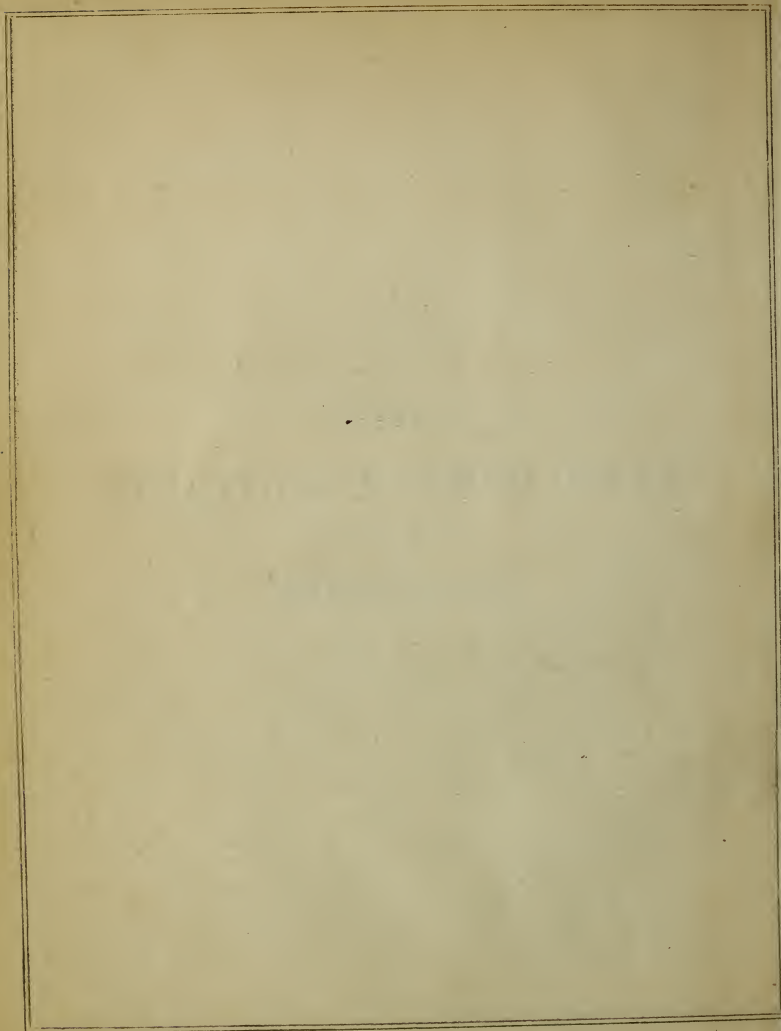


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THE
LYRIC GEMS OF SCOTLAND.

FIRST SERIES.



THE
LYRIC GEMS OF SCOTLAND:

A
COLLECTION OF SCOTTISH SONGS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

WITH MUSIC.

FIRST SERIES,

WITH APPENDIX OF NOTES, HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE,
OF THE VARIOUS SONGS.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

THIRD EDITION.

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Nov. 17. 1868

TO
WILLIAM CAMERON, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "JESSIE O' THE DELL," "MEET ME ON THE GOWAN LEA,"
"WILLIE AND ME," ETC., ETC.

DEAR SIR,

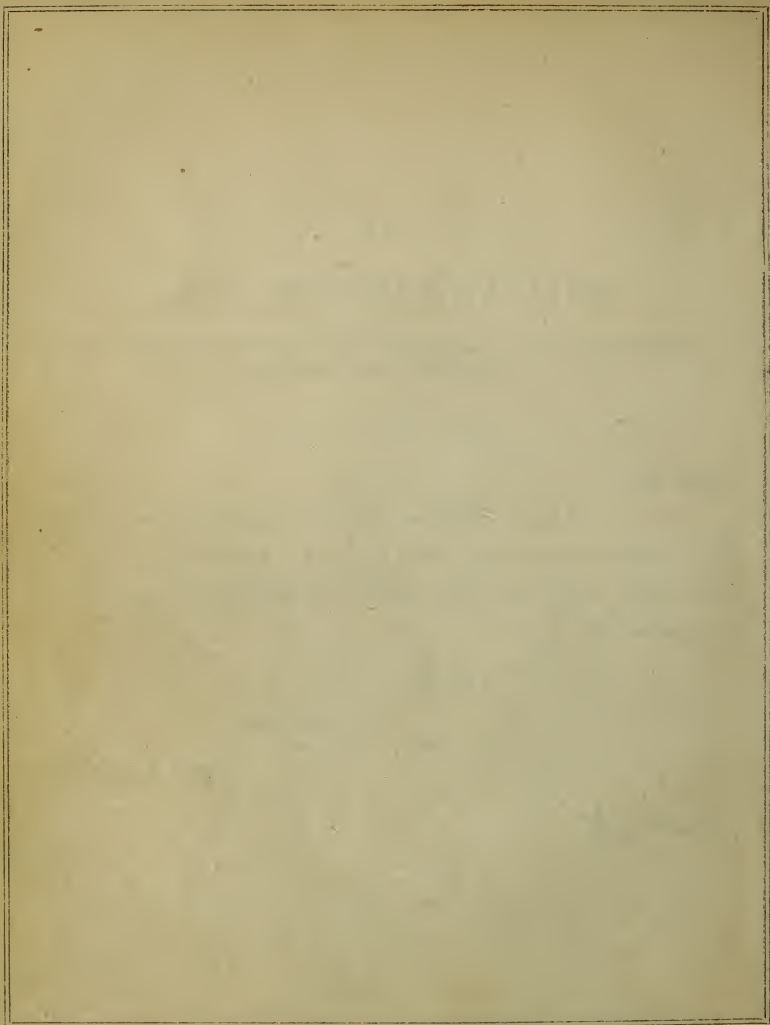
I beg respectfully to Dedicate the "LYRIC GEMS OF SCOTLAND" to you, as a sincere token of my esteem for you as a friend, and gratitude for the kindly interest which, as an enthusiastic lover of Scottish Song, you have taken in the progress of the work.

I am, SIR,

Yours faithfully,

THE PUBLISHER.

September, 1856.



CONTENTS.

When the first line differs from the title, both are given, in order to facilitate reference.

The Songs marked (a), are here first published; (b), Music only here first published; (c), Copyright Songs inserted in this work by permission of the Publishers.

	Page		Page
Ae fond kiss and then we sever—Duet,	116	Bonnie Wood o' Craigielee,	65
A friend o' mine cam' here yestreen,	123	cBothwell Castle,	6
aAfton Water,	3	Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,	78
aA guid New-year to ane an' a'—Song and		aBumper Nae Mair,	101
Chorus,	66	aBy the auld ingleside, in the days that are	
Ah! Chloris, could I now but sit—Duet, ..	98	gane,	151
cAllen-a-dale has no faggot for burning, ...	180	Caller Herrin',	16
Alistair Macallister,	71	bCallum o' Glen,	20
cAlma, field of heroes, hail, ...	84	Cam' ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg, ...	92
A Man's a Man for a' that,	189	Can ye lo'e me weel, lassie,	23
Annie Laurie,	94	cCastles in the Air,	9
An' thou were mine ain thing,	36	Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes,	181
cAre ye doing ought weel, are ye thriving,		aCauld blows the wind frae north to south, 73	
my man,	46	aCome again, O come again—Duet,	74
cAs Jean sat at her spinning wheel,	97	Come all ye jolly shepherds that whistle	
aAs wandring my lane down by sweet Birk-		through the glen,	40
enshaw,	12	aCome, lads, and round the table sit—Song	
At Willie's wedding on the green,	182	and Chorus,	100
Auld Joe Nicholson's Bonnie Nannie,	129	Come o'er the Stream, Charlie—Song and	
Auld Robin Gray,	37	Chorus,	130
Away ye gaylandscapes, ye gardens of roses, 174		Come under my plaidie, the night's gaun	
Behold the hour, the boat arrive—Duet, ...	153	to fa',	186
aBe kind to auld grannie, for noo she is frail, 142		Comin' through the Craigs o' Kyle—Song	
Bess the Gawkie,	60	and Chorus,	164
Bide ye Yet,	141	cConfide ye aye in Providence, for Provi-	
Blythe young Bess to Jean did say,	60	dence is kind,	109
aBonnie Annie,	53	Cope sent a letter frae Dunbar,	15
cBonnie Bessie Lee had a face fu' o' smiles, 28		aDinna think, my Bonnie Lassie,	77
cBonnie Dundee,	41	Donald,	124
cBonnie Jeanie Gray,	161	Down whar the burnie rins wimplin' and	
Bonnie lassie, will ye go,	83	cheerie,	51
Bonnie Mary Hay,	165	cDunois the Brave,	56
Bonnie wee thing, canny wee thing,	139		

	Page		Page
a Fareweel, fareweel, my native hame,	33	Kind Robin lo'es me,	57
Fareweel to Lochaber, fareweel to my Jean		Laddie, oh! leave me,	51
—Trio,	166	Lassie wi' the Lint-white Locks,	192
b Fareweel to the land of the rock and the		a Leave the city's busy throng—Song and	
wild wood,	119	Chorus,	148
Farewell, thou Fair Day—Trio,	176	a Let others thirst for wealth and fame,	145
Far over yon hills of the heather sae green, ..	5	Lochaber no More,	166
Flora M'Donald's Lament,	5	b Lock the door, Lariston, lion of Liddesdale, ..	69
c Flow gently, sweet Afton,	3	Logie o' Buchan—Duet,	103
For Home and for Love,	25	Loons, ye maun gae hame,	118
For the Sake o' Somebody,	91	Lord Ronald,	38
Get up and Bar the Door,	128	b Love whispered to the nightingale,	135
Gin I had a wee house an' a canty wee fire, ..	141	c Macgregor's Gathering,	26
Gloomy Winter's now awa',	127	c March of the Cameron Men,	4
Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances, ..	52	a Mary an' Me,	13
Hame cam' yon Gudeman at e'en,	124	a Mary, dearest maid, I leave thee,	39
Haud awa' frae me, Donald,	168	Mary Morison,	187
Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie, ..	35	b Mary's Bower,	135
a Here's a Health to Scotia's Shore,	47	a Mary Shaw,	49
He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel—Duet, ..	104	Maxwellton braes are bonnie,	94
How blythely the pipe through Glenlyon		c Meet me on the Gowan Lea,	10
was sounding,	25	a Mellow and Merry we're a', we're a',	48
b Hurrah for the Thistle, the bonnie Scotch		a Mild and modest bonnie lassie,	49
Thistle,	55	Milk and rainy is the nicht,	29
I am a young man, I live wi' my mither, ..	22	a Morag's Fairy Glen,	14
I ance was a wanter, as happy's a bee,	30	Muirland Willie,	64
clka Blade o' Grass keeps its ain drap o' dew, ..	109	c My ain Dear Nell,	11
I'll hae' my Coat o' gude Snuff-brown,	169	My Ain Fireside—Duet,	138
I may sit in my wee croo house,	112	My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,	89
I met four chaps yon birks amang,	147	My heart is sair, I daurna tell,	91
I'm owre Young to Marry yet,	79	My Heart's in the Highlands,	121
In Scotland there liv'd a humble Beggar, ..	158	a My Lizzie an' Me,	7
In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,	93	My Love is like a Red Red Rose,	126
Is there for honest poverty,	189	My Mither's aye Glow'rin' owre me,	59
cls your War-pipe Asleep, M'Crimman?	42	My Nannie's Awa',	27
It fell upon a day, a bonnie summer day, ..	31	a My Own Sweet Rose,	145
It fell about the Martinmas time,	128	My Tocher's the Jewel,	78
b I think of thee when some sweet song is		My Wife has ta'en the Gee,	123
breathing—Duet,	34	a My Willie an' Me,	12
It's here awa', there awa', how they did rin, ..	118	c Naebody kens ye,	46
clt was Dunois, the young and brave,	56	a Naef flowery braes in Nature's pride,	53
I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling, ..	24	Now in her green mantle blythe Nature	
b I watch'd the moon blink o'er the hill,	110	arrays,	27
b I winna gang back to my Mammy again, ..	162	Now row thee weel, my bonnie built wherry, ..	154
a Jeanie's Naef Mair,	150	b Now tell me, sweet Mary, our gay village	
Jenny Dang the Weaver,	183	pride,	120
Jenny's Bawbee,	147	a O Aileen, dear Aileen,	86
Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane,	182	O, Allister Macallister,	71
Jockey's ta'en the Pairtin' Kiss,	99	O! are ye Sleeping, Maggie?	28
c Jock o' Hazeldean,	185	a O bonnie Blinks the Gowan,	72
John Anderson, my Jo,	149	c O bonnie Nelly Brown, I will sing a sang	
John Grumlie swore by the light o' the		to thee,	11
moon,	54	c O bright the beaming queen of night,	8
Johnnie Cope,	15	O gin my Love were yon red rose—Duet, ..	82

	Page		Page
aO far may ye roam o'er the hills and the heather,.....	21	aSweet May,	96
O hearken and I will tell you how,.....	64	Tam Glen,	89
cO hush thee, my baby, thy sire was a knight,	184	Tak' your Auld Cloak about ye,	93
O, I ha'e seen great anes, and sat in great ha's—Duet,	138	aThe Auld Ingle-side,	151
O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the laird—Duet,	106	The Battle of the Baltic,	134
O Mary, at thy window be,	187	The Birks of Aberfeldy,	83
bO meikle bliss is in a kiss,	117	The Boatie Rows—Solo, Duet, and Trio,	173
O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty,....	78	cThe bonnie, bonnie bairn, who sits poking in the ase,	9
aO, mellow and merry were a', we're a',....	48	The bonnie House o' Airly,	31
O my love is like a red, red rose,	126	aThe bonnie Morning after the Rain,	173
O Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?	90	aThe bonnie wee birdies that sing in the glen,	13
O, rattlin', roarin' Willie,	67	aThe Border Rifleman's Song,	87
aO, sad wails the norlan' wind round my lane shellin',	150	bThe Braes o' Ballochmyle,	137
bO safely sleep, my bonnie, bonnie bairn,	133	The broom, the brier, the birken bush,....	65
O saw ye Willie frae the west,	108	bThe Cathrine woods were yellow seen,	137
O speed, Lord Nithsdale, speed ye fast,....	191	The daisy is fair, the day lily rare,	129
aO vow to me, Sally, dear Sally, that never, 80		bThe Danish Sea-King's Song—Trio,	111
O waly! waly! up the bank—Duet,	132	The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn,	190
O weel may the Boatie Row—Solo, Duet, and Trio,	178	aThe Field of Bannockburn,	17
bO weep no more, dear mother,	95	aThe Flag of Britannia, the pride of the free, 68	
O wha's at the Window, wha, wha?	155	The Flowers of the Forest,	24
cO whaur was ye sae late yestreen?	161	bThe Kiss ahint the Door,	117
O where hae ye been, Lord Ronald, my son?	28	The Lass o' Gowrie—Duet,	188
bOh, saw ye Willie frae the west,	103	bThe Mariner's Child,	95
aOh, why didst thou leave me?	50	cThe Married Man's Lament,	30
Of Nelson and the North,	134	cThe moon's on the lake and the mist's on the brae,	26
Old Bothwell Castle's ruined towers,	6	aThe nicht had been rainy, but fair was the morning,	173
bOur bark is on the waters deep, our bright blades in our hand—Trio,	111	aThe Pairtin',	39
aPhœbus wi' Gowden Crest,	152	aThe Recall—Duet,	74
aPrince Charles' Farewell to Flora,	19	aThe Scottish Emigrant's Fareweel,	33
Put off, put off, and row wi' speed,	163	aThe soger bedecked wi' his fine jewelled stars, 7	
Queen Mary's Escape from Lochleven Castle,	163	cThe Spinning Wheel,	97
Rattlin', Roarin' Willie,	67	bThe summer has come wi' its sunshine and showers,	96
Rise, rise, Lowland and Highlandmen,....	44	The sun has gaen down o'er the lofty Ben-lomond,	182
Robin is my only Jo,	57	The sun rises bright in France,	115
aRow, Lads, Row—Clyde Boat Song and Chorus,	148	The Thistle and the Rose,	159
Row thee weel, my bonnie built wherry,	154	bThe Thorn Tree,	110
Row weel, my Boatie, Row weel—Duet,	105	aThe voice of the spirit of tempest is near, love,	19
cRoyal Charlie's now awa',	114	The wee, wee German Lairdie,	81
Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch—Duet,	156	bThe Widow's Lullaby,	133
Saw ye Johnnie Comin'? quo' she—Duet, 146		aThe woods are a'joyous while spring is restoring,	50
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,	143	The Woods o' Dunmore,	160
aScottish Lasses—Song and Chorus,	100	There are twa bonnie maidens,	102
aSing not to me of sunny shores,	47	There grew in bonnie Scotland,	159
cSweet Jessie o' the Dell,	8	There Grows a Bonnie Brier Bush in our Kail-yard—Duet,	94
		There lives a young lassie far down in yon glen,	63
		cThere's many a man of the Cameron clan, 4	

	Page		Page
There was a Lad was born in Kyle,	61	cWe'll hae nane but Highland Bonnets here,	84
This lone heart is thine, lassie, charming and fair,	160	Were I but able to rehearse,	190
Thou art gane awa' frae me, Mary,	144	Wha'll buy my caller herrin',	16
aThough the sun's in the sea, lads, the moon drowned in drift,	101	Wha the deil hae we gotten for a king,	81
Though you Leave me now in Sorrow,	157	When first you courted me, I own,	124
cTo the Lords of Convention, 'twas Claver- house spoke,	41	aWhen I left our auld glen the young gow- ans were springing,	87
Twa Bonnie Maidens,	102	When the King comes owre the Water, ...	112
a'Twas on a bonnie simmer's day,	17	When the Kye comes Hame,	40
'Twas on a simmer's afternoon—Duet, ...	188	When the sheep are in the fauld and the kye at hame,	37
'Twas within a Mile of Edinburgh Town, ..	62	cWhy weep ye by the tide, ladye?	185
aTwilight o'er the Vale is stealing—Duet, ..	58	bWillie wi' his Wig Ajee,	108
Up in the Morning Early,	73	Will ye go to the Ewe Bughts, Marion? ...	122
aWake, Mary, Wake!—Duet,	170	cWill you no come back again?	114
Wandering Willie,	35	Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town,	62
bWas ever old warrior of suffering so weary, 20		Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon—Duet, ..	136
		aYe ken whar yon wee burnie, love,	14
		aYe Needna be Courtin' at me, Auld Man, ..	140

SONGS IN APPENDIX.

	Page		Page
Annie Laurie,	205	The bonnie house o' Airly,	196
Come all ye souls devoid of art,	200	The brier bush,	204
Continuation of "An' thou were mine ain thing,"	197	The flowers of the forest,	195
Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie, ...	197	The wayward wife,	208
Johnnie Cope,	194	Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,	209
Lord Randal,	198	'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin, ..	200
The birks of Abergeldy,	203	Up in the morning early,	202

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AFTON WATER.

Words by Burns.

Music by A. Hume.

Andante grazioso.

Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes, Flow gent - ly, I'll
sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy
p
mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.
f
Thou stock-dove whose ec - ho re - sounds thro' the glen, Ye
cres. rall. cadenza ad lib. a tempo.
wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorn - y den, Thou - - - green crested
p pp rall.
lapping thy screaming forbear, I charge you disturb not my slum - ber - ing fair.

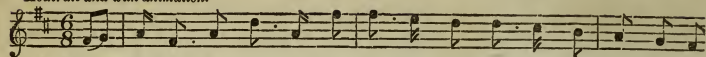
Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides,
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave.

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.

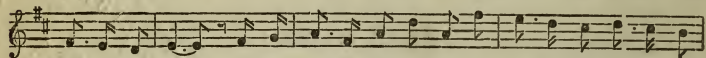
THE MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN.

Moderate and with animation.

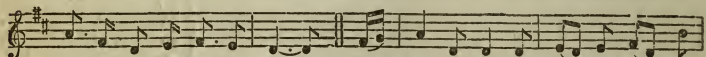
As sung by Mr. M'G. Simpson.



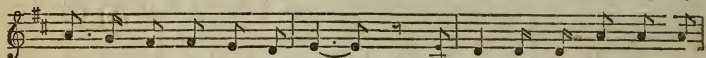
There's man-y a man of the Ca-mer-on clan, That has follow'd his



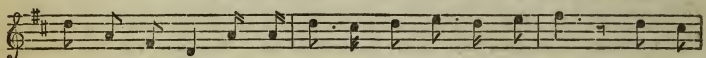
chief to the field; He has sworn to support him, or die by his side, For a



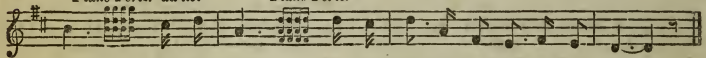
Ca-mer-on nev-er can yield. I hear the pibroch sounding, sounding,



deep o'er the mountains and glens. While light springing footsteps are



trampling the heath, 'Tis the march of the Ca-mer-on men. 'Tis the

*Piano Forte. ad lib.**Piano Forte.*

march, 'Tis the march, 'Tis the march of the Ca-mer-on men.

Oh! proudly they walk, but each Cameron knows

He may tread on the heather no more;

But boldly he follows his chief to the field,

Where his laurels were gather'd before.

I hear the pibroch sounding, &c.

The moon has arisen, it shines on that path

Now trod by the gallant and true—

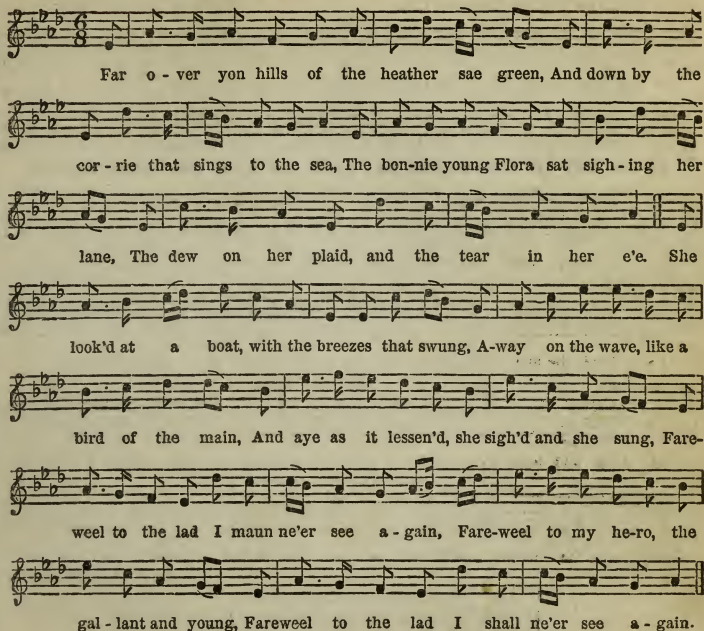
High, high are their hopes, for their chieftain has said,

That whatever men dare they can do.

I hear the pibroch sounding, &c.

This song is inserted by the kind permission of Messrs. Paterson & Sons, 27 George St. Edinburgh, from whom copies with Piano Forte accompaniments may be had.

FLORA MACDONALD'S LAMENT.



Far o - ver yon hills of the heather sae green, And down by the
 cor-rie that sings to the sea, The bon-nie young Flora sat sigh-ing 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, A-way on the wave, like a
 bird of the main, And aye as it lessen'd, she sigh'd and she sung, Fare-
 weel to the lad I maun ne'er see a - gain, Fare-weel to my he-ro, the
 gal-lant and young, Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain.

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

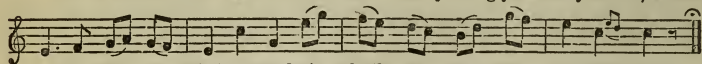
BOTHWELL CASTLE.

Words by William Cameron, Esq.

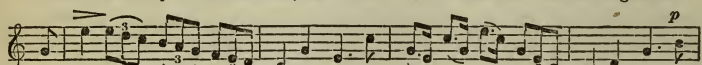
Music by Nathaniel Gow.



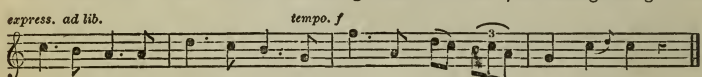
Old Bothwell Castle's ru-in'd towers Stand lone-ly 'mang yon woody bowers, Where



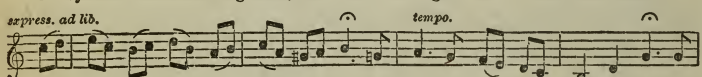
Clu-tha fond-ly winds a-round, As loath to leave the hallow'd ground.



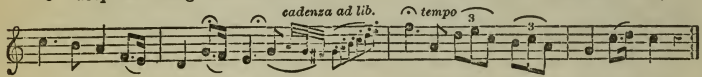
But where are now the martial throng? The festive board, the midnight song? The



i - vy binds the mould'ring walls, And ru - in reigns in Both-well halls.



O deep and long have slumber'd now The cares that knit the soldier's brow; The

lovely grace, the man-ly power, In - - gilded hall and lady's bower,
D.C. Old Bothwell, &c

Old Bothwell Castle, ages gone
Have left thee mould'ring and alone;
While noble Douglas still retains
Thy verdant groves and fair domains.

No Saxon foe may storm thy walls,
Or riot in thy regal halls—
Long, long hath slept brave Wallace' shade,
And broken now his battle blade.

The tears that fell from beauty's eye,
The broken heart, the bitter sigh,
And deadly feuds have pass'd away,
Still thou art lovely in decay.

Old Bothwell, &c.

MY LIZZIE AN' ME.

Words by James Reed.

Music by A. Hume.

Cheerfully.

The so - ger bedeck'd wi' his fine jewell'd stars, May brag o' his trophies an'
feats in the wars; An' vow nane but glo - ry his mis - tress shall be; E'en
let him, what's that to my Liz - zie and me? My Liz - zie and me, My
Liz - zie an' me, For we love but ilk i - ther, my Liz - zie and me.

They may talk o' their queens an' their nobles sae gay,
An' their braw, courtly dames in their silken array;
An' boast that nane richer nor prouder can be,—
E'en let them—what's that to my Lizzie an' me?

My Lizzie an' me—

If we're puir, we're content, baith my Lizzie an' me.

O the world has nae scene in its circuit o' pride
That could wile me awa', or entice me to bide;
An life has nae pleasure nor solace to gie
Like the heart-love, the soul-love o' Lizzie an' me.

My Lizzie an' me—

An' its lang since we ken'd this, my Lizzie an' me.

My sheep are my subjects, my kingdom the braise,
An' my throne is the rock where the free breezes play;
An' the cot, shelter'd o'er by yon green birken tree,
Is the ha', house, an' castle, o' Lizzie an' me.

My Lizzie an' me—

Though we're auld we're like bairns yet, my Lizzie an' me.

SWEET JESSIE O' THE DELL.

Words by W. Cameron, Esq.

Music by Mathew Wilson.

O bright the beam-ing queen o' night Shines in yon flow' - ry vale, And
 soft - ly sheds her sil - ver light O'er moun - tain, path, and dale; Short
 is the way, when light's the heart That's bound in love's soft spell; Sae
 I'll a - wa' to Ar - ma - dale, To Jes - sie o' the Dell. To
 Jes - sie o' the Dell, Sweet Jes - sie o' the Dell, The
ad lib.
 bon - nie lass o' Ar - ma - dale, Sweet Jes - sie o' the Dell.

We've pu'd the primrose on the braes
 Beside my Jessie's cot,
 We've gather'd nuts, we've gather'd slaes
 In that sweet rural spot.
 The wee short hours danc'd merrily,
 Like lambkins on the fell;
 As if they join'd in joy wi' me,
 And Jessie o' the Dell. Sweet Jessie o' the Dell, &c.

There's nane to me wi' her can vie,
 I'll love her till I dee;
 For she's sae sweet and bonnie aye,
 And kind as kind can be.
 This night in mutual kind embrace
 O who our joys may tell;
 Then I'll awa' to Armadale,
 To Jessie o' the Dell. Jessie o' the Dell, &c.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

With sentiment.

The bon-nie, bon-nie bairn, who sits po-king in the ase, Glow'ring in
the fire wi' his wee round face; Laughing at the fuffin' lowe,
what sees he there? Ha! the young dreamer's bigging castles in the air.
His wee chub-by face, and his tou-zie cur-ly pow, Are laughing and
nod-ding to the dan-cing lowe; He'll brown his ro-sy cheeks, and
sing his sun-ny hair, Glow'ring at the imps wi' their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles towering to the moon!
He sees little sodgers pu'ing them a' down!
Worlds whombling up and down, bleezing wi' a flare,—
See how he louns! as they glimmer in the air.
For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken?
He's thinking upon naething, like mony mighty men;
A wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing mak's us stare,—
There are mair folk than him bigging castles in the air

Sic a night in winter may weel mak' him cauld:
His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak' him auld;
His brow is brent sae braid, O pray that daddy Care,
Would let the wean alane wi' his castles in the air!
He'll glower at the fire! and he'll keek at the light!
But mony sparkling stars are swallow'd up by night;
Aulder een than his are glamoured by a glare,
Hearts are broken, heads are turn'd wi' castles in the air.

Note.—The words of this song are inserted by the kind permission of the Publisher, Mr. D. Robertson, and the Author, Mr. James Ballantine; and the Music by the kind permission of Messrs. David Swan & Co., 70 Buchanan Street, of whom copies of this song, with Piano-Forte accompaniments, may be had, price One Shilling.

MEET ME ON THE GOWAN LEA.

Words by W. Cameron.

Music by Mathew Wilson.

Moderato.

Meet me on the gowan lea, Bon-nie Ma - ry, sweetest Ma-ry,

Meet me on the gow - an lea, My ain my art - less Ma - ry.

Be - fore the sun sink in the west, And na - ture a' hae

gane to rest, There to my fond, my faith-fu' breast, O let me clasp my

Ma - ry. Meet me on the gow-an lea, Bonnie Ma - ry, sweetest Ma - ry,

Meet me 'on the gow - an lea, My ain my art - less Ma - ry,

Con expres. ad libitum.

The gladsome lark o'er moor and fell,
 The lintie in the bosky dell,
 Nae blyther than your bonnie sel',
 My ain, my artless Mary.
 Meet me, &c.

We'll join our love notes to the breeze
 That sighs in whispers through the trees,
 And a' that twa fond hearts can please
 Will be our sang, dear Mary.
 Meet me, &c.

There ye shall sing the sun to rest,
 While to my faithfu' bosom prest,
 Then wha sae happy, wha sae blest,
 As me and my dear Mary.
 Meet me, &c.

MY AIN DEAR NELL.

In moderate time.

Words and Music by A. Hume.

O bon-nie Nel-ly Brown, I will sing a sang to thee; Tho' o-ceans wide be-tween
us row, ye'll aye be dear to me; Tho' mo-n'y a year's gane o'er my head since
down in Lin-ton's dell, I took my last fond look o' thee, my ain dear Nell.
O tell me, Nel-ly Brown, do ye mind our youthfu' days, When we ran a-bout the
burn-ie's side, or spee'd the gow'ny braes; When I pu'd the crawpea's blossom, an' the
bloom-in' hea-ther bell, To twine them round thy bonnie brow, my ain dear Nell.

How often, Nelly Brown, hae we wandered o'er the lea,
Where grow the brier, the yellow broom, an' flowery hawthorn tree;
Or sported 'mang the leafy woods, till nicht's lang shadows fell—
O we ne'er had thoughts o' partin' then, my ain dear Nell!
And in winter, Nelly Brown, when the nichts were lang an' drear,
We would creep down by the ingle-side some fairy tale to hear;
We cared nae for the snawy-drift, or nippin' frost sae snell,
For we lived but for eah ither then, my ain dear Nell!

They tell me, Nelly Brown, that your bonnie raven hair
Is snaw-white now, an' that your brow, sae cloudless ance an' fair,
Looks care-worn now, an' unco sad, but I heed nae what they tell,
For I ne'er can think you're changed to me, my ain dear Nell!
Ance mair, then, Nelly Brown, I hae sung o' love an' thee,
Though oceans wide between us row, ye're aye the same to me,
As when I sighed my last farewell in Linton's flowery dell—
O I ne'er can tine my love for thee, my ain dear Nell!

Note.—This song is inserted by the kind permission of the publisher, Mr. Purdie, 83 Princes Street, Edinburgh, from whom copies, with Pianoforte accompaniments, may be had.

MY WILLIE AN' ME.

Words by W. Cameron.

Music by W. Morris.

Andante.

As wand'ring my lane down by sweet Birkenshaw, An' thinkin' on days that are
 noo gane a-wa, I no-tic'd twa couthle wee birds on a tree, Thinks I, noo that's
 un-co like Wil-lie an' me, Thinks I, noo that's un-co like Wil-lie an' me.
 They lilt-ed a-bout, and sae blyth-ly they sang, They flutter'd and courted, I
 ken-na how lang; My heart was as hap-py and fu' as could be, They minded me
 sae o' my Wil-lie an' me. They minded me sae o' my Wil-lie an' me.

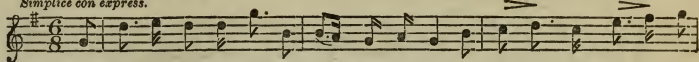
I wonder'd if a' the wee birds o' the dell,
 As kindly and fondly their love-tales could tell;
 I wonder'd if ony twa mortals could be
 As happy and leal as my Willie an' me.
 They a' may be happy,—what for should they ne?
 And lasses fu' meikle may think o' their jo;
 But naething on earth, in the air, or the sea,
 Can be half sae happy as Willie an' me.

My Willie is guid, and my Willie's sae kin',
 And then, O thank Heaven, dear Willie is mine!
 In the joy o' my heart the tear draps frae my e'e,
 To think we're sae happy, my Willie an' me.
 The hero may sigh for mair laurels—the loon—
 The tyrant may grasp at a kingdom or crown;
 Contented and happy I'd live till I dee,
 Tho' they tak' a' the world but my Willie frae me.

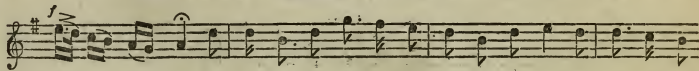
MARY AND ME.

Words by W. Cameron.

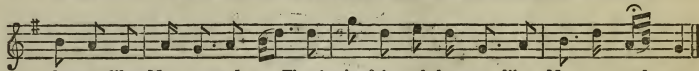
Music by M. Wilson.

Simplice con express.

