vocal.  
 CHARLIE, diminutive of Charles.  
 CHASE, pursuit; a frag. *ch* vocal.  
 CHIEL, a stripling; a young man. *ch* vocal.  
 CHRISTENDIE, Christendom. *ch* like *k*.  
 CLAES, clothes.  
 CLAUDE, cloth. *th* vocal.  
 CLAMB, climbed. *a* full.  
 CLANKIE, diminutive of clank; a sharp blow.  
 CLARKS, clerks. *a* full.  
 CLAUT, a gathering together. *au* long.  
 CLAYMORE, the great broad-sword of the Gael.  
 CLEADIN'; CLERDIN', clothing; covering. *i* short.  
 CLEADS; CLEEDS, clothes, with dress, &c.  
 CLEAVIN', the cleft.  
 CLINK, one of the saws for money.  
 CLISH-MA-CLAVIE, silly talk. First *a* full, second *a* soft.  
 CLOUT, to wound. *ou* like *oo* in boot.  
 CLUDS, clouds. *u* short.  
 CLUTHA, one of the names of the river Clyde. *u* soft.  
 CLYACK, made from a clasp, or talon.  
 COATIE, diminutive of coat; petticoat.  
 COCK'D-SPRUNK, placed jauntily; sprucely. French *u*.  
 COOT, bought.  
 COGGIE, diminutive of cog; a small wooden bowl.  
 COMIN', coming. Like "emmin," never "coming" in any part of Scotland.  
 CONFEST, confessed.  
 CONTENTIE, contented. The three syllables emphasised.  
 COOF; COUF, a silly and feeble person. Like French *u*.  
 COOM; CULM, the dust of coals. Like loom.  
 CORBIE, a raven.  
 CORONACH; CORONICH, wailing lamentation for the dead. *ch* guttural.  
 COULDNA, could not.  
 COUTH, comfortable. *th* vocal.  
 COUTHIE, affable. *th* vocal.  
 COW'BIN', covering; crouching. *ow* like *oo*.  
 COXIE, comfortable and sheltered. *o* long.  
 CRACK, free conversation; immediately.  
 CRAIG, the throat, which is steep like a crag; a cliff.  
 CRAMASIE, of crimson. Emphasis on last syllable.  
 CRANEUCH, hoar frost. *ch* guttural.  
 CRAP, except. *a* full.  
 CRAW, cross.  
 CRAWFLOWER, crowflower.  
 CREEL, hamper basket, for fish, &c.  
 CREEPIE; CREEPY, a small stool.  
 CROGHIE, a short dry cough. *gh* guttural. Two syllables: thus, Croy-hill.  
 CROONACH. See CORONACH.  
 CROO, a howl.  
 CROOD, sounded as a dove's cry. Pronounced long.  
 CROOK; CROCK, a halt; a disease of lameness.  
 CROOKIT, crooked. Both syllables emphasised.  
 CROOS, to emit a murmuring sound.  
 CROOSE, crouching; jubilant. To rhyme with trace.  
 CROWDY; CROWDIE, meal mixed in cold water, milk, or cream, unboiled.  
 CRUIST, crust. French *u*.  
 CUITERED, coddled. French *u*.  
 CULE, cool. French *u*.  
 CUM, come. Not "coom," but pronounced like *thum*.  
 CUMMER (see KIMMER), gossiping companions. French *u*.  
 CUREDGO, to soo as a dove. *u* short.  
 CUSHAT, wood pigeon. *u* short; pronounced "cushie."  
 CUTTY, short. *u* short.  
 DADDIE; DEDDY, a name for father, used by very young children.  
 DAE, do.  
 DAF, to make sport. *a* full.  
 DAFIN, making sport.  
 DAF, imbecile; unwise. *a* full.  
 DAINY, large; stately; comely. The *ai* sharp.  
 DANG, excelled.  
 DAUSEBIS', sauntering. *au* long.  
 DAUNTON, intimidate.  
 DAUR, dare. *r* full.  
 DAURNA, dare not.  
 DAVID, David.  
 DAW, to dawn.  
 DAWT, to careen.  
 DAWTIE, fondled.  
 DEAVING, making deaf.  
 DEE, die.  
 DEEN', dying. Two distinct syllables.  
 DEID, dead. *ei* like *ee*.  
 DEIL, devil. *ei* like *ee*.  
 DESCRIVING, describing.  
 DEUK, duck. French *u*. Sometimes like "D-yuck." guttural.  
 DICHT, to dress food; to make an end of. *i* short; *ch* guttural.  
 DICHTED, wiped. *i* short; *ch* guttural.  
 DIMPLT, dimpled.  
 DING, to surpass. *i* short.  
 DINK, precise. *i* short.  
 DINNA, do not.  
 DIRDUMS, penances; expressions of surliness. *i* and *u* short.  
 DIRLIN', thrilling. *i* short.  
 DISNA, does not. *i* short; *a* full.  
 DIZEN, dozen. *i* short; *z* strong.  
 DOCHTER, daughter. *o* long; *ch* guttural.