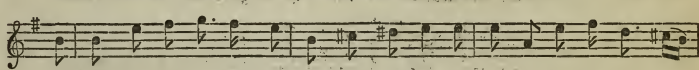
The bon-nie wee bir-dies that sing in the glen, A les-son might gie to the



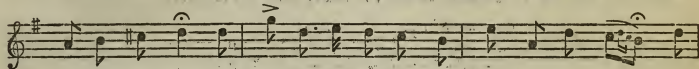
wis-est o' men; Nae sor-row is heard in their sang on the tree, They're joyfu' and



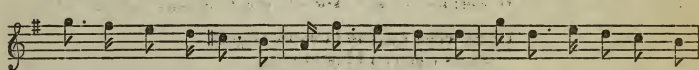
hap-py like Ma-ry and me. They're joyfu' and hap-py like Ma-ry and me.



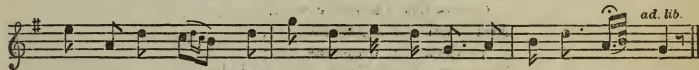
The blithe face o' na-ture may change wi' the year, And streams a' get drum-lie lang



wimp-lin' and clear; Dark howl-ing No-vem-ber may bare ilk-a tree, They



bring nought but pleas-ure to Ma-ry and me. Dark howl-ing No-vem-ber may



bare ilk-a tree, They bring nought but plea-sure to Ma-ry and me.

Could winter may frown a' the flowers frae the field,
 Frae lintie and lamb tak their bed and their bield;
 Tho' I pity them sair, O my heart's fu' o' glee,
 For it's aye spring or summer to Mary and me.

Awa wi' your tears, wi' your gloom, and your noise,
 For nature's a palace o' beauties and joys;
 A Heaven on earth Heaven's willing to gie,—
 True love and contentment like Mary and me.

MORAG'S FAERY GLEN.

Words by William Cameron.

Music by M. Wilson.

Ye ken whar yon wee burnie, love, Rins roarin' to the sea, And tumbles o'er its
 rock - y bed, Like spi - rit wild and free. The mellow mav - is tunes his lay, The
 blackbird swells his note, And little robin sweet - ly sings Above the woody grot. There
ad lib.
 meet me love, by a' unseen, Beside yon mossy den, Oh meet me love at dewy eve, In
ad lib.
 Morag's Faery Glen. O meet me love at dew - y eve, In Morag's Fae - ry Glen.

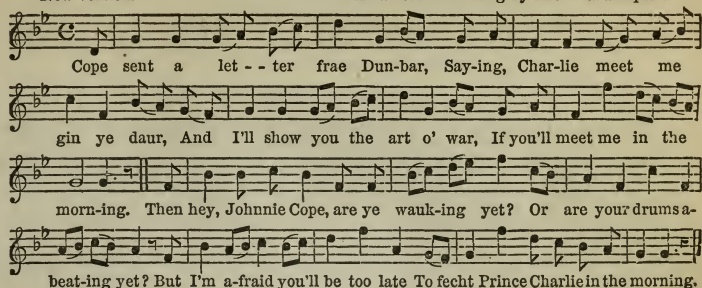
Come when the sun in robes of gold,
 Sinks o'er yon hills to rest,
 An' fragrance floating in the breeze,
 Comes frae the dewy west.
 And I will pu' a garland gay,
 To deck thy brow sae fair;
 For many a woodbine cover'd glade,
 An' sweet wild flower is there.
 Then meet me, love, &c.

There's music in the wild cascade,
 There's love among the trees,
 There's beauty in ilk bank and brae,
 An' balm upon the breeze.
 There's a' of nature and of art,
 That maistly weel could be,
 An' O! my love, when thou art there,
 There's bliss in store for me!
 Then meet me, love, &c.

JOHNNIE COPE.

New version.

As written and sung by Mr. M'G. Simpson.



The first lines Charlie looked upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
Saying follow me her beautiful men,
She'll be a devil of a morning.

Then "Bonnie Prince Charlie" the pipes did play,
And "O'er the hills and far away,"
And they march'd nine miles that very day,
Then tookit a rest till the morning.

When Charles did arise at Prestonpans,
So sheneral-like he assembled the clans,
And when he gied the word o' command,
They fought like lions in the morning.

Then a volley from the royalists came,
Which was answered by the men o' the gallant Graham,
And a' the clans just did the same,
Then in a minute or five they got round their left in the morning.

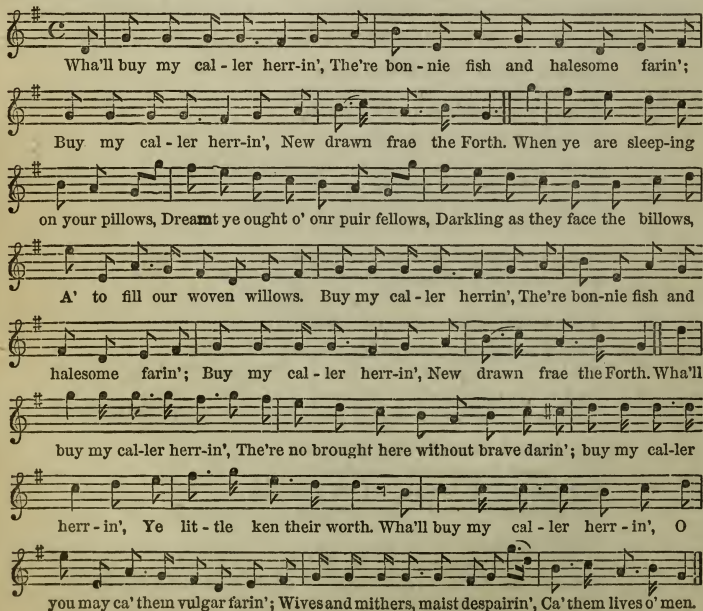
The brave Lochiel, so stout and bold,
His temper he could not withhold,
She wasna there hersel', but she was told,
He killed fifty himself that morning.

Quarter then was a' the cry,
Some on their knees, and some did fly,
Quarter you devils—she'll half you—and down she'll did lie,
For she hisna time to quarter this morning.

Then Sir John and his men they couldna stay,
 And O, but they looked unco wae,
 And they thought far better to rin away,
 Than get their heads tookit off in the morning.

CALLER HERRIN'.

This song was composed by the celebrated Neil Gow, and was suggested to him while listening to the bells of St. Andrew's Church in Edinburgh, mingled with the cries of the fisherwomen, who vend their herrings in the streets. These women are notorious for their exorbitant demands, and as the purchaser generally offers about one-third of the price asked, there is consequently much higgling before the bargain is concluded, and which generally ends with the irresistible appeal alluded to in the song,—"Lord bless ye, mem! it's no fish ye're buying, it's the lives o' honest men!" The air is beautiful, and highly descriptive of the blended sounds.



Wha'll buy my cal - ler herr-in', The're bon - nie fish and halesome farin';

Buy my cal - ler herr-in', New drawn frae the Forth. When ye are sleep-ing

on your pillows, Dreamt ye ought o' our puir fellows, Darkling as they face the billows,

A' to fill our woven willows. Buy my cal - ler herrin', The're bon-nie fish and

halesome farin'; Buy my cal - ler herr-in', New drawn frae the Forth. Wha'll

buy my cal-ler herr-in', The're no brought here without brave darin'; buy my cal-ler

herr - in', Ye lit - tle ken their worth. Wha'll buy my cal - ler herr - in', O

you may ca' them vulgar farin'; Wives and mithers, maist despairin', Ca' them lives o' men.

Noo a' ye lads at herrin' fishing,
 Costly vampins, dinner dressing,
 Sole or turbot, how distressing,
 Fine folks scorn shoals o' blessing.
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin', &c.

And when the creel o' herrin' passes,
 Ladies clad in silks and laces,
 Gather in their braw pelisses,
 Cast their heads and screw their faces.
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin', &c.

Noo neebours' wives come tent my telling,
 When the bonnie fish you're selling,
 At a word aye be your dealing,
 Truth will stand when a' things failing,
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin', &c.

THE FIELD OF BANNOCKBURN

Words by Mr. M'G. Simpson.

The musical notation is written on four staves in a single system. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written on a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating where a note spans two syllables.

'Twas on a bon-nie sim-mer's day, The Eng-lish came in grand ar-
 ray, King Ed-ward's or-ders to o-bey, up - on the Field of Ban-nock-burn.
 Sae loud-ly let the Pib-roch wake, Each loy-al Clan frae hill and lake, And
 bold-ly fight for Sco-tia's sake, up - on the Field of Ban-nock-burn.

King Edward raised his standard high,
 Bruce shook his banners in reply—
 Each army shouts for victory
 Upon the Field of Bannockburn.

The English horse wi' deadly aim,
 Upon the Scottish army came ;
 But hundreds in our pits were slain
 Upon the Field of Bannockburn.

Loud rose the war cry of M'Neil,
 Who flew like tigers to the field,
 And made the Sass'nach army feel
 There were dauntless hearts at Bannockburn.

M'Donald's clan, how firm their pace—
 Dark vengeance gleams in ev'ry face,
 Lang they had thirsted to embrace
 Their Sass'nach friends at Bannockburn.

The Fraser bold his brave clan led,
 While wide their thistle banners spread—
 They boldly fell and boldly bled
 Upon the Field of Bannockburn.

(The ne'er behind*) brave Douglas came,
 And also with him Donald Graham,
 Their blood-red painted swords did stain
 The glorious Field of Bannockburn.

That day King Edward's heart did mourn,
 With joy each Scottish heart did burn,
 In mem'ry now let us return
 Our thanks to Bruce at Bannockburn.

CHORUS.

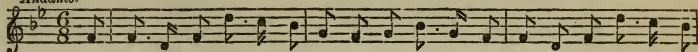
For loudly did the pibroch wake
 Our loyal clans frae hill and lake,
 Wha fell and bled for Scotia's sake
 Upon the Field of Bannockburn.

* The motto of the Douglas Family.

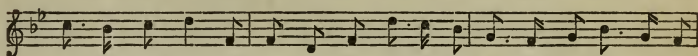
PRINCE CHARLES'S FAREWELL TO FLORA.

Old Gaelic air. The words written expressly for Mr. M^cG. Simpson by A. MacLagan, Esq.

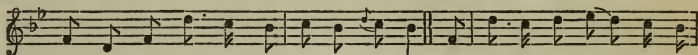
Andante.



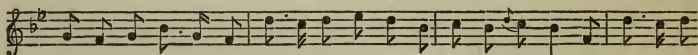
The voice of the spi - rit of tem-pest is near, love, Lo! heartless misfortune has



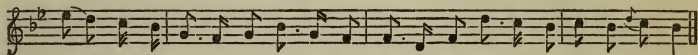
struck the last blow; O where are the souls of the brave I re - vere, love; O



where, where my joy when from Flo - ra I go. Fare-well to my bright dreams of



fame, love, and glo - ry; Fare-well bonnie Highlands, still dear, dear to me; Fare-well to my

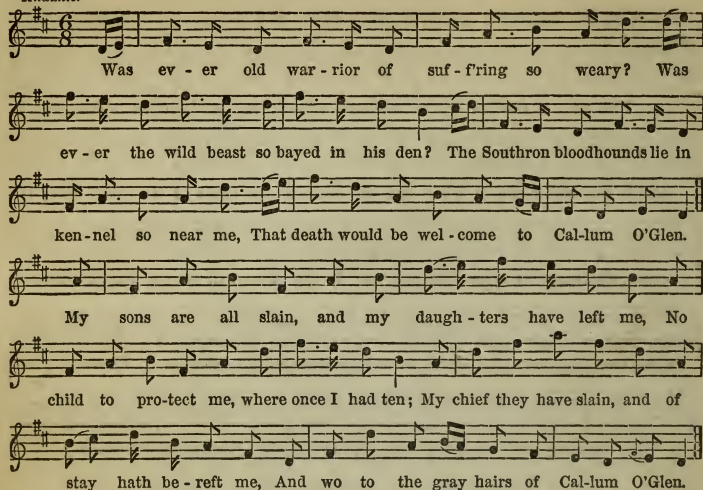


lost love, my soul's dearest Flo-ra, My last sigh I'll give to dear Scot-land and thee.

Sound, sound is the sleep of the brave 'neath the willow—
Beneath the proud flag that in battle they bore;
But, alas! for the dream on my lightning-rent pillow,
When love hath departed and hope is no more.
When haunted by foeman and soul-clouding sadness,
Homeless and hopeless, by traitors oppressed—
When stung by the storms of misfortune to madness,
O sweet were the dreams that I dream't on your breast.

Now welcome, ye dark stormy clouds that benight me,
Welcome ye ghosts of the good and the brave;
The pibroch's loud summons no more can delight me,
My song be the wild winds that sweeps their lone grave.
See, see yon proud eagle through stormy clouds soaring,
How fearless the flight of the wing that is free;
Such joy may be mine, love, when Heaven restoring
The land I lo'e dear, and my Flora to me.

CALLUM O'GLEN.

Andante.


Was ev - er old war - rior of suf - fring so weary? Was
 ev - er the wild beast so bayed in his den? The Southron bloodhounds lie in
 ken - nel so near me, That death would be wel - come to Cal-lum O'Glen.
 My sons are all slain, and my daugh - ters have left me, No
 child to pro-tect me, where once I had ten; My chief they have slain, and of
 stay hath be - reft me, And wo to the gray hairs of Cal-lum O'Glen.

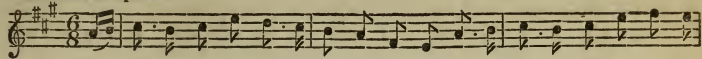
The homes of my kinsmen are blazing to Heaven,
 The bright sun of morning has blushed at the view;
 The moon has stood still on the verge of the even,
 To wipe from her pale cheek the tint of the dew.
 For the dew it lies red on the vales of Lochaber,
 It sprinkles the cot and it flows in the pen;
 The pride of my country is fallen for ever,
 O death hast thou no shaft for Callum O'Glen.

The sun in his glory has looked on our sorrow,
 The stars have wept blood over hamlet and lea;
 O is there no day-spring for Scotland? no tomorrow
 Of bright renovation for souls of the free!
 Yes! One above all has beheld our devotion,
 Our valour and faith are not hid from his ken;
 The day is abiding, of stern retribution
 On all the proud foemen of Callum O'Glen.

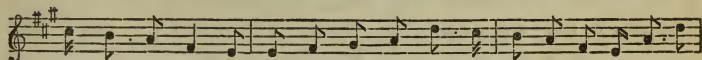
O FAR MAY YE ROAM.

Words by W. Cameron.

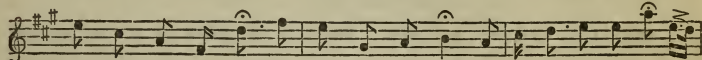
Music by Mathew Wilson.

Moderate and expressive.

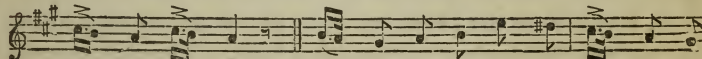
O far may ye roam o'er the hills and the heather, And lang may ye seek o'er the



bon-nie green lea, And a' the braw towns o' the lowlands the-gith-er, A



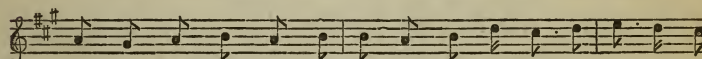
lassie like Jean-ie, whaur, whaur will you see. A lassie like Jeanie, whaur,



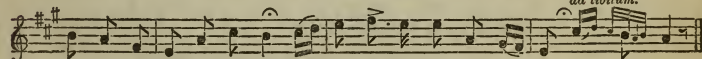
whaur will you see. Love-ly the prim-rose and fair may the



li-ly, And sweet may the vio-let bloom on yon green; Ye'll



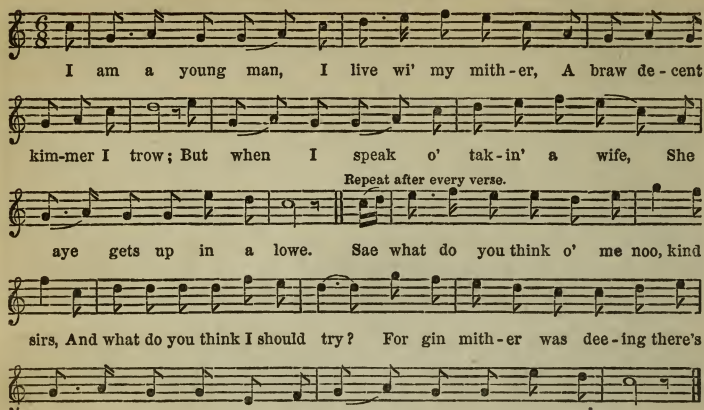
pu' na the prim-rose, ye'll pu' na the li-ly, Ye'll praise na the



vio-let when ye see my Jean. Ye'll praise na the violet when ye see my Jean.

O plant in her ringlets a rose in its blossom,
 And look in her cheeks and its beauties are gane,
 And place the fair lily new cull'd in her bosom,
 Her bosom will tell you the lily has nane.
 Then look nae owre aft at her blue e'en sae bonnie,
 And look na at a' if the smile's in her e'e,
 Ae glance, and your heart's on the wing, (gin ye've ony)
 But mingled wi' smiles, O awa' it wad flee.

I AM A YOUNG MAN, I LIVE WI' MY MITHER.



I am a young man, I live wi' my mith-er, A braw de-cent
 kim-mer I trow; But when I speak o' tak-in' a wife, She
 Repeat after every verse.
 aye gets up in a lowe. Sae what do you think o' me noo, kind
 sirs, And what do you think I should try? For gin mith-er was dee-ing there's
 nae - bo - dy liv - in' To mind the horse and the kye.

There's red-headed Jenny lives down by our side,
 At shearin' she does ding them a',
 But her very face, mither canna abide,
 And her a wild hizzie* does ca'.

Yestreen my mither, she pouter'd my wig
 As white as the driven snaw,
 She took an auld mutch,† and shot in my gravat,‡
 Beside a big breastpin and a'.

Noo gang awa' Sandy, ye're gaun to the waddin',
 Ye ken ye're to be the best man,§
 And Betty M'Haffie's to be the best maid,||
 Mak up to her noo like a man.

I gaed to the waddin' and Betty was there,
 An' losh! but she was buskit braw,¶
 She had ribbons and lace, a' deck'd round her face,
 And necklaces twa or three raw.

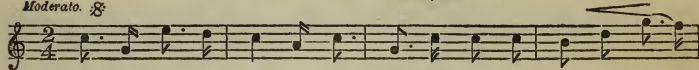
* Romping girl. † Morning cap. ‡ Necktie. § Bridesman. || Bridesmaid. ¶ Well-dressed.

Sae to please my mither an speak up till her,
 At last I thoct I micht try;
 So I speer'd at Betty if ever she heard
 We had twa dizzen o' kye.

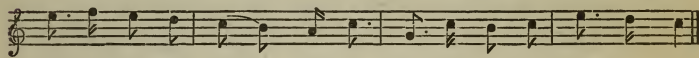
Sae what do you think o' me noo, kind sirs,
 And what do you think I should try?
 But wi' a toss o' her head, she answered, Indeed!
 Wha cares for you or your kye.

CAN YE LO'E ME WEEL, LASSIE.

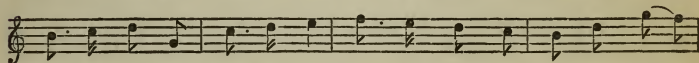
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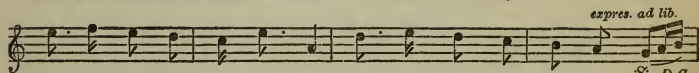
Can ye lo'e me weel, lassie, To this heart then swift - ly flee;



There ye aye shall dwell, lass - ie, Mair than a' this world to me.



When the moon-beams shine sae clear, At that hour by lov - ers blest;



At the gloam - in', lass - ie, dear, Haste to meet this faith - ful breast.

Where the burnie flows, lassie,
 Gently by the mountain's side;
 Where the wild flowers grow, lassie,
 Watered by the streamlet's tide.
 Can ye lo'e me, &c.

As the hare-bell blossoms shine,
 O'er yon bleak and barren brae,
 Let that brilliant eye of thine
 Guide me on my lonely way.
 Can ye lo'e me, &c.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

Words by Mrs. Cockburn of Ormiston—Died 1794.

Adagio.

Modern air.

The musical score is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and common time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Adagio.' and the dynamics are marked 'p' (piano). The score consists of six lines of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics. The lyrics are: 'I've seen the smi-ling of for-tune be-guil-ing, I've felt all its fa-vours, and found its de-cay: Sweet was its bless-ing, kind its ca-ress-ing, But now 'tis fled, 'tis fled far a-way; I've seen the for-est a-dor-ned the fore-most, With flow-ers of the fair-est, most plea-sant and gay, Sae bonnie was their blooming, their scent the air per-fum-ing, But now they are wither'd and are a' wede away.' The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and triplets (indicated by a '3' over a group of notes).

p

I've seen the smi-ling of for-tune be-guil-ing, I've felt all its
fa-vours, and found its de-cay: Sweet was its bless-ing,
kind its ca-ress-ing, But now 'tis fled, 'tis fled far a-way;
I've seen the for-est a-dor-ned the fore-most, With flow-ers of the
fair-est, most plea-sant and gay, Sae bonnie was their blooming, their
scent the air per-fum-ing, But now they are wither'd and are a' wede away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
And the dread tempest roaring before parting day;

I've seen Tweed's silver streams

Glitt'ring in the sunny beams,

Grow drummie and dark as they roll'd on their way.

O fickle fortune! why this cruel sporting?

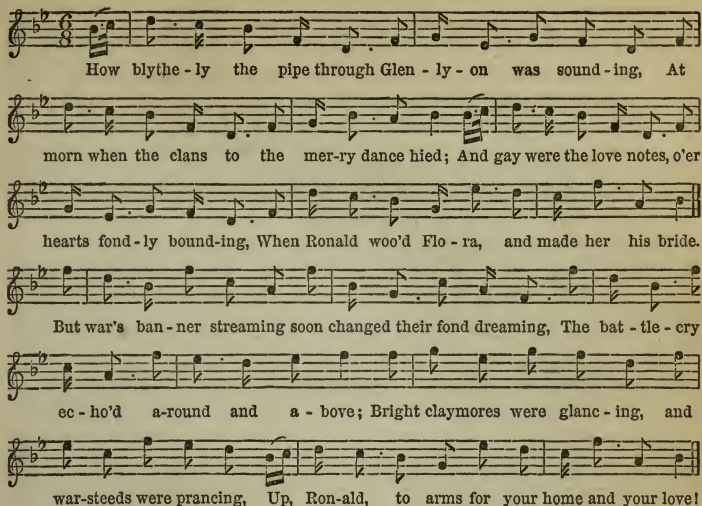
O why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day?

Thy frowns cannot fear me,

Thy smiles cannot cheer me,

For the Flowers of the Forest are withered away.

FOR HOME AND FOR LOVE.



How blythe - ly the pipe through Glen - ly - on was sound - ing, At
 morn when the clans to the mer - ry dance hied; And gay were the love notes, o'er
 hearts fond - ly bound - ing, When Ronald woo'd Flo - ra, and made her his bride.
 But war's ban - ner streaming soon changed their fond dreaming, The bat - tle - cry
 ec - ho'd a - round and a - bove; Bright claymores were glanc - ing, and
 war-steeds were prancing, Up, Ron - ald, to arms for your home and your love!

Poor Flora awhile on his bosom hung sobbing,
 But not to allure him from battle alarms;
 O heed not, she murmured, this poor heart's wild throbbing,
 'Twould break e'er 'twould woo thee from fame to my arms.
 Bless, bless thee, my dearest, when danger is nearest,
 Those words and those tears my proud daring shall move;
 Where war-steeds are prancing and claymores are glancing,
 I'll conquer or die for my home and my love.

All was hush'd on the hill where love tarried despairing,
 With her bridesmaids still deck'd in their gay festal gear;
 And she wept as she saw them fresh garlands preparing,
 That might laurel love's brow, or be strewed o'er his bier.
 But cheer thee, dear maiden, each wild breeze is laden
 With victory's slogan from mountain and grove;
 Where war-steeds were prancing and claymores were glancing,
 Lord Ronald had conquered for home and for love.

THE MACGREGORS' GATHERING.

With animation.

Words by Sir Walter Scott.

The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae, And the clan has a name that is
 nameless by day; Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew, Must be heard but by
 night in our venge-ful ha-loo! Then ha-loo! ha-loo! ha-loo! Gre-ga-lach.
 If they rob us of name and pur-sue us with beagles, Give their roof to the
 flame and their flesh to the eagles; Then gather, gather, gather,
 Gather, gather, gather, While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river, Mac-
 gre-gor despite them shall - - flourish for ev-er. Glenorchy's proud mountain, Col-
 churn and her towers; Glen-strae and Glen-ly-on no longer are ours; We're landless,
 land-less, land-less, Gre-ga-lach; Land-less, land-less, land - - less. Through the
 depths of Loch-Katrine the steed shall career, O'er the peak of Benlomond the galley shall
 steer, And the rocks of Craig Royston like i-ci-cles melt, Ere our wrongs be forgot or our
 vengeance unfelt. Then ha-loo! ha-loo! ha-loo! Gre-ga-lach. If they rob us of

name and pursue us with beagles, Give their roofs to the flame & their flesh to the eagles. Then
gather, gather, gather, Gather, gather, gather, While there's leaves in the
forest, and foam on the riv-er, Mac-gre-gor despite them shall - - - flourish for ev-er

MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

Andante.

Words by Burns.

Now in her green man-tle blythe Na-ture ar - rays, And lis - tens the
lambkins that bleat over the braes, While birds war-ble wel - come in
il - ka green shaw; But to me it's de-light-less, my Nannie's a - wa'.
But to me it's de - light - less, my Nannie's a - wa'.

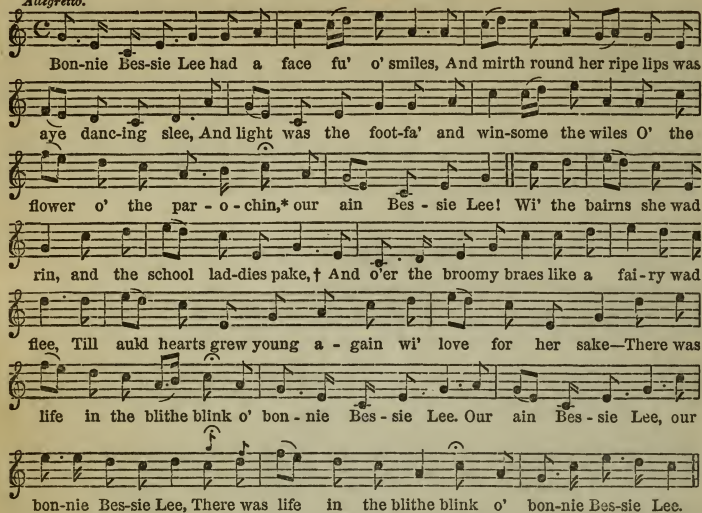
The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weat o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw!
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'.

Thou laverock, that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa';
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

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

BONNIE BESSIE LEE.

Allegretto.



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 lassie had,
 Whilk keepit aye her ain side for bonnie Bessie Lee.

And she whiles had a sweetheart, and whiles she had twa,
 A glaikit bit 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.

But ten years had gane since I gazed 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' things—the ill-natured loon!
 Were it ever sae rightly he'll no let it be;

* Parish. † Beat.

But I rubbit at my een, and I thought I would swoon,
 How the carle had come round about our ain Bessie Lee.
 The wee laughing lassie was a gudewife growing auld,—
 Twa weans at her apron and ane on her knee;
 She was douce, too, and wise-like—and wisdom's sae cauld:—
 I would rather had the ither ane than this Bessie Lee.

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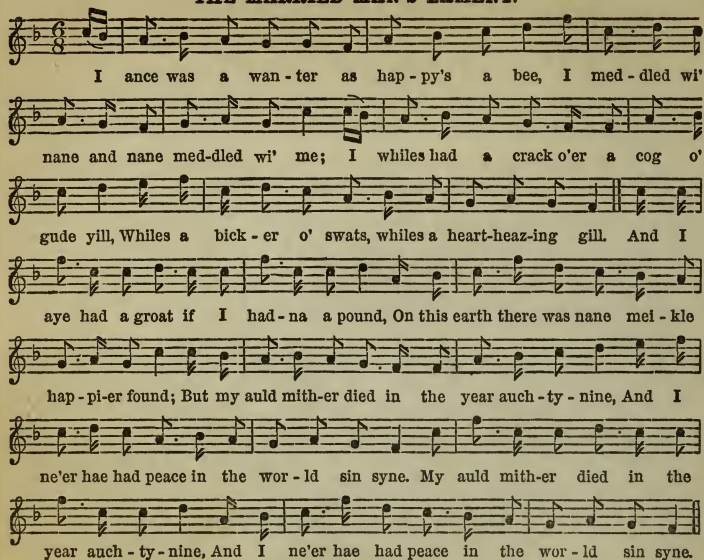
O! ARE YE SLEEPING, MAGGIE?

Moderate.

Mirk and rai - ny is the night, No a star'n in a' the car - ry;
 Light-nings gleam ath - wart the lift, And winds drive wi' win - ter's fu - ry.
 O! are ye sleep - ing, Mag - gie? O! are ye sleep - ing, Mag - gie?
 Let me in, for loud the linn Is roar - ing o'er the war - lock crai - gie.

Fearfu' soughs the boortree bank,
 The rifted wood roars wild and drearie;
 Loud the iron yett does clank,
 And cry o' howlets makes me eerie.
 O! are ye sleeping, Maggie? &c.
 Aboon my breath I daurna speak,
 For fear I rouse your waukrife daddie;
 Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,
 O! rise, rise, my bonnie lady!
 O! are ye sleeping, Maggie? &c.
 She opt the door, she let him in;
 He coost aside his dreeping plaidie;
 Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',
 Since, Maggie, now I'm in aside ye.
 Now since ye're waking, Maggie!
 Now since ye're waking, Maggie!
 What care I for howlet's cry,
 For boortree bank, or warlock craigie.

THE MARRIED MAN'S LAMENT.



I ance was a wan - ter as hap - py's a bee, I med - dled wi' nane and nane med-dled wi' me; I whiles had a crack o'er a cog o' gude yill, Whiles a bick - er o' swats, whiles a heart-heaz-ing gill. And I aye had a groat if I had - na a pound, On this earth there was nane mei - kle hap - pi-er found; But my auld mith-er died in the year auch - ty - nine, And I ne'er hae had peace in the wor - ld sin syne. My auld mith-er died in the year auch - ty - nine, And I ne'er hae had peace in the wor - ld sin syne.

Fu' soun' may she sleep—a douce woman was she—
 Wi' her wheel, and her cat, and her cuppie o' tea.
 My ingle she keepit as trig as a preen,
 And she ne'er speer'd questions as, where hae ye been?
 As, what were ye doing? or wha was ye wi',
 We were happy thegither, my mither and me.
 But my auld, &c.

When mither was gane, for a while I was wae,
 But a young chap was I, and a wife I wad hae;
 A wife I soon got, and I aye hae her yet,
 An' the folks think thegither we unco weel fit,
 But my ain mind hae I, tho' I daurna speak o't,
 For mair than her gallop I like my ain trot.
 But my auld, &c.

When I wi' a crony am taking a drop,
 She'll yammer and ca' me an auld drucken sot,
 If an hour I bide out, loud she greets and she yowls,
 And bans a' gude fellows, baith bodies and souls;
 And yet what a care she has o' her gudeman,
 You'd think I was doated—I canna but ban.

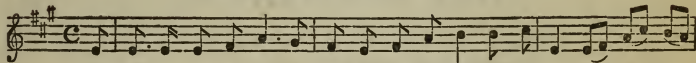
But my auld, &c.

Now, my gilpie young dochters are looking for men,
 I'll be a grandsire ere ever I ken;
 The laddies are thinking on ruling the roast;
 Their faither, puir body, 's deaf as a post;
 But he sees their upsetting, sae crouse and sae bauld;
 O, why did I marry, and wherefore grow auld.

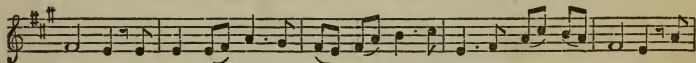
But my auld, &c.

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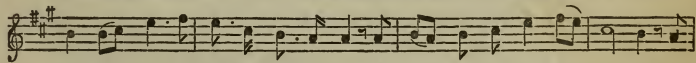
THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLIE.



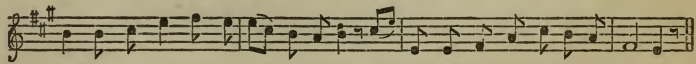
It fell up - on a day, a bonnie summer day, When the clans were a' wi'



Charlie, That there fell out a great dis-pute Between Ar - gyle and Air-lie. Ar-



gyle has raised a hundred o' his men, To come in the morn-ing ear-ly, And



he has gane down by the back o' Dunkeld, To plunder the bonnie house o' Air - lie.

Lady Ogilvie look'd frae her high castle wa',
 And O but she sighed sairly,
 To see Argyle and a' his men
 Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airlie.

Come doon, come doon, lady Ogilvie, he cried,
 Come doon and kiss me fairly,
 Or ere the morning clear day light
 I'll no leave a standing stane in Airlie.

I wadna come doon, proud Argyle, she cried,
 I wadna kiss thee fairly;
 I wadna come doon, thou false lord, she cried,
 Tho' ye leave na a standing stane in Airlie.
 But were my ain gude lord at hame,
 As this night he's wi Charlie,
 The false Argyle and a' his men
 Durst na enter the bonnie house o' Airlie.

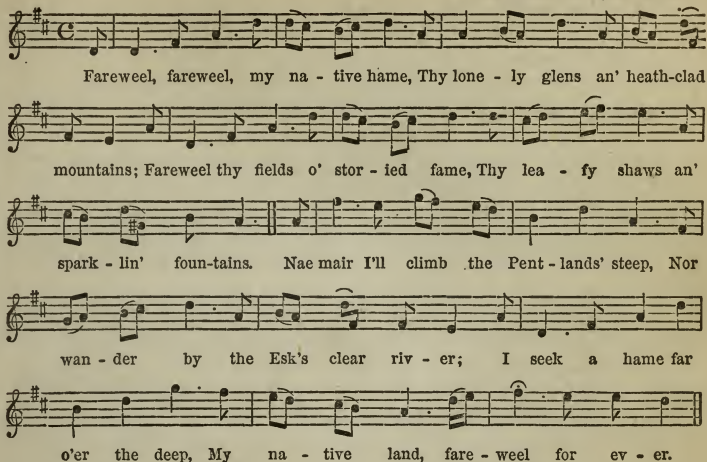
O I hae born him seven bonnie sons,
 The last ne'er saw his daddie,
 And gin I had as mony o'er again
 They'd a' be men to Charlie.
 Argyle in a rage attacked the bonnie ha',
 And his men to the plundering fairly,
 And tears tho' he saw like dew draps fa',
 In a lowe he set the bonnie house o' Airlie.