- Do, pronounced in many cases like *du*; the *u* as in French; not the American "due."
- DOO, *doe*.
- DOOL, *grief*. *oo* as French *u*.
- DOUCE, *adate*; not light or frivolous. *oo* like *oo*.
- DOUCHTA, *dare not*; unable. *oo* as *oo*; *ch* guttural.
- DOUGHTY, *valiant*.
- DOUN, *down*; the *downs*. *oo* like *oo*.
- DOUNRIGHT, *downright*. *ch* guttural.
- DOUPIN, *declining*; *louring*. *oo* like *oo*; *i* short.
- DOW. See DOO.
- DOW, *dead or promise of worth*; to *dare*; to *be able*.  
To rhyme with *row*.
- DOWP, *lethargic*; *pillbox*.
- DOWIE, *dull*; *spiritless*; *doleful*.
- DOWNA, *unable*; *feeling reluctant*; *incapable*.
- DRAMOCK, *any thing boiled or reduced to a state of pulp*. *a* full.
- DRAP, *drop*. *a* full.
- DRAFFIE, *diminutive of drap*.
- DRAFT, *dropped*. *a* full.
- DRAWLING, *being slow in action*.
- DREE, *to endure*; *suffering*.
- DREED, *dread*.
- DREET, *drop*; to *occe*.
- DREEPIN', *falling in drops*; *saturated*.
- DREICH, *tardy*; *wearisome*. *ei* like *ee*; *ch* guttural.
- DRINGIN', *slaying in a slow and melancholy manner*.  
To rhyme with *ingin'*. The two syllables distinct.
- DROOK; DROCK, *to drench*.
- DROON'D, *drowned*. *oo* like *oo*.
- DROUTH, *dryness*; *thirst*. *oo* like *oo*; *th* vocal.
- DUCKEN, *drunken*. *u* short.
- DREMLIK, *muddy*; *gloomy*. *u* short.
- DUR, *a small pool of rain water*. *u* short. Sometimes like "Dih."
- DUDDIES; DUNS, *rags*; *clothing, especially of inferior quality*.
- DULE. See DOOL.
- DULEFU', *full of grief*; *disual*.
- DULSE, *this edible sea-weed, of a tender and sweetish flavour*. *u* short, rhyming with *pulse*.
- DUMFOUR'EN, *struck dumb*; *confounded*. *oo* like *oo*.
- DUN, *of a dull colour, between brown and dark gray*.  
*u* short.
- DUNE, *done*; *finished*. French *u*.
- DUNTER, *struck with a hollow sound*. *u* short.
- DUNTS, *blows*; *pulsations, as of the heart*.
- DURK; DIK, *dagger*.
- DURSTNA, *durst not*. *u* short.
- DWAUM, *a swoon*; *a sudden fit of sickness*. *au* broad and long.
- DWINING, *pining*; *fading*.
- EDINA, *one of the names for Edinburgh*.
- E'E, *eye*. Like *ee*.
- EEN, *eyes*.
- EEN, *eyes*; *evening*.
- ERIE, *affected with fear, from whatever cause*.
- EET, *eyed*.
- ERIDENT, *diligent*; *constant*. *ei* as in *height*.
- EILD, *advanced period of life*. *ei* like *ee*.
- ELDER-FLOW'R. See BOUR-TREE.
- ELDERS, *elderly*.
- ELLER, *a corruption of "elder" (in the kirk)*.
- ENUGH, *enough*. *ch* guttural.
- ENOW, *sufficient*; *also, just now*.
- ESS, *else*; *otherwise*.
- ETIK, *diminutive of Elspeth*.
- ERLIES. See ARLE.
- ETILED, *attempted*.
- EVEN'D, *matched*. *e* long.
- EVERMADE, *evermore*. *e* short.
- ESAE, *the water-dish, a drinking cup of maple*.
- FA, *to try*; *to make*; *to obtain*. *a* broad.
- FA', *to fall*; *to befall*. *a* broad.
- FACIT, *a fight*; *a struggle*. *a* full; *ch* guttural.
- FADGE, *a clumsy woman*. *a* full.
- FADGES, *large flat loaves*.
- FAES, *foes*.
- FAIM, *fove*, applied to the sea. *a* soft and long.
- FAIN, *glad*; *anxious*; *having a strong desire*.
- FAITHER, *father*. Pronounced softly.
- FALLOW, *fellow*. *a* full.
- FA'S, *fallen*. *a* broad.
- FARDER, *farther*. *a* full.
- FARDINS, *farthings*. *a* broad.
- FARKWEEL, *farewell*.
- FARIN', *sure*. *a* as *ai*.
- FA'S, *falls*.
- FASH, FASH'D, *to molest*; *troubled*. *a* full.
- FASHIOUS, *troublesome*. *a* full.
- FAULD, *fold fur sleep*.
- FAULD, *fold*; *manifold*.
- FAUSE, *false*.
- FAUTS, *faults*.
- FECIT, *to fight*. See FACHT.
- FECK, *quantity*; *number*.
- FEEBLE, *diminutive of feet*.
- FEERY-FAERY, *a confused bundle*.
- FELL, *a ridge*; *a high field*; *also, keen*; *biting*.
- FEND, *to fare in general*.
- FERLIE, *a wander*.
- FIDGIN', *being restless*. *i* short.
- FIENT, *fend*; *used as an oath*. *ie* like *ee*.
- FINT, *find it*. *i* short.
- FIT, *a foot*. *i* short.
- FLANG, *flung*. *a* full.
- FLATE, *scolded*. *a* soft.
- FLAUGHTER'D, *flouted in thin flakes*. *ch* guttural.
- FLEE, *to fly*; *a fly*.
- FLECH'D, *scheduled*. *ch* vocal.
- FLECHIN', *flattering*. *ch* vocal.
- FLEG, *a sudden fright*.
- FLET; FLEYT. See FLATE. *e* short.
- FLEY'D; FLEY'T, *frightened*. The *ey* as the German *ei*.
- FLINDERS, *fragments*; *shreds*.
- FLITIN', *removing from one house to another; the articles removed*. *i* short.
- FLOUR, *a flower*; *the choicest*. *oo* like *oo* long.
- FLUNKIE, *a servant in livery*. *u* short.
- FLYTE, *to scold*; *to dispute*. *y* as English *i*.
- FOAMIN', *foaming*.
- FOCHT, *fought*. *a* long; *ch* guttural.
- FOOR; FURE, *went*; *carried*. French *u*.
- FORBEARS, *ancestors*; *forefathers*. *ee* like *ee*.
- FORRYE, *over and above*.
- FORGAT, *forgot*.
- FORPET, *the fourth part of a peck*. *e* short.
- FOR'T, *for it*. *a* long.
- FOOTH, *abundance*. *oo* like *oo*; *th* vocal.
- FOWMARTE, *a polecat*. *oo* like *oo*; *e* silent.
- FRAL, *from*; *from the time that*.
- FREND; FRIEN', *friend*; *relation*. *ie* like *ee*.
- FREIGHT; FREIGHTED, *a fright*; *frightened*. *i* short; *ch* guttural.
- FREYTH'D, *fried*. *y* like English *i*.
- FU'; FOC, *full*; *full of drink*; *leading to intoxication*.
- FUR, *furrow*; *what resembles a furrow*. *r* strong.
- FURTH, *forth out of doors*. *u* short; *th* vocal.
- FY; FYE, *exclamation of reproach*; *make haste*. *y* as English *i*.
- GABBIN', *prating*; *loquaciousness*.
- GABDOCKS; GABBETS, *mouthfuls*; *fragments*.
- GABERLUNZIE; GABERLUNYIE, *wallet on loins*; *a beggar with a wallet on his loins*. *a* full.
- GAE; GAED, *to go*; *went*.
- GA'E, *gone*.
- GAEK, *the Celtic tribes of the Scottish Highlands*. *g* hard.
- GAFFAW, *a loud laugh*. Emphasis on last syllable.
- GAIES, *inserted pieces of cloth, in garments*.
- GAIT, *a way*.
- GANE, *gone*; *passed away*.
- GANO, *to go*; *to walk, as opposed to riding*.
- GANGIN, *going*; *employed in work*.
- GANTREES, *a stand for ale barrels*.
- GAB; GABS, *to cause*; *to force*; *weakness*. The *r* long.
- GART; GAED, *made*; *caused*. *a* full; *r* strong.
- GARTEN; GARTANE, *a garter*.
- GASH, *shred in conversation*. *a* full.
- GAT, *got*; *received*. *a* full.
- GAUCY; GAUCIER, *plump*; *jollier*. *au* long.
- GAUN, *going*; *about to become*. *au* long.
- GAWKIE, *giddy*; *foolish*.
- GEAR, *money*; *goods*; *means*. *g* hard.
- GECK, *to deride*; *a sign of derision*. *g* hard.
- GEE, *pettish*; *unmanageable*. *g* hard.
- GENTY, *gent*; *limber*; *elegant*. *g* soft.
- GHAIST; GAIST, *ghost*; *a spirit*; *the soul*. *g* hard; *A* silent.
- GIE; GIE'S, *give*; *give us*. *g* hard; *ie* like *ee*.
- GIED, *gave*. *g* hard; *ie* like *ee*.
- GIES, *given*. *g* hard; *ie* like *ee*.
- GIF, *if*; *in the event of*. *g* hard; *i* short.
- GIL, *a lad*. *g* hard; *i* short.
- GIMMERS, *eyes two years old*. *g* hard.
- GIN, *if*; *against*, in relation to time. *g* hard.
- GLED, *the kite*.
- GLEED; GLEID, *squint-eyed*. *ee* long.
- GLED, *quick of perception*. *e* short.
- GLEN, *a narrow valley*. See STRATH.
- GLINT, *glance*; *flash*; *to peep out*.
- GLOAMIN, *twilight*. The first syllable long, the *i* short.
- GLOOM, *to frown*.
- GLOUR; GLOW'R, *to stare*. To rhyme with *flower*.
- GLUM, *gloomy*; *sullen*; *dejected*. To rhyme with *plum*.
- GOR-COCK, *moor-cock*; *the grouse*. The *r* very full.
- GOEN; GOWN, *goen*; *robe*. *oo* like *oo*.
- GOWAN, *the mountain daisy*, abundant in Scottish pastures.
- GOWD, *gold*. The *oo* long.
- GOWDEN, *golden*.
- GOWK, *the cuckoo*; *a fool*; *one defeated*.
- GOWL; GOWLING, *a tone loud and angry*.
- GRADDAN, *grain burnt out of the ear*; *meal ground in the handmill*.
- GHAITH, *gear*; *accoutrements*. *th* vocal.
- GRAITHED, *accounted*. *th* vocal.
- GRANE, *groan*.
- GRAT, *wept*. *a* full.
- GRAYAT, *cravat*; *necktie*. *a* full, both syllables emphasised.
- GREE, *pre-eminence*.
- GREEN, *to long*.
- GREEN-SEY, *green silk*.
- GREET; GREETIN', *to weep*; *weeping*.
- GREETIE, *diminutive of greet*.
- GRIFFIT, *seized forcibly*. Both syllables emphasised.
- GRUND, *the ground*; *the bottom*. To rhyme with *fund*.
- GUID, *good*. French *u*, blended with *i* short.
- GUIDMAN, *the head of the family*. French *u*; the *a* full.
- GUIDWIFE, *the mistress of the house*. French *u*.
- GURLY, *bleak*; *stormy*; *angry*. Like *burly*, the *r* strong.
- GUTCHER, *a grandfather*. *u* short.
- HA', *hall*; *the manor-house*. Like *have*.
- HADDEN, *a holding of land*. *a* broad.
- HADNA, *had not*. *a* full.
- HAE, *have*.
- HAET, *a whit*; *the smallest object that can be imagined*.  
Like *hate*.
- HAPPIT, *the side of the head*. *a* full.
- HAYLINS, *half grown*; *half done*. *a* full.
- HAGGIS, *a boiled pudding, made in a sheep's skin, of oatmeal, pepper and salt, with which are mixed or met, onions, and the lungs, heart, and liver of the sheep*.
- HAILL, *hale*; *whole*; *entire*.
- HAIN, *to race up*; *to spare*. *ai* long.
- HAIEST, *harvest*.
- HAITH, *a minced oath*. *th* vocal.
- HALESOME, *wholesome*.



HALIDAY, a holiday. First a full.  
 HALLANSHAKER, a sturdy vagrant.  
 HALLOWE'EN, the evening preceding "All Hallowe."  
 HALT, holy. a soft.  
 HAME, home.  
 HAMEART, belonging to home; domestic. Two syllables, as, home-art.  
 HAMELY, homely.  
 HAMEWARD, towards home.  
 HAN'; HAUN, the hand. a broad; never like "hand" in Scotland.  
 HANGIT, hanged. Both syllables emphasised.  
 HANSEL, a gift conferred at a particular season. a full.  
 HAP, to cover from cold, or in order to conceal. a full.  
 HAPPIN', springing; hopping.  
 HAPPITY, limping.  
 HASLOCK, the fine wool that grows on the sheep's throat. a full; s like z.  
 HASTIT, hastened. a soft.  
 HATTI, hated. a soft.  
 HAUD, hold.  
 HAUF, half.  
 HAUGH, low-lying flat ground. gk guttural.  
 HAW AND HUM, pretensions and fuss in delivery.  
 HAWKIE; HAWKIT, a name for a cow; having a white face.  
 HEADIN'; heading; beholding. ea like ee.  
 HECH! the act of panting; an exclamation. e sharp; ch guttural.  
 HECHT, promise; offer. The e sharp; ch guttural.  
 HE'D, he would.  
 HEID, head. Like ee.  
 HEIGH, high. a like ee; gk guttural.  
 HEIDIN', herding. e short.  
 HEERIN', the herring; herrings.  
 HEUCH; HEUCH, a gien with steep braces. ch and gk guttural.  
 HEUK, a reaping-hook. French u. Sometimes as "H-yuck."  
 HEY! a rousing call; an exclamation.  
 HIGHT, height. i short; ch guttural.  
 HIE, high. ie like ee.  
 HIE; HIED, hasten; hastened. Like high and hied.  
 HIELAN', Highland. Like ee.  
 HING, hang. i short.  
 HINNY, honey; a familiar term expressive of affection.  
 HINNIED, hoisted.  
 HIZZY, corruption of housewife; used contemptuously.  
 HOAST, a sore cough.  
 HOCES, the lower part of the thighs. ch guttural.  
 HODDIN-GREY; HODDEN-GREY, cloth having the natural colour of the wool, of rustic manufacture.  
 HOGGIE, diminutive of hogg; a young sheep before it is first shorn. o long.  
 HO! IEROK, a boat chorus, imitating the sound of the oars.  
 HOLLIN; HOLYN, the holly tree.  
 HOO, low.  
 HOOL; HULE, hulk. French u.  
 HOOLY; HOOIE, cautiously. French u.  
 HOOSE, house. To rhyme with juice.  
 HOULET, the owl.  
 HOWE, a hollow. To rhyme with cow.  
 HOWKIT, digged.  
 HUND, to hound; to incite. u short.  
 HUNDER; HUNTER, hundred. u short.  
 HURKIN, drinking together. u short.  
 HUSSTYKAP, a case for needles, &c., used by housewives. u short.  
 I', in. i short.  
 ID, I had. i long.  
 ILK, each; the same. OF THAT ILK, of the same. i short.  
 ILKA, each; every one.  
 INGLE, fire-place.  
 ISEL', itself. The emphasis on last syllable.  
 TRE, I shall. i long.  
 ISNA, is not. i short.

ITHEE, other. i as in either.  
 I'VE, I have. i long.  
 JACOBITES, the adherents of James Stuart, otherwise James VII., and his descendants.  
 JAD. See JAUD. a full.  
 JANUAR, January. a full.  
 JAUD, jade; a sorry woman.  
 JAWTIN', dashing, as water.  
 JEANIE, diminutive of Jean, and of Jane.  
 JEE, to move aside; sometimes an abbreviation of jeer.  
 JIKES, jeers.  
 JIMP, neat; slender. i short.  
 JIMPS, a kind of steps.  
 JINKER, trickster.  
 JIRKINETT, a bodice without whalebone. i short.  
 JOCK, Joka. o long.  
 JO; JOE, a sweetheart.  
 JOO, to move on shakily.  
 JORRAM, a boat song; a song in chorus.  
 JOUKS, inclines; bends. ou like oo.  
 JOW, to move from side to side, as the tongue of a bell, the sound also being indicated. To rhyme with noon.  
 KAIL; KALE, broth in which are coleworts, &c.  
 KAIN; KAME, to cowl.  
 KEBBICK, cheese of simple kind. u short.  
 KECKLIN', cackling.  
 KEEK; KEEKIN', to look stealthily; looking.  
 KEEKS, linen dresses for the head and neck.  
 KEEKIT, kept. i short.  
 KELP, the water spirit.  
 KEN; KENNIN', to know; knowing. See WAT.  
 KENN'D; KENT, known.  
 KENNIN, a very slight degree. i short.  
 KERLE. See CARLE.  
 KILTED, having the garments trussed up.  
 KIMMER (CUMMER), a married woman; a gossip.  
 KIN', kind; a sort. The English I.  
 KIRKLE, an upper garment.  
 KEST, a chest. i short.  
 KITH, acquaintance. i short; th vocal.  
 KNIGHT, knight. k silent; ch guttural.  
 KNOWE, a round hillock. k silent.  
 KNURL, a dwarfish person. k silent.  
 KYE, kine; milk cows. ye as English I.  
 LAD, a young man; one of the names for a sweetheart. The a full, but sometimes pronounced broadly.  
 LADDIE, diminutive of lad; a boy.  
 LADYE, lady. a soft; ye as ee; emphasis on last syllable.  
 LAFT, left; the upper floor, as distinguished from the ground floor. a full.  
 LAIGH, low. gk guttural.  
 LAIE, learning; education.  
 LAITH, loath; reluctant. th vocal.  
 LAMMIE, diminutive of lamb; a fondling term.  
 LAN', land. a broad.  
 LANDWAIR, belonging to the country; apart from a large town.  
 LANE, lone; alone. By a peculiar idiom in the Scottish, lone is often conjoined with the pronoun.  
 LANELY, lonely.  
 LANG; LANGER, long; longer. a full.  
 LANGSYNE, long since; days of former years.  
 LAP, leaped. a full.  
 LARS, a girl; one of the names for a sweetheart; a female.  
 LASSIE, diminutive of lass; a young woman.  
 LAT, let. a full.  
 LATE BY, lately.  
 LAUCH, laugh. ch guttural.  
 LAVE, the remainder.  
 LAVEROCK, the lark. a soft; second syllable short.  
 LAW, low.  
 LAWFU', lawful.  
 LAWIN, a tavern reckoning.