What lowe is yon? quo the gude Lochiel,
 That rises this morning sae early;
 By the God o' my kin, cried the young Ogilvie,
 Its my ain bonnie hame o' Airlie.
 Its no my bonnie hame, nor my lands a' reft,
 That grieves my heart sae sairly,
 Its for my winsome dame, and the sweet babes I left,
 They'll smoor in the dark reek o' Airlie.

Draw your dirks, draw your dirks, cried the brave Lochiel,
 Unsheathe your swords cried Charlie,
 And we'll kindle sic a lowe round the false Argyle,
 And licht it wi' a spark out o' Airlie.

THE SCOTTISH EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

Words and Music by A. Hume.



Fareweel, fareweel, my na - tive hame, Thy lone - ly glens an' heath-clad
 mountains; Fareweel thy fields o' stor - ied fame, Thy lea - fy shaws an'
 spark - lin' foun-tains. Nae mair I'll climb the Pent - lands' steep, Nor
 wan - der by the Esk's clear riv - er; I seek a hame far
 o'er the deep, My na - tive land, fare - weel for ev - er.

Thou land wi' love an' freedom crowned—
 In ilk wee cot an' lordly dwellin'
 May manly-hearted youths be found,
 And maids in ev'ry grace excellin'.
 The land where Bruce and Wallace wight,
 For freedom fought in days o' danger,
 Ne'er crouch'd to proud usurpin' might,
 But foremost stood, wrong's stern avenger.

Tho' far frae thee, my native shore,
 An' toss'd on life's tempestuous ocean;
 My heart, aye Scottish to the core,
 Shall cling to thee wi' warm devotion.
 An' while the wavin' heather grows,
 An' onward rows the windin' river,
 The toast be "Scotland's broomy knowes,
 Her mountains, rocks, an' glens for ever."

DUET:—I THINK OF THEE.

Composed by A. Humie.

1st Voice.

Affetuoso. mf I think of thee when some sweet song is breath-ing, A - wak'-ning

2d Voice.

thoughts of ear - ly hap - py days; When fai - ry hope its bright-est flowers was

wreathing, And seem'd the future one unclouded blaze. Oft does some

song, some olden song, thus sounding, Thrill o'er the mind like music o'er the

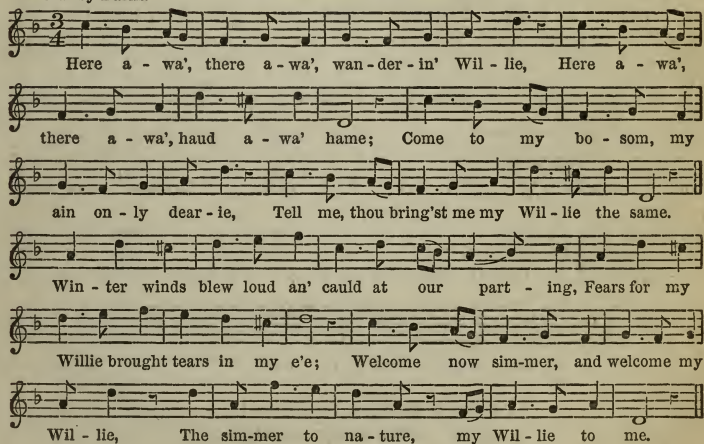
sea, Fond mem'-ry wakes our life with bliss sur-rounding, And as I

feel the spell I think of thee. I think of thee. I think of thee.

I think of thee when spring wakes smiling nature,
 When birds sing sweetly and when flowers are bright.
 When pleasure gladdens every living creature,
 And sunshine bathes the earth and sea in light.
 And when the rainbow springs, its glory throwing
 O'er cloud and storm, to bid their darkness flee;
 And all is bright and beautiful and glowing,
 Like one that I could name,—I think of thee.

WANDERING WILLIE.

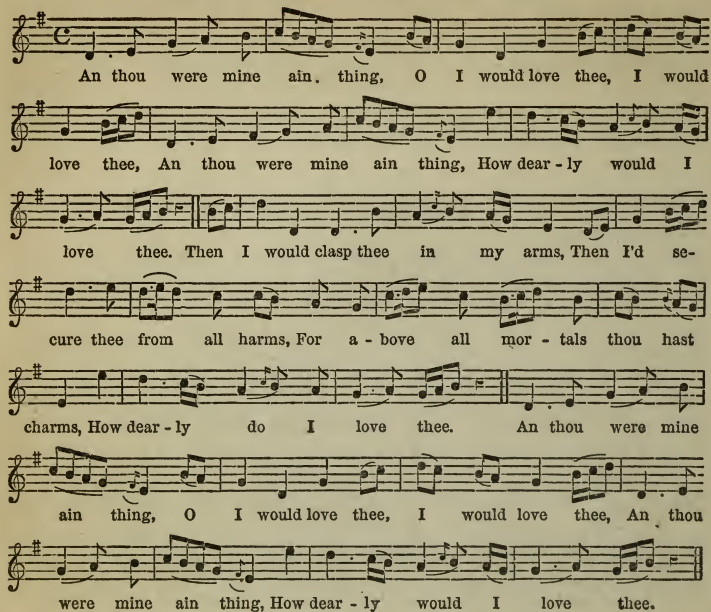
Words by Burns.



Here a - wa', there a - wa', wan - der - in' Wil - lie, Here a - wa',
 there a - wa', haud a - wa' hame; Come to my bo - som, my
 ain on - ly dear - ie, Tell me, thou bring'st me my Wil - lie the same.
 Win - ter winds blew loud an' could at our part - ing, Fears for my
 Willie brought tears in my e'e; Welcome now sim - mer, and welcome my
 Wil - lie, The sim - mer to na - ture, my Wil - lie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!
 Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.
 But oh! if he's faithless, and minds nae his Nannie,
 Flow still between us thou wide roaring main!
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

AN THOU WERE MINE AIN THING.



An thou were mine ain. thing, O I would love thee, I would
love thee, An thou were mine ain thing, How dear - ly would I
love thee. Then I would clasp thee in my arms, Then I'd se-
cure thee from all harms, For a - bove all mor - tals thou hast
charms, How dear - ly do I love thee. An thou were mine
ain thing, O I would love thee, I would love thee, An thou
were mine ain thing, How dear - ly would I love thee.

Of race divine thou needs must be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee,
With angel pity look on me,
Wha only lives to love thee.
An thou were mine ain thing, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love, and for thy sake,
What man can do I'll undertake,
So dearly do I love thee.
An thou were mine ain thing, &c.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Words by Lady Ann Lindsay.

Music by Rev. W. Leevies.

Introduction. — "The Bridegroom Grat," (old air.)

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame, And a' the
wea-ry warld to sleep are gane; The waes o' my heart fa' in
show-ers frae my e'e, While my guid-man sleeps sound by me.
Young Jam-ie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride, But sav-
ing a crown, he had nae-thing else be-side; To mak' the crown
a pound my Jam-ie gaed to sea, And the crown and the pound were
baith for me. He had na been gane but a year and a day, When my
fa-ther brak' his arm, and the cow was stown a-wa'; My
mi-ther she fell sick, and my Ja-mie at the sea, And
auld Ro-bin Gray cam' a court-ing to me.

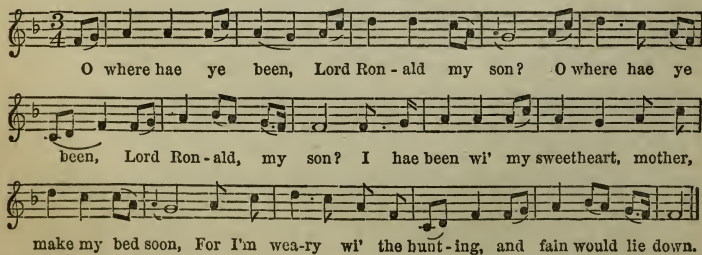
My father couldna work, and my mither couldna spin;
 I toiled baith day and nicht, but their bread I couldna win;
 Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e,
 Said, Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me!
 My heart it said na, for I look'd for Jamie back;
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;
 The ship it was a wrack—why didna Jenny dee?
 O why was I spared to cry, Waes me!

My father argued sair; my mither didna speak;
 But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to break;
 Sae they gied him my hand, though my heart was at the sea,
 And auld Robin Gray was guidman to me.
 I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
 When, sitting sae mournfully at my ain door,
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,
 Till he said, I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.

Oh, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;
 We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away:
 I wish that I were dead! but I'm no like to dee;
 Oh why did I live to say, Waes me!
 I gang like a ghaist, and I downa care to spin;
 I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
 So I'll e'en do my best a guid wife to be,
 For auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

The old air ("The Bridegroom Grat,") is here given as an introduction to the modern music of the Rev. Mr. Leeves. The song was originally written for the former air.

LORD RONALD.



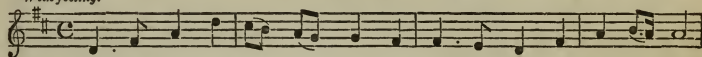
O where hae ye been, Lord Ron - ald my son? O where hae ye
 been, Lord Ron - ald, my son? I hae been wi' my sweetheart, mother,
 make my bed soon, For I'm wea-ry wi' the hunt-ing, and fain would lie down.

What got ye frae your sweetheart, Lord Ronald, my son?
 What got ye frae your sweetheart, Lord Ronald, my son?
 I hae got deadly poison, mother, make my bed soon,
 For life is a burden that soon I'll lay down.

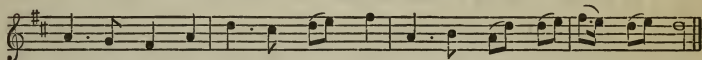
THE PAIRTIN'.

Words and Music by A. Hume.

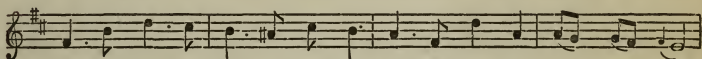
With feeling.



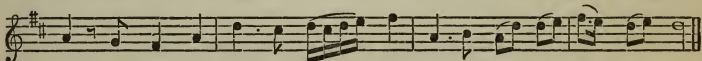
Ma - ry, dear - est maid, I leave thee, Hame, an' frien's, an' coun - try dear;



Oh! ne'er let our pair - tin' grieve thee, Hap - pier days may soon be here.



See yon bark sae proud - ly bound - ing, Soon shall bear me o'er the sea;



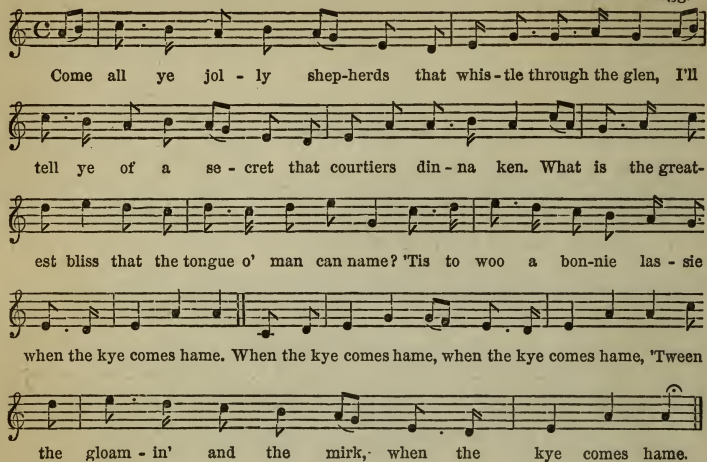
Hark! the trum - pet loud - ly sound - ing, Calls me far frae love an' thee.

Summer flow'rs shall cease to blossom,
 Streams run backward frae the sea;
 Cauld in death maun be this bosom,
 Ere it cease to throb for thee.
 Fare thee weel—may ev'ry blessin'
 Shed by Heav'n around thee fa';
 Ae last time thy lov'd form pressin'—
 Think o' me when far awa'.

CHEERFULNESS—AND SONG.—If you would keep spring in your hearts, learn to sing. There is more merit in melody than most people are aware of. A cobbler who smoothes his wax-ends with a song, will do as much work in a day, as one given to ill-nature would do in a week. Songs are like sunshine, they run to cheerfulness to fill the bosom with such buoyancy that, for the time being, you feel filled with June air, or like a meadow of clover in blossom.

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.

Hogg.



Come all ye jol - ly shep-herds that whis - tle through the glen, I'll
 tell ye of a se - cret that courtiers din - na ken. What is the great-
 est bliss that the tongue o' man can name? 'Tis to woo a bon-nie las - sie
 when the kye comes hame. When the kye comes hame, when the kye comes hame, 'Tween
 the gloam - in' and the mirk, when the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the burgonet, 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 comes hame.

Then the eye shines sae bright, the haill 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 comes hame.

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 comes hame.

Awa' wi' fame and fortune—what comfort can they gie?—
 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 comes hame.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

To the Lords of Conven-tion, 'twas Claver-house spoke, Ere the King's Crown go
down there are crowns to be broke. Then each ca - va - lier that loves
hon - our and me, Let him fol - low the bon-nets of Bon - nie Dun-
dee. Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come sad - dle my
hor - ses, and call out my men; Un-hook the west port, and let us gae
free, For it's up wi' the bon - nets of Bon - nie Dun-dee.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat,
But the provost (douce man) said, "Just e'en let it be,
For the toun is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, &c.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north;
There are brave Duinnewassals three thousand times three,
Will cry "Hey for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, &c.

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper I'll crouch with the fox;
And tremble false whigs in the midst o' your glee,
Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnets and me.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

IS YOUR WAR-PIPE ASLEEP, M'CRIMMAN?

Words by G. Allan.

Music by Peter M'Leod.

The musical score is written for a single voice on a treble clef staff. It begins in C major and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. There are several tempo and performance markings: 'Tempo' at the start of the fourth line, 'With animation.' at the start of the fifth line, 'Accel.' at the end of the third line, and 'Fine 2d verse.' at the end of the eighth line. The score consists of eight lines of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics.

Is your war-pipe a-sleep, and for ev-er, M'Crim-man? Is your
 war-pipe a-sleep and for ev-er? Shall the pib-roch that wel-com'd the
 foe to Ben-aer, Be hush'd when we seek the dark wolf in his lair, To
 give back our wrongs to the giv-er? To the raid and the onslaught our
 chief-tains have gone, Like the course of the fire-slaught their clansmen pass'd
 on; With the lance and the shield 'gainst the foe they have bound them, And have
 ta'en to the field, with their vas-sals a-round them. Then raise your wild
 slo-gan cry! on to the for-ay! Sons of the hea-ther hill,
 pinewood, and glen! Shout for M'-Pher-son, M'-Leod, and the
 Mor-ay, Till the Lo-monds re-ec-ho the chal-lenge a-gain.

Slow, with expression.

Youth of the dar-ing heart, bright be thy doom, As the bod-ings which
 light up thy bold spi - rit now; But the fate of M' - Crim-man is
 clos - ing in gloom, And the breath of the grey wraith hath pass'd o'er his
 brow; Vic - tor - ious in joy thou'lt re - turn to Ben - aer, And be
 clasped to the hearts of thy best be - lov'd there; But M' - Crimman, M' -
Ritard.
 Crim-man, M' - Crim-man! nev - er, nev - er, nev - er, nev - er!

Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou canst shun not, M'Crimman?
 Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou canst shun not?
 If thy course must be brief, let the proud Saxon know
 That the soul of M'Crimman ne'er quail'd when a foe
 Bared his blade in the land he had won not,
 Where the light-footed roe leaves
 The wild breeze behind,
 And the red heather bloom gives
 Its sweets to the wind,
 There our proud pennon flies,
 And the keen steeds are prancing,
 'Mid the startling war-cries,
 And the war-weapons glancing.
 Then raise your wild slogan-cry! on to the foray!
 Sons of the heather hill, pinewood, and glen!
 Shout for M'Pherson, M'Leod, and the Moray,
 Till the Lomonds re-echo the challenge again!

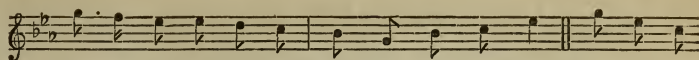
RISE! RISE! LOWLAND AND HIGHLANDMEN!

Words by J. Imlah.

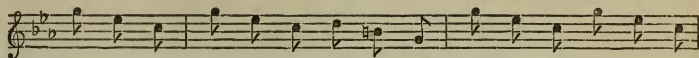
Music by Peter M'Leod.

The musical score is written on ten staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The lyrics are printed below the staves, aligned with the notes. The score includes a chorus section marked 'Chorus.' and a final section marked with a double bar line and repeat dots. The lyrics are: 'Rise! rise! low-land and high-land-men! Bald sire to beard-less son, each come, and ear - ly; Rise! rise! mainland and is - land-men, Belt on your broad claymores—fight for Prince Char - lie. Down from the mountain steep— Up from the val - ley deep— Out from the clach-an, the both - y, and shiel - ing, Bu - gle and bat - tle-drum, Bid chief and vas - sal come, Loud - ly our bag-pipes the pib - roch are peal-ing! Rise! rise! lowland and high-land-men! Bald sire to beardless son, each come, and ear - ly; Rise! rise! main-land and is-landmen, Belt on your broad claymores—fight for Prince Charlie. Men of the mountains! de - scen-dants of he-roes! Heirs of the fame and the hills of your fa-thers; Say shall the Southron—the Sas - sen-ach fear us,'

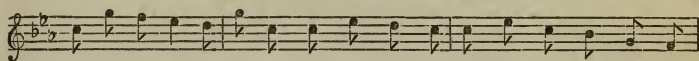
Rise! rise! low-land and high-land-men! Bald sire to beard-less son,
each come, and ear - ly; Rise! rise! mainland and is - land-men, Belt on your
broad claymores—fight for Prince Char - lie. Down from the mountain steep—
Up from the val - ley deep— Out from the clach-an, the both - y, and
shiel - ing, Bu - gle and bat - tle-drum, Bid chief and vas - sal come,
Chorus.
Loud - ly our bag-pipes the pib - roch are peal-ing! Rise! rise! lowland and
high-land-men! Bald sire to beardless son, each come, and ear - ly; Rise! rise!
main-land and is-landmen, Belt on your broad claymores—fight for Prince Charlie.
Men of the mountains! de - scen-dants of he-roes! Heirs of the fame and the
hills of your fa-thers; Say shall the Southron—the Sas - sen-ach fear us,



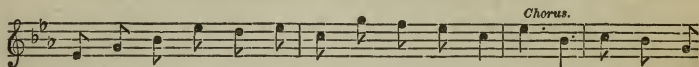
When to the war-peal each plaid-ed clan gath-ers! Long on the



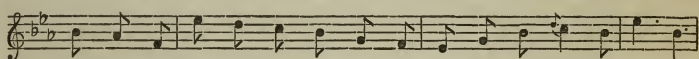
trophied walls Of your an-ces-tral halls, Rust hath been blunting the



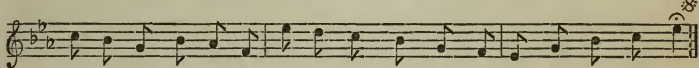
ar-mour of Al-bin; Seize, then, ye mountain Macs, Buckler and bat-tle-axe,



Lads of Loch-a-ber, Brae-mar, and Brae-dal-bin! Rise! rise! low-land and



high-land-men! Bald sire to beard-less son, each come, and ear-ly; Rise! rise!



mainland and is-land-men, Belt on your broad claymores—fight for Prince Char-lie.

When hath the tartan plaid mantled a coward?

When did the blue bonnet crest the disloyal?

Up, then, and crowd to the standard of Stuart,

Follow your leader—the rightful—the royal!

Chief of Clanronald,

And Donald Macdonald!

Come Lovat! Lochiel! with the Grant and the Gordon!

Rouse every kilted clan,

Rouse every loyal man,

Gun on the shoulder, and thigh the good sword on!

Rise! rise! lowland and highlandmen!

Bald sire to beardless son, each come, and early;

Rise! rise! mainland and islandmen,

Belt on your broad claymores—fight for Prince Charlie!

This and the preceding song appear by the kind permission of Peter M'Leod, Esq., from his "Original Melodies."

NAEBODY KENS YE.

Words by Robert L. Malone.

Music by Samuel Barr.

Are ye do - in' ought weel, are ye thriv - in', my man? Be thank - fu' to

For - tune for a' that she sen's ye; Ye'll hae plen - ty o' frien's aye to

of - fer their han', When ye need - na their coun - ten - ance, a' bo - dy kens ye.

A' bo - dy kens ye, a' bo - dy kens ye. When ye need - na their

coun - ten - ance, a' bo - dy kens ye. But wait ye a wee, till the

tide tak's a turn, An' a - wa' wi' the ebb drift the fa - vours she

lends ye, Could friend - ship will then leave ye lane - ly to mourn; When ye

need a' their friendship, then nae - bo - dy kens ye, Nae - bo - dy kens ye.

Nae - bo - dy kens ye. When ye need a' their friendship, then nae - bo - dy kens ye.

The crony wha stuck like a burr to your side,
 An' vowed wi' his heart's dearest bluid to befriend ye,
 A five guinea note, man, will part ye as wide
 As if oceans and deserts were lyin' between ye.
 Naebody kens ye, &c.

It's the siller that does't man, the siller, the siller,
 It's the siller that break's ye, an' mak's ye, an' men's ye;
 When your pockets are toom, an' nae wab i' the loom,
 Then tak' ye my word for't, there's naeboddy kens ye.
 Naeboddy kens ye, &c.

But think nae I mean that a' mankind are sae,
 It's the butterfly frien's that misfortune should fear aye,
 There are friends worth the name, Guid sen' they were mae,
 Wha, the caulder the blast, aye the closer draw near ye.
 They bodies ken ye, &c.

The frien's wha can tell us our fau'ts to our face,
 But aye frae our faes in our absence defen's us,
 Leeze me on sic hearts! o' life's pack he's the ace,
 Wha scorns to disown us, when naeboddy kens us.
 They bodies ken ye, &c.

The music of this song appears by the kind permission of the gifted composer; and the words from that excellent repository of modern Scottish songs, "Whistle Binkie," by permission of the publisher.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO SCOTIA'S SHORE.

Words by James Little.

Music by A. Hume.

With energy.

Sing not to me of sun - ny shores, Of verdant climes where olives bloom; Where
 still and calm the riv - er pours Its flood 'mid groves of sweet per - fume.
 Give me the land where torrents flash, Where loud the an - gry cat' - racts
 roar; As wild - ly on their course they dash, Then here's a health to Scotia's shore.

Sing not to me of sunny isles,
 Though there eternal summers reign;
 Though orange groves serenely smile,
 And gaudy flow'rets deck the plain.
 Give me the land of mountains steep,
 Where wild and free the eagles soar,
 The dizzy crags where tempests sweep,
 Then here's a health to Scotia's shore.

Sing not to me of sunny lands,
 For there full often tyrants sway; [hands,
 Who climb to power with blood-stained
 While crouching, trembling, slaves obey.
 Give me the land unconquered still,
 Though often tried in days of yore;
 Where freedom reigns from plain to hill,
 Then here's a health to Scotia's shore.

MELLOW AND MERRY WE'RE A'.

Words by W. Cameron.

Music by Mathew Wilson.

O mel-low and mer-ry we're a', we're a', O mel-low and merry we're a', we're a'; Then fill up the bowl, and let each mer-ry soul, Sing mel-low and mer-ry we're a', we're a'; Then fill up the bowl, and let each mer-ry soul, Sing mel-low and mer-ry we're a', we're a'.

The sun may gang hame o'er the bleak Ar-ran hills, While her ma-jes-ty Lu-na her cres-cent she fills; O the sun may get up a-gain, Lu-na may wane; Fill, fill up the gob-let, we'll quaff it a-gain. O

A wa' wi' finesse and a' finical airs,
 A truce to the world for it loads us wi' cares;
 No forgetting our hames, our dear lasses and wives,
 To friendship devote this ae night o' our lives.
 For sweet is the cup wi' a social few,
 And dear to our heart is the friend that is true;
 Then friendship and truth be the bond of each soul,
 And we'll pledge it again in a jovial bowl.

For mellow, &c.

MARY SHAW.

Music by William Morris.

Words by William Cameron.

Mild and mo-dest bon - nie las - sie, E'en sae fu' o' love an' a', In - no-
cent and sweet wee las - sie, O, I love thee, Ma - ry Shaw. Kind's the
heart that heaves thy bo - som, Pure the love that dwel-leth there, Fresh and
sweet as Mayflowers' blos - som, Sweet, yes sweet, as A - pril air. Mild and
mo - dest bon - nie las - sie, E'en sae fu' o' love an' a', In - no-
cent and sweet young las - sie, O, I love thee, Ma - ry Shaw.

Oft I've heard the songsters wild,
Warble round thy father's ha';
Singing gaily, sweetly, mild—
Surely 'twas for Mary Shaw.
Pleas'd I've listened to their chanting,
'Mong the planes' deep foliage green;
Mary, there was something wanting,
Thou wert wanting, lovely queen.
Mild, &c.

Bowers of deepest shades are many,
Spreading planes, an' birds, an' a';
Lovers' walks as sweet as ony,
But there's no a Mary Shaw.
Meet me then, my soul's dear treasure,
Meet me where yon streamlets part;
Come, sweet source of a' my pleasure,
Bless a faithfu' lover's heart.
Mild, &c.

OH, WHY DIDST THOU LEAVE ME!

Words by W. Cameron.

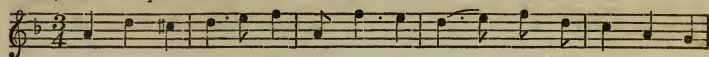
Music by Mathew Wilson.

The woods are a' joy-ous, while spring is re-stor-ing To lawn and to
fo-rest their man-tle o' green; While gloomy and joy-less my heart is
de-plor-ing The hour that took Jam-ie a-wa' frae his Jean. The
hour that took Jam-ie a-wa' frae his Jean. Oh! why didst thou
leave me in sad-ness and sor-row? The pale moon now beam-ing o'er
moun-tain and sea, May rise in its brightness and beau-ty to-
mor-row, It brings nae my ain dear-est Jam-ie to
me. It brings nae my ain dear-est Jam-ie to me.

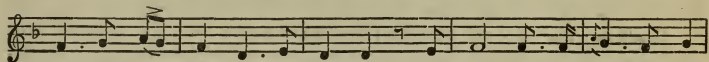
He sleeps in the dark and the deep caves of ocean,
The wild roaring tempest disturbs him no more;
But oh! what can soothe, now, my heart's deep emotion,
While weeping and hopeless I gaze on the shore.
Then why didst thou leave me! ah! why thus for ever?
Hid far frae thy Jean in the depths of the sea;
O, Heaven be with me! the billows will never
Restore my dear Jamie to life and to me!

LADDIE, OH! LEAVE ME.

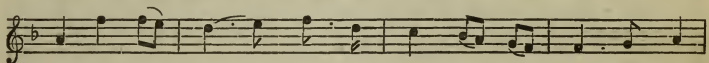
Words by J. M'Gregor.

Slow, with tender expression.

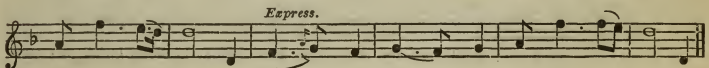
Down whar the bur-nie rins wim-plin' and chee - rie, When love's star was



smil - in' I met wi' my dear - ie; Ah! vain was its smil - in', she



wad - na be - lieve me, But said wi' a sau - cy air,



Lad - die, oh! leave me, leave me, leave me, Lad - die, oh! leave me.

"I've lo'ed thee owre truly to seek a new dearie—
 I've lo'ed thee owre fondly through life e'er to weary—
 I've lo'ed thee owre lang, love, at last to deceive thee—
 Look cauldly or kindly, but bid me not leave thee."
 Leave thee, leave thee, &c.

"There's nae ither saft e'e that fills me wi' pleasure—
 There's nae ither rose-lip has half o' its treasure—
 There's nae ither bower, love, shall ever receive me,
 Till death breaks this fond heart, oh! then I maun leave thee."
 Leave thee, leave thee, &c.

The tears o'er her cheeks ran like dew frae red roses—
 What hope to the lover one tear-drop discloses,
 I kissed them, and blest her, at last to relieve me,
 She yielded her hand, and sighed, "Oh! never leave me."
 Leave me, leave me, &c.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

Words by Sir Walter Scott, from the "Lady of the Lake."

Hail to the chief who in tri-umph ad - van - ces! Hon-our'd and
 bless'd be the e - ver-green pine! Long may the tree, in his ban-ner that
 glan - ces, Flour-ish, the shel-ter and grace of our line! Heav'n send it
 hap - py dew, Earth lend it sap a - new, Gai - ly to bour-geon, and
 broad-ly to grow; While ev'-ry high-land glen Sends our shout back a - gain,
 Rode-rich Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! ie - roe! Rode - rich! Rode - rich!
 Rode-rich! Rode - rich! Rode-rich Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! ie - roe!

Ours is no sapling chance-sown by the fountain,
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
 When the whirlwind has stript ev'ry leaf on the mountain,
 The more shall Clan Alpine exult in her shade.
 Moor'd in the rifted rock,
 Proof to the tempest shock;
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it blows;
 Monteith and Breadalbin, then,
 Echo his praise again,
 Roderich Vich Alpine dhu, &c.

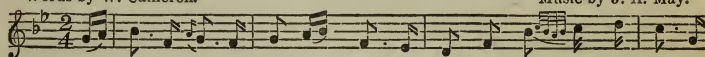
Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
 Stretch to your oars for the ever green pine!
 O! that the rosebud that graces yon islands
 Were wreath'd in a garland around him to twine!

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 deepmost glen,
 Roderich Vich Alpine dhu, &c.

BONNIE ANNIE.

Words by W. Cameron.

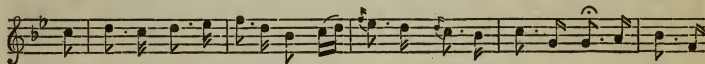
Music by J. A. May.



Nae flow'ry braes in na-ture's pride, Spread round my bon - nie Annie's



hame; Nae ha - zel dells by bur-nie's side, To sing wi' my dear An-nie's name.



But An-nie is a bonnie lass, The bonniest lass that e'er I saw; O An-nie



is the kind - est lass, And - - - dear - est to my heart of a'.

She has twa een sae bonnie blue,
 Sae bonnie blue, sae clear and bright;
 They're like twa shining draps o' dew,
 Or like twa beaming stars o' night.
 O Annie is a bonnie lass, &c.

Her sweet wee mou'—a bonnie mou',
 Sae temptin',—O I would be fain
 To steal frae her a kiss I trow,
 And fondly wish her a' my ain.
 For Annie is a bonnie lass, &c.

Aye when I sleep, and when I wake,
 My thoughts are like the troubled sea—
 And O, I fear, my heart will break,
 If Annie love, but love nae me.
 For Annie is a bonnie lass, &c.

JOHN GRUMLIE.

Lively.

John Grumlie swore by the light o' the moon, And the green leaves on the
tree, That he could do more work in a day, Than his wife could
do in three. His wife rose up in the morn-ing Wi' cares and
trou-bles e - now; John Grum-lie bide at hame, John, And I'll go
haud the plow. Sing-ing fal de lal lal de ral lal, fal lal lal lal lal
la. John Grum-lie bide at hame, John, And I'll go haud the plow.

"First ye maun dress your children fair,
And put them a' in their gear;
And ye maun turn the malt, John,
Or else ye'll spoil the beer.
And ye maun reel the tweel, John,
That I span yesterday;
And ye maun ca' in the hens, John,
Else they'll a' lay away."
Singing, fal de lal lal, &c.

O he did dress his children fair,
And he put them a' in their gear;
But he forgot to turn the malt,
And so he spoiled the beer.
And he sang aloud as he reel'd the tweel
That his wife span yesterday;
But he forgot to put up the hens,
And the hens a' lay'd away.
Singing, fal de lal lal, &c.

The hawket crummie loot down nae milk;
He kirked, nor butter gat;
And a' gaed rang, and nought gaed right;
He danced with rage, and grat.
Then up he ran to the head o' the knowe,
Wi' mony a wave and shout—
She heard him as she heard him not,
And steered the stots about.
Singing, fal de lal lal, &c.


John Grumlie's wife cam hame at e'en,
And laugh'd as she'd been mad,
When she saw the house in siccan a plight,
And John sae glum and sad.
Quoth he, "I gie up my housewifeskep,
I'll be nae mair gudewife."
"Indeed," quo' she, "I'm weel content,
Ye may keep it the rest o' your life."
Singing, fal de lal lal, &c.

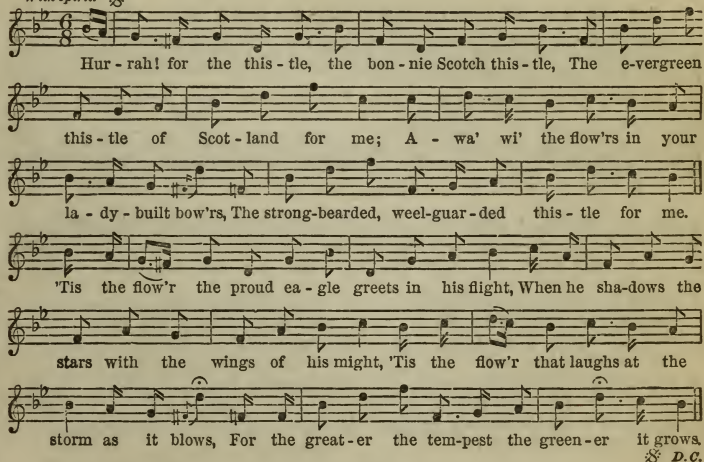
"The deil be in that," quo' surly John, "Stop, stop, gudewife, I'll haud my tongue,
 "I'll do as I've dune before." I ken I'm sair to blame,
 Wi' that the gudewife took up a stoot rung, But henceforth I maun mind the plow,
 And John made off to the door. And ye maun bide at hame."
 Singing, fal de lal lal, &c.


HURRAH! FOR THE THISTLE.

Words by Alexander MacLagan.

Music by John Turnbull.

With spirit. 



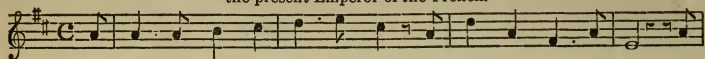
Hur-rah! for the this-tle, the bon-nie Scotch this-tle, The e-vergreen
 this-tle of Scot-land for me; A-wa' wi' the flow'rs in your
 la-dy-built bow'rs, The strong-bearded, weel-guar-ded this-tle for me.
 'Tis the flow'r the proud ea-gle greets in his flight, When he sha-dows the
 stars with the wings of his might, 'Tis the flow'r that laughs at the
 storm as it blows, For the great-er the tem-pest the green-er it grows.
 *D.C.*

Round the love-lighted hames o' our ain native land—
 On the bonneted brow, on the hilt of the brand,
 On the face of the shield, 'mid the shouts of the free,
 May the thistle be seen where the thistle should be!
 Hurrah! for the thistle, &c.

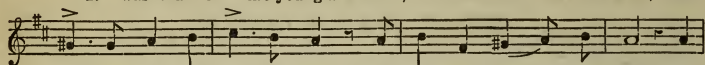
Hale hearts hae we yet to bleed in its cause;
 Bold harps hae we yet to sound its applause;
 How then can it fade, when sic chiels an' sic cheer,
 And sae mony braw sprouts o' the thistle are here?
 Then hurrah! for the thistle, &c.

DUNOIS THE BRAVE, or PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE.

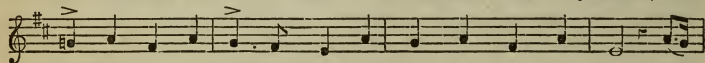
The Words translated from the French by Sir Walter Scott; the Music by Hortense Beauharnais, ex-Queen of Holland, and mother of the present Emperor of the French.



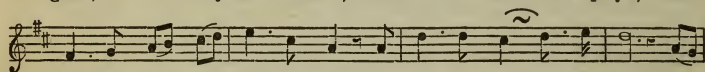
It was Dun-ois the young and brave, Was bound for Pa-les-tine, But



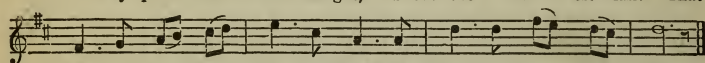
first he made his o-ri-sons Be-fore Saint Ma-ry's shrine, "And



grant, im-mor-tal Queen of Heav'n," Was still the sol-dier's pray'r, "That



I may prove the brav-est knight, And love the fair-est fair. That



I may prove the brav-est knight, And love the fair-est fair.

His oath of honour on the shrine,

He grav'd it with his sword;

And follow'd to the Holy Land

The banner of his Lord.

Where faithful to his noble vow,

His war-cry filled the air;

"Be honour'd aye the bravest knight,

Be lov'd the fairest fair!"

They owed the conquest to his arm,

And then his liege lord said,

The heart that has for honour beat,

By bliss must be repaid.

My daughter Isabel, and thou,

Shall be a wedded pair,

For thou art bravest of the brave,

She fairest of the fair.

And then they bound the holy knot,

Before Saint Mary's shrine,

That makes a paradise on earth,

If hearts and hands combine.

And every lord and lady bright,

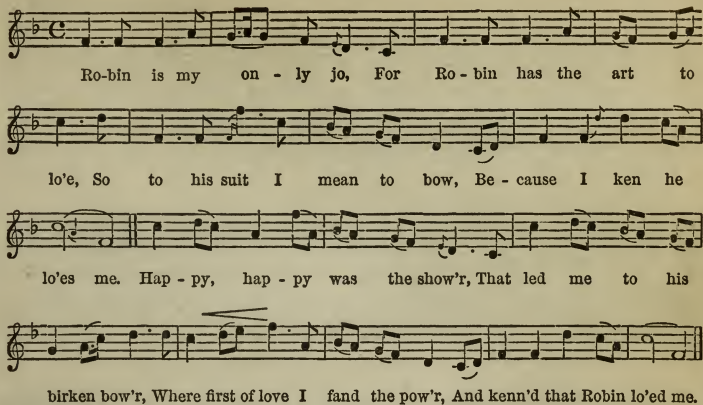
That were in chapel there,

Cried "Honour'd be the bravest knight,

Be loved the fairest fair."

Note.—Sir Walter Scott says that "the original made part of a MS. collection of French songs, found on the field of Waterloo, so much stained with clay and blood as sufficiently to indicate the fate of its owner." This is at present the French national air.

KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.



They speak of napkins, speak of rings,
Speak of gloves and kissing strings,
And name a thousand bonnie things,

And ca' them signs he lo'es me.
But I'd prefer a smack o' Rob,
Sporting on the velvet fog,
To gifts as lang's a plaiden wab,
Because I ken he lo'es me.

He's tall and sonsy, frank and free,
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 sister Mary said to me,
Our courtship but a joke wad be,
And I, or lang, be made to see
That Robin didna lo'e me.

But little kens she what has been
Me and my honest Rob between,
And in his wooing, O so keen

Kind Robin is that lo'es me.
Then fly, ye lazy hours, away,
And hasten on the happy day, [say,
When "Join your hands," Mess John shall
And mak' him mine that lo'es me.

Till then let every chance unite,
To weigh our love, and fix delight,
And I'll look down on such wi' spite,
Wha doubt that Robin lo'es me.
O hey, Robin, quo' she,
O hey, Robin, quo' she,
O hey, Robin, quo' she,
Kind Robin lo'es me.

DUET—TWILIGHT O'ER THE VALE.

Composed by A. Hume.

Treble.

Twilight o'er the vale is stealing, Watchful stars their stations take!

Tenor.

p *>* *f*

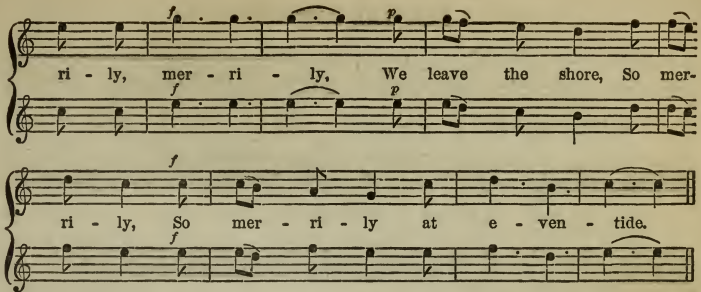
Hark! the vil-lage bells are peal-ing O'er the calm un - ruf - fled lake. O'er the

p *>* *f*

calm, unruffled lake. With stea-dy oar We leave the shore, And o'er the

lake's smooth bosom glide, So mer - ri - ly, so mer - ri - ly, So mer - ri -

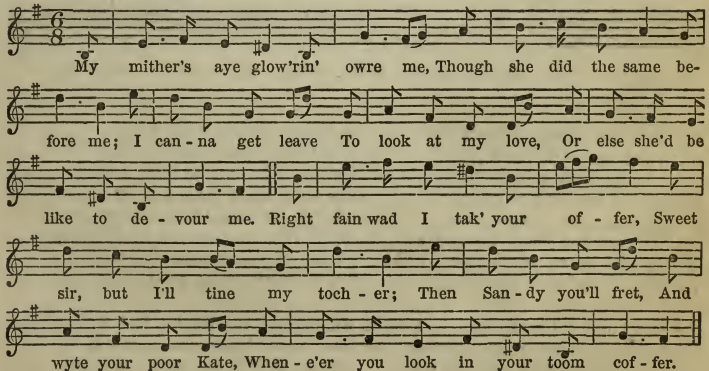
ly at e - ven - tide, Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer -



Now with joyous hearts returning,
Ev'ning shades again appear;

See the lamp of night is burning,
Mirror'd on the waters clear.
With steady oar, &c.

MY MITHER'S AYE GLOW'RIN' OWRE ME.



For though my father has plenty
Of silver and plenishing dainty,
Yet he's unco sweir
To twine wi' his gear;
And sae we had need to be tenty.
My mither's, &c.

Tutor my parents wi' caution;
Be wyllie in ilka motion;
Brag weel o' your land,
And there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.
My mither's, &c.

BESS THE GAWKIE.

Blythe young Bess to Jean did say, Will ye gang to yon
 sun - ny brae, Where flocks do feed, and shep - herds stray, And sport a -
 while wi' Jam - ie. Na, na, dear lass, we'll no gang there, Nor
 yet o' Jam - ie hae a care, We'll tak' a walk some
 ith - er where, For he's taen up wi' Mag - gie.

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
 Did I not see your Jamie pass,
 Wi' muckle blytheness in his face,
 Gaun owre the muir to Maggie.
 I wat he gae her mony a kiss,
 And Maggie took them no amiss;
 'Tween ilka smack pleased her wi' this,
 That Bess was but a gawkie.

O Jamie, ye hae mony taen,
 But I will never stand for ane
 Or twa, when we do meet again,
 Sae ne'er think me a gawkie.
 Ah, na, na, lass, that canna be,
 Sic thochts as these are far frae me,
 Or ony thy sweet face that see,
 Ere to think thee a gawkie.

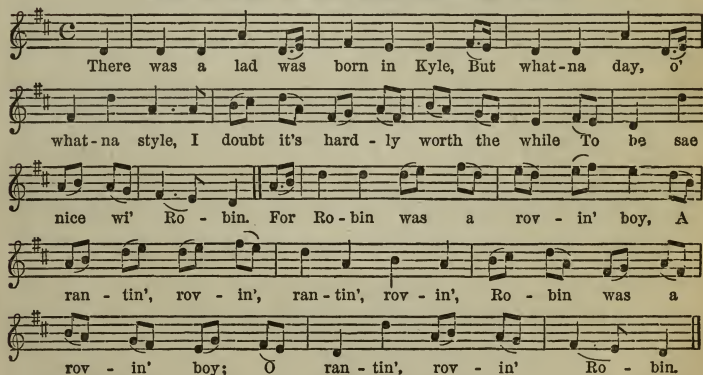
For when a civil kiss I seek,	[cheek, But whisht, nae mair o' this we'll speak,
She turns her head, and throws her	For yonder Jamie does us meet,
And for an hour she'll scarcely speak,	Instead of Meg he kiss'd sae sweet,
Wha'd not ca' her a gawkie?	I trow he likes the gawkie.
But sure my Maggie has mair sense,	O dear, young Bessie, is this you?
She'd gie a score without offence,	I scarcely kenn'd your gown sae new,
Sae gie me ane into the mends,	I think you've got it wat wi' dew,
And ye sall be my dawtie.	Says Bess, "That's like a gawkie.

"It's wat wi' dew, and will get rain,
And I'll get gowns when it is gane,
Sae ye may gang the gate ye came,
And tell it to your dawtie."

The guilt appeared on Jamie's cheek,
He cried, "O cruel maid, but sweet,
If I should gang anither gate,
I ne'er could meet my dawtie."

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
And left puir Jamie sair to rue,
That ever Maggie's face he knew,
Or yet ca'd Bess a gawkie.
As they gaed owre the muir they sang,
Till hills and dales wi' echoes rang,
And Jamie heard it wi' a pang,
"Gang owre the muir to Maggie."

THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN IN KYLE.



There was a lad was born in Kyle, But what-na day, o',
what-na style, I doubt it's hard - ly worth the while To be sae
nice wi' Ro - bin. For Ro - bin was a rovin' boy, A
ran - tin', rovin', ran - tin', rovin', Ro - bin was a
rovin' boy; O ran - tin', rovin' Ro - bin.

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.
For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' scho, wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca' him Robin.
For Robin was a rovin' boy, &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.
For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

But sure as three times three mak' nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin.
For Robin was a rovin' boy, &c.

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH TOWN.

Music by Mr. James Hook.

"Twas with-in a mile of E - din - bu - rgh town, In the ro - sy
time of the year; Sweet flow - ers bloom'd and the grass was down, And
each shepherd woo'd his dear. Bonnie Jockie, blythe and gay, Kiss'd young Jenny
mak - ing hay; The las - sie blush'd, and frowning cried, "Na, na, it win - na
do; I can - na, can - na, win - na, win - na, maun - na ` buckle to."

Young Jockie 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 turned up the grass,
Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily:
Yet still she blushed, 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 gie'd him her hand and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd for ever be true.
Bonnie Jockie, 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."

THERE LIVES A YOUNG LASSIE FAR DOWN IN YON GLEN.

Words by John Imlah.

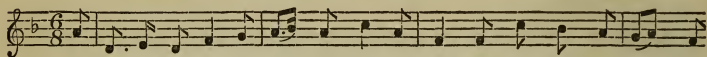
Music by Joseph de Pinna.

The musical score is written on ten staves in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It includes various musical notations such as treble clefs, key signatures, time signatures, and dynamic markings like *tempo.* and *rit.*. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with some words aligned under specific notes or rests. The score concludes with a double bar line.

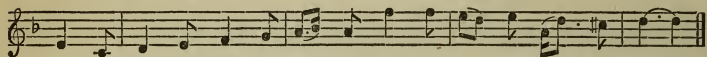
There lives a young las-sie far down in yon glen; And I lo'e that
 las-sie as nae ane may ken! O! a saint's faith may va-ry, but
 faith-fu' I'll be; For weel I lo'e Ma-ry, and Ma-ry lo'es me.
 Red, red as the row-an, her smil-ing wee mou'; And
 white as the gow-an, her breast and her brow; Wi' the foot of a
 fai-ry, she links o'er the lea, O! weel I lo'e Ma-ry, and
tempo.
 Ma-ry lo'es me. There lives a young las-sie far down in yon glen; And
 I lo'e that las-sie as nae ane may ken! O! a saint's faith may
 va-ry, but faith-fu' I'll be; For weel I lo'e Ma-ry, and Ma-ry lo'es me.

She sings sweet as ony wee bird of the air,
 And she's blithe as she's bonnie, she's guid as she's fair;
 Like a lammie as airy and artless as she,
 O! weel I lo'e Mary, and Mary lo'es me.
 There lives a young lassie, &c.

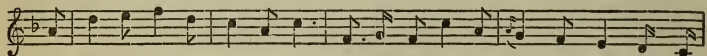
MUIRLAND WILLIE.



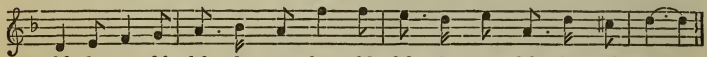
O hearken and I will tell you how Young Muirland Wil - lie cam' here to



woo, Tho' he could nei - ther say nor do; The truth I tell to you.



But aye he cries, whate'er betide, Mag-gie I'se hae to be my bride, With a



fal da ra, fal lal da ra la, fal lal da ra lal da ral la.

On his gray yade as he did ride,
Wi' dirk and pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee,
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
Till he cam' to her daddie's door,
With a fal da ra, &c.

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

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

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu' law,
She hadna will to say him na,
But to her daddie she left it a',
As they twa could agree.
The lover gi'ed her the tither kiss,
Syne ran to her daddie, and tell'd him this,
With a fal da ra, &c.

Now, wooer, sin' ye are lighted down,
Where do ye won, or in what town?
I think my dochter winna gloom,
On sic a lad as ye.
The wooer he stepp'd up the house,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,
With a fal da ra, &c.

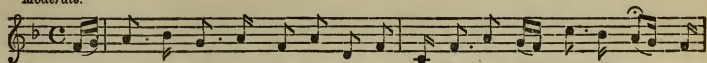
The bridal day it came to pass,
Wi' mony a blithesome lad and lass;
But siccan a day there never was,
Sic mirth was never seen.
This winsome couple straked hands,
Mess John ty'd up the marriage bands,
With a fal da ra, &c.

BONNIE WOOD OF CRAIGIELEE.

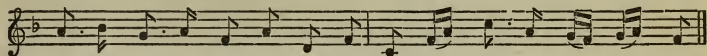
Words by Tannahill.

Music by James Barr.

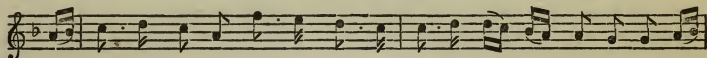
Moderate.



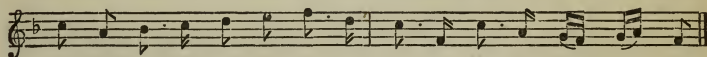
The broom, the brier, the birken bush, Bloom bonnie o'er thy flow'ry lea; And



a' the sweets that ane can wish, Frae na - ture's hand are strewed on thee.



Thou bon - nie wood of Craig - ie - lee, Thou bon-nie wood of Craig-ie - lee, Near



thee I've spent life's ear - ly day, And won my Ma-ry's heart in thee.

Far ben thy dark green plantin's shade,
The cushat croodles am'rously;
The mavis down thy buighted glade,
Gars echo ring frae ev'ry tree.
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Awa' ye thoughtless murd'ring gang,
Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee;
They'll sing you yet a canty sang,
Then, O, in pity, let them be!
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

When winter blaws in sleety show'rs,
Frae aff the norlan' hills sae hie,
He lightly skiffs thy bonnie bow'rs,
As laith to harm a flow'r in thee.
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Though fate should drag me south the line,
Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,
The happy hours I'll ever min',
That I in youth hae spent in thee.
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

A GUID NEW YEAR TO ANE AN' A'.

Words by P. Livingstone.
Lively.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Composed by A. Hume.

A guid New Year to ane an' a', An' mon-y may ye see; An'
dur-ing a' the years to come, O hap-py may ye be. An'
may ye ne'er hae cause to mourn, To sigh, or shed a tear; To
ane an' a', baith great an' sma', A hear-ty guid New Year.

Altr.

CHORUS.

A guid New Year to ane an' a', An' mon-y may ye see; An'
A guid New Year to ane an' a', An' mon-y may ye see; An'
A guid New Year to ane an' a', An' mon-y may ye see; An'
A guid New Year to ane an' a', An' mon-y may ye see; An'
dur-ing a' the years to come O hap-py may ye be.
dur-ing a' the years to come O hap-py may ye be.
dur-ing a' the years to come O hap-py may ye be.

O time flies fast, he winna wait,
 My friend, for you or me;
 He works his wonders day by day,
 And onward still doth flee.
 O wha can tell when ilka ane,
 I see sae happy here,
 Will meet again an' merry be,
 Anither guid New Year?
 A guid New Year, &c.

We twa hae baith been happy lang,
 We ran about the braes;
 In yon wee cot beneath the tree,
 We spent our early days.
 We ran about the burnie's side,
 The spot will aye be dear;
 An' those that used to meet us there
 We'll think on mony a year.
 A guid New Year, &c.

Now let us hope our years may be,
 As guid as they hae been;
 And trust we ne'er again may see
 The sorrows we hae seen.
 And let us wish that ane an' a',
 Our friends baith far an' near,
 May aye enjoy in times to come
 A hearty guid New Year.
 A guid New Year, &c.

RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

Words by Burns.

Lively

O rat-tlin', roar-in' Wil-lie, O he held to the fair, An' for to sell
 his fid-dle And buy some i-ther ware; But part-ing wi' his fid-dle, The
 saut tear blin't his e'e; And rat-tlin', roar-in' Wil-lie, Ye're welcome hame to me.

O, Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 O, sell your fiddle sae fine;
 O, Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 And buy a pint o' wine.
 If I should sell my fiddle,
 The warl' would think I was mad,
 For mony a rantin' day
 My fiddle and I hae had.

As I cam' by Crochallan
 I cannily keekit ben,
 Rattlin', roarin' Willie
 Was sittin' at yon boord-en'—
 Sittin' at yon boord-en',
 And amang guid companie;
 Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me.

THE FLAG OF BRITANNIA.

Words and Music by John Henderson.

Con spirito

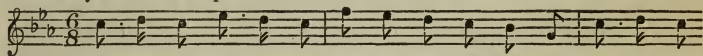
The flag of Bri-tan-nia, the pride of the free, Tri-um-phant it
float-eth o'er land and o'er sea; And proud-ly it brav-eth the
bat-tle or blast, For when tat-tered by shot it is nailed to the
mast. When tattered by shot it is nailed to the mast. Un-tain-ted it
is by dis-hon-our's foul spot, While o-thers are sul-lied it
has not a blot; The cham-pion of free-dom, it rul-eth the
waves, And wher-ev-er 'tis hois-ted makes free-men of slaves. For the
flag of Bri-tan-nia, the flag of the brave, Is a stan-dard that
nev-er can float o'er a slave; And proud-ly it brav-eth the
bat-tle and blast, For when tat-tered by shot it is nailed to the
mast. When tat-tered by shot it is nailed to the mast.

How the heart of each Briton does beat when on high
 The flag of Britannia unfurls to the sky;
 And gloriously braveth the battlefield's shock,
 As the waves vainly dash on the storm-beaten rock.
 There's many a banner hangs drooping its head,
 For the strength that sustained it is nerveless and dead,
 And the hearts that once followed it on to the field,
 Left no kindred spirits its honour to shield.

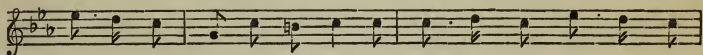
But the flag of Britannia, the flag of the brave,
 Triumphant it floateth o'er land and o'er wave;
 And proudly it braveth the battle and blast,
 For when tattered by shot it is nailed to the mast.
 When tattered by shot it is nailed to the mast.

LOCK THE DOOR, LARISTON.

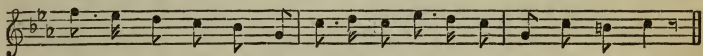
Words by the Ettrick Shepherd.



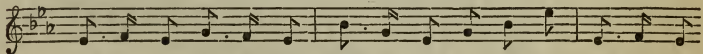
Lock the door, Lar - is - ton, li - on of Lid - des - dale, Lock the door,



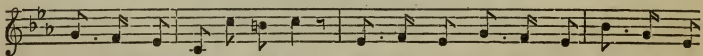
Lar - is - ton, Lou-ther comes on; The Arm-strongs are fly - ing, The



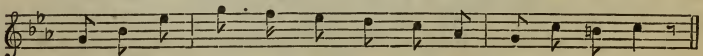
wid-ows are cry - ing, The Cas-tletoun's burning, and O - li - ver's gone.



Lock the door, Lar - is - ton, high on the wea-ther gleam, See how the



Sax - on plumes bob on the sky; Yeoman and car - bin - eer, Bil-man and



hal - ber - dier, Fierce is the for - ay, and far is the cry.

Bewcastle brandishes high his broad scimitar,
 Ridley is riding his fleet-footed grey;
 Hidley and Howard there,
 Wandell and Windermere;
 Lock the door, Lariston, hold them at bay.

Why dost thou smile, noble Elliott of Lariston?
 Why does the joy-candle gleam in thine eye?
 Thou bold border ranger,
 Beware of thy danger,
 Thy foes are relentless, determined, and nigh.

Jock Elliott raised up his steel bonnet and lookit—
 His hand grasped the sword with a nervous embrace;
 "Oh welcome, brave foemen,
 On earth there are no men
 More gallant to meet in the foray or chase.

"Little know you of the hearts I have hidden here,
 Little know you of the moststroopers' might,
 Linhope and Sorbie true,
 Sundhope and Milburn too;
 Gentle in manners but lions in fight.

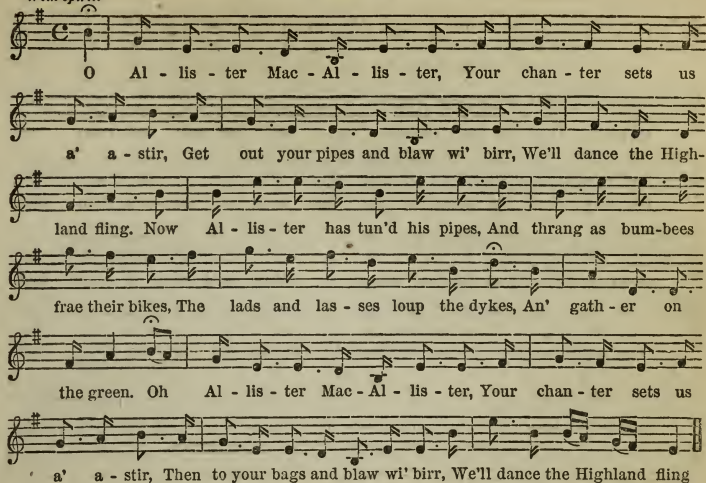
"I have Mangerton, Ogilvie, Raeburn, and Netherbie,
 Old Sim of Whitram and all his array;
 Come all Northumberland,
 Teesdale and Cumberland,
 Here at the Breaken tower end the affray."

Scowled the broad sun o'er the links o' green Liddesdale,
 Red as the beacon light tipt he the wold—
 Many a bold martial eye
 Mirror'd that morning sky,
 Never more oped on his orbit of gold.

Shrill was the bugle's note, dreadful the warriors' shout,
 Lances and halberts in splinters were borne,
 Helmet and hauberk then
 Braved the claymore in vain,
 Buckler and armlet in shivers were shorn.

See how they wane, the proud file of the Windermere,
 Howard, ah! woe to thy hopes of the day,
 Hear the rude welkin rend
 While the Scots' shouts ascend:—
 "Elliott of Lariston, Elliott for aye!"

ALLISTER MACALLISTER.

With spirit.

The miller Rab was fidgin' fain
To dance the Highland fling his lane;
He lap and danced wi' might and main,
The like was never seen.

As round about the ring he whuds,
He cracks his thumbs, and shakes his duds,
The meal flew frae his tail in cluds,
And blinded a' their e'en.
Oh Allister, &c.

Neist rackle-handed smithy Jock,
A' blackened owre wi' coom and smoke,
Wi' bletherin', bleer-e'd Bess did yoke,
That harum scarum quean.

He shook his doublets in the wind,
His feet like hammers strak the grund,
The very moudiewarts were stunn'd,
Nor kenn'd what it could mean.
Oh Allister, &c.

Now Allister has done his best,
And weary stumps are needin' rest,
Besides wi' drouth they're sair distress'd,
Wi' dancin' sae, I ween.
I trow the gauntrees got a lift,
An' round the bickers flew like drift,
An' Allister that very nicht
Could scarcely stand his lane.
Oh Allister, &c.

O BONNIE BLINKS THE GOWAN.

Words by James Reed.

Music by A. Hume.

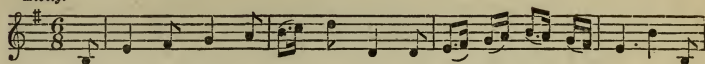
O bon-nie blinks the gow-an on Scot-tia's heath'ry lea, And
 blythe-ly does the this-tle wave up-on her hills sae free; An'
 sweet-ly down ilk haunt-it glen the sing-ing burn-ie's glide, 'Mang
 woods be-neath whose spreadin' screen a slave could ne'er a-bide. But
 that which makes her glens sae sweet, her streams sae sil-ler clear, Her
 wood shaws wild an' rus-tic knowes o' gow-den broom sae dear; An'
 e'en to free-dom's high-est joys en-no-bling pow'rs can gie, Is
 that the bon-nie lass lives there wha lo'es nae lad but me.

I wadna tine my lassie's love for a' the world's gear,
 Nor a' the ribbons, gems, and stars, ambition's minions wear;
 And though they fain would wile me far where gowd is to be won,
 'Mang myrtle groves, and vine-clad fields, aneath a cloudless sun,
 I canna leave my ain auld hame on Scotia's gladsome plain,
 Though I could gather countless wealth ayont the roaring main;
 For what were a' the grovelling joys that gowd or pow'r could gie,
 If shared na by the winsome lass that lo'es nae lad but me.

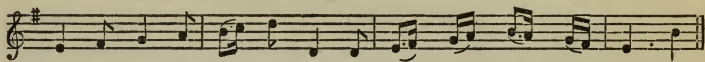
O brave he fights frae stain or blight to keep his country's fame
 Wha's breast to aid his patriot zeal burns wi' a lover's flame;
 And boldly will he face and cow oppression's highest pride,
 Wha draws his sword alike to guard his freedom and his bride.
 And ere a foreign despot rules my ain auld mither-land,
 Or freedom's chaplet lose ae leaf by native tyrants' hand,
 I'd rather that my life-blood dyed the gowan on her lea,
 Though dear as life I haud the lass that lo'es nae lad but me.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

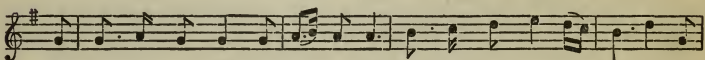
Words by John Hamilton.

Lively.

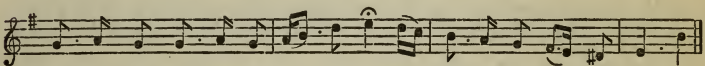
Could blaws the wind frae north to south, And drift is driv - in' sair - ly; The



sheep are cow'r-ing in the heuch, O sirs, 'tis win - ter fair - ly.



Then up in the morn-ing's no for me, Up in the morn-ing ear - ly, I'd



ra - ther gae sup - per-less to my bed, Than rise in the morn-ing ear - ly.

Loud roars the blast among the woods,

And tirls the branches barely;

On hill and house hear how it thuds!

The frost is nippling sairly.

Now up in the morning's no for me,

Up in the morning early;

To sit a nicht wad better agree

Than rise in the morning early.

Nae linties lilt on hedge or bush:

Poor things, they suffer sairly;

In cauldrie quarters a' the nicht;

A' day they feed but sparely.

Now up in the morning's no for me,

Up in the morning early;

A pennylesse purse I wad rather dree

Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps owre yon southland hills

Like ony timorous carlie,

Justs blinks a wee then sinks again,

And that we find severely.

Now up in the morning's no for me,

Up in the morning early;

When snaw blaws in at the chimley cheek,

Wha'd rise in the morning early?

A cosie house and cantie wife

Aye keep a body cheerly;

And pantries stowed wi' meat and drink,

They answer unco rarely.

But up in the morning—na, na, na!

Up in the morning early;

The gowans maun glent on bank and brae,

When I rise in the morning early.

DUET:—THE RECALL.

Music by A. Hume.

Tenor.

Come a - gain,

Come a - gain,

Bass.

O come a - gain,

O come a - gain,

Come a - gain, O come a - gain, Sun-shine com - eth af - ter rain.

Come a - gain, O come a - gain, Sun-shine com - eth af - ter rain.

Sun-shine com - eth af - ter rain. af - ter rain. As a lamp fed

Sun-shine com - eth af - ter rain. af - ter rain. As a lamp fed

new - ly burn - eth, Plea - sure who doth fly re - turn - eth, Scatt' - ring ev' - ry

new - ly burn - eth, Plea - sure who doth fly re - turn - eth, Scatt' - ring ev' - ry

cloud of pain. As the year which dies in show - ers, Ris - eth

cloud of pain. As the year which dies in show - ers, Ris - eth

in a world of flow - ers. Call'd by man - y a ver - nal strain.

in a world of flow - ers. Call'd by man - y a ver - nal strain.

Call'd by man - y a ver - nal strain.

Call'd by man - y a ver - nal strain. Come thou for whom our tears are fal - ling,

And a thou-sand hearts are cal - ling, Come a - gain, Come a -

Come a - gain, O come a - gain,

gain, O come, come a - gain.

Come a - gain, O come a - gain, Come a - gain, O come a - gain,

Come a - gain, O come a - gain, Come a - gain, O come a - gain,

cres. *f*

Come a - gain, Come, come, O come a - gain, Come - - -

f *p*

Come, come. a - gain, O come, come, come, O come again, Come a - gain, O

p *f*

- - Come a - gain, O come a - gain, Come, come a - gain, O come a -

p *f*

come again, Come a - gain, O come a - gain, Come, come a - gain, O come a -

p *p* *>* *p*

gain, O come a - gain, Be thou the sun-shine af - ter rain, the

p *>*

gain, O come a - gain, Be thou the sun-shine af - ter rain, the

ritard.

sun - shine af - ter rain. Be thou the sun-shine af - ter rain.

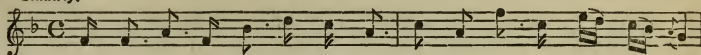
sun - shine af - ter rain. Be thou the sun-shine af - ter rain.

DINNA THINK, MY BONNIE LASSIE.

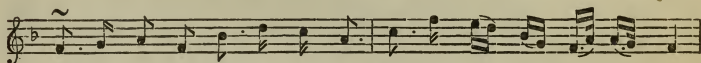
Words by W. S. Jack.

Composed by A. Hume.

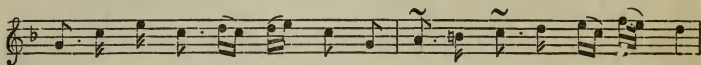
Tenderly.



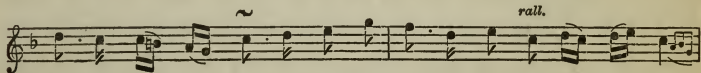
Din - na think, my bon - nie las - sie, That this heart can al - ter'd be;



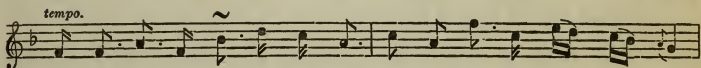
A' its thoughts an' dreams, dear lassie, Are the thoughts an' dreams o' thee.



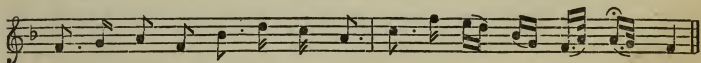
See yon crys - tal stream - let wand'ring, Bids ilk bloom-ing flow'r re-joyce;



Sweet to na - ture its me - an-d'ring, Sweeter far to me thy voice.



Din - na think, my bon - nie las - sie, That this heart can al - ter'd be;



A' its thoughts an' dreams, dear las - sie, Are the thoughts an' dreams o' thee.

There sweet spring delights to linger,
 Causing bud an' bloom to shine;
 But in vain her sunny finger,
 Strives to paint sic charms as thine.
 Dowie seems ilk op'nin' blossom,
 When the sun withdraws a while;
 Wae, like them, becomes this bosom,
 Absent frae thy gentle smile.
 Dinna think, &c.

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

Words by Burns.

In moderate time.

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

Your proffer o' luvè's an arle-penny, Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy; Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
But an' ye be crafty, I am cunnin', Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try. And ye'll crack your credit wi' maenormè.

Words by Burns.

Moderately slow.

BRAW, BRAW LADS.

Braw, braw lads on Yar-row braes, Ye wan-der through the blooming hea-ther;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws, Can match the lads o' Gal-la water. Braw, braw lads.

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

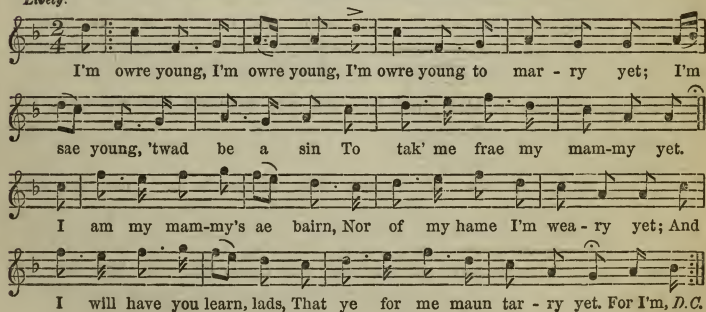
Although his daddie was nae laird,
 And though I hae na meikle tocher,
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

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

Words by Burns.

Lively.

I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET.