LAWLAND, lowland.  
 LEA, unploughed land; pasture.  
 LEA', lease.  
 LEAFU'; LAEFU', lonely; quite alone.  
 LEAL, loyal; honest.  
 LEAR, learning; education. To rhyme with air.  
 LEDDY; LEDDIES, lady; ladies.  
 LEE, a lie.  
 LEEIN', lying.  
 LEE-LANG, lifelong.  
 LEEBOME, pleasant; desirable.  
 LEEV'D, lived.  
 LEEZE, expressive of strong affection.  
 LEGLIN, milkpail.  
 LEIE; LEE, to learn. As ee.  
 LEMANE, sweetheart, male or female, usually illicit. Last e silent, so that the a sounds full.  
 LEUCH, laughed. ch guttural.  
 LIGHT, light; buoyant. i short; ch guttural.  
 LIGHTED, alighted. ch guttural.  
 LIGHTLIE; LIGHTLY, to slight; to undervalue.  
 LIGHTSOME, lively; merry.  
 LIEVIN', living. ie like ee.  
 LIFT, the firmament. i short.  
 LIG, to lie; to lodge; reside with. i short, to rhyme with dig.  
 LILT, a tune; a song.  
 LILTING, singing.  
 LINKIN, going awarley.  
 LINS, a deep pool worn by the fall of water.  
 LINSKY-WOOLSEY, half linen, half woollen.  
 LINTIE; LINTWHITE, the linen.  
 LINTWHITE, white as lint, applied to very fair hair.  
 LIPPIN; LIPPEN'D, to put confidence in; trusted.  
 LOANING, an opening between fields.  
 LOCH, a lake; an arm of the sea. ch guttural.  
 LO'E; LO'ED, to love; loved. As French u.  
 LOOF, the palm of the hand. As French u.  
 LOOKIT, looked.  
 LOONS, lads; a familiar expression denoting inferiority or worthlessness of character.  
 LOOT, let; permitted.  
 LOOTEN; LOUTIN', bending down the body.  
 LOON. See LOONS.  
 LOUP, to leap; to spring. ou as oo.  
 LOUTED, bent down. ou as oo.  
 LOW; LOWE, flame. To rhyme with low.  
 LOWSE, to loose; to untie. To rhyme with brouse.  
 LOWT, one heavy and inactive.  
 LUCKIE; LUCKY, a term applied to an elderly woman; a housewife.  
 LUG, the ear. u short. To rhyme with mug.  
 LUM, a chimney. u short.  
 LUVIE, loved. French u; second syllable short.  
 LYART, spare; having a sprinkling of gray hairs.  
 LYKE-WAIE, the watching of a dead body.  
 MAE, more in number.  
 MAEN; MANE, moan; lamentation.  
 MAHOUT, Mahomet, transferred to the devil.  
 MAILIN, a reared fawn. Soft.  
 MAIN'D, moaned. Soft.  
 MAIR, more. Soft; to rhyme with there.  
 MAIST, most. Soft.  
 MAISTEN, master. Soft.  
 MAK, make. a full.  
 MAKINA, makes not; it does not signify. a full.  
 MALLY, Molly, Mary.  
 MAMMIE; MAMMY, mother; used chiefly by children.  
 'MANG, among.  
 MANKIE, abbreviation for the woollen stuff called "collimanco."  
 MANNIE, little man. It may be remarked that man is sometimes pronounced with the a broad, but never like "mon," in Scotland.  
 MARROW, one of a pair; a spouse.  
 MAT, sorry. To rhyme with hat.  
 MAUKIN, a hare; a little maid.  
 MAUN, maul. Almost like man.



MAUNNA, *rust not*.  
 MAUT, *rust*, *au* like *au*.  
 MAVIS, the *song-thrush*. *a soft*.  
 MAY, a *maiden*; also, abbreviation of *Mary and Marion*.  
 MAY-BE, *perhaps*.  
 MAYING, *gathering flowers in the morning of 1st May, and bathing the face in dew*.  
 MEAR, a *mare*. *like ee*.  
 MEATIE, diminutive of *meat*.  
 MENZIE, *men in numbers*. *ie* like *ye*.  
 MERK, an ancient Scottish silver coin.  
 MERLE, the *blackbird*.  
 MERSE, *alluvial land*.  
 MESS-JOHN, a *priest*; a *minister of a parish*.  
 MEW, the *sea-gull*. Often used as "*sea-maw*."  
 MIGHT, *weight*. *ch* guttural.  
 MICKLE; MEIKLE, *much*; *great*, *respecting also*.  
 MIDDLEB, *meidlers*.  
 MILL; MULL, a *coff-box*.  
 MIN', *mind*; *recollection*. *i* long, as *mine*.  
 MINNIE, a *fondling term for mother*. *i* short.  
 MIRDIN, *making amorous advances*. *i* short.  
 MIRK, *thorough darkness*.  
 MISANTH, *misadventure*. *i* short; *a full*.  
 MIST, *missed*.  
 MISTAKEN, *mistaken*.  
 MITHER, *mother*. To rhyme with *lither*.  
 MONIE, *money*. *ie* like *ee*. Emphasis on both syllables.  
 MONDAY, *Monday*.  
 MONT, *many*. *o* short, so as to rhyme with *funny*.  
 MOOLS, *mould*; *pulverised earth*. *oo* as French *u*.  
 MORIN, *to-morrow*. *o* long.  
 MOT, *may*. *o* short, so as to rhyme with *dot*.  
 MOT', *mouth*. *au* like *oo*.  
 MOUDIEWORT; MOUDIEWART, *the mole*; so called from *warping amongst the mould*.  
 MUCKED; MUCKIN', *the removal of manure*.  
 MUCKLE. See *MICKLE*.  
 MUIR, a *reer*; a *heath*. As French *u*.  
 MUIR-COCK, *the moor-cock*; *the black grouse male*.  
 MURLAN; MURLAIN, a *round narrow-mouthed basket*.  
 MUTCH, a *head-dress for a female*.  
 MYSEL', *myself*. Emphasis on last syllable.

NA; NAE, *no*; *not*; a *negation*.  
 NAEBODY, *nobody*.  
 NAEHING, *nothing*.  
 NAIGS, *nags*; *riding-horses*.  
 NANE, *none*.  
 NAPPIE; NAPPY, *strong*; *affected by strong drink*.  
 NEEDERS, *neighbours*.  
 NEEP, a *turnip*.  
 NEIST, *next*. *ei* like *ee*.  
 NEUK, *nook*; *corner*; *extremity*. French *u*. Sometimes like "*n-yuck*."  
 NEWLIN, *newly*.  
 NICHIN', *neighing*; *laughing ridiculously*. *i* short; *ch* guttural.  
 NIGHT, *night*. *i* short; *ch* guttural.  
 NID, NODDIN', used as a *chorus*. *i* short.  
 NIDDLITY-NODDLITY, a *trifling term of foolish fondness*.  
 NOCHT, *night*; *not*. *ch* guttural.  
 NODDIN', *nodding*. See *NID, NODDIN'*.  
 NOO, *now*.  
 NORLAN, *belonging to the north country*; *northern*.  
 NOWT-FEET, *feet of oxen*.

O', *of*.  
 OCH!  
 OCH HET!  
 OCH HOW!  
 OCHON!  
 OCHON A ET!  
 OCHRI!  
 OHT!  
 OS, *before*; *mounted*.  
 ONY, *any*.

Exclamations expressive of mental or physical exhaustion and suffering.  
 The *ch* guttural, *ey* as German *ei*, the *i* as *ee*, the *o* long.

OORIE, *having the sensation of cold*.  
 OOT, *out*.  
 OPT, *opened*. *o* full.  
 OR, sometimes used in the sense of *ere*.  
 O'T, *of it*.  
 OUK; OULK, a *week*.  
 OUSEN; OWSEN, *oven*.  
 OUTWITTEN, *without the knowledge of*.  
 OWRE, *over*; *rather*.  
 OWRECOME, *burden of a song*.  
 OWREWORD, *any word frequently repeated*.  
 OYES, *grandchildren*. In one syllable, the *o* long.