I'm owre young, I'm owre young, I'm owre young to mar - ry yet; I'm
 sae young, 'twad be a sin To tak' me frae my mam-my yet.
 I am my mam-my's ae bairn, Nor of my hame I'm wea - ry yet; And
 I will have you learn, lads, That ye for me maun tar - ry yet. For I'm, *D.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, &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, &c.

O VOW TO ME, SALLY.

Words by William Cameron.

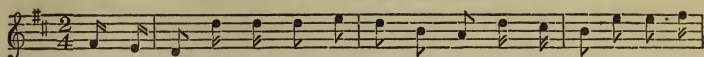
Music by Matthew Wilson.

The musical score is written for a single voice on a treble clef staff in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and sentimental, with a final cadence. The lyrics are printed below the staff, aligned with the notes.

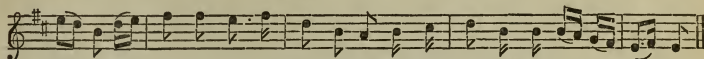
O vow to me, Sal-ly, dear Sal-ly, that nev-er An-
 o-ther's love e'er shall thy bo-som con-trol; Art thou not my
 own love, be-troth-ed for ev-er, The pride of my heart and the
 joy of my soul. The pride of my heart and the joy of my soul.
 Be-lieve not the smil-ing, and heed not the scorn-ing, That fond ones, ad-
 mir-ing, may of-fer to thee; Our hearts still are one, love, from
 life's ear-ly mor-ning, And O, let the noon-tide of bliss be for
 me. And O, let the noon-tide of bliss be for me.

We loved when we knew not that love was the feeling,
 We felt and we lived for each other alone;
 And now that our hearts the soft truth is revealing,
 I know, dearest Sally, thou still art my own.
 Yes, yes, my own loved one, then wilt thou forgive me,
 And wipe that blest tear from thy love-speaking eye!
 One word from my lips, dearest Sally, believe me,
 Shall never again cause thy bosom a sigh.

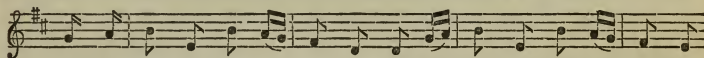
THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE.



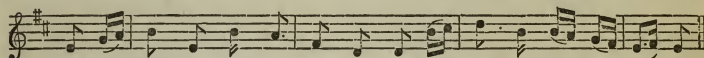
Wha the deil hae we got - ten for a king, But a wee, wee German



Lairdie; When we gaed ower to bring him hame, He was delvin' in his kail - yar-die.



He was sheughing kail, and lay - ing leeks, With-out the hose, and but the



breeks, And up his beg - gar duds he cleeks, This wee, wee Ger - man Lair-die.

And he's clappit down in our gudeman's chair,
 The wee, wee German Lairdie;
 And he's brought fouth o' his foreign trash,
 And dibbled them in his yardie.
 He's pu'd the rose o' English loons,
 And broken the harp o' Irish clowns;
 But our Scotch thistle will jag his thumbs,
 This wee, wee German Lairdie.

Come up amang our Hieland hills,
 Thou wee, wee German Lairdie,
 And see the Stuart's lang kail thrive,
 They hae dibbled in our kail-yardie.
 And if a stock ye daur to pu',
 Or haud the yokin' o' a plough,
 We'll break your sceptre ower your mou',
 Ye feckless German Lairdie.

Auld Scotland, thou'rt ower cauld a hole,
 For nursin' siccan vermin;
 But the very dogs in England's court,
 They bark and howl in German.
 Then keep thy dibble in thy ain hand,
 Thy spade but and thy yardie;
 For wha the deil now claims your land,
 But a wee, wee German Lairdie.

DUET:—O GIN MY LOVE.

Arranged as a Duet by Alexander Hume. The first verse is from Herd's MS., the other was written by Burns.

1st

Allegretto. O gin my love were yon red rose, That grows up - on yon cas - tle
2d
O gin my love were yon red rose, That grows up - on yon cas - tle

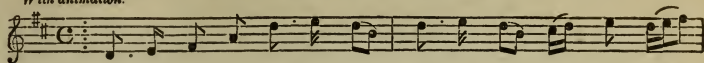
wa', An' I my - sel' a drap o' dew, In - to her bon - nie breast to fa'.
wa', An' I my - sel' a drap o' dew, In - to her bon - nie breast to fa'.

O there be - yond ex - pres - sion blest, I'd feast on beau - ties a' the night; Seal'd
O there be - yond ex - pres - sion blest, I'd feast on beau - ties a' the night; Seal'd

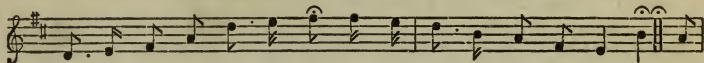
on her silk soft faulds to rest, Till fley'd a - wa' by Phœ - bus' light.
on her silk soft faulds to rest, Till fley'd a - wa' by Phœ - bus' light.

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 would I mourn when it was torn,
By autumn wild and winter rude;
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renewed.

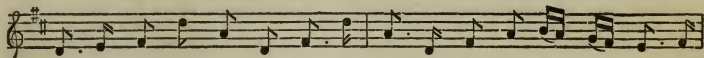
Words by Burns.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.*With animation.*

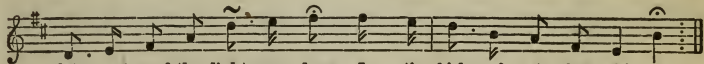
Bon - nie las - sie, will ye go, Will ye go, will ye go?



Bon - nie las - sie, will ye go To the birks of A - ber - fel - dy ? Now



sim - mer blinks on flow' - ry braes, And o'er the crys - tal streamlet plays : Come



let us spend the light - some days In the birks of A - ber - fel - dy.

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

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Thy hoary cliffs are crowned wi' flowers,
While o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

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.

"WE'LL HAE NANE BUT HIGHLAND BONNETS HERE."

Respectfully inscribed to Sir Colin Campbell,

By Alexander MacLagan.

At the decisive charge on the heights of Alma, when the Guards were pressing on to share the honour of taking the first guns with the Highlanders, Sir Colin Campbell, cheering on his men, cried aloud, "We'll have none but Highland bonnets here!" How these heroic words acted upon his brave followers is well known.

Extracts of Letters from the Crimea.—

Camp before Sebastopol, 24th August, 1855

Many thanks for Mr. MacLagan's war songs you so kindly sent. "We'll hae nane but Highland Bonnets here" is excellent, and we never tire singing it in the camp.—JOHN JOINER, *Quartermaster, 93d Highlanders.*

Camp before Sebastopol, August 4, 1855.—Dear Sir,—“We'll hae nane but Highland Bonnets here” is highly appreciated in the camp of the 93d Highlanders, and was sung with great enthusiasm both in the tents and in the trenches. I can assure you it will long be a favourite song in our regiment, and the whole Highland Brigade. It was sung by many a poor fellow by the camp fires in the last dreadful winter nights, when one would think that singing was not in their hearts. You cannot think how cheering it is to the soldier fighting for his native land, when singing the songs of dear auld Scotland!—PT. ROBERT SINCLAIR *No. 2 Company 93d Highlanders.*—Mr. Alexander MacLagan.

Al - ma, field of he - roes, hail! Al - ma, glor - ious to the Gael,

Glor - ious to the sym - bol dear, Glorious to the moun - tain - eer; Hark,

hark, to Campbell's bat - tle - cry! It led the brave to vic - to - ry, It

thunder'd through the charg - ing cheer, We'll hae nane but High - land

Chorus.

bon - nets here. We'll hae nane but High - land bon - nets here, We'll hae

na - ne but High - land bon - nets here. It thun - der'd through the charg - ing

cheer, We'll hae na - ne but High - land bon - nets here.

See, see the heights where fight the brave!
 See, see the gallant tartans wave!
 How wild the work of Highland steel,
 When conquered thousands backward reel.
 See, see the warriors of the north,
 To death or glory rushing forth!
 Hark to their shout from front to rear,
 "We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here!"
 We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here!
 We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here!
 Hark to their shout from front to rear,
 We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here!

Braver field was never won,
 Braver deeds were never done;
 Braver blood was never shed,
 Braver chieftain never led;
 Braver swords were never wet!
 With life's red tide when heroes met!
 Braver words ne'er thrilled the ear,
 "We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here!"
 We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here!
 We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here!
 Braver words ne'er thrilled the ear,
 We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here!

Let glory rear her flag of fame,
 Brave Scotland cries "This spot I claim!"
 Here will Scotland bare her brand,
 Here will Scotland's lion stand!
 Here will Scotland's banner fly,
 Here Scotland's sons will do or die!
 Here shout above the "symbol dear,"
 "We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here!"
 We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here!
 We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here!
 It thundered through the charging cheer,
 We'll hae nane but Highland bonnets here!

This song is the first of a series of twelve on the present war by the same author. Copies with Pianoforte accompaniments, price one shilling, can be had at David Jack's, 61 Jamaica Street, Glasgow.

[Two Songs from a poetical work in the press entitled "Metrical Memories of the War."
Scene—Soldiers singing in the camp the night before the Battle of Inkermann.]

Blame not the uncouth melodies,
From nature's holy source upheaving;
That mingled with the keen wind's sighs,
Regret and grief alike relieving.

Nor scorn the untrained minstrel's art,
Ere he rush to the conflict, telling
The honest love of a noble heart,
In the pathos of Erin swelling.

O AILEEN, DEAR AILEEN.—THE IRISHMAN'S SONG.

Words by James Reed.

Music by John Fulcher.

Andante.

O Ail - een, dear Ail - een, thy im - age doth rest, Like a star in the
gloom of my des - tin - y here, And the mo - ment when last you re -
clined on my breast, As the un - cloud - ed hour of our meet - ing is
dear, And ev - er while life in my bo - som is swel - ling, Let
suff' rings as - sail me or dan - gers be - set, Thy love, dearest Ail - een, all
sad - ness dis - pel - ling, The heart of your sol - dier will nev - er for - get.

My Aileen, my own one! the grief-shadows now,
Blight the joy-flow'rs that bloom'd on thy beautiful cheek:
And the heart-sorrow dims the pure light of thy brow,
As the cloud of the eve does the rose-blossom streak.
But though I have wander'd from thee far away, love,
Where hardship, and suff'ring, and danger beset;
In battle's fierce day still, our love's early ray still,
The heart of your soldier will never forget.

Oh Aileen, my lov'd one, for Erin and thee,
 Alone do I seek for the soldier's bright name;
 My bride and my country my watchwords will be,
 And guide to the conquest of honour and fame.
 Old Ireland's renown I will ever maintain, dear,
 Though hardship, and suffering, and danger beset;
 And love's tender reign, dear, in joy or in pain, dear,
 The heart of your soldier will never forget.

The brave gallant names of my father-land fire me,
 Those patriot bands without blemish or stain;
 The deeds they achieved for their freedom inspire me,
 And faithful and true I will ever remain.
 Should my blood in the conflict the heath-flow'r embue, dear,
 Dishonour will never my death hour beset;
 For still I'll be true, dear, to freedom and you, dear,
 And ne'er will my bosom thy image forget.

No recreant will that soldier prove,
 Within whose valiant breast
 The gentle thoughts of woman's love,
 With warlike ardours rest.
 And to the creed thus simply told,
 Erin's young soldier bowed,
 As e'er did Paladin of old,
 To war and beauty vowed.

And as the low-breath'd love-fraught strain
 Amid the darkness died;

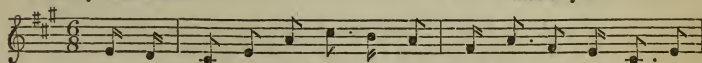
A wayward youth from border plain,
 In like low tones replied.

'Twas strange in that dark hovel drear
 With war's impending horrors near,
 Those homely doric tones to hear,
 Or list the vocal flow
 Of sad, but sacred, homelove blent,
 With chivalrous and bold intent,
 And thoughts on deadly conflict bent,
 And battle's wildest throe.

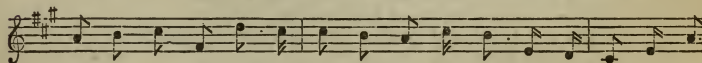
THE BORDER RIFLEMAN'S SONG.

Words by James Reed.

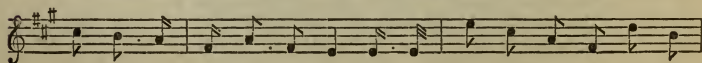
Music by John Fulcher.



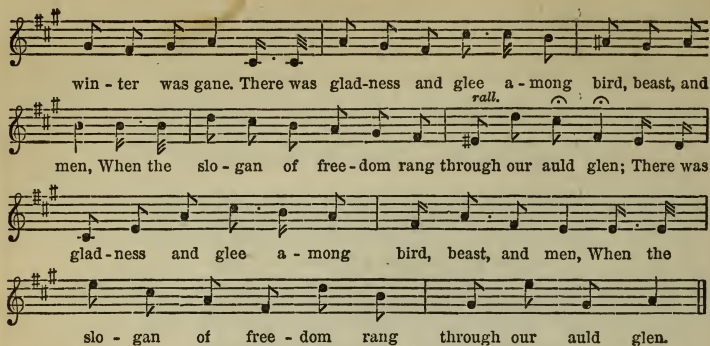
When I left our auld glen the young gow-ans were springing, The



lav'rocks an' lin-ties their first love lilts sing-ing, An' the wee mer-ry



ro-bin be-side our door stane, Sang a chant o' de-light that the



win - ter was gane. There was glad-ness and glee a - mong bird, beast, and
rall.
 men, When the slo - gan of free - dom rang through our auld glen; There was
 glad-ness and glee a - mong bird, beast, and men, When the
 slo - gan of free - dom rang through our auld glen.

I was wilfu', and wild, and licht-hearted, and free,
 Nae frolic or revel was held without me;
 Life was bricht as the lift on a clear summer day,
 Nae fears or dejection to darken its ray;
 An' the love o' my Peggy had just blest me, when
 The proud slogan o' freedom rang through our auld glen.

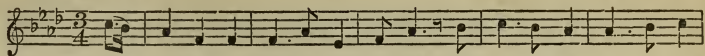
Clear and loud peal'd the sound, owre heath, valley, and wold,
 An' our border lads raise like their grandsires of old,
 When ilka peel turrit its beacon light bore,
 They changed their herds' crook for the spear or claymore.
 Nought dismay'd them, or stay'd them, or daunten'd them, when
 The proud slogan o' freedom rang through our auld glen.

Though my father looked stern, I kent weel he was sad,
 An' my mither grat sair for her ne'er-do-weel lad;
 An' through the dim tears o' my Peggy's blue e'en,
 The light o' her heart-love could hardly be seen.
 I fand nae misgiein', nae heart sinkin', when
 The proud slogan o' freedom rang through our auld glen.

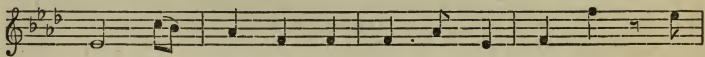
Nor yet will I yield, though the path to renown,
 An' the wreath of distinction, an' victory's crown,
 Has been bloody an' lang, an' may bloodier be
 Ere another day's dawn on the hill taps we see.
 I will fight for my country as cheerfu' as when
 The proud slogan o' freedom rang through our auld glen.

TAM GLEN.

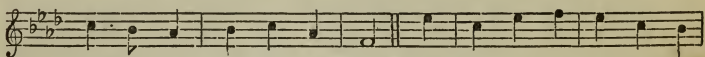
Words by Burns.



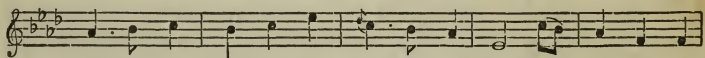
My heart is a - breaking, dear tit-tie! Some coun-sel un - to me come



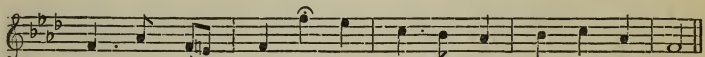
len'; To an - ger them a' is a pi - ty, But



what will I do wi' Tam Glen? I'm think-in' wi' sic' a braw



fal - low, In poor-tith I micht mak' a fen'; What care I in



rich - es to wal - low, If I maun-na mar - ry Tam Glen.

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller, My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 "Gude day to you," coof, he comes ben; He'll gie me gude hunder merks ten;
 He brags and he blows o' his siller, But, if it's ordain'd I maun tak' him,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen? O wha will I get but Tam Glen?
 My minnie does constantly deave me, Yestreen, at the valentines dealin',
 And bids me beware o' young men; My heart to my mou' gied a sten';
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me— For thrice I drew ane without failin',
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen? And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin'
 My drookit sark sleeve, as ye ken;
 His likeness cam' up the house staukin',
 And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen.
 Come, counsel, dear tittie, dont tarry;
 I'll gie ye my bonnie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

O NANNY WILT THOU GANG WI' ME!

Words by Thomas Percy.

Music by Thomas Carter.

The musical score is written for a single voice on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is accompanied by a piano accompaniment consisting of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words hyphenated across lines. Performance markings include *cres.* (crescendo) above the staff and *ad lib.* (ad libitum) below the staff.

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

O Nanny! when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
 Say, canst thou face the scorching ray,
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
 O can that soft and gentle mien
 Extremes of hardship learn to bear;
 Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

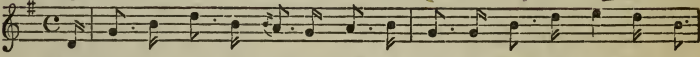
O Nanny! canst thou love so true,
 Through perils keen wi' me to go;
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share wi' him the pang of woe?
 Say, should disease or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care;
 Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recall,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath;
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear;
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

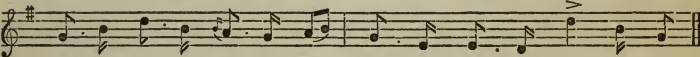
FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY.

Words by Burns.

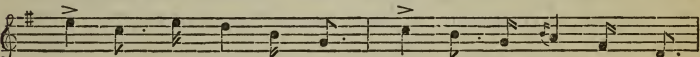
p



My heart is sair, I daur-na tell, My heart is sair for some-bo-dy;

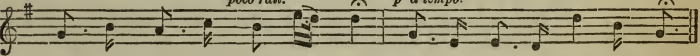


I could wake a win-ter night, For the sake o' some-bo-dy.



Oh hon, for some-bo-dy! Oh hey, for some-bo-dy!

poco rall. *p a tempo.*



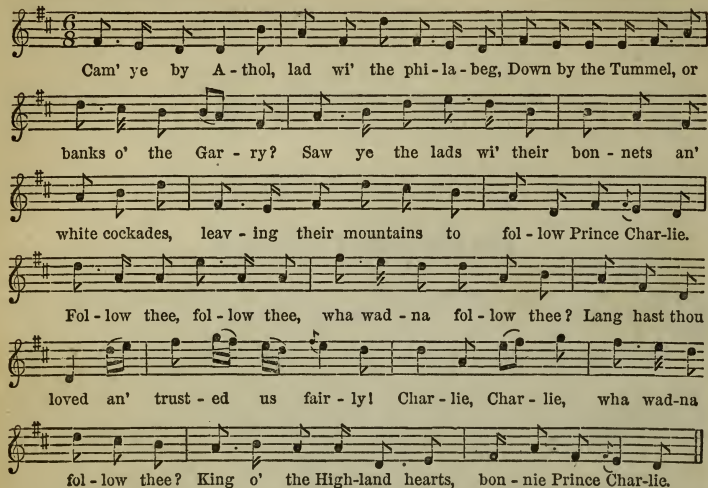
I could range the world a-round, For the sake o' some-bo-dy!

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 O sweetly smile on somebody!
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,
 And send me safe my somebody.
 Oh hon, for somebody!
 Oh hey, for somebody!
 I wad do—what wad I not?—
 For the sake o' somebody.

CAM' YE BY ATHOL?

Words by James Hogg.

Music by Neil Gow.



Cam' ye by A - thol, lad wi' the phi - la - beg, Down by the Tummel, or
banks o' the Gar - ry? Saw ye the lads wi' their bon - nets an'
white cockades, leav - ing their mountains to fol - low Prince Char-lie.
Fol - low thee, fol - low thee, wha wad - na fol - low thee? Lang hast thou
loved an' trust - ed us fair - ly! Char - lie, Char - lie, wha wad-na
fol - low thee? King o' the High-land hearts, bon - nie Prince Char-lie.

I hae but ae son, my gallant young Donald;
But if I had ten they should follow Glengarry;
Health to Macdonald and gallant Clanronald,
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;
Down by Lord Murray and Roy of Kildarlie;
Brave Mackintosh, he shall fly to the field with them;
These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.
Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the whigamore,
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely;
Ronald and Donald drive on wi' the braid claymore,
Over the necks of the foes of Prince Charlie.
Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

In win - ter when the rain rain'd cauld, And frost and snaw on
 il - ka hill; And Bor-eas wi' his blasts sae bauld, Was threat'ning a' our
 kye to kill. Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife, She said to me right has - ti -
crescendo
 ly, Get up, gudeman, save Crummie's life, An' tak' your auld cloak a-bout ye.

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

My cloak was ance a gude gray cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear;
 But now it's scanty worth a groat,
 For I hae worn't this thretty year.
 Let's spend the gear that we hae won,
 We little ken the day we'll die;
 Then I'll be proud, sin' I hae sworn
 To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when gude king Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but half-a-crown;
 He said they were a groat owre dear,
 And ca'd the tailor thief and loon.
 He was the king that wore the croun,
 An' thou'rt a man of laigh degree;
 It's pride puts a' the country down;
 Sae tak your auld cloak about ye.

Ilka land has its ain lauch,
 Ilk kind o' corn has it's ain hool:
 I think the world is a' gane wrang,
 When ilka wife her man maun rule.
 Do ye no see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 How they are girded gallantlie,
 While I sit hurklin i' the ase?
 I'll hae a new cloak about me!

Gudeman, I wat it's thretty year
 Sin' we did ane anither ken;
 An' we hae had atween us twa
 Of lads an' bonnie lasses ten;
 Now they are women grown an' men,
 I wish an' pray weel may they be;
 An' if you'd prove a gude husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

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

THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

Old song, altered by Burns.

There grows a bon-nie brier bush in our kail-yard; And white are the blossoms o't in our kail-yard; Like wee bit white cock-ades for our loy-al Hieland lads; And the las-ses lo'e the brier bush in our kail-yard.

But were they a' true that are far awa'?
 Oh! were they a' true that are far awa'?
 They drew up wi' glaiket Englishers at Carlisle ha',
 And forgot auld frien's when far awa'.

Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye hae been;
 Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye hae been;
 Ye lo'ed owre weel the dancin' at Carlisle ha',
 And forgot the Hieland hills that were far awa'.

He's comin' frae the North that's to fancy me,
 He's comin' frae the North that's to fancy me,
 A feather in his bonnet, and a ribbon at his knee;
 He's a bonnie Hieland laddie, and you be na he.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Max-well-ton braes are bonnie, Where early fa's the dew, And it's there that Annie Lau-rie Gi'e'd me her pro-mise true, Gi'e'd me her pro-mise true, Which ne'er forgot will be, And for bonnie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me down and dee.

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

As Jean sat at her spin-ning wheel, A bon-nie lad-die he pass'd by, As
 Jean sat at her spin-ning wheel, A bon - nie lad - die he pass'd by, She
 turn-ed round an' view'd him weel, For oh! he had a glan-cin' e'e, Her
 pant-ing heart be-gan to feel, But aye she turn'd her spinning wheel.
 Her panting heart be-gan to feel, But aye she turn'd her spin - ning wheel.

p *mf* *p* *mf* *animated* *With expression.* *Ritendo.* *a tempo.*

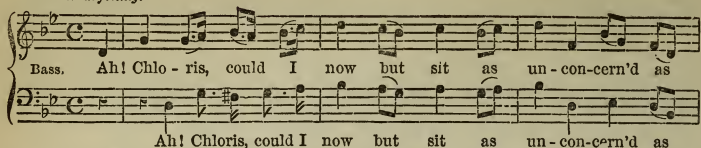
Her snow-white hands he did extol,
 He prais'd her fingers neat and small,
 Her snow-white hands he did extol,
 He prais'd her fingers neat and small,
 He said there was nae lady fair,
 That ance wi' her he could compare:
 His words into her heart did steal,
 But aye she turn'd her spinning wheel.
 His words into her heart did steal,
 But aye she turn'd her spinning wheel.

He said, Lay by your rock, your reel,
 Your win'ings, and your spinning wheel;
 He said, Lay by your rock, your reel,
 Your win'ings, and your spinning wheel;
 He bade her lay them a' aside,
 And come and be his bonnie bride;
 An' oh, she lik'd his words sae weel,
 She laid aside her spinning wheel.
 An' oh, she lik'd his words sae weel,
 She laid aside her spinning wheel.

DUET:—AH! CHLORIS, COULD I NOW BUT SIT.

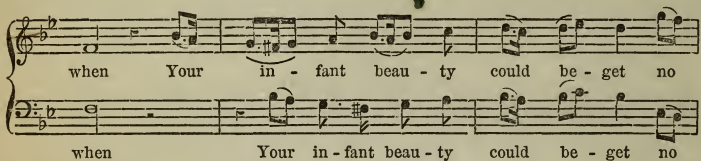
Sir Charles Sedley, 1675.

Air—Gilderoy.

Air.—*With feeling.*


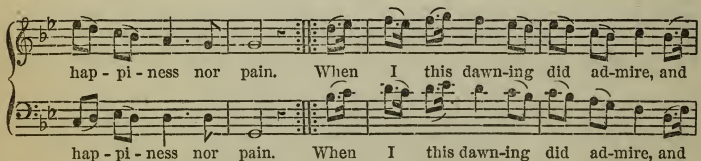
Bass, Ah! Chlo - ris, could I now but sit as un - con - cern'd as

Ah! Chloris, could I now but sit as un - con - cern'd as



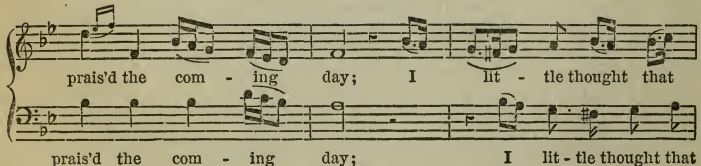
when Your in - fant beau - ty could be - get no

when Your in - fant beau - ty could be - get no



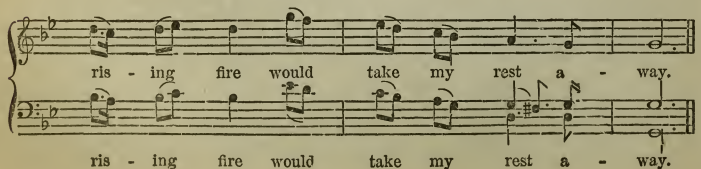
hap - pi - ness nor pain. When I this dawn - ing did ad - mire, and

hap - pi - ness nor pain. When I this dawn - ing did ad - mire, and



prais'd the com - ing day; I lit - tle thought that

prais'd the com - ing day; I lit - tle thought that



ris - ing fire would take my rest a - way.

ris - ing fire would take my rest a - way.

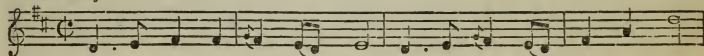
Your charms in harmless childhood lay as metals in a mine;
 Age from no face takes more away than youth concealed in thine;
 But as your charms insensibly to their perfection prest,
 So love as unperceived did fly and center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew, while Cupid at my heart
 Still as his mother favour'd you, threw a new flaming dart;
 Each gloried in their wanton part, to make a beauty, she
 Employed the utmost of her art,—to make a lover, he.

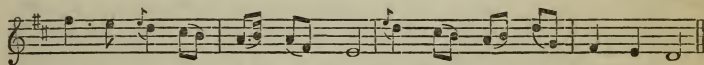
JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PAIRTIN' KISS.

Burns.

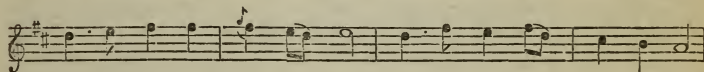
A little lively.



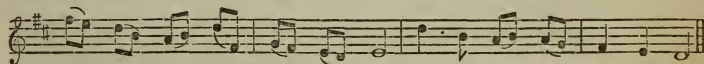
Jock-ey's ta'en the part - in' kiss, O'er the moun-tains he is gane;



And with him is a' my bliss, Nought but griefs with me re-main.



Spare my love, ye winds that blaw, Plash-y sleets and beat-ing rain;



Spare my love, thou feath'-ry snaw, Drift-ing o'er the fro-zen plain.

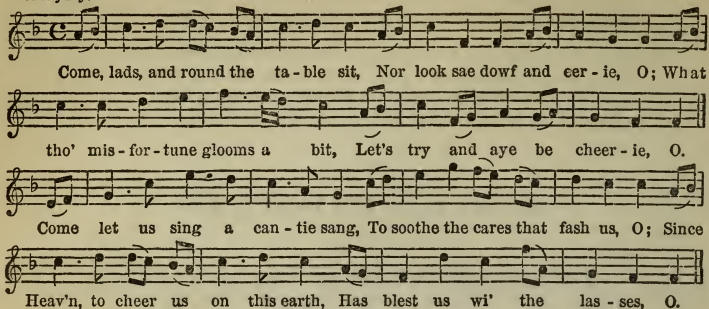
When the shades of ev'ning creep
 O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
 Sound and safely may he sleep,
 Sweetly blythe his wauk'ning be.
 He will think on her he loves,
 Fondly he'll repeat her name;
 For where'er he distant roves
 Jockey's heart is still at hame.

SCOTTISH LASSES.

Words by James Little.

SONG AND CHORUS.

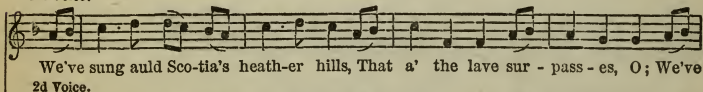
Music by William Lewis.

Cheerfully.


Come, lads, and round the ta-ble sit, Nor look sae dowf and eer-ie, O; What
 tho' mis-for-tune glooms a bit, Let's try and aye be cheer-ie, O.
 Come let us sing a can-tie sang, To soothe the cares that fash us, O; Since
 Heav'n, to cheer us on this earth, Has blest us wi' the las-ses, O.

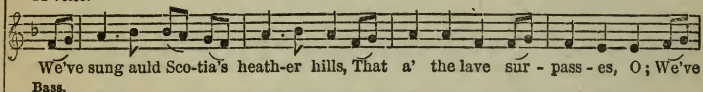
CHORUS.

1st Voice.



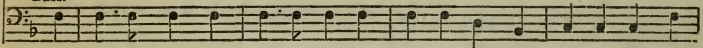
We've sung auld Sco-tia's heath-er hills, That a' the lave sur-pass-es, O; We've

2d Voice.

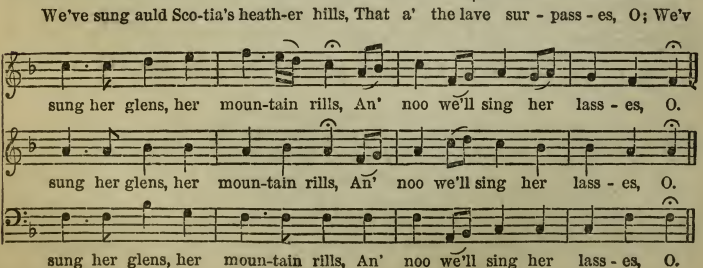


We've sung auld Sco-tia's heath-er hills, That a' the lave sur-pass-es, O; We've

Bass.



We've sung auld Sco-tia's heath-er hills, That a' the lave sur-pass-es, O; We've



sung her glens, her moun-tain rills, An' noo we'll sing her lass-es, O.
 sung her glens, her moun-tain rills, An' noo we'll sing her lass-es, O.
 sung her glens, her moun-tain rills, An' noo we'll sing her lass-es, O.

What joy, when ye come hame at e'en,
 Wi' toil and trouble weary, O,
 To sit beside a bonnie quean,
 And ca' her aye your dearie, O.
 What joy to pree her hinny mou,
 Rich as the rose in blossom, O;
 And then unseen to mortal view,
 To strain her to your bosom, O.

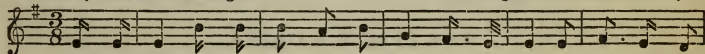
Chorus—We've sung auld Scotia's heather hills, &c.

I've seen the maids o' Erin's Isle,
 And English lasses mony, O,
 But yet they want the winning smile,
 O Scotland's lasses bonnie, O.
 Then lay aside your cares a wee,
 And fill your empty glasses, O,
 A bumper gie them—Three times three,
 Auld Scotia's bonnie lasses, O!
 For we hae sung her heather hills,
 That a' the lave surpasses, O;
 Her thistle, lakes, her mountain rills,
 And noo we'll sing her lasses, O.

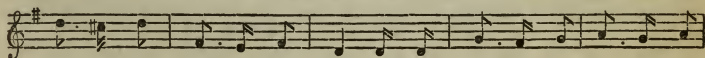
BUMPER NAE MAIR.

Words by Alexander MacLagan.

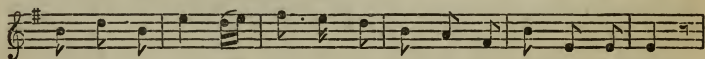
Air adapted from an old melody.



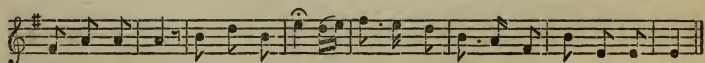
Tho the sun's in the sea, lads, the moon drown'd in drift, Tho' stormy clouds



dark-en the lights o' the lift; O' the cauld blasts o' life we can



aye bear our share, The strong-est, the long-est,—we bum-per nae mair!



Bum-per nae mair! bumper nae mair! The strongest, the longest,—we bumper nae mair.

Though the feck o' mankind are a fause fickle set,
 Why should we break down, lads, though whiles we may get
 Baith the heels o' a frien' and the frowns o' the fair,
 Let the licht feathers flee, lads, we'll bumper nae mair.—Bumper, &c.

When guilt and oppression mak's richt bow to wrang,
 When virtue fa's faint, lads, and tyrants get strang,
 When freedom's bauld banner droops laigh in despair,
 We can draw to defend, though we bumper nae mair.—Bumper, &c.

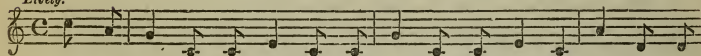
Come fortune wi' favours, the sweetest ye hae,
 Come sad disappointment, as sour as a slae,
 But grief's glooming troop o' fell darkness we dare,
 When we stick to our pledge, lads, and bumper nae mair.—Bumper, &c.