PACKIT, *packed*; *crammed*.  
 PAIDLE, *to walk with short steps*; also, a *gambler's hoe*.  
 PAIDET', *walked or worked in the water barefooted*.  
 Sounded softly.  
 PAIK, *to beat*; *to drub sportively*.  
 PALLIOWS, *parillows*; *small tents*.  
 PABLE, *speech*.  
 PAROCHIN, diminutive of *parish*. *ch* guttural.  
 PARRITCH; PORRIDGE, the well-known dish in Scotland, composed of *oatmeal and salt*, thoroughly boiled in *water or milk*, and when cool topped with *milk or cream*, or *beer and sugar*.  
 PARTAN; PARTEN, *female sea-crab*.  
 PAT, *put*.  
 PAWKY, *slip*.  
 PEARLINE; PERLINE, a *species of lace made of white silk*.  
 PEER, *to watch*.  
 PENDLES, *air-rings*.  
 PREMIE, abbreviation of *Euphemie*.  
 PHILAREE, *the kilt of the Gael*.  
 PHEASE, *to talk more of a matter than it deserves*.  
 PIBROCH, generally applied to *martial music on the pipes*. *i* like *ee*; *ch* guttural.  
 PICKLE, *any minute particle or quantity*.  
 PLACK, a *small copper coin*.  
 PLAIDEN, *coarse woollen cloth, particoloured*. The *ai* as German *ei*.  
 PLAIDIE, diminutive of *plaid*. To rhyme with *tidy*.  
 PLENISH'D, *furnished*; *stocked*.  
 PLEUGH; PLEUGH, a *plough*. *ch*, *gh*, guttural. Sometimes as "*Pl-yugh*," guttural.  
 POORITH; PUETH, *poverty*. As French *u*.  
 PORT, a *ture*.  
 POSIE, a *bouquet of flowers*; a *deposit or hoard*; a *parce*.  
 POUSS, *puss*. *ou* like *oo*.  
 POUTHER'D, *powdered*; *wearing hair-powder*. *oulike oo*.  
 POW, *the head*; *the poll*. To rhyme with *how*.  
 POWSWIDIE, *sheep's-head broth*.  
 FREE; FREE'D, *to taste*; *tested*.  
 PREEN, a *pin made of this wire*.  
 PREST; PREST', *pressed*; *press it*.  
 PRETTY, *brave*, when applied to a man.  
 PRINKLIN', a *tingling or thrilling sensation*.  
 PU', *pull*. *u* as *oo*.  
 PUFT, *puffed*. *u* short.  
 PUT, *poor*. French *u*.  
 PUND, a *pound weight*. *u* short.

QUAT, *quilt*. *a full*.  
 QUEAN, a *young woman*; sometimes used to denote one of *light character*.  
 QUERN; QUERNIE, a *hand-mill*; *gritty*; *granular*.  
 QUEY, a *young cow*. With emphasis on *ey*, as German *ei*.

RADE, *rade*.  
 RAE, *the ree*.  
 RAIB, *ree*.  
 RANG, *reigned*.  
 RANT, a *lay*; a *lively song*.  
 RANTER, a *roving fellow*; a *musician*.  
 RANTIN', *exhilarating*; *noisy mirth*.  
 RARELY, *to an unusual degree*.

RASH, *rom*. *a soft*.  
 RASHEN, *made of rushes*.  
 RASHIE, *covered with rushes*. *a full*.  
 RATTLIN', *soluble*.  
 RAUCLE, *of enduring strength*; *arduous*.  
 RAX, *to reach*; *to extend the limbs*. *a full*.  
 RRAMIN', *frothing*. *ea* like *ee*.  
 REAVER, a *robber*. *ea* like *ee*.  
 RECA', *to recall*. Emphasis on last syllable.  
 RECK, *heed*; *hap*.  
 RECKT, *reckoned*.  
 REED; REED, *to counsel*; *to warn*; a *solution*; *explanation*.  
 REEK; REEKIN', *smoke*; *smoking*.  
 REEL, a *dance of a circular form, following the outline of the figure 8*; also, the *music appropriate to the dance*, the "*time*" being emphatically known as "*ree-time*."  
 REEVES, *rives*; *barista*; *baracca*.  
 RIGHT, *right*. *i* short; *ch* guttural.  
 RIFTED, *split*; *split*.  
 RIGGS, the *raised spaces between the drain furrows of a field*; *cultivated fields*.  
 RIGHTU', *rightful*. *gh* guttural.  
 RIN, RININ', *run*; *running*. *i* short.  
 RIN-AWA', *run-away*.  
 ROCK, that part of the *spinning-wheel which holds the fibres of flax*.  
 ROKELAY, a *short cloak*. The middle syllable very short.  
 ROOSIED, *extolled*.  
 ROUTH, *plenty*. To rhyme with *south*.  
 ROW; ROW'D, *to use the oar*; *to roll*; *to wind round*.  
*ou* with emphasis, to rhyme with *now*.  
 ROWIN', *rolling*.  
 RUNG, a *heavy staff*. *u* short.  
 RUNKLED, *wrinkled*; *crumpled*. *u* short.  
 RYFARTS, *strong radiata*.

SABBIN', *sabbings*. *a full*.  
 SAE, *so*.  
 SART; SARTIST, *soft*; *softest*. *a full*.  
 SAIR, *so*; *soberly*. *ai* sharp.  
 SAL; SALL, *shall*.  
 SANG, a *song*; *sung*.  
 SANOSTER, *songster*.  
 SARELESS, *tasteless*; *untasted*; *unserved*.  
 SARK, *shirt*. *a full*.  
 SAUF, *save*, used as an *invocation*.  
 SAUL, *soul*.  
 SAUT, *salt*. *au* with emphasis.  
 SAX, *etc.* *a full*.  
 SAXPENCE, *sixpence*.  
 SCAD, *to scold*. *a full*.  
 SCADLIPS, *thin broth*, a *derisive name*.  
 SCANTLY, *scantly*.  
 SCARY, a *scratch*.  
 SCAULD; SCAULDING, *to scold*; *scolding*.  
 SCHULE, *school*. *ch* like *k*; *u* as in French.  
 SCON; SCONE, a *soft cake*, made in *great variety*.  
 SCOUR, a *hearty draught of liquid*. *ou* as *oo*.  
 SCRIMPY, *sparsely*.  
 SCROGGIE; SCROGGY, *stunted*.  
 SCUG, *to shelter*. *u* short.  
 SEL'; SELL, *self*.  
 SEY, *silk*; a *kind of woollen cloth, home-made*.  
 SHANNA, *shall not*.  
 SHACCHLED, *shambled*, as if *shackled*. *ch* guttural.  
 SLAW, a *piece of flat ground close to a steep hill*.  
 SHAW, *to show*.  
 SHEALING; SHEEL; SHEELIN', a *hut for temporary shelter*.  
 SHE'D, *she would*.  
 SHEEN, *shining*; *the pupil of the eye*.  
 SHEEN; SHOONE, *shoes*. Sometimes as "*shiu*."  
 SHEUX, *shook*. Sometimes as "*shuck*."  
 SHIMMER'D, *glistered*.  
 SHOD, *shod*; *coparisoned*.  
 SHOOTHER, *shoulder*. *ou* as *oo*.