Our fond hearts can beat, and our glad souls can glow,
 Wi' love's purest fire, though the wine may not flow;
 We can still help a frien', and, to lichten his care,
 Tak' his pack on our back, though we bumper nae mair.—Bumper, &c.

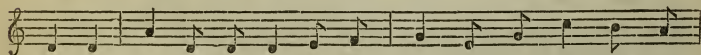
Then let us rejoice in this fair world o' ours,
 Though there's plenty o' rank weeds, there's some bonnie flow'rs,
 And a kind sunny heart mak's the darkest day fair,
 Sae stick to your pledge, lads, and bumper nae mair.—Bumper, &c.

TWA BONNIE MAIDENS.

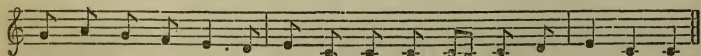
Lively.



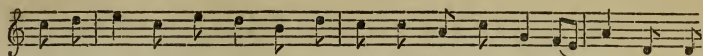
There are twa bon - nie maid - ens, and three bon - nie maid - ens, Cam' owre the



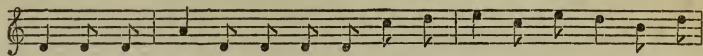
Minch, and cam' owre the main, Wi' the wind for their way, and the



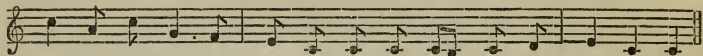
cor - ry for their hame, And they are dear - ly wel - come to Skye a - gain.



Come a-long, come a-long, wi' your boat-ie and your song, My ain bon-nie



maid-ens, my twa bon-nie maid-ens, For the night it is dark and the



red-coat is gone, And ye are dear-ly wel-come to Skye a-gain.

There is Flora, my honey, sae dear and sae bonnie,
 And ane that's sae tall, and sae handsome withal;
 Put the one for my king, and the other for my queen,
 And they are dearly welcome to Skye again.
 Come along, come along wi' your boatie and your song,
 My ain bonnie maidens, my twa bonnie maidens;
 For the Lady Macoulain she dwelleth her lane,
 And she'll welcome you dearly to Skye again.

Her arm it is strong, and her petticoat is long,
 My ain bonnie maidens, my twa bonnie maidens
 The sea moullit's nest I will watch o'er the main
 And ye are bravely welcome to Skye again.
 Come along, come along, wi' your boatie and your song,
 My ain bonnie maidens, my twa bonnie maidens;
 And saft sall ye rest where the heather it grows best,
 And ye are dearly welcome to Skye again.

There's a wind on the tree, and a ship on the sea,
 My ain bonnie maidens, my twa bonnie maidens,
 Your cradle I'll rock on the lea of the rock,
 And ye'll aye be welcome to Skye again.
 Come along, come along, wi' your boatie and your song,
 My ain bonnie maidens, my twa bonnie maidens;
 Mair sound sall ye sleep as ye rock o'er the deep,
 And ye'll aye be welcome to Skye again.

DUET:—HE'S OWRE THE HILLS THAT I LO'E WEEL.

1st Voice. *With animation.*

He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel, He's owre the hills we daurna name; He's

2d Voice.

He's owre the hills that I lo'e weel, He's owre the hills we daurna name; He's

owre the hills a - yont Dumblane, Wha soon will get his wel-come hame.

owre the hills a - yont Dumblane, Wha soon will get his wel-come hame.

My fa-ther's gane to fight for him, My brith-ers win - na bide at hame, My

My fa-ther's gane to fight for him, My brith-ers win - na bide at hame, My

mith - er greets and prays for them, And 'deed she thinks they're no to blame.

mith - er greets and prays for them, And 'deed she thinks they're no to blame.

He's owre the hills, &c.
 The whigs may scoff, and the whigs may jeer,
 But ah! that love maun be sincere,
 Which still keeps true whate'er betide,
 And for his sake leaves a' beside.

He's owre the hills, &c.

His right these hills, his right these
plains,

O'er Highland hearts secure he reigns;

What lads ere did, our laddies will do ;

Were I a laddie, I'd follow him too.

He's owre the hills, &c.

Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,
Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair ;

Oh ! did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've
done ;

Hear him but ance, to his standard ye'll run.

DUET:—ROW WEEL, MY BOATIE, ROW WEEL.

1st Voice. *With feeling.*

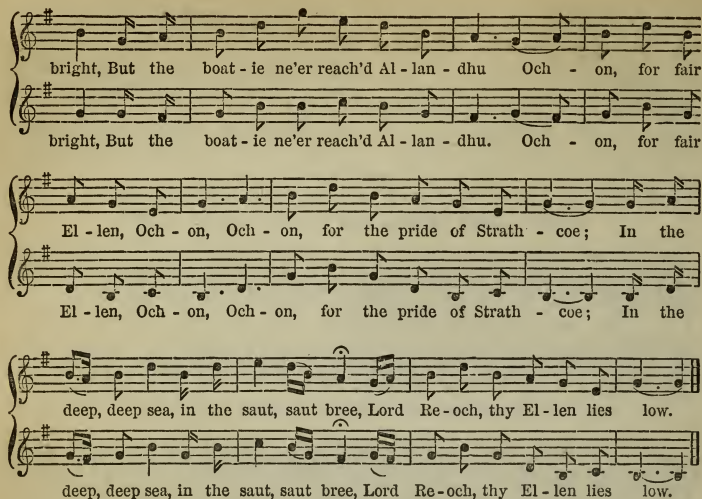
R. A. Smith.

Row weel, my boat-ie, row weel, Row weel, my mer-ry men a'; For there's

dule and there's wae in Glenfiorich's bow'rs, And there's grief in my father's ha'.

And the skiff it danc'd light on the mer-ry wee waves, And it flew o'er the

wa-ters sae blue; And the wind it blew light, and the moon it shone



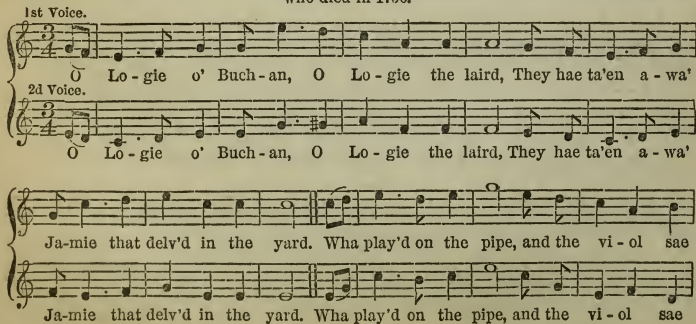
bright, But the boat - ie ne'er reach'd Al - lan - dhu Och - on, for fair
 bright, But the boat - ie ne'er reach'd Al - lan - dhu. Och - on, for fair

El - len, Och - on, Och - on, for the pride of Strath - coe; In the
 El - len, Och - on, Och - on, for the pride of Strath - coe; In the

deep, deep sea, in the saut, saut bree, Lord Re - och, thy El - len lies low.
 deep, deep sea, in the saut, saut bree, Lord Re - och, thy El - len lies low.

DUET:—LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

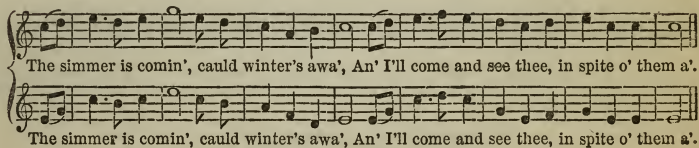
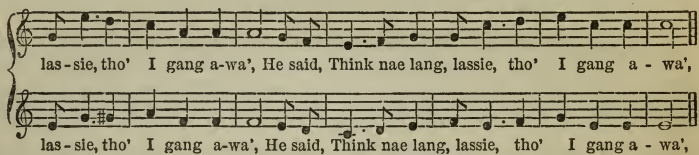
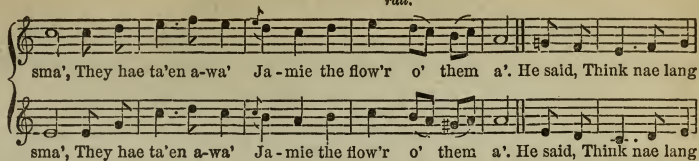
Peter Buchan ascribes this song to George Hacket, schoolmaster at Rathen, Aberdeenshire, who died in 1756.



1st Voice.
 O Lo - gie o' Buch - an, O Lo - gie the laird, They hae ta'en a - wa'

2d Voice.
 O Lo - gie o' Buch - an, O Lo - gie the laird, They hae ta'en a - wa'

Ja - mie that delv'd in the yard. Wha play'd on the pipe, and the vi - ol sae
 Ja - mie that delv'd in the yard. Wha play'd on the pipe, and the vi - ol sae

rall.

Tho' Sandy has ousen, has gear, and has kye,
A house and a haddin, and siller forbye;
Yet I'd tak' my ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd hae him wi' his houses and land.—He said, &c.

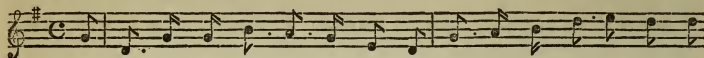
My daddy looks sulky, my minny looks sour,
They frown upon Jamie because he is poor;
Though I like them as weel as a dochter should do,
They're nae hauf so dear to me, Jamie, as you.—He said, &c.

I sit on my creepie and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel;
He had but ae saxpence, he brake it in twa,
And he gied me the half o't when he gaed awa'.—He said, &c.

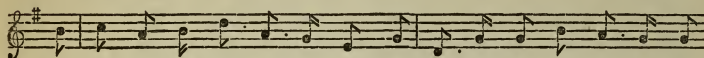
WILLIE WI' HIS WIG A-JEE.

Words by Willam Chalmers.

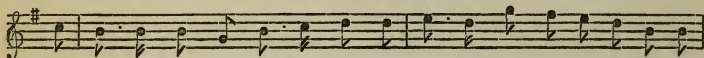
Music by T. S. Gleadhill.



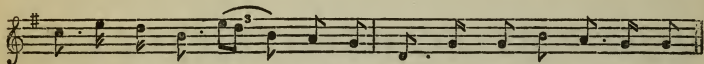
Oh, saw ye Wil - lie frae the west? Oh, saw ye Wil - lie in his glee?



Oh, saw ye Wil - lie frae the west, When he had got his wig a - jee?



There's "Scot's wha hae wi' Wal - lace bled," He towers it up in sic a key, Oh,



saw ye Wil - lie, hear-ty lad, When he had got his wig a - jee.

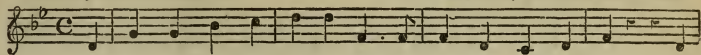
To hear him sing a canty air,
 He lilt it o'er sae charmingly,
 That in a moment aff flies care,
 When Willie gets his wig a-jee,
 Let drones croon o'er a winter night,
 A fig for them, whate'er they be,
 For I could sit till morning light,
 Wi' Willie and his wig a-jee.

At kirk on Sundays, sic a change
 Comes o'er his wig, and mou', and e'e,
 Sae douse—you'd think a cannon ba'
 Wad scarce ca' Willie's wig a-jee.
 But when on Mondays he begins,
 And rants and roars continually,
 Till ilk owk's end, the very weans
 Gang daft—when Willie's wig's a-jee.

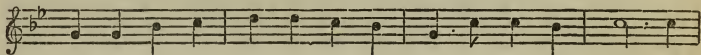
ILKA BLADE O' GRASS KEPS ITS AIN DRAP O' DEW.

Words by James Ballantine.

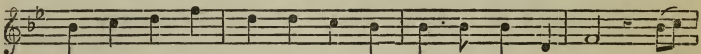
Music adapted by the late John Wilson.



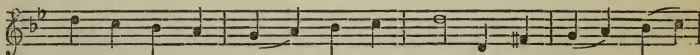
Con-fide ye aye in Pro-vi-dence, for Pro - vi-dence is kind, And



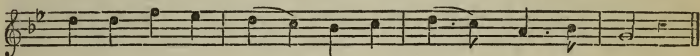
bear ye a' life's chan-ges wi' a calm and tran-quil mind; Tho'



press'd and hemm'd on ev'-ry side, ha'e faith an' ye'll win through, For



il - ka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew. For



il - ka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends, or cross'd in love, as whiles nae doubt ye've been,
Grief lies deep hidden in your heart, or tears flow frae your e'en;
Believe it for the best, an' trow there's gude in store for you,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang lang days o' simmer, when the clear an' cludless sky
Refuses ae wee drap o' rain to Nature parch'd an' dry,
The genial night, wi' balmy breath, gars verdure spring anew,
An' ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

So lest 'mid Fortune's sunshine we should feel owre proud an' hie,
An' in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae poortith's e'e;
Some wee dark cluds o' sorrow come, we ken nae whence or how,
But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Note.—Inserted in this work by the kind permission of the author.

THE THORN TREE.

From *Tait's Magazine*, Sept. 1838.

Music by T. S. Gleadhill.

I watch'd the moon blink ower the hill, And oh, she glin - tit
 bon - ni - ly, bon - ni - ly, Then met my lass when a' was still, Be -
Chorus.
 low the spread - ing thorn tree. Oh, for the thorn tree, the
 fair, the spread - ing thorn tree, Oh, for the thorn tree, The fair, the
 spread - ing thorn tree, The flame o' love lowes bon - ni - ly, lowes
 bon - ni - ly, a - neath a spread - ing thorn tree.

I clasped my lassie to my heart,
 And vow'd my love should lasting be
 And wuss'd ilk ill to be my part,
 When I forgot the thorn tree.

Oh! for the thorn tree—the fresh, the scented thorn tree!—
 I'll ever mind, wi' blythesome glee, my lassie and the thorn tree!

We met beneath the rising moon—
 She bedded maist as soon as we,
 She hung the westlin' heights aboon,
 When we cam frae the thorn tree.

Oh! for the thorn tree—the fresh, the milk-white thorn tree!
 'Twas past the midnight hour a wee, when we cam' frae the thorn tree!

I've seen the glass careerin' past—
 I lik'd it too—I'll never lee;
 But oh! its joys can ne'er be class'd
 Wi' love aneath the thorn tree!

Oh! for the thorn tree—the fresh, the milk-white thorn tree!—
 Of a' the joys there's nane to me like love aneath the thorn tree!

TRIO:—THE DANISH SEA-KING'S SONG.

Written by William Motherwell.

Danish air.—Arranged by A. Hume.

Air. Bold.

Our bark is on the wa-ters deep, our bright blades in our hand, Our

Tenor.

Our bark is on the wa-ters deep, our bright blades in our hand, Our

Bass.

Our bark is on the wa-ters deep, our bright blades in our hand, Our

birth-right is the o-cean vast—we scorn the gird-led land; And the

birth-right is the o-cean vast—we scorn the gird-led land; And the

birth-right is the o-cean vast—we scorn the gird-led land; And the

hol-low wind is our mus-ic brave, and none can bold-er be Than the

hol-low wind is our mus-ic brave, and none can bold-er be Than the

hol-low wind is our mus-ic brave, and none can bold-er be Than the

hoarse-tongued tem-pest, rav-ing o'er a proud and swell-ing sea.

hoarse-tongued tem-pest, rav-ing o'er a proud and swell-ing sea.

hoarse-tongued tem-pest rav-ing o'er a proud and swell-ing sea.

Our eagle-wings of might we stretch before the gallant wind,
 And we leave the tame and sluggish earth a dim mean speck behind;
 We shoot into the untrack'd deep, as earth-free spirits soar,
 Like stars of fire through boundless space—through realms without a shore!

The warrior of the land may back the wild horse, in his pride;
 But a fiercer steed we dauntless breast—the untam'd ocean tide;
 And a nobler tilt our bark careers, as it stems the saucy wave,
 While the Herald storm peals o'er the deep the glories of the brave.

Hurrah! hurrah! the wind is up—it bloweth fresh and free,
 And every cord, instinct with life, pipes loud its fearless glee;
 Big swell the bosom'd sails with joy, and they madly kiss the spray,
 As proudly through the foaming surge the Sea-King bears away!

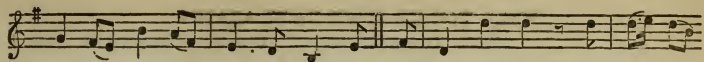
WHEN THE KING COMES OWRE THE WATER.

Words by Lady Keith.

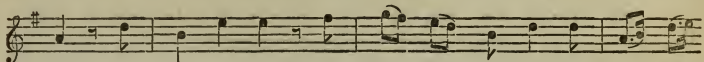
Jacobite.

I may sit in my wee croo house, At the rock and the reel to

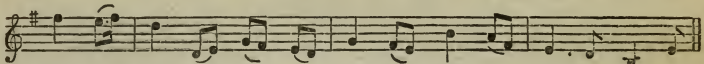
toil fu' drear-y; I may think on the day that's gane, And



sigh and sab till I grow wear - y. I ne'er could brook, I ne'er could



brook, A for - eign loon to own or flat - ter; But I will



sing a ran - tin' sang, That day our king comes owre the wa - ter.

O gin I live to see the day,
That I hae begged, and begged frae Heaven,
I'll fling my rock and reel away,
And dance and sing frae morn till even :
For there is ane I winna name,
That comes the reigning bike to scatter ;
And I'll put on my bridal gown,
That day our king comes owre the water.

I hae seen the gude auld day,
The day o' pride and chieftain glory,
When royal Stuarts bore the sway,
And ne'er heard tell o' whig nor tory.
Though lyart be my locks and grey,
And eild has crook'd me down—what matter ?
I'll dance and sing ae ither day,
That day our king comes owre the water.

A curse on dull and drawling whig,
The whining, ranting, low deceiver,
Wi' heart sae black, and look sae big,
And canting tongue o' clishmaclaver !
My father was a good 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.

WILL YOU NO COME BACK AGAIN?

From "Jacobite Minstrelsy." Glasgow: R. Griffin & Co. 1828.

Moderate.

Roy - al Char - lie's now a - wa', Safe - ly owre the friend - ly main;
 Mon - y a heart will break in twa, Should he ne'er come back a - gain.
 Will you no come back a - gain? Will you no come back a - gain?
 Bet - ter lo'ed you'll nev - er be, Will you no come back a - gain?

Mony a traitor 'mang the isles
 Brak' the band o' nature's law;
 Mony a traitor, wi' his wiles,
 Sought to wear his life awa'.
 Will he no come back again, &c.

The hills he trode were a' his ain,
 And bed beneath the birken tree;
 The bush that hid him on the plain,
 There's none on earth can claim but he.
 Will he no come back again, &c.

When'er I hear the blackbird sing,
 Unto the e'ning sinking down,
 Or merle that makes the woods to ring,
 To me they hae nae ither soun',
 Than, will he no come back again, &c.

Mony a gallant sodger fought,
 Mony a gallant chief did fa';
 Death itself was dearly bought,
 A' for Scotland's king and law.
 Will he no come back again, &c.

Sweet the lav'rock's note and lang,
 Lilting wildly up the glen;
 And aye the o'ercome o' the sang
 Is, "Will he no come back again?"
 Will he no come back again, &c.

Note.—This song belongs to the times which compose the subject of it, and it is written with considerable spirit. The imputation on the men of the isles is, however, too general, for even those gentlemen who refused, upon principle, to join the standard of Charles, had no wish that he should be captured; but on the contrary, many of them afterwards secretly lent themselves to his escape. If suspicion rested upon any one, it was only on the Laird of M'Leod, who wrote to Macdonald of Kingsborough, desiring him, if the Prince fell in his way, to deliver him up, and saying that he would thereby do a service to his country. But Kingsborough acted a very different part; for he lodged the Prince hospitably in his house, and did not leave him till he saw him safe out of the reach of his enemies. For this he was afterwards taken up and imprisoned in a dungeon at Fort Augustus, where being examined by Sir Everard Falkner,

THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE.

Words by Allan Cunningham.

Gaelic Air.

Slow.

The sun ris - es bright in France, And fair sets he; But
 he has tint the blink he had In my ain coun - trie.
 It's no my ain ru - in That weets aye my e'e, But the
 dear Ma - rie I left be - hind Wi' sweet bair - nies three.

The bud comes back to summer,
 And the blossom to the tree,
 But I win back—oh, never,
 To my ain countrie.
 Gladness comes to many,
 Sorrow comes to me,
 As I look o'er the wide ocean
 To my ain countrie.

Fu' bienly low'd my ain hearth,
 And smiled my ain Marie:
 Oh! I've left my heart behind
 In my ain countrie!
 O I'm leal to high heaven,
 Which aye was leal to me!
 And it's there I'll meet ye a' soon,
 Frae my ain countrie.

he was put in mind how noble an opportunity he had lost of making the fortune of himself and his family for ever. To which Kingsborough indignantly replied, "No, Sir Everard, death would have been preferable to such dishonour. But at any rate, had I gold and silver, piled heaps on heaps, to the bulk of yon huge mountain, the vast mass could not afford me half the satisfaction I find in my own breast, from doing what I have done." This gentleman was afterwards removed to Edinburgh Castle, where he was kept close prisoner for a year, nobody being permitted to see him but the officer upon guard, the sergeant and the keeper, which last was appointed to attend him as a servant. When the act of grace was passed he was discharged.

DUET:—AE FOND KISS, AND THEN WE SEVER.

Words by Burns.

Arranged by A. Hume.

1st Voice. *Adagio.*

1st Voice. *Adagio.*

2d Voice. *mf*

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

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

ev - er; Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, War-ring sighs

ev - er; Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, War-ring sighs

and groans I'll wage thee. Who shall say that for - tune grieves him,

and groans I'll wage thee. Who shall say that for - tune grieves him,

While the star of hope she leaves him? Me, nae cheer - fu' twin - kle

While the star of hope she leaves him? Me, nae cheer - fu' twin - kle

lights me; Dark despair a-round be-nights me. Ae fond kiss.

lights me; Dark despair a-round be-nights me. Ae fond kiss.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy;
 But to see her, was to love her;
 Love but her, and love for ever.
 [Had we never loved sae kindly,
 Had we never loved sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.]

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
 Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Ae farewell, alas! for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

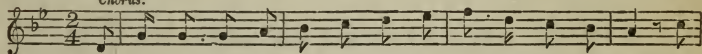
Note.—Sir Walter Scott says of the lines thus marked [], "This exquisitely affecting stanza contains the essence of a thousand love-tales."

THE KISS AHINT THE DOOR.

Words by T. C. Latto.

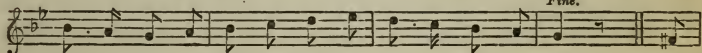
Music by Thomas Anderson.

Chorus.

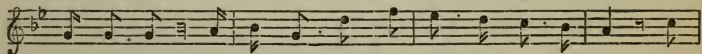


O mei - kle bliss is in a kiss, Whylesmair than in a score; But

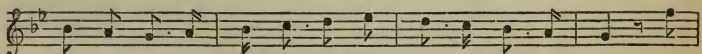
Fine.



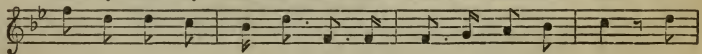
wae be - tak' the stou - in' smack I took a - hint the door. O



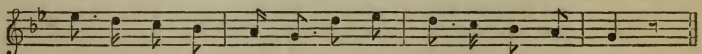
lad - die, whisht, for sic a fricht I ne'er was in a - fore, Fu'



braw - ly did my mith - er hear The kiss a - hint the door. The



wa's are thick, ye need - na fear, But gin they jeer an' mock, I'll



swear it was a star - tit cork, Or wyte the rus - ty lock.

We stappit ben, while Maggie's face
 Was like a lowin' coal,
 An' as for me, I could hae crept
 Into a mouse's hole:
 The mither look't, sauff's how she look't!
 Thae mithers are a bore,
 An' gleg as ony cat to hear
 A kiss ahint the door.

O meikle, &c.

The douce gudeman, tho' he was there,
 As weel might been in Rome,
 For by the fire he fuff'd his pipe,
 An' never fash'd his thoom.

But tittrin' in a corner stood
 The gawky sisters four,
 A winter's nicht for me they nicht
 Hae stood ahint the door.

O meikle, &c.

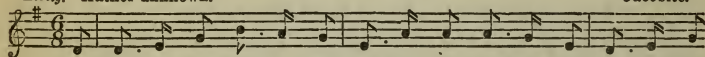
"How daur ye tak' sic freedoms here?"
 The bauld gudewife began;
 Wi' that a foursome yell gat up,
 I to my heels an' ran;
 A besom whisket by my lug,
 An' dishclouts half-a-score,
 Catch me again, tho' fidgin' fain,
 At kissing 'hint the door.

O meikle, &c.

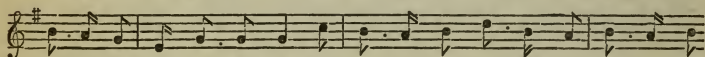
LOONS, YE MAUN GAE HAME.

Lively. Author unknown.

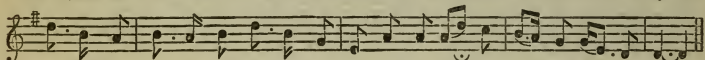
Jacobite.



It's here a - wa', there a - wa', how they did rin; When they saw the clans



march, and in ear - nest be - gin; It's here a - wa', there a - wa', how they did



flee, When they heard that Prince Charlie was come owre the sea. It's loons, ye maun gae hame.

They got to their feet, just as sure as a gun,
 Whene'er they heard Charlie to Scotland was come,
 "Haste, haste ye awa'," quo the auld wives wi' glee;
 "O joy to the day Charlie cam' owre the sea."
 An' loons, ye maun gae hame.

Whigs, fare ye a' weel, ye may scamper awa',
 For haith here nae langer ye'll whip an' ye'll ca';
 Nor mair look on Scotland wi' lightlifu' e'e,
 For Charlie at last has come over the sea.

An' loons, ye maun gae hame.

Our lang Scottish miles they will tire ye right sair,
 An' aiblins, in mosses and bogs ye will lair;
 But, rest an' be thankfu' gin hame ye may see,
 I rede ye that Charlie has come owre the sea.
 An' loons, ye maun gae hame.

FAREWELL TO THE LAND.

Author unknown.

Music by T. S. Gleadhill.

Fare-well to the land of the rock and the wild-wood, The hill and the
 for-est and proud swel-ling wave; To the land where bliss smiled on the
 days of my child-hood, Fare-well to thee, Sco-tia, thou land of the brave.
 Far dear-er to me are thy heath-cov-er'd moun-tains, Than Gal-lia's rich
 val-leys, and gay fer-tile plains; And dear-er by far than the mur-mur-ing
 foun-tains, The roar of the tor-rent, where lib-er-ty reigns.

Wherever I wander, sweet isle of the ocean,
 My thoughts still shall turn to thy wild rocky shore;
 Ah! still shall my heart beat with fondest emotion,
 While musing on scenes I may visit no more.
 Adieu, then, dear land of romance and wild story,
 Thy welfare and honour for ever shall be
 The prayer of an exile, whose boast and whose glory
 Is the tie that still binds him, loved country, to thee!

NOW TELL ME, SWEET MARY.

Words by Alexander MacLagan.

Music by W. Walker.

Andante affetuoso.

Now tell me, sweet Ma-ry, our gay vil-lage pride, What
for sae down-hear-ted and thought-fu' you be; Draw back that lang
sigh and I'll make ye my bride, For I'm wae to see tears at sae
gen-tle an e'e. Look a-boon ye, the sun in its glo-ry is
low-in', Look a-round ye, love, a' is a flow-er-y lea; Thy light foot is
kissed by the wee modest gowan, Will ye no smile on aught that is smil-ing to thee?

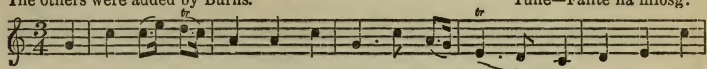
I ken, gentle youth, that a' Nature looks brow in
Her robe wrought wi' flowers, and her saft smile o' glee;
But look at this leaf that beside me hath fa'en,—
It has fa'en, puir thing, an's ne'er miss't frae the tree.
O, sae maun I fa' soon, and few will e'er miss me,
My sleep is for aye, when I next close my e'e;
But the dew will weep o'er me, and friendly death bless me,
And the wind through the night will cry, O wae's me!

I ken they look fair, every rose on yon thorn,
Wi' the innocent wee buds just opening their e'en;
But the rose I like best is a' blighted and torn,
And o'er its dead blossom the grass it grows green;
Then leave me, youth, leave me; through life's flowery lawn,
Gae seek out a maiden more fitting for thee;
O! what would ye do wi' a weak trembling han',
And a poor broken heart that maun lie down an' dee?

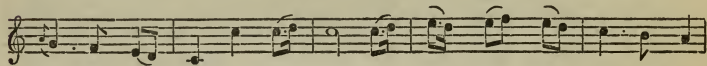
MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

The first four lines of this song belong to an old ballad, called the "Strong Walls of Derry." The others were added by Burns.

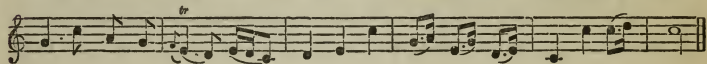
Tune—Fàilte na miosg.



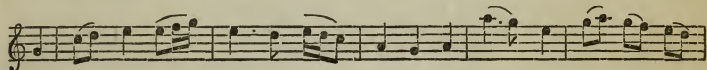
My heart's in the High-lands, my heart is not here, My heart's in the



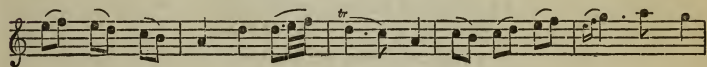
High-lands a chas-ing the deer: A chas-ing the wild deer, and



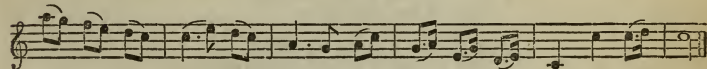
fol-low-ing the roe; My heart's in the High-lands wher-ev-er I go.



Fare-well to the Highlands, fare-well to the north, The birth-place of



val-our, the coun-try of worth, Wher-ev-er I wan-der, wher-



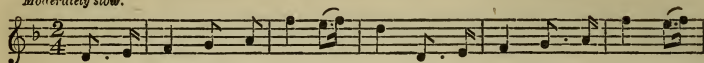
ev-er I rove, The hills of the Highlands for ev-er I love.

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.

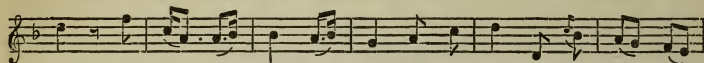
WILL YE GO TO THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION?

This is a very old song, with additions by Allan Ramsay.

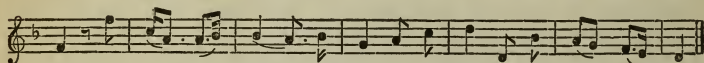
Moderately slow.



Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Ma - rion, And wear in the sheep wi'



me? The sun shines sweet, my Ma - rion, But nae half sae sweet as



thee! The sun shines sweet, my Ma-rion, But nae half sae sweet as thee!

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And silk on your white hause-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,
At e'en when I come hame.

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

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

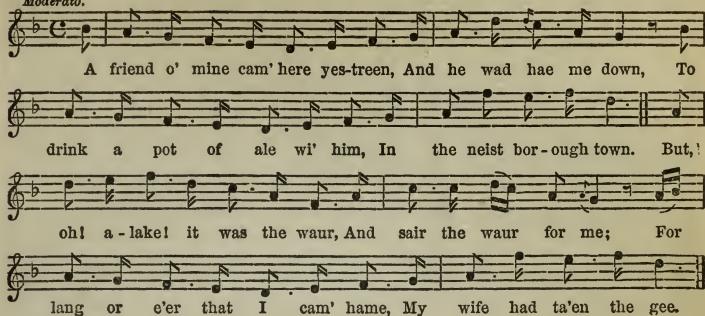
And ye's get a green sey apron,
And waistcoat of the London brown,
And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

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.

Sae put on your parlins, Marion,
And kirtle of the cramasie;
And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
I shall come west and see ye.

MY WIFE HAS TA'EN THE GEE.

From Herd's collection, published 1769.

Moderato.


A friend o' mine cam' here yes-treen, And he wad hae me down, To
 drink a pot of ale wi' him, In the neist bor-ough town. But,
 oh! a-lake! it was the waur, And sair the waur for me; For
 lang or e'er that I cam' hame, My wife had ta'en the gee.

We sat sae late, and drank sae stout.

The truth I'll tell to you,
 That lang or ever midnight cam',

We baith were roaring fou.

My wife sits by the fireside,
 And the tear blinds aye her e'e;

The ne'er a bed will she gae to,
 But sit and tak' the gee.

In the morning soon, when I come down,

The ne'er a word she spak';

But mony a sad and sour look,
 And aye her head she'd shake.

"My dear," quo' I, "what aileth thee,
 To look sae sour at 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, poor wee thing, she grat.

"If ye'll ne'er do the like again,

But stay at hame wi' me,

I'll lay my life, I'se be the wife
 That's never tak' the gee."

DONALD.

Slowly.

When first you court - ed me, I own, I fond - ly fa - vour'd
 you; Ap - pa - rent worth and high re - nown Made me be -
 lieve you true, Don - ald. Each vir - tue then seem'd to a -
 dorn the man es - teem'd by me; But
 now the mask's thrown off, I scorn To waste one thought on thee, Donald.

O then for ever haste away,
 Away from love and me;
 Go seek a heart that's like your own,
 And come no more to me, Donald.
 For I'll reserve myself alone
 For one that's more like me;
 If such a one I cannot find,
 I'll fly from love and thee, Donald.

HAME CAM' OUR GUDEMAN AT E'EN.

*Recit.**In time.**Recit.*

Hame cam' our gude-man at e'en, And hame cam' he, And there he saw a
 sad - dle horse, Where horse sud na be. Oh! how's this? and what's this? And
 wha's may he be? How cam' this horse here With - out the leave o'

MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

Words by Burns.

Air—Low down in the Broom.

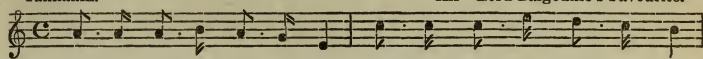
O my love is like a red, red rose, That's newly sprung in June! O my
love is like a mel - o - dy, That's sweet-ly play'd in tune! As fair art
thou, my bon - nie lass, So deep in love am I; And I will love thee
still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry. Till a' the seas gang dry, my
dear, Till a' the seas gang dry. And I will love thee
still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry. 'twere ten thous-and mile.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will love thee, still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.
But, fare-thee-weel, my only love!
O fare-thee-weel awhile!
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile, my love,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile;
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.

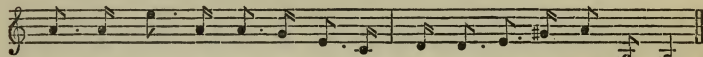
GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.

Tannahill.

Air—Lord Balmounie's Favourite.



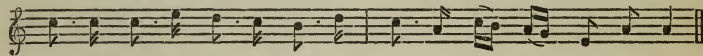
Gloom-y win-ter's now a-wa', Saft the west-lin' breez-es blaw,



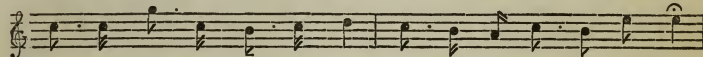
'Mang the birks o' Stan-ley shaw The ma-vis sings fu' cheer-ie, O.



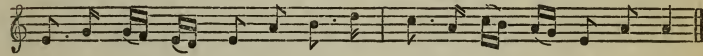
Sweet the craw-flow'r's ear-ly bell, Decks Glen-if-fer's dew-y dell,



Bloom-ing like thy bon-nie sel', My young, my art-less dear-ie, O.



Come, my las-sie, let us stray, O'er Glen-kill-och's sun-ny brae,

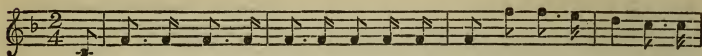


Blyth-ly spend the gowd-en day, 'Midst joys that nev-er wea-ry, O.

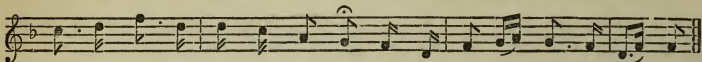
Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
Lav'rocks fan the snow-white clouds,
Siller saughs, wi' downy buds,

Adorn the banks sae briery, O.
Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feath'ry breckans 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.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.



It fell a - bout the Mart'mas time, And a gay time it was then, O! When



our gude-wife had pud-dings to mak', And she boil'd them in the pan, O!

The wind blew cauld frae north to south, And first they ate the white puddings,
And blew in to the floor, O! And then they ate the black, O! [sel',
Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife, Tho' muckle thought the gudewife to her-
"Get up and bar the door, O!" Yet ne'er a word she spak', O!

"My hand is in my husswyfskip, Then said the ane unto the other—
Gudeman, as ye may see, O! [year, "Here, man, tak' ye my knife, O!
An' it should na be barr'd this hundred Do ye tak' aff the auld man's beard,
It's no be barr'd for me, O!" And I'll kiss the gudewife, O!

They made a paction 'tween them twa, "But there's nae water in the house,
They made it firm and sure, O! And what shall we do then, O?"
Whaever spak' the foremost word, "What ails you at the puddin' broo
Should rise and bar the door, O! That boils into the pan, O?"

Then by there came twa gentlemen, O up then started our gudeman,
At twelve o' clock at night, O! And an angry man was he, O!
And they could neither see house nor ha', "Will ye kiss my wife before my e'er,
Nor coal nor candle light, O! And scaud me wi' puddin' bree, O!"

Now, whether is this a rich man's house, Then up and started our gudewife,
Or whether is it a poor, O? Gied three skips on the floor, O! [word,
But never a word wad ane o' them speak, "Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost
For harring o' the door, O!" Get up and bar the door, O!"

AULD JOE NICOLSON'S BONNIE NANNIE.

Words by the Ettrick Shepherd.

Tenderly.

The dai - sy is fair, The day - li - ly rare, The bud o' the rose is
sweet as it's bon - nie, But there ne'er was a flow - er in
gar - den or bow - er, Like auld Joe Ni - col - son's bon - nie Nan - nie.
O my Nan - nie, my dear lit - tle Nan - nie, My sweet lit - tle nid - dle - ty,
nod - dle - ty, Nan - nie; There ne'er was a flow - er in
ad lib.
gar - den or bow - er, Like auld Joe Ni - col - son's bon - nie Nan - nie.

Ae day she cam' out wi' a rosy blush,

To milk her twa kye, sae couthy an' canny;

I cower'd me down at the back o' the bush,

To watch the air o' my bonnie Nannie.—O my Nannie, &c.

Her looks that strayed o'er nature away,

Frae bonnie blue een sae mild an' mellow;

Saw naething sae sweet in nature's array,

Though clad in the morning's gowden yellow.—O my Nannie, &c.*

My heart lay beating the flowery green,

In quakin', quiverin' agitation,

An' the tears cam' tricklin' down frae my een

Wi' perfect love an' admiration.—O my Nannie, &c.

There's mony a joy in this warld below,

An' sweet the hopes that to sing were uncanny;

But o' a' the pleasures I ever can know,

There's nane like the love o' my bonnie Nannie.—O my Nannie, &c.

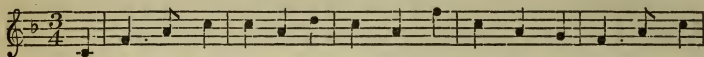
* This verse is usually omitted in the singing.

COME O'ER THE STREAM, CHARLIE.

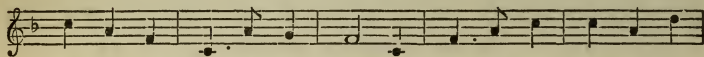
Words by the Ettrick Shepherd.

Chorus arranged for this work by A. Hume.

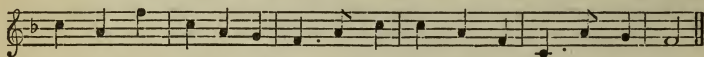
Air,—MacLean's Welcome.



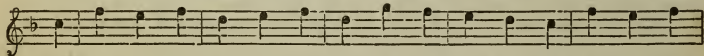
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Char-lie, brave Char-lie, Come o'er the stream,



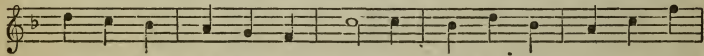
Char-lie, and dine with Mac-Lean; And though you be wea-ry, we'll



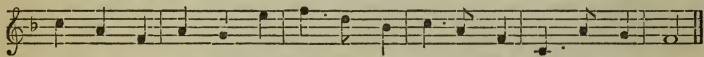
make your heart chee-rie, And wel-come our Char-lie and his loy-al train.



We'll bring down the red deer, we'll bring down the black steer, The lamb from the



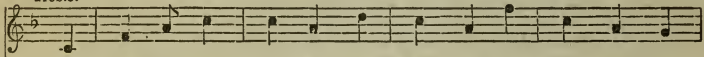
breck-an, and doe from the glen; The salt sea we'll har-ry, and



bring to our Char-lie, The cream from the bo-ty, and curd from the pen.

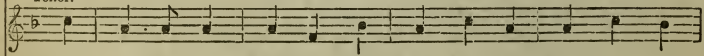
CHORUS.

Treble.



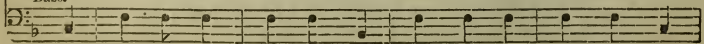
Come o'er the stream, Char-lie, dear Char-lie, brave Char-lie, Come

Tenor.

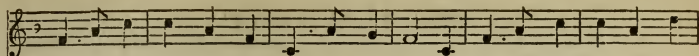


Come o'er the stream, Char-lie, dear Char-lie, brave Char-lie, Come

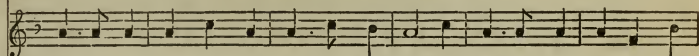
Bass.



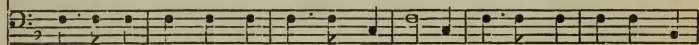
Come o'er the stream, Char-lie, dear Char-lie, brave Char-lie, Come



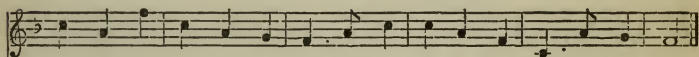
o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with MacLean; And tho' you be wea-ry, we'll



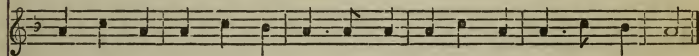
o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with MacLean; And tho' you be wea-ry, we'll



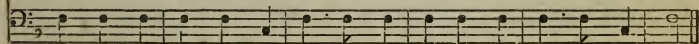
o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with MacLean; And tho' you be wea-ry, we'll



mak' your heart chee-rie, And wel-come our Char-lie and his roy-al train.



mak' your heart chee-rie, And wel-come our Char-lie and his roy-al train.



mak' your heart chee-rie, And wel-come our Char-lie and his roy-al train.

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 o'er 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 bayonet and feather,
Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and ten.
Come o'er the stream, &c.

DUET:—O WALY! WALY!

Arranged for this work by A. Hume.

1st Voice. *Mournfully.**mf*

O wa - ly! wa - ly! up the bank, An' wa - ly! wa - ly! down the

2d Voice.

mf

O wa - ly! wa - ly! up the bank, An' wa - ly! wa - ly! down the

brae; An' wa - ly! by yon burnside, Where I an' my love wont to gae.

I leant my back un - to an aik, I thought it was a trus - ty

tree; But first it bow'd an' syne it brake, An' so did my fause love to me.

O waly, waly, but love be bonnie
A little time while it is new;
But when it's auld, it waxes cauld,
And fades away like the morning dew.

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

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be pressed by me,
St. Anton's Well shall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blow,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O, gentle death, when wilt thou come?
For of my life I am wearie.

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

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

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell;
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry;
But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.

Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I myself were dead and gane,
And the green grass growing over me.

THE WIDOW'S LULLABY.

Alex. A. Ritchie.

T. S. Gleadhill.

O safe - ly sleep, my bon - nie bon - nie bairn, Rock'd on this
breast o' mine, The heart that beats sae sair with - in Will
Rallentando. *a tempo.*
not, will not a - wa - ken thine. Lie still, lie still, ye
can - kered thochts, That such late watch - es keep, And
Rallentando.
if ye break the mo - ther's rest, Yet let, yet let my ba - by sleep.

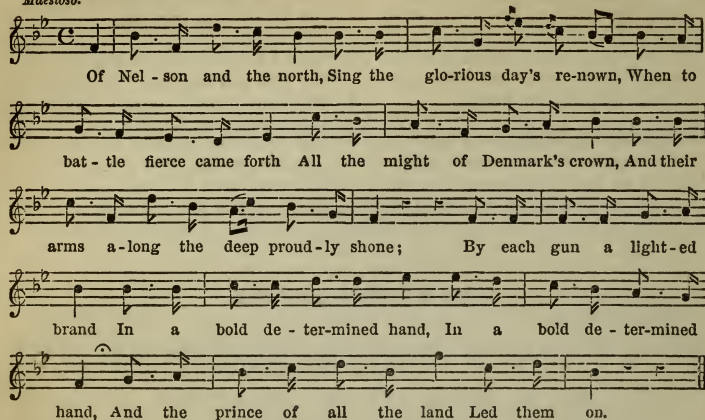
Sleep on, sleep on, my ae ae bairn,
Nor look sae wae on me,
As if ye felt the bitter tear
That blin's thy mammie's e'e.

Dry up, dry up, ye saut saut tears,
Lest on my bairn ye dreep,
And break in silence, waefu' heart,
And let my baby sleep.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Written by Thomas Campbell.

Music by R. A. Smith.

Maestoso.


Of Nel - son and the north, Sing the glo - rious day's re - nown, When to
 bat - tle fierce came forth All the might of Denmark's crown, And their
 arms a - long the deep proud - ly shone; By each gun a light - ed
 brand In a bold de - ter - mined hand, In a bold de - ter - mined
 hand, And the prince of all the land Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line:
 It was ten of April morn by the chime:
 As they drifted on their path,
 There was silence deep as death;
 And the boldest held his breath
 For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd
 To anticipate the scene;
 And her van the fleeter rushed
 O'er the deadly space between.
 "Hearts of oak!" our captains cried, when
 From its adamant lips [each gun
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,
 Like the hurricane eclipse
 Of the sun.—

Again! again! again!
 And the havoc did not slack,
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane
 To our cheering sent us back;—
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
 Then ceas'd—and all is wail,
 As they strike the shatter'd sail;
 Or, in conflagration pale,
 Light the gloom.—

Now joy, old England, raise!
 For the tidings of thy might,
 By the festal cities' blaze,
 While the wine cup shines in light;
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep,
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore!—

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died,
 With the gallant, good Riou: *
 Soft sigh the winds of heav'n o'er their grave!
 While the billow mournful rolls,
 And the mermaid's song condoles,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave!—

* Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant and the good, by Lord Nelson, when he wrote home his despatches.

MARY'S BOWER.

Words by Alexander MacLagan.

Music by W. Walker.

Andantino Sostenuto.

Love whispered to the night-in-gale—Sweet minstrel, tell to me, Where
 didst thou hear that melt-ing tale Of matchless me - lo - dy? The
 bird re-plied, From dawn of day To ev'ning's dew - y hour, I oft-times light to
 learn a lay O' love, O' love in Ma - ry's bow'r. O' love in Ma - ry's bow'r.

Love whispered to the blushing rose— The star replied—Though bright my skies,
 Sweet flower, come tell me true, There's beams o' greater power,
 From whence each lovely tint that glows That ever flash from two fair eyes
 Thy breast o' beauty through? O' love in Mary's bower.
 The rose replied wi' blushing brow,
 Oh! happy is the flower
 That's fed upon the smiles an' dew
 O' love in Mary's bower.

Love whispered to the evening star— Love whispered to the world around,
 From whence your glory, say, A holy gift is thine;
 When burning in your sphere afar, The world replied—Where love is found,
 You gem the Milky Way? Are treasures more divine.
 Love told the tale to beating hearts;
 And from that sunny hour,
 He sends his keenest, brightest darts
 O' love frae Mary's bower.

DUET—YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON.

Composed by James Miller.

Arranged for this work by A. Hume.

1st Voice. *With feeling.*

Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae

2d Voice.

Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae

fresh and fair? How can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, And

fresh and fair? How can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, And

I sae wea - ry fu' o' care. Thou'lt break my heart, thou

I sae wea - ry fu' o' care. Thou'lt break my heart, thou

war - bling bird, That wan - tons through the flow' - ry thorn; Thou

war - bling bird, That wan - tons through the flow' - ry thorn; Thou

minds me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed ne - ver to re - turn.

minds me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed ne - ver to re - turn.

Oft 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;
 And my fause lover stole my rose,
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

Words by Burns.

Andante affetuoso.

The Ca-trine woods were yel-low seen, The flowers de-cayed on
 Ca - trine lea; Nae lav'-rock sang on hil-lock green, But
 na - ture sick-en'd on the e'e. Through fa-ded groves, Ma-
 ri - a sang, Her-sel' in beau-ty's bloom the while, An' aye the
 wild-woods' e-choes rang, Fare - weel, fare - weel, sweet Bal-loch - myle.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
 Ye birdies dumb, in withering bowers,
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air;
 But here, alas! for me nae mair
 Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile;
 Fareweel the bennie banks o' Ayr,
 Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!

DUET—MY AIN FIRESIDE.

Words by Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton.

Arranged by A. Hume.

Air.

Tenor.

O, I ha'e seen great anes, an' sat in great ha's, 'Mang

lords an' 'mang la - dies, a' cov - er'd wi' braws; But a sight sae de -

light - fu' I trow I ne'er spied, As the bon - nie blythe blink o' my

ain fire - side. My ain fire - side, my ain fire - side,

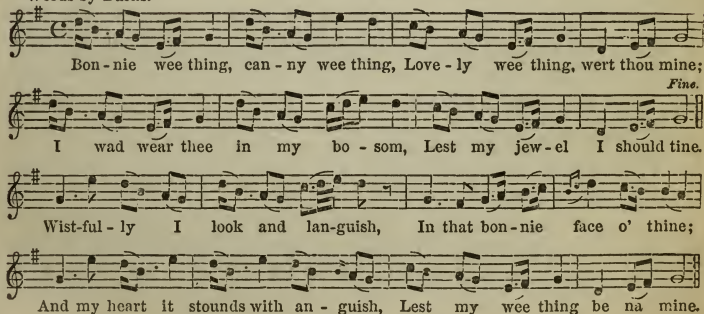
As the bon - nie blythe blink o' my ain fire - side.

Ance mair, heaven be praised! round my ain heartsome ingle,
 Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
 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, my ain fireside,
 O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

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

BONNIE WEE THING.

Words by Burns.



Bon - nie wee thing, can - ny wee thing, Love - ly wee thing, wert thou mine;
Fine.
 I wad wear thee in my bo - som, Lest my jew - el I should tine.
 Wist - ful - ly I look and lan - guish, In that bon - nie face o' thine;
 And my heart it stounds with an - guish, Lest my wee thing be na mine.

[Here repeat the first part of the music, and commence the following stanzas with the second part:—]

Wit and grace, and love and beauty,
 In ae constellation shine!
 To adore thee is my duty,
 Goddess of this soul o' mine.
 Bonnie wee thing, canny wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine

YE NEEDNA BE COURTIN' AT ME, AULD MAN.

Words by Peter Still.

Music by James Rennie.

Archly.

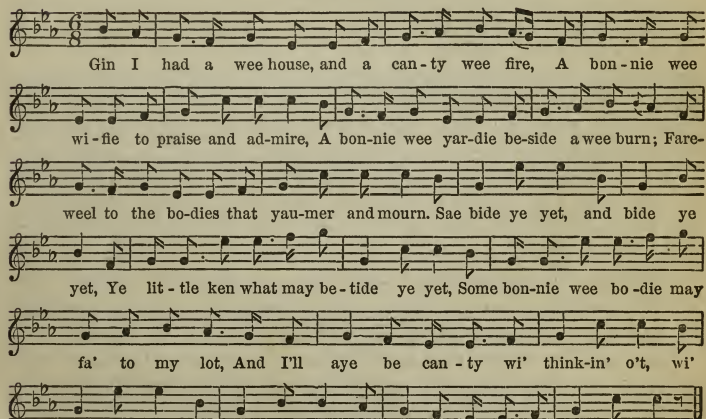
O, ye need - na be court - in' at me, auld man, Ye need - na be
 court - in' at me; Ye're three-score and three, and ye're blin' o' an
 e'e, Sae ye need - na be court - in' at me, auld man, Ye need - na be
Gruffly.
 court - in' at me. Ha'e pa-tience and hear me a wee, sweet
 lass, Hae pa-tience and hear me a wee; I ha'e gou-pins o'
 gowd, and an awm - ry weel stow'd, And a heart that loe's nane
 but thee, sweet lass, And a heart that lo'es nane but thee.

Gang hame to your gowd and your gear, auld man,
 Gang hame to your gowd and your gear;
 There's a laddie I ken has a heart like my ain,
 And to me he shall ever be dear, auld man,
 And to me he shall ever be dear.

I'll busk ye as braw as a queen, sweet lass,
 I'll busk ye as braw as a queen;
 I hae guineas to spare, and, hark ye, what's mair,
 I'm only twa score and fifteen, sweet lass,
 I'm only twa score and fifteen.

O stan' aff, na', and fash me nae mair, auld man,
 Stan' aff, na', and fash me nae mair;
 There's a something in love that your gowd canna move—
 I'll be Johnnie's although I gang bare, auld man,
 I'll be Johnnie's although I gang bare.

BIDE YE YET.



Gin I had a wee house, and a can-ty wee fire, A bon-nie wee
 wi-fie to praise and ad-mire, A bon-nie wee yar-die be-side a wee burn; Fare-
 weel to the bo-dies that yau-mer and mourn. Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye
 yet, Ye lit-tle ken what may be-tide ye yet, Some bon-nie wee bo-die may
 fa' to my lot, And I'll aye be can-ty wi' think-in' o't, wi'
 think-in' o't, wi' think-in' o't, I'll aye be can-ty wi' think-in' o't.

When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en,
 I'll get my wee wifie fu' neat and fu' clean,
 And a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,
 That will cry papa or daddy to me.
 Sae bide ye yet, &c.

An' if there should ever happen to be
 A difference atween my wee wifie and me,
 In hearty good humour, although she be teas'd,
 I'll kiss her and clap her until she be pleas'd.
 Sae bide ye yet, &c.

BE KIND TO AULD GRANNIE.

Words by Archibald M'Kay.

Music by T. S. Gleadhill.

Moderato, with expression.

Be kind to auld gran-nie, for noo she is frail As a
time-shat-ter'd tree bend-ing low in the gale; When ye were wee
bairn-ies, tott, tot-ting a-bout, She watch'd ye when in, and she
watch'd ye when out; And aye when ye chanc'd, in your daf-fin' and
fun, To dunt your wee heads on the cauld stan-ey grun', She
lift-ed ye up, and she kiss'd ye fu' fain, Till a' your bit
cares were for-got-ten a-gain. Then be kind to auld gran-nie, for
noo she is frail As a time-shat-ter'd tree bend-ing low in the gale.

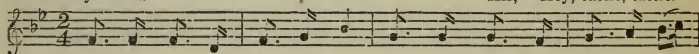
When first in your breasts rose that feeling divine,
That's waked by the tales and the sangs o' langsyne,
Wi' auld-worl'd cracks she would pleasure inspire,
In the lang winter nichts as she sat by the fire;
Or melt your young hearts wi' some sweet Scottish lay,
Like "The Flowers o' the Forest," or "Auld Robin Gray;"
Though eerie the win' blew around our bit cot,
Grim winter and a' its wild blasts were forgot;—
Then be kind to auld grannie, for noo she is frail
As a time-shatter'd tree bending low in the gale.

And mind, though the blythe day o' youth noo is yours,
 Time will wither its joys, as wild winter the flowers;
 And your step that's noo licht as the bound o' the roe,
 Wi' cheerless auld age may be feeble and slow;
 And the frien's o' your youth to the grave may be gane,
 And ye on its brink may be tottering alane;
 Oh, think how consoling some frien' would be then,
 When the gloaming o' life comes like mist o'er the glen;—
 Then be kind to auld grannie, for noo she is frail
 As a time-shatter'd tree bending low in the gale.

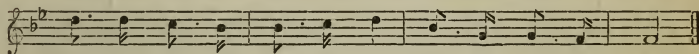
SCOTS WHA HA'E WI' WALLACE BLED.

Words by Burns.

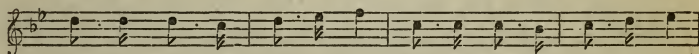
Air, "Hey, tuttie, tattie."



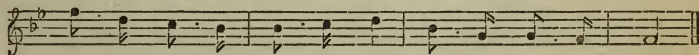
Scots, wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has af - ten led!



Wel - come to your go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - rie!



Now's the day an' now's the hour; See the front of bat - tle lour—



See ap - proach proud Ed - ward's power, Chains and sla - ve - rie!

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 fa',
 Let him follow me!

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

[In Part IV. we omitted to acknowledge that the "Spinning Wheel," and the Melody of "Will You No Come Back Again," are inserted in this work by the kind permission of Messrs. Paterson & Sons of Edinburgh.]

DUET—THOU ART GANE AWA' FRAE ME, MARY!

Words by Burns.

Arranged by A. Hume.

Treble. *With feeling.*

Thou art gane a - wa', thou art gane a - wa', Thou art

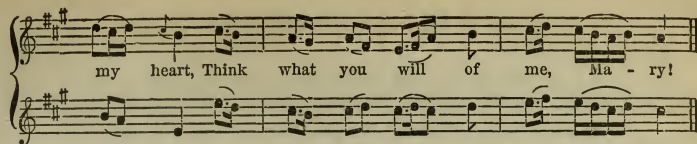
Tenor.

gane a - wa' frae me, Ma - ry! Nor friends nor I

could make thee stay, Thou hast cheat - ed them and me,

Ma - ry. Un - til this hour I nev - er thought That aught

could al - ter thee, Ma - ry; Thou'rt still the mis-tress of



Whate'er he said or might pretend,
 Wha stole that heart o' thine, Mary;
 True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,
 Nor nae sic love as mine, Mary.
 I spake sincere, ne'er flatter'd much,
 Nor lightly thought of thee, Mary;
 Ambition, wealth, nor naething such,
 No, I lov'd only thee, Mary.

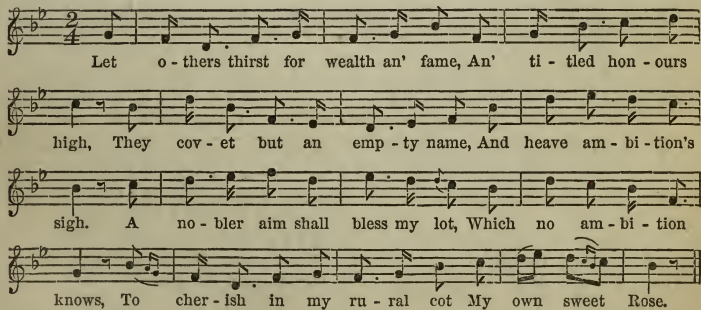
Tho' you've been false, yet while I live
 Nae maid I'll woo like thee, Mary;
 Let friends forget, as I forgive,
 Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary
 So then farewell! of this be sure,
 Since you've been false to me, Mary,
 For all the world I'd not endure
 Half what I've done for thee, Mary!

MY OWN SWEET ROSE.

Words by John Bell.

Music by Thomas Anderson.

Moderato.



Her little fragile fairy form,
 So slender, light, an' fair,
 Whose yielding weakness softly claims
 The gentle hand of care.
 The love that sparkles in her e'e,
 And in her bosom glows,
 Still renders doubly dear to me
 My own sweet Rose.

Should life her thousand ills impart,
 An' grief an' cares combine,
 To soothe her little throbbing heart
 The grateful task be mine;
 Whatever clouds the skies deform—
 Whatever tempest blows—
 I'll shelter thee from every storm,
 My own sweet Rose.

DUET—SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN'? QUO' SHE.

Words by Joanna Baillie.

Arranged for this work by A. Hume.

1st Voice *Cheerfully.*

Saw ye John - nie com - in'? quo' she, Saw ye John - nie com - in'?

Saw ye John - nie com - in'? quo' she, Saw ye Johnnie com - in'? Wi' his blue

bon - net on his head, An' his dog - gie rin - nin'. Wi' his blue bon - net

on his head, An' his dog - gie rin - nin', quo' she, An' his dog - gie rin - nin'.

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 house
 Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,
 Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, hizzie?
 What will I do wi' him?
 He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
 And I ha'e nane to gi'e him.

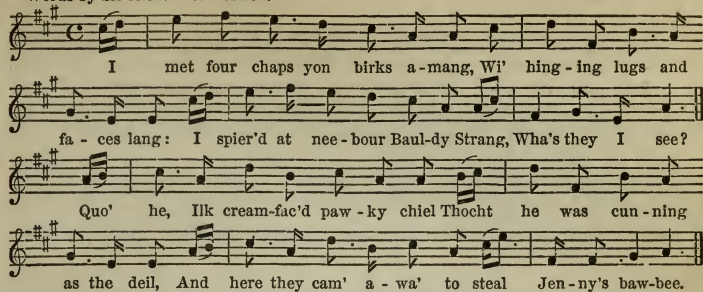
I ha'e twa sarks into my kist,
 And ane o' them I'll gi'e him,
 And for a merk o' mair fee
 Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,
 Dinna stand wi' him.

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 haud the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
 And crack wi' me at e'enin', quo' she,
 And crack wi' me at e'enin'.

JENNY'S BAWBEE.

Words by Sir Alexander Boswell.



The first, a Captain to his trade,
Wi' skull ill-lined, but back weel-clad,
March'd round the barn, and by the shed,
And pappit on his knee:
Quo' he, "My goddess, nymph, and queen,
Your beauty's dazzled baith my een!"
But deil a beauty he had seen
But—Jenny's bawbee.

A Lawyer neist, wi' blatherin' gab,
Wha speeches wove like ony wab,
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,
And a' for a fee.
Accounts he owed through a' the toun,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could
drown,
But now he thoct to clout his gown
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland Laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bawsand naig and siller whup,
Cried, "There's my beast, lad, haud the
Or tie't till a tree; [grup,
What's gowd to me?—I've walth o' lan'!
Bestow on ane o' worth your han'!"—
He thoct to pay what he was awn
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

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

She bade the Laird gae kame his wig,
The Sodger no to strut sae big,
The Lawyer no to be a prig,
The fool, he cried, "Tehee!
I kenn'd that I could never fail!"
But she preen'd the dishclout to his
tail,
And soused him wi' the water-pail,
And kept her bawbee.

* Then Johnnie cam', a lad o' sense,
Although he had na mony pence;
And took young Jenny to the spence,
Wi' her to crack a wee.
Now Johnnie was a clever chiel,
And here his suit he press'd sae weel,
That Jenny's heart grew saft as jeel,
And she birl'd her bawbee.

* As the last stanza does not appear in the copies of this song published during the lifetime of Sir Alexander Boswell, it is uncertain whether he is the author of it.

ROW, LADS, ROW—Clyde Boat Song.

Words by T. Elliott.

Music by A. Hume.

Cheerfully.

Leave the ci - ty's bu - sy throng, Dip the oar and wake the song;
 See on Cath-kin braes the moon Ri - ses with a star a - boon.
 Hark! the boom of ev'n - ing bells Trem-bles thro' the leaf - y dells.

*Air. p**f*

Row, lads, row! row, lads, row! While the golden ev-en-tide Lingers o'er the vale of Clyde.

*Alto. p**f*
*Tenor. p**f*

Row, lads, row! row, lads, row! While the golden ev-en-tide Lingers o'er the vale of Clyde.

*Bass. p**f*
*pp**cres.**f*

Row, lads, row! row, lads, row! Up the Clyde with the tide, Row, lads, row!

*pp**cres.**f*
*pp**cres.**f*

Row, lads, row! row, lads, row! Up the Clyde with the tide, Row, lads, row!

*pp**cres.**f*

Life's a river, deep and old,
 Stemm'd by rowers brave and bold;
 Now in shadow, then in light,
 Onward aye, a thing of might.
 Sons of Albyn's ancient land,
 Row with strong and steady hand.

Row, lads, row! row, lads, row!
 Gaily row and cheery sing
 Till the woodland echoes ring—

Row, lads, row! row, lads, row!
 Up the Clyde with the tide,
 Row, lads, row!

Hammers on the anvils rest—
 Dews upon the gowan's breast—
 Young hearts heave with tender thought—
 Low winds sigh, with odours fraught—
 Stars bedeck the blue above—
 Earth is full of joy and love.

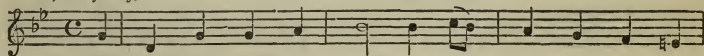
Row, lads, row! row, lads, row!
 Let your oars in concert beat
 Time, like merry dancers' feet.

Row, lads, row! row, lads, row!
 Up the Clyde with the tide,
 Row, lads, row!

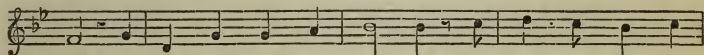
JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

First and last Stanzas by Burns.

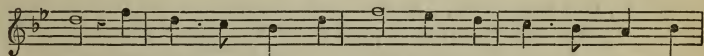
Slow, with feeling.



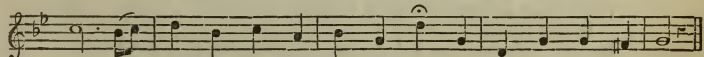
John An - der - son, my jo, John, When we were first ac-



quent, Your locks were like the ra - ven, Your bon - nie brow was



brent; But now your brow is beld, John, Your locks are like the



snaw, But bless-ings on your fros - ty pow, John An - der - son, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 When Nature first began
 To try her canny hand, John,
 Her master-wark was man;
 And you, amang the lave, John,
 Sae trig frae tap to toe—
 She prov'd hersel' nae journey-wark,
 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.

JEANIE'S NAE MAIR—Prize Song, No. I.

Words by Miss Young.

Music by A. Hume.

Slow and with much feeling.

O sad wails the nor-lan' wind round my lane sheil-in', The snaw-drift
 an' sleet war-stle hard in the air; An' cauld is my hame-stead, but
 cauld-er my bo-som, An' thow-less my heart, for my Jean-ie's nae mair.
 The pride o' my heart, and the joy o' my bo-som, She kept my
Rallentando. *a tempo.*
 auld days free frae sor-row and care; But she's gane from my sight, like a
rall.
 frost nip-pit blos-som, And gane are my joys since my Jean-ie's nae mair.

I hear na her silv'ry voice ring thro' the hallan,

Wi' music as sweet as the saft simmer air,

Nor hear her licht fitfa' steal roun' in the gloamin'—

An' ilk thing looks dreary since Jeanie's nae mair.

It's no that the warld's grown darker or drearer—

It's no that its flowers are bloomin' less fair;

But my life's sun's gane down, an' nae mair can they cheer me—

It's aye gloamin' round me since Jeanie's nae mair.

The sunbeams shoot over the ocean's dark bosom,

Like glints o' the glory that's shinin' up by,

An' the ebb o' the wave comes like sabs o' emotion,

Betiding the time I maun heave my last sigh.

Like a storm-rifted tree to the grave I maun dauner,

Nae kind heart to cheer, or my sorrow to share;

But I'll aye keep a thocht to the world that's aboon us,

An' I ken that my Jeanie will welcome me there.

THE AULD INGLESIDE—Prize Song, No. II.

Words by James Macfarlan.

Music by T. S. Gleadhill.

Slowly, with feeling.

By the auld in - gle - side, in the days that are gane, Fu'
 co - zy we sat, and fu' cheer - y we sang, Wi' the licht foot o'
 youth on the hal-low'd hearth stane, And the day nev - er dull and the
 nicht nev - er lang. When the wan - der - ing wives, wi' their wal-lets o' fun,
 And their duds frae the drift o' the cauld win-ter dried, Cam' doit - er - ing ben,
 how the cal-lants wad rin Their sto-ries to hear, by the auld in - gle - side.

By the auld ingleside, i' the muckle arm-chair,
 Wi' his auld-farrant crack, sat our grandfather sage,
 And the red e'enin' lowe, as it fell on his hair,
 Aft wad melt into mirth a' the snaws o' his age;
 But we miss'd him at last, when the gloamin' cam' doon
 'Mang the gowd o' the hairst and the corn waving wide—
 O, his blessin' he gied, as he lookit aboon,
 And died in our arms by the auld ingleside.

O, the auld ingleside I can never forget—
 The young loupin' heart, and the bricht rollin' e'e,
 And the frien's o' langsyne that sae happy ha'e met,
 Wha noo are adrift owre the waves o' the sea.
 I ha'e sang by the burn, I ha'e danc'd on the green,
 I ha'e sat in the ha' amid beauty and pride;
 But oh! for ae blink o' that life's early scene,
 The low o' langsyne by the auld ingleside.

PHŒBUS, WI' GOWDEN CREST—Prize Song, No. III.

Words by C. J. Finlayson.

Air adapted from an old Galloway Melody.

The musical score is written on six staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like, with some notes beamed together. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of lyrics, and so on. The score ends with a double bar line on the sixth staff.