SHURE, *did shear*; respiced. French u.  
 SIC, *each*.  
 SICCAN, *such kind of*.  
 SICHIN, *sighing deeply*. i short; ch guttural.  
 SIGHT, *sight*. i short; ch guttural.  
 SICK'N. See SICCAN.  
 SIDELANG, *sidelong*.  
 SILLER, *siler*; money.  
 SUMMER, *summer*.  
 SIN', *since*. i short.  
 SINDER'N, *sundered*; parted.  
 SINGIT, *singit*. Pronounced in two distinct syllables, as "sing-it."  
 SINSTYNE, *since that time*. i short; y long.  
 SKAIE, *a skare*.  
 SKAITH, *hurt*; damage. th vocal.  
 SKKELY, *skilly*; skilful.  
 SKRICH, *skry*; startled. ei as ee; ch guttural.  
 SKELPT, *struck*.  
 SLAIE, *slae*; the berries of the blackthorn.  
 SLAIT, *to wipe*; to wet.  
 SLAP, *a gyp*; that which closes or separates.  
 SLAVEIN-GABBIT, *in speaking, the mouth ejecting saliva*.  
 SLEET, *slg*; crafty.  
 SLEEPIN, *diminutive of sleep*.  
 SLICHT, *slight*; skill; tact. i short; ch guttural.  
 SLICHTED, *slighted*. ch guttural.  
 SLIPIT, *slipped*.  
 SMA', *small*. a full.  
 SMIDDY, *smithy*; a smith's workshop. i short.  
 SMOON, *to swoon*; to choke. As French u.  
 SNAW, *snow*.  
 SNEESHIN', *sneef*.  
 SNELL; SNELLER, *keen*; keenest.  
 SNOOD, *the fillet which binds a woman's hair*.  
 SNOOL, *to keep down the spirits*; to exjugate. as French u.  
 SO; SOA, *applied by the Islanders to a piece of smooth water*. (North and North-west Coasts.)  
 SOCHT, *sought*. o long; ch guttural.  
 SODGER; SODER, *a soldier*.  
 SOMY, *plump*; well-conditioned. o long and soft.  
 SOOK, *a sock*.  
 SOUCHING, *a rushing sound*. gk guttural.  
 SOULD, *should*. as aa oo; l silent.  
 SOUN', *sound*. Like soon.  
 SOUTER, *a shoemaker*. as like oo.  
 SPAK, *to pretend to foretell*.  
 SPAN, *spoke*. a full.  
 SPEAK; SPEIR, *to ask*; to enquire.  
 SPULDINGS, *small fish, split and dried in the sun*.  
 SPILL, *to spoil*; to corrupt.  
 SPREADIN', *spreading*.  
 SPRING, *a cheerful tune, usually dance music*.  
 SPRUSIL, *spruce*.  
 SPULVIEN, *carrying off a prey*.  
 SPUNK, *a spark of fire*; spirit.  
 SPUNKIE, *a name applied to "Will o' the wisp."*  
 SPURTLE, *a wooden stirrer used in cooking*.  
 STA'; STAW, *stole*. To rhyme with law.  
 STANE, *a stone*.  
 STAN'IN, *standing*.  
 STARNIES, *little stars*.  
 STEELS, *staps*; clothes; stitches.  
 STEER, *to stir*; a stir.  
 STEER, *a young ox*.  
 STEVE, *stiff*; firm.  
 STEINIE, *little stones*; ore.  
 STEN; STEND, *a spring*; a dride.  
 STENTED; STENTY, *stretched*; restrained.  
 STEPTIT, *stepped*; walked with a measured pace.  
 STEY, *sleep*. ey with emphasis, as German ei.  
 STIRK, *a young bullock*.  
 STOOK, *a shock of corn or beans, &c., consisting of twelve sheaves generally*.  
 STOUN'; STOUND, *a smarting pain, or ache*. Like oo.  
 STOURE, *dust in motion*; a dia. Like oo.  
 STOWN, *stolen*. To rhyme with town.

STRADE, *strade*.  
 STRAE, *strue*.  
 STRAKE; STRAKED, *struck*.  
 STRAN', *the strand*. a broad.  
 STRANG, *strong*. a full.  
 STRATH, *a valley through which a river runs*; a great gles. th vocal.  
 STRATHPEYS, *dances for which the strath of Spey was especially famous*; and the dance music took the same name of "STRATHPEY."  
 STRAVE, *strove*.  
 STREIK'D, *stretched out*; extended.  
 STREIT, *street*; overhauled.  
 STURT, *trouble*; vexation. u short.  
 STYKE, *the slightest degree perceptible*.  
 SCUPH, *a soft, stupid person*. u short.  
 SUNE, *soon*. French u.  
 SWAILED, *swailed*; covered with sword.  
 SWAK'D, *struck with smartness and noise*. a full.  
 SWANKIN, *stripping young lads*.  
 SWART, *to swoon*. a broad.  
 SWAT, *sweated*. a full.  
 SWED, *reliant*. ei like ee.  
 SYBOW, *young onions*. as short, almost like au.  
 SYNE, *then*; afterwards; late. y long.  
 TAK, *too of the foot*.  
 TAE, *too*.  
 TAKS, *takes*.  
 TAGS, *anything pendant about a dress*; trumpery.  
 TAK, *to take*. a full.  
 TANE (the ane), *the one*.  
 TANGLE, *a sea-weed, long and flexible*.  
 TAP, *top*. a full.  
 TAPSALETERIE, *topsy-turvy*.  
 TASSIE, *a cap*.  
 TAULD, *told*.  
 TAULKIN', *talking*.  
 TEDDIN', *spreading, as the swath of hay*.  
 TEEMEST; TOONEST, *emptiest*. The oo as French u.  
 TEN-PUND LANDS, *lands leased or sold at ten pounds per acre*.  
 TENT, *to attend*; care.  
 TENTIE, *watchful*; attentive.  
 TETTER, *a halter*; to confine within certain limits.  
 To rhyme with weather.  
 TEUCH, *tough*. ch guttural; sometimes as "t-yugh," guttural.  
 THAE, *those*; these.  
 THAY, *plural of he or she*.  
 THERKIT, *thatched*; covered.  
 THERGITHER, *together*. i short.  
 THEY'NE, *they shall*.  
 THIB, *these*. i short.  
 THIR'D, *thrilled*; pierced.  
 THOCHT, *thought*. o long; ch guttural.  
 THOLE, *to endure*.  
 THOUN, *the thousand*. as like oo.  
 THOU'S, *those shall*.  
 THOWE, *to throw*. To rhyme with snow.  
 THRAN'D, *thranged*; crowded. a full.  
 THRAW, *a twist*.  
 THRAWN, *perverse*.  
 THRETTY, *thirty*.  
 THIRISLES, *thistles*.  
 THROOSIL, *the thrush*; another name for the song-thrush. See MAVIS.  
 THUDS, *strikes with hollow sound*. u short.  
 TIGHT; TIGHTLY, *tight*; closely. i short; ch guttural.  
 TIFT; TIFT, *condition*; good order. i short.  
 TIFT, *a touch*; touchiness; sudden whim of passion.  
 TILL, *to*; unto. i short.  
 TIMMER, *timber*; of or belonging to wood.  
 TYNE; TYNE, *to lose*; to perish. i and y long.  
 TINT; TYNT, *lost*. i and y short.  
 THIRLIN', *twirling*; moving with a thrilling noise. i short.  
 TITHER; TOTTER, *the other*. i short.  
 TITLIN, *the tit-lark*; the stone-chat. i short.

TITTIE; TITTY, *diminutive of sister*; a companion coloured as a sister.  
 TOCHER, *the portion which a wife brings to her husband*. ch guttural.  
 TODLIN', *walking with short steps in a tottering manner*.  
 TOOM; TUME, *empty*. French u.  
 TOON, *a town*; a firm standing. ou like oo.  
 TOUSLIN', *rough dalliance*. Emphasis on on, like oo; as z.  
 TOUT, *the blast of a trumpet*; an ailment of a transient kind.  
 TOWMOND, *a year*; twelve months.  
 TOY, *a cap*; a head-dress that hangs down over the shoulders.  
 TRAFAN, *to insure*. o full; emphasis on last syllable.  
 TREWE, *traverses*.  
 TRIO, *sent*; trins.  
 THRIFFT, *tripped*; walked nimbly.  
 TROW, *believe*.  
 TRYSTE, *an appointment to meet*; a market. y as English i.  
 TUCK, *the bent of the dress, more especially as used in proclamations*.  
 TUTTIE, TATTIE, *one of the oldest choruses, supposed to be imitative of the sound of the trumpet*.  
 TWA, *two*. a broad.  
 'TWAD, *it would*. a full.  
 TWAL, *twelve*. a full.  
 TWEE NA, *if it were not*.  
 TWINE, *to part*; to separate.  
 TWINE, *to wind*; to twist.  
 TYC'D, *moved about cautiously*.  
 TYKE, *a dog of a large breed*.  
 UNCANNY, *not canny*; unsafe; dangerous.  
 UNCO, *strange*; alien; above common.  
 UNFAULD, *unfold*.  
 VAP'RIN', *evaporating*; carrying the head airily. a soft.  
 VAUNTIT, *vaunted*.  
 VIOL, *violin*; the fiddle. i English.  
 VITTLE, *victual*.  
 VOGIE, *vain*. o long.  
 VOO, *woe*.  
 VOW! *an expression of admiration or surprise*.  
 WA', *wall*. a broad.  
 WAK, *web*. a full.  
 WAINTER, *a weaver*.  
 WAD, *would*. a full.  
 WADDIN', *a wedding*. a full.  
 WAD NA, *would not*.  
 WAE, *woe*.  
 WAKU', *woeful*; disconsolate.  
 WAE'S ME, *woe is me*.  
 WAESOME, *melancholy*.  
 WAFT, *to waft*. a full.  
 WAG, *a merry, droll fellow*; a gallant.  
 WAG, *to shake*; to oscillate.  
 WALADAY! *an exclamation*; well-a-day. First a broad.  
 WALD, *would*. a full.  
 WALS, *to choose*; to select. Soft.  
 WALLOCH, *a kind of dance familiar to the Highlands of Scotland*. a full.  
 WALLOP, *to move quickly with much agitation of the body or clothes*.  
 WALLOW'T, *faded*; become pale.  
 WALLY-WAUCHT; WILLIE-WAUCHT, *an excellent large draught of any liquid*.  
 WALTH, *wealth*. a full.  
 WALY, *thieving*. See WALE. The a soft.  
 WALY, *expressive of woe*. The a broad.  
 WAME, *belly*. The a as German ei.  
 WAN, *wan*; also, pale; winning. as as in man.  
 WANTIE, *wanted*.  
 WAP, *to throw quickly*. a full.  
 WAP'D, *to wrap*; to envelope. a full.  
 WARK, *work*. a full.  
 WARLD, *world*. a full.



WARLOCK, one perfidious; a wizard.  
 WARREL, a struggle. a full.  
 WARST, word. a full.  
 WAST; WASTLIN, west; westerly. a full.  
 WAT, wet. a full.  
 WAT, to know. See KEN. a full.  
 WAUK, lie awake; to watch. To rhyme with back.  
 WAUKEN, lying awake; the act of awaking; watching.  
 WAUKIN', the act of watching the sheepfold while the lambs are weaned.  
 WAUKRIFF, watchful in the extreme; sleepless.  
 WAUR, worse. au broad.  
 WEAN, a weaned child; a "wee" one. Like wane.  
 WEAR, to gather in with caution. ea as ee.  
 WECHT, a hand sieve used for winnowing corn. ch guttural.  
 WEDD, wedded; also, to act furiously. Like wed.  
 WEZ, little; small; short.  
 WEEL; WEILL, well; in health; sufficiently.  
 WEELS, an exclamation.  
 WEET, wet; rain.  
 WENTIN', settling; moistening.  
 WEIR, war. ei like ee.  
 WEIRD, a prediction; fate. ei like ee.  
 WESE, we shall.  
 WESTLIN. See WAST.  
 WE'VE, we have.

WHA, who. a broad.  
 WHA'ER, whoever. Two syllables, "wha-e'er."  
 WHA'LL, who will.  
 WHAM, whom. a full.  
 WHAN, when. a full.  
 WHASE, whose. (Cumberlandshire.)  
 WHATEN, what kind of. a full.  
 WHAUR, where. au broad.  
 WHIDS, moves noiselessly without noise. i short.  
 WHIGS, in the Jacobite sense, applied to the opponents of the Stuarts; and by Episcopals to Presbyterians and Nonconformists.  
 WHILK, which. To rhyme with silk.  
 WHINNY, abounding in whins (furze).  
 WHITE-COCKADE, the badge of the Jacobites.  
 WHITTLE, a knife; a harvest-hook.  
 WHUDS. See WHIDS.  
 WHUSSEL, whistled.  
 WI', with.  
 WICHT, a man of vigour. i short; ch guttural.  
 WICHTLE; WICHTLY, stoutly; potently. ch guttural.  
 WIDDIEFU; WIDDIFOW, scrupulous; deserving a "widdie," or halter.  
 WILLIEWAUCHT. See WALLY-WAUCHT.  
 WIMPLE, to move in a winding course.  
 WIN, to gain by labour; to attain. i short.  
 WIN', wind. i short.  
 WINNA, will not.  
 WINSOME, engaging.  
 WISS, to wish. i short.  
 WIST, wished; knew.  
 WISTNA, wist not; knew not.

WIT, to know. See WAT.  
 WITCHIN', witching; bewitching; fascinating.  
 WITIN'; WYTIN', accusing. See WYTE. First i as English; second i short.  
 WOO', wood.  
 WOW! denoting admiration or surprise. The o long.  
 WRACK, a wreck. w silent.  
 WRANG, wrong. w silent.  
 WUD, a wood. To rhyme with hid.  
 WUD, mad; furious. Like wud.  
 WUND, wind. To rhyme with fund.  
 WYLIE, wily.  
 WYS'D, inclined by art.  
 WYTE, to accuse; to blame. y long. To rhyme with fight.  
 YADE, an old mare; a horse of burden.  
 YAE, one. See AE.  
 YARD, a yard; an enclosure.  
 YARDIE, diminutive of yard.  
 YAWMER; YAWMER, to whisper.  
 YED, ye would.  
 YELL, ye will.  
 YESS, ye shall.  
 YESTREEN, yesterday.  
 YETT, a gate.  
 YE'VE, ye have.  
 YIS, one.  
 YIRD, the earth. The i short.  
 YONT, beyond, further.  
 YOU'D, you would.  
 YOWE, a cow. To rhyme with how.  
 YULE, Christmas time; anciently a feasting time.

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# GENUINE SCOTTISH MELODIES.

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ILLUSTRATED TITLE.—An Ancient Harp, 32 Strings. 2nd, The Lute, 24 Strings, fretted finger-board.  
3rd, Mandora, 4 Strings, finger-board, also fretted. Copied from Dalrymple's "Musical Memoirs of Scotland."

(\*) First time Published.—(G) Gaelic Melody.—Those in Italics are Synonyms.