Phœ - bus, wi' gowd - en crest, leaves o - cean's heav - ing breast, An' frae the
 pur - ple east smiles on the day; Lav'rocks wi' blythesome strain, mount frae the
 dew - y plain, Green wood an' rock - y glen e - cho their lay; Wild flow'rs wi'
 op'n-ing blooms woo il - ka breeze that comes, Scat-t'ring their rich per - fumes
 o - ver the lea; But sum-mer's var - ied dye, lark's song, an'
 breez - es' sigh, On - ly bring sor - row and sad - ness to me.

Blighted, like autumn's leaf, ilk joy is chang'd to grief,
 Day smiles around, but no pleasure can gi'e;
 Night, on his sable wings, sweet rest to nature brings—
 Sleep to the weary, but waukin' to me.
 Aften has warldly care wrung my sad bosom sair—
 Hope's visions fled me, an' friendships untrue;
 But a' the ills o' fate never could thus create
 Anguish like parting, dear Annie, frae you.

Farewell those beaming eyes, stars in life's wintry skies,
 Aft has adversity fled frae your ray;
 Farewell that angel smile, stranger to woman's wile,
 That ever could beguile sorrow away;
 Farewell ilk happy scene, wild wood an' valley green,
 Where time, on rapture's wing, over us flew;
 Farewell that peace of heart thou only could'st impart—
 Farewell, dear Annie! a long, long adieu!

DUET:—BEHOLD THE HOUR THE BOAT ARRIVE.

Words by Burns.

Arranged for this work by A. Hume.

Gaelic Air,—Oran gaoil.

1st Voice. *Slow and with great feeling.*

mf Be - hold the hour, the boat ar - rive, Thou go - est, thou dar - ling of my

2d Voice.

Be - hold the hour, the boat ar - rive, Thou go - est, thou darling of my

heart; Ah! sever'd from thee can I sur - vive? But fate has will'd, and we must part.

heart; Ah! sever'd from thee can I survive? But fate has will'd, and we must part.

I'll oft - en greet this surg - ing swell, Yon dis - tant isle will oft - en hail; E'en

I'll oft - en greet this surg - ing swell, Yon dis - tant isle will oft - en hail; E'en

here I took the last fare - well, There la - test mark'd her van - ish'd sail.

here I took the last fare - well, There la - test mark'd her van - ish'd sail.

Along the solitary shore,

While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,

Across the rolling, dashing roar,

I'll westward turn my wistful eye.

Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,

Where now my Nancy's path may be?

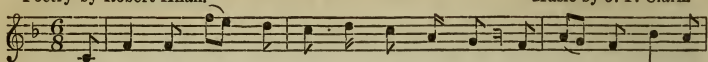
While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,

O tell me, does she muse on me?

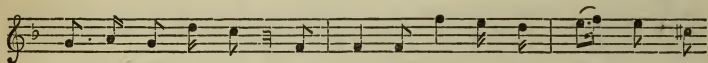
ROW THEE WEEL, MY BONNIE BUILT WHERRY:

Poetry by Robert Allan.

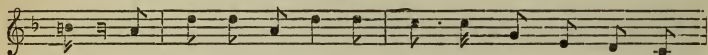
Music by J. P. Clark.



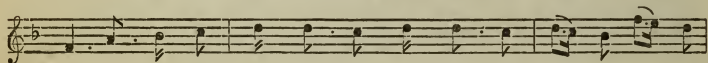
Now row thee weel, my bon - nie built wher - ry, I've row'd thee lang, and



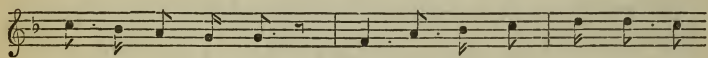
with thee been mer - ry; I've row'd thee late, and I've row'd thee ear -



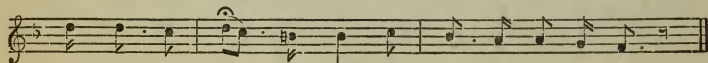
ly, I've row'd o'er the frith Loch - iel and Prince Char - lie; Then



row, row thee, my bon - nie built wher - ry, Then row thee weel, my



bon - nie built wher - ry. Row, row thee, my bon - nie built



wher - ry, I've row'd thee lang and with thee been mer - ry.

My wherry was built for the gallant and brave,
She dances sae light o'er the bonnie white wave—
She dances sae light through the cloud and the haze,
And steers by the light of the watch-fire blaze.

Then row, row thee, my bonnie built wherry, &c.

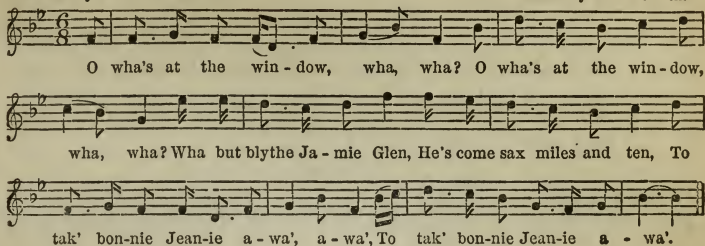
But a' that I lov'd on earth is gane,
And I and my wherry are left alane;
The blast is blawn that bore them awa'—
But there is a day that's comin' for a'.

Then row, row thee, my bonnie built wherry, &c.

O WHA'S AT THE WINDOW, WHA, WHA?

Words by Alexander Carlile.

Music by R. A. Smith.



He has plighted his troth an' a', an' a',
 Leal love to gie an' a', an' a';
 And sae has she done,
 By a' that's aboon,
 For he lo'es her, she lo'es him, 'boon a', 'boon a'.
 He lo'es her, she lo'es him, 'boon a'.

Bridal maidens are braw, braw,
 Bridal maidens are braw, braw;
 But the bride's modest e'e,
 An' warm cheek 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 laughing, there's quaffing,
 There's jesting, there's daffing,
 And the bride's father's blythest of a', of a',
 And the bride's father's blythest of a'.

It's no that she's Jamie's ava, ava,
 It's no that she's Jamie's ava, ava,
 That my heart is sae eerie,
 When a' the lave's cheerie,
 But it's just that she'll aye be awa', awa',
 But it's just that she'll aye be awa'.

Inserted by permission of Mr. Joseph M'Fadyen.

DUET:—ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

Words by Mrs. Grant of Carron. Music by Neil Gow. Arranged for this work by A. Hume.

Treble. *Moderate.*

Roy's wife of Al-di-val-loch, Roy's wife of Al-di-val-loch,

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

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

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

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine, She said she lo'ed me best of

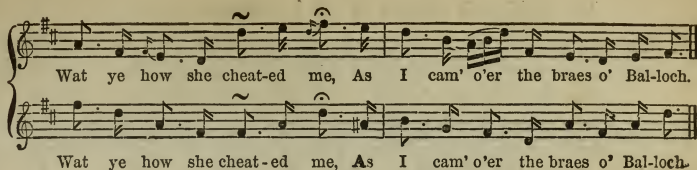
She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine, She said she lo'ed me best of

o-ny; But oh! the fick-le, faith-less quean, She's ta'en the carle, and

o-ny; But oh! the fick-le, faith-less quean, She's ta'en the carle, and

quicker.
left her Johnnie. O, Roy's wife of Al-di-val-loch, Roy's wife of Al-di-val-loch,

left her Johnnie. O, Roy's wife of Al-di-val-loch, Roy's wife of Al-di-val-loch,



O, she was a canty quean,
 And weel could dance the Highland walloch;
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.
 Roy's wife, &c.

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, &c.

THOUGH YOU LEAVE ME NOW IN SORROW.

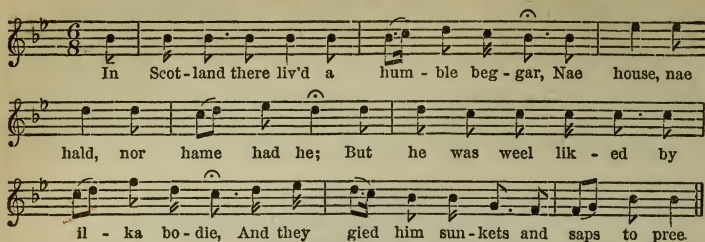
SAME AIR.

To be sung in slow time, with great feeling.

Though you leave me now in sorrow,
 Smiles may light our love to-morrow,
 Doom'd to part, my faithful heart
 A gleam of joy from hope shall borrow.
 Ah! ne'er forget, when friends are near,
 This heart alone is thine for ever;
 Thou may'st find those will love thee dear,
 But not a love like mine, O never!

Note.—When duets are introduced into this work, the melodies invariably retain their original simplicity, and may be sung as solos, if desired. We are pleased to learn from our numerous correspondents, that the plan of thus arranging our national melodies as duets, has met with such hearty approbation.—[Ed. L.G.S.]

IN SCOTLAND THERE LIV'D A HUMBLE BEGGAR.



A neivefu' o' meal, and a handfu' o' groats,
 A daud o' a bannock, or herring bree,
 Cauld parritch, or the lickings o' plates,
 Wad mak' him as blythe as a beggar could be.

This beggar he was a humble beggar,
 The feint a bit o' pride had he;
 He wad a ta'en his awms in a bicker
 Frae gentleman or pur bodie.

His wallets ahint and afore did hing,
 In as good order as wallets could be;
 A lang kail-gully hung down by his side,
 And a meikle nowt-horn to rout on had he.

It happen'd ill, it happen'd waur,
 It happen'd sae that he did dee;
 And wha do ye think was at his late-wake,
 But lads and lasses o' high degree.

Some were blythe, and some were sad,
 And some they played at blind Harrie;
 But suddenly up started the auld carle,
 "I rede you! good folks, tak' tent o' me."

Up gat Kate that sat i' the nook,
 "Vow limmer, and how do ye?"
 Up he gat, and ca'd her a limmer,
 And ruggit and tuggit her cockernonie.

They houkit his grave in Duket's kirk-yard,
 E'en fair fa' the companie:
 But when they were gaun to lay him i' the yird,
 The feint a dead nor dead was he.

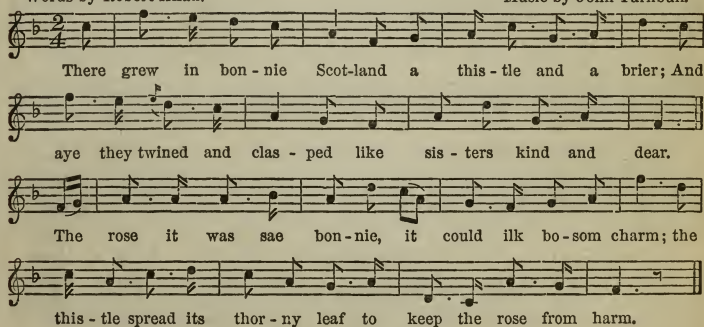
And when they brought him to Duket's kirk-yard,
 He dunted on the kist, the boards did flee;
 And when they were gaun to lay him i' the yird,
 In fell the kist and out lap he.

He cried "I'm cauld, I'm unco cauld:"
 Fu' fast ran the folk, and fu' fast ran he;
 But he was first hame at his ain ingle-side,
 And he helped to drink his ain dregie.

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.

Words by Robert Allan.

Music by John Turnbull.



There grew in bon-nie Scot-land a this-tle and a brier; And
 aye they twined and clas-ped like sis-ters kind and dear.
 The rose it was sae bon-nie, it could ilk bo-som charm; the
 this-tle spread its thor-ny leaf to keep the rose from harm.

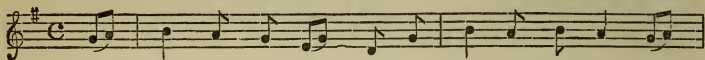
A bonnie laddie tended the rose baith aire and late,
 He watered it, and fanned it, and wove it wi' his fate;
 And the leal hearts of Scotland prayed it might never fa',
 The thistle was sae bonnie green, the rose sae like the snaw.

But the weird sisters sat where hope's fair emblems grew,
 They drapt a drap upon the rose o' bitter blasting dew;
 And aye they twined the mystic thread, but ere their task was done,
 The snaw-white rose it disappeared, it withered in the sun.

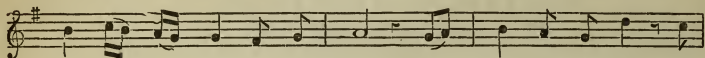
A bonnie laddie tended the rose baith aire and late,
 He watered it, and fanned it, and wove it wi' his fate;
 But the thistle tap it withered, winds bore it far awa',
 And Scotland's heart was broken for the rose sae like the snaw.

THE WOODS O' DUNMORE.

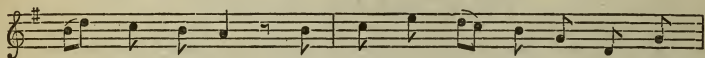
Music by James Jaap.



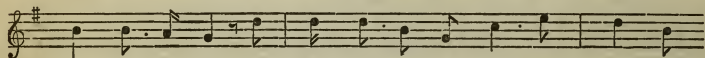
This lone heart is thine, las - sie, charm-ing and fair, This



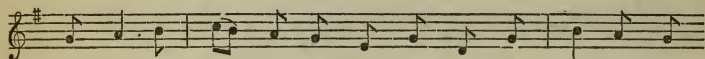
fond heart is thine, las - sie dear; Nae world's gear hae I, nae



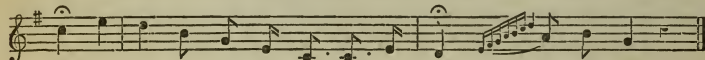
ox - en nor kye, I've nae-thing, dear las - sie, save a



pure heart to gi'e. Yet din - na say me na, but come, come



a - wa', An' wan - der, dear las - sie, 'mang the woods o' Dun-



more. An' wan - der, dear las - sie, 'mang the woods o' - - - Dun-more.

O sweet is thy voice, lassie, charming an' fair,
 Enchanting thy smile, lassie dear;
 I'll toil aye for thee, for ae blink o' thine e'e
 Is pleasure mair sweet than siller to me.
 Yet dinna say me na, &c.

O come to my arms, lassie, charming an' fair,
 Awa' wild alarms, lassie dear;
 This fond heart an' thine like ivy shall twine,
 I'll lo'e thee, dear lassie, till the day that I dee.
 O dinna say me na, &c.

BONNIE JEANIE GRAY.

Words by William Paul.

Music by Richard Webster.

Slow with expression.

Oh, whaur was ye sae late yes-treen, My bon-nie Jean - ie
deeres.

Gray? Your mith-er miss'd ye late at e'en, And eke at break o'
expres.

day. Your mith-er look'd sae sour and sad, Your fath-er dull and
wae; Oh, whaur was ye sae late yes-treen, My bon - nie Jean - ie
expres.

Gray? Your mith - er look'd sae sour and sad, Your fa - ther dull and
wae; Oh, whaur was ye sae late yes-treen, My bon-nie Jean-ie Gray.

I've marked that lonely look o' thine,

My bonnie Jeanie Gray;

I've kent your kindly bosom pine

This mony, mony day.

Ha'e hinnied words o' promise lured

Your guileless heart astray?

Oh, dinna hide your grief frae me,

My bonnie Jeanie Gray.

Dear sister, sit ye down by me,

And let naebody ken,

For I ha'e promised late yestreen

To wed young Jamie Glen.

The melting tear stood in his e'e,

What heart could say him nay?

As aft he vow'd, through life I'm thine,

My bonnie Jeanie Gray.

The first and last stanzas of this favourite song were written by William Paul, Glasgow; the second stanza is from the pen of William Thom, the Inverury poet. The song is inserted by the permission of the representatives of the late Mr. Paul.

I WINNA GANG BACK TO MY MAMMY AGAIN.

Words by Richard Gall.

Music by T. S. Gleadhill.

I win-na gang back to my mam-my a-gain, I'll nev-er gang back to my
mam-my a - gain, I've held by her a - pron these aught years and ten, But I'll
nev-er gang back to my mam-my a - gain. I've held by her a - pron these
rallentando.
aught years and ten, But I'll nev - er gang back to my mam-my a - gain.

Young Johnnie cam' down i' the gloamin' to woo,
Wi' plaidie sae bonnie, an' bannet sae blue:
"O come awa', lassie, ne'er let mammy ken;"
An' I flew wi' my laddie o'er meadow an' glen.
O come awa', lassie, &c.

He ca'd me his dawtie, his dearie, his dow,
An' press'd hame his words wi' a smack o' my mou';
While I fell on his bosom, heart-flichtered an' fain,
An' sigh'd out, "O Johnnie, I'll aye be your ain!"
While I fell on his bosom, &c.

Some lasses will talk to the lads wi' their e'e,
Yet hanker to tell what their hearts really dree;
Wi' Johnnie I stood upon nae stappin'-stane,
Sae I'll never gang back to my mammy again.
Wi' Johnnie I stood, &c.

For many lang years sin' I play'd on the lea,
My mammy was kind as a mither could be;
I've held by her apron these aught years an' ten,
But I'll never gang back to my mammy again.
I've held by her apron, &c.

QUEEN MARY'S ESCAPE FROM LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

Words by Robert Allan.

Highland Boat Air.

Moderate.

The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is a simple, rhythmic tune. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes. The lyrics are: Put off, put off, and row with speed, For now is the time and the hour of need! To oars, to oars, and trim the bark, Nor Scotland's queen be a war-der's mark. Yon light that plays round the castle's moat, Is on-ly the war-der's ran-dom shot; Put off, put off, and row with speed, For now is the time and the hour of need!

Those pond'rous keys * shall the kelpies keep,
And lodge in their caverns dark and deep;
Nor shall Lochleven's towers or hall,
Hold thee, our lovely lady, in thrall;
Or be the haunt of traitors, sold,
While Scotland has hands and hearts so bold;
Then steersmen, steersmen, on with speed,
For now is the time and the hour of need!

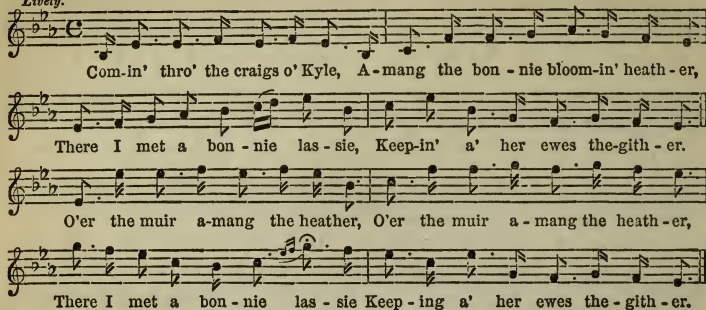
Hark! the alarum bell hath rung,
And the warder's voice hath treason sung!
The echoes to the falconet's roar,
Chime sweetly to the dashing oar:
Let tower, and hall, and battlements gleam,
We steer by the light of the taper's beam;
For Scotland and Mary, on with speed,
Now, now is the time and hour of need!

* The keys here alluded to, were lately found by some fishermen, and are now in the possession of a Kinross-shire laird.

COMIN' THROUGH THE CRAIGS O' KYLE.

Words by Jean Glover. Air—O'er the Muir among the Heather. The Chorus arranged for this work by A. Hume.

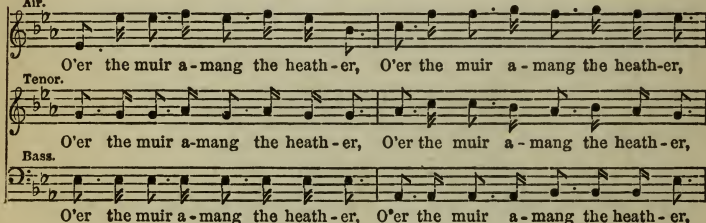
Lively.



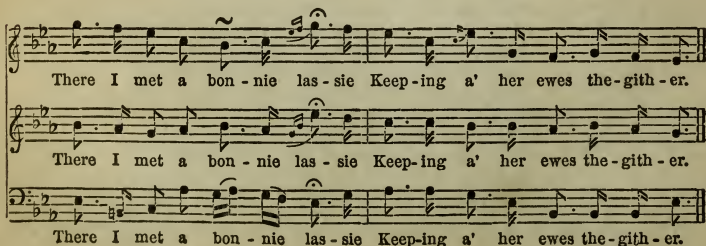
Com-in' thro' the craigs o' Kyle, A-mang the bon-nie bloom-in' heath-er,
There I met a bon-nie las-sie, Keep-in' a' her ewes the-gith-er.
O'er the muir a-mang the heather, O'er the muir a-mang the heath-er,
There I met a bon-nie las-sie Keep-ing a' her ewes the-gith-er.

CHORUS.

Air.



O'er the muir a-mang the heath-er, O'er the muir a-mang the heath-er,
O'er the muir a-mang the heath-er, O'er the muir a-mang the heath-er,
O'er the muir a-mang the heath-er, O'er the muir a-mang the heath-er,



There I met a bon-nie las-sie Keep-ing a' her ewes the-gith-er.
There I met a bon-nie las-sie Keep-ing a' her ewes the-gith-er.
There I met a bon-nie las-sie Keep-ing a' her ewes the-gith-er.

Says I, my dear, where is thy hame?
 In muir, or dale, pray tell me whether?
 Says she, I tent thae fleecy flocks
 That feed among the blooming heather.—O'er the muir, &c.
 We sat us down upon a bank,
 Sae warm and sunny was the weather:
 She left her flocks at large to rove
 Among the bonnie blooming heather.—O'er the muir, &c.
 She charmed my heart, and aye sinsyne
 I couldna think on ony ither;
 By sea and sky! she shall be mine,
 The bonnie lass among the heather.—O'er the muir, &c.

BONNIE MARY HAY.

Words by Archibald Crawford.

Music by R. A. Smith.

With feeling.

Bon - nie Ma - ry 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: O bon - nie Ma - ry Hay, I will lo'e thee yet.

Bonnie Mary Hay, will ye gang wi' me,
 When the sun is 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 sae couthie, kind-hearted, an' free;
 There's nae clouds in the lift nor storms in the sky,
 O bonnie Mary Hay, when thou art nigh.

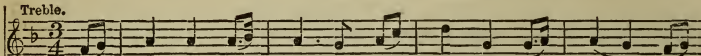
Bonnie Mary Hay, thou maunna say me nay,
 But come to the bower by the hawthorn brae;
 But come to the bower, and I'll tell ye a' that's true,
 How, Mary, I can ne'er lo'e ane but you.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

Words by Allan Ramsay.

Gaelic Air—Arranged for this work by A. Hume.

Treble.



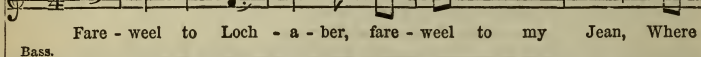
Fare - weel to Loch - a - ber, fare - weel to my Jean, Where

Tenor.

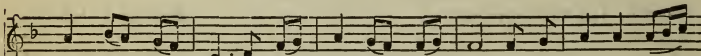


Fare - weel to Loch - a - ber, fare - weel to my Jean, Where

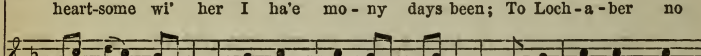
Bass.



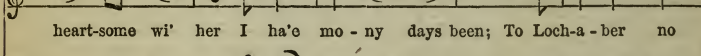
Fare - weel to Loch - a - ber, fare - weel to my Jean, Where



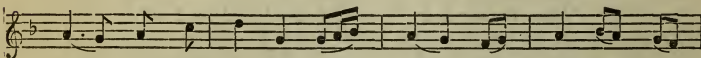
heart-some wi' her I ha'e mo - ny days been; To Loch-a-ber no



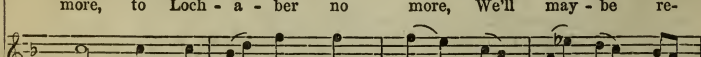
heart-some wi' her I ha'e mo - ny days been; To Loch-a-ber no



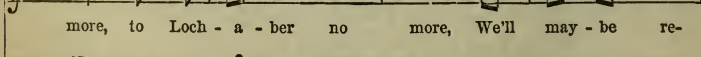
heart-some wi' her I ha'e mo - ny days been; To Loch-a-ber no



more, to Loch - a - ber no more, We'll may - be re-



more, to Loch - a - ber no more, We'll may - be re-



more, to Loch - a - ber no more, We'll may - be re-

turn to Loch - a - ber no more. These tears that I
 turn to Loch - a - ber no more. These tears that I
 turn to Loch - a - ber no more. These tears that I

shed, they are a' for my dear, And no for the dan - gers at -
 shed, they are a' for my dear, And no for the dan - gers at -
 shed, they are a' for my dear, And no for the dan - gers at -

tend-ing on weir; Tho' borne on rough seas to a far dis - tant
 tend-ing on weir; Tho' borne on rough seas to a far dis - tant
 tend-ing on weir; Tho' borne on rough seas to a far dis - tant

shore, May - be to re - turn to Loch - a - ber no more.
 shore, May - be to re - turn to Loch - a - ber no more.
 shore, May - be to re - turn to Loch - a - ber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and raise ev'ry wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
 Though loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is sair pain'd;
 But by ease so 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 g'ory 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.

HAUD AWA' FRAE ME, DONALD.

Words by Robert Allan.

Moderate.

The musical notation is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words aligned under specific notes and others under rests. The final note of the fourth staff is a double bar line with a repeat sign, followed by the initials 'D.C.'.

Haud a - wa', bide a - wa', Haud a - wa' frae me, Do - nald; What care I for
 a' your wealth, Or a' that ye can gie, Do - nald? I wad - na
 leave my Law - land lad For a' your gowd and gear, Do - nald, Sae
 tak' your plaid, and o'er the hill, And stay nae lang - er here, Do - nald. D.C.

My Jamie is a gallant youth,
 I lo'e but him alane, Donald:
 And in bonnie Scotland's isle
 Like him there is nane, Donald.
 Haud awa', &c.
 He wears nae plaid, nor tartan hose,
 Nor garters at his knee, Donald;

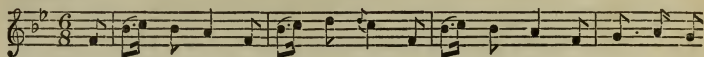
But, O! he wears a faithfu' heart,
 And love blinks in his e'e, Donald.
 Sae haud awa', bide awa',
 Come nae mair at e'en, Donald;
 I wadna break my Jamie's heart
 To be a Highland queen, Donald.

I'LL HAE MY COAT O' GUDE SNUFF-BROWN.

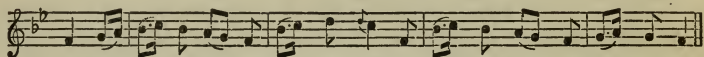
Written by Sir Alex. Boswell of Auchinleck.

Air—The Auld Gudeman.

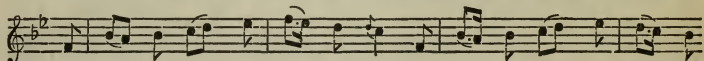
Allegretto.



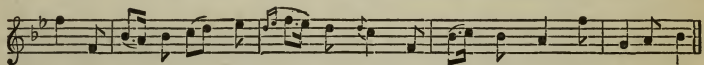
Laird.—I'll hae my coat o' gude snuff-brown, My pouther'd wig to co-ver my



crown; I'll deck me, Meg, an' busk me fine, I'm gaun to court a tocher'd quean.



Meg.—Your ho-sens, laird, are baith to darn, Your best sark's bleach-in' (that's but



harn), Your coat's a' stour, your wig's to kame, Troth, laird, you'd bet-ter stay at hame.

Laird.—Auld Punch will carry Jock, the lad,
I'll ride mysel' the lang-tail'd yad,
Wi' pistols at my saddle-tree,
Weel mounted as a laird should be.

Meg.—There's peats to cast, the hay's to cuile,
The yad's run owre the muir a mile;
The saddle's stown, auld Punch is lame,
'Deed, laird, ye'd better bide at hame.

Think, laird, a wee an' look about,
Your gear's a' thrivin' in an' out;
I'm wae to see ye courtin' dule,
Wha kens but this same quean's a fool.

Laird.—Aye, aye, *your* drift's no ill to tell,
Ye fain wad hae me, Meg, yoursel';
But sure as Blutterlog's my name,
I'll court the lass, an' bring her hame

DUET—WAKE, MARY, WAKE!

For two Trebles or two Tenors.

Music by A. Hume.

mf

Wake, Ma-ry, wake! the ris-ing sun To paint the hill-top has be-

mf

Wake! the ris-ing sun To paint the hill-top has be-

f

gun; To paint the hill-top has be-gun; The ear-ly lark, on

p

gun; To paint the hill-top has be-gun; The ear-ly lark, on

>

dew-y wing, Ris-es his ma-tin song to sing, his

>

dew-y wing, Ris-es his ma-tin song to sing,

cres.

ma-tin song to sing, his ma-tin song to sing.

cres.

his ma-tin song to sing, his ma-tin song to sing.

p

And lit-tle birds, on ev'-ry spray, Hail, blithe-ly hail the

p

on ev'-ry spray, Hail, blithe-ly hail the

com - ing day. And lit - tle birds, on ev' - ry spray, Hail,
com - ing day. on ev' - ry spray,

cres. blithe - ly hail the com - ing day. Hail, *f* blithe - ly hail the
cres. Hail, blithely hail the com - ing day. Hail, blithely hail the

com - ing day. Wake, Ma - ry, wake! *pp* Wake, Ma - ry, wake!
com - ing day. Wake, Ma - ry, wake! *pp* Wake, Ma - ry, wake!

mf Wake, Ma-ry, wake! such scenes as these Will well re-pay thy loss of ease; Will
mf Wake! such scenes as these Will well re-pay thy loss of ease; Will

well re-pay thy loss of ease; The liv-ing woods, the danc-ing streams, Are
p well re-pay thy loss of ease; The liv-ing woods, the danc-ing streams, Are

love-li-er far than morn-ing dreams, are love-lier, love-lier far, are
love-li-er far than morn-ing dreams, are love-lier, lovelier far,

rall.
love-lier, love-lier far than morn-ing dreams; are love-lier
rall.
love-lier far than morn-ing dreams; are love-lier

vivace.
far than morn-ing dreams. No long-er then in
far than morn-ing dreams. in

p
slum-ber stay, Wake, Ma-ry, wake! and come a-
slum-ber stay, Wake, Ma-ry, wake! and come a-

p
way, No long-er then in slum-ber stay, Wake
way, in slum-ber stay,

Ma - ry, wake! and come a - way. Wake, Ma - ry, wake! and
 Wake, Mary, wake! and come a - way. Wake, Ma - ry, wake! and
 come, come a-way. Wake, Ma - ry, wake! Wake, Ma - ry, wake!
 come, come a-way. Wake, Ma - ry, wake! Wake, Ma - ry, wake!

cres. *f* *pp*

Inserted in this work by the kind permission of Messrs. Gall and Inglis, Edinburgh.

THE BONNIE MORNIN' AFTER THE RAIN.

Words by James Smith.

Music by A. Hume.

Cheerfully.

The nicht had been rain - y, but fair was the morn-in', Bright shone the
 sun, come-ly Na - ture a - dorn-ing, Sweet bloom'd the dais - y yon
 bon-nie sim-mer morn-in', An' fra-grant the green dew - y plain;
 Saft to their min-nies the wee lambs were moan-in', Fond 'mid the
 flow'r-ets the wild bee was dron-in', As Ka - tie sat milk-in' her
 kye i' the loan-in', Yon bon-nie morn-in' af - ter the rain.

Dark waved her locks owre her fair neck sae slender;
 Bricht beamed her e'e, like the sun in its splendour;
 Snawy her bosom, sae comely an' tender,

An' pure as the lily o' the plain.

I took her i' my arms, an' I ca'd her my dearie,
 Her face was sae bonnie, my heart felt sae cheerie;—
 I took her i' my arms, an' I ca'd her my dearie,

Yon bonnie mornin' after the rain!

O fair are yon meadows, where aft I've gaen roamin'
 For mony a sweet hour, wi' my lass i' the gloamin';
 But fairer—O fairer the bonnie green loanin',

Where she whispered her heart was my ain!

Sweetly she blush'd like the rose wi' emotion;

Fondly I seal'd wi' a kiss my devotion;—

Sweetly she blush'd like the rose wi' emotion,

Yon bonnie mornin' after the rain!

Though fortune wi' me has been scant wi' her measure,

Yet ne'er will I envy her care-laden treasure;

Sae lang as the queen o' my hame gi'es me pleasure,

O' nocht will I ever complain;

For aye when I'm dowie, down-heartit, and weary,

Her sweet sunny smile mak's me lichtsome and cheerie,

Sae weel I'll remember the tryst wi' my dearie,

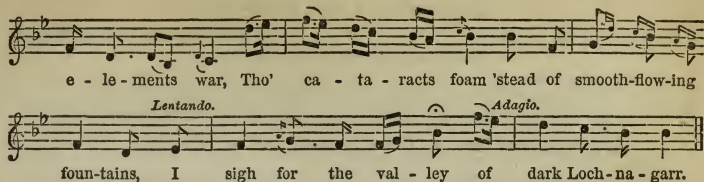
Yon bonnie mornin' after the rain!

AWAY, YE GAY LANDSCAPES.

Words by Lord Byron.

With animation.

A - way, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of ros-es, In you let the
 min - ions of lux - u - ry rove; Re - store me the rocks where the
 snow-flake re - pos - es, If still they are sa - cred to free-dom and love.
 Yet, Ca - le - don - ia, dear are thy mountains, Round their white summits tho'



Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
 On chieftains departed my memory pondered,
 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-garr.

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-garr 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-garr.

Ill starr'd, though brave, did no vision foreboding,
 Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?
 Ah! were ye then destined to die at Culloden,
 Though victory crown'd not your fall with applause?
 Still were ye happy in death's earthy slumbers;
 You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar;
 The pibroch resounds to the piper's loud numbers,
 Your deeds to the echoes of wild Loch-na-garr.

Years have roll'd on, Loch-na-garr, since I left you!
 Years must elapse ere I see you again;
 Though nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
 Yet still thou art dearer than Albion's plain.
 England, thy beauties are tame and domestic
 To one who has rov'd on the mountains afar!
 Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic,
 The steep frowning glories of dark Loch-na-garr!

FAREWELL, THOU FAIR DAY.

Words by Burns.

My Lodging is on the Cold Ground.

Arranged for this work by A. Hume.

Air. Slow, with expression.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the Air, marked 'Slow, with expression.' and is in 6/8 time with a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is for the Tenor voice, and the bottom staff is for the Bass voice. All three staves share the same melody. The lyrics 'Fare - well, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, Now gay with the' are written below the staves.

Air. *Slow, with expression.*

Tenor.

Bass.

Fare - well, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, Now gay with the

The second system of the musical score continues the melody from the first system. It consists of three staves for the Air, Tenor, and Bass voices. The lyrics 'broad set-ting sun; Fare - well, loves and friendships, ye dear, ten-der' are written below the staves.

broad set-ting sun; Fare - well, loves and friendships, ye dear, ten-der

broad set-ting sun; Fare - well, loves