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| *Aikendrum, ... ..                                | 101   | A warlock cam to our town,                             | D. Fiddler.      |
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| Alas! that I cam owre the muir, ... ..            | 20    | Now westlin' winds and slaughtering guns,              | (Peggy) Burns.   |
| Allan Water, ... ..                               | 142   | By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,                     | Burns.           |
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| Allea House, ... ..                               | 46    | The spring time returns, and clothes the green plains, | A. Webster.      |
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| Andro and his cutty gun, ... ..                   | 107   | Blythe, blythe and merry was she,                      | Burns.           |
| An' I'll awa to bonnie Tweedside, ... ..          | 232   | Ye gallants bright, I rede ye right,                   | Burns.           |
| And were na my heart licht I wad dee, ... ..      | 228   | There was aces a May, and she lo'd na men,             | Baillie.         |
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| Annie Laurie, ... ..                              | 179   | Maxwelton braes are bonnie,                            | —                |
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| Auld springs gie nae price, ... ..                | G 68  | She's stately, proud, and shy,                         | —                |
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| Bonnie Dundee, ... ..                             | 89    | O keen blows the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,     | Tannahill.       |
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| Bonnie Mary Grame, ... (No. 105) G                   | 53    | Bonnie Mary Hay, I will lo'e thee yet, ...                           | A. Crossford.    |
| Bonnie Mary Hay, ...                                 | 201   | Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing, ...                              | Burns.           |
| Bonnie Strathnaver, ... (No. 316) G                  | 158   | There's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes, ...                         | Burns.           |
| Bonnie wee thing, ...                                | 4     | O Johnnie got breece, brose, ...                                     | —                |
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| Buain na reisch, ...                                 | G 85  | Wha'll buy calter herra! ...                                         | Baroness Nairne. |
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| Busk ye, busk ye, ...                                | 9     | Touch once more a sober measure, ...                                 | J. G. Lockhart.  |
| By you warin' linn, ... (No. 93) G                   | 47    | Ca' the yowes to the knowes, ...                                     | Burns.           |
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| Calter herra, ...                                    | 212   | O dinna think, bonnie lassie, I am goun to leave thee, ...           | Macneil.         |
| Can ye by Athol? ...                                 | 157   | I canna smile, I canna sing, ...                                     | J. Murray.       |
| *Captain Paton's lament, ...                         | 228   | The sun raise aae rosy, the gray hills adorning, ...                 | Macneil.         |
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| Carle, an the king come, ...                         | 48    | O, Charlie is my darling, ...                                        | —                |
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| Carroonside, ...                                     | 103   | A bonnie boat cam owre the sea, ...                                  | —                |
| Castles in the air, ... (Bonnie Jean) G              | 20    | Hae ye any pots or pans? ...                                         | —                |
| Could frosty morning, ...                            | 149   | Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie, ...      | Hogg.            |
| Cawder fair, ...                                     | 151   | Oh! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee, ...                                | Dunlop.          |
| Charlie is my darling, ...                           | 60    | Dark low'r's the night o'er the wide stormy main, ...                | Alex. Wilson.    |
| Chin till aine teille, ...                           | G 244 | Wi' heart sincere, I love thee, Bell, ...                            | C. Gray.         |
| Charlie, ye are welcome, ...                         | 222   | Baloo-loo, lammie, now baloo my dear, ...                            | Baroness Nairne. |
| Charlie yet, ...                                     | 186   | Sweet fa's the eve on Craigie-burn, ...                              | Burns.           |
| Cherry chase, ... (Old Ballad) G                     | 134   | The crowsa' stills the dowie heart, ...                              | R. Jamieson.     |
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| Come o'er the stream, Charlie, ...                   | G 114 | Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers, ...                               | Burns.           |
| Come under my plaidie, ...                           | 137   | Dance to your daddie, ...                                            | —                |
| Comin' through the rye, ...                          | 44    | Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature? ...                 | Burns.           |
| Connell and Flora, ...                               | G 121 | My Highland home, where tempests blow, ...                           | Morton.          |
| Corn riggs are bonnie, ...                           | 68    | When merry hearts were gay, ...                                      | Macneil.         |
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| Craigie-burn-wood, ...                               | 150   | Behold, my love, how green the groves, ...                           | Burns.           |
| Craig o' Burns, ...                                  | G 204 | Musing on the roaring ocean, ...                                     | Burns.           |
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| Dainty Davie, ...                                    | 21    | Duncan Gray cam here to woo, ...                                     | Burns.           |
| Dance to your daddie, ... (A Nurse's Song) G         | 123   | O saw ye my dear, my Eppie MacNab, ...                               | Burns.           |
| Days of sorrow, nights of sorrowing, ... (No. 172) G | 86    | 'Twas even—the dewy fields were green, (The lass o' Ballochmyle) ... | Burns.           |
| Deil tak the wars, ...                               | 143   | I wish I were where Eelen lies, ...                                  | —                |
| Despairing Mary, ... (No. 467) G                     | 234   | Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest! ...                          | Burns.           |
| Dinna think, bonnie lassie, ...                      | 164   | Farewell, O sweet hope! I have wept thee in sadness, ...             | —                |
| Donald, ...                                          | 14    | Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean, ...                       | Ramsay.          |
| Donald and Flora, ...                                | G 200 | Farewell to Caledonia, farewell to my Jean, ...                      | R. Carmichael.   |
| Donald is no more! ... (No. 256) G                   | 128   | Smile na soo sweet, my bonnie babe, ...                              | Burns, &c.       |
| Down in yon garden sweet and gay, (Old Ballad) G     | 208   | There's a sound on the hill, ...                                     | T. Pattison.     |
| Down the burn, Davie, ...                            | 64    | Far over the hills of the heather so green, ...                      | Hogg.            |
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| Fly we to some desert isle, ... ..                  | G 113 | Fly we to some desert isle, ... ..                         | Tannahill.       |
| For lack of gold she left me, ... ..                | 27    | For lack of gold she has left me, O, ... ..                | Dr. Austin.      |
| Forneth House, ... ..                               | 116   | Now winter wif his cloudy brow, ... ..                     | Tannahill.       |
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| Gala water, ... ..                                  | 22    |                                                            |                  |
| Geordie, ... .. (Old Ballad)                        | 224   | There was a battle in the north, ... ..                    | —                |
| *Gie me a lass wi' a lump o' lan', ... ..           | 87    | O gie me a lass wi' a lump o' lan', ... ..                 | Ramsay.          |
| Gilderoy, ... ..                                    | 36    | The last, the fatal hour is come, ... ..                   | Campbell.        |
| Gil Morice, ... .. (Old Ballad)                     | 140   | Gil Morice was an erie's son, ... ..                       | —                |
| Gille na droubhair, ... ..                          | G 242 |                                                            |                  |
| Gilliecrankie, ... ..                               | G 126 | O! I have seen the wild flow'rs blaw, ... ..               | Charles Gray.    |
| Gillie dubh clàr dubh, ... ..                       | G 177 |                                                            |                  |
| Gin ye hae peace, ye will hae sense, ... (No. 98)   | 49    | I little reck't that restless love, ... ..                 | A. M'Laggan.     |
| Gin ye meet a bonnie lassie, ... ..                 | 90    | O heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale! ... ..       | Campbell.        |
| Glenara, ... ..                                     | G 109 | Threescore o' nobles rode up the king's ha', ... ..        | —                |
| Glengie, ... .. (Old Ballad)                        | 164   | Gloomy winter's now awa, ... ..                            | Tannahill.       |
| Gloomy winter's now awa, ... ..                     | 2     | O what will a' the lads do? ... ..                         | Hogg.            |
| Good morrow to your nightcap, ... ..                | 26    | The simmer sun now blinks again, ... ..                    | E. Gillilan.     |
| Gordon Castle, ... ..                               | 23    | Go to Berwick, Johnnie, ... ..                             | —                |
| Go to Berwick, Johnnie, ... ..                      | 243   | There's naught but care on ev'ry han', ... ..              | Burns.           |
| Green grow the rushes, ... ..                       | 169   | The year is wearin' to the wane, ... ..                    | Hogg.            |
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| Gua na slua a chi mi, ... ..                        | G 82  |                                                            |                  |
| Hae ye seen, at dawns o' morning, ... (No. 233)     | 117   |                                                            |                  |
| *Hail to the Chief, ... ..                          | G 54  | By Grampian's tow'ring mountains high, ... ..              | R. Curriehad.    |
| Halloween, ... ..                                   | 41    | Hame! hame! hame! O hame fain wad I be! ... ..             | A. Cunningham.   |
| Hame, hame, hame, ... ..                            | 2     | In a simmer gloamin', ... ..                               | Motherwell.      |
| Happy may I see thee, ... ..                        | G 82  | Hey doo, dilly doo, dantilly dan, ... ..                   | —                |
| *Happy were I an ye were a man, ... (A Lullaby)     | 212   | O stately stept be east the wa', ... ..                    | Lady Wardlaw.    |
| *Hardyknute, ... .. (Old Ballad)                    | 143   | Hand awa, bide awa, ... ..                                 | R. Allan.        |
| Hand awa frae me, Donald, ... ..                    | 75    | Here awa, there awa, wand'ring Willie, ... ..              | Burns.           |
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| He's dear to me tho' he's far frae me, ... ..       | G 139 | Up wi' the carles o' Dygart, ... ..                        | Burns, &c.       |
| He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel, ... ..        | G 99  | Though simmer smiles on bank and brae, ... ..              | Tannahill, &c.   |
| Hey ca' through, ... ..                             | 227   | Hey, how, my Johnnie lad, ... ..                           | Cunningham, &c.  |
| Hey Donald, how Donald, ... ..                      | G 95  | Jocky, he cam here to woo, ... ..                          | —                |
| Hey, how, my Johnnie lad, ... ..                    | 76    | The sun blinks sweetly on yon shaw, ... ..                 | R. Allan.        |
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| Hey the rantin' Murray's ha', ... ..                | 106   | Hail to the chief who in triumph advances, ... ..          | Scott.           |
| Hey, tuttie, tuttie, ... ..                         | 15    | Ye banks, and braces, and streams around, ... ..           | Burns.           |
| *Highland boat song, ... ..                         | G 54  | O leese me on the bonnie lass, ... ..                      | R. Allan.        |
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| Kind Robin lo'es me, ...                       | 4     | O Robin is my only jo, ...                                   | —              |
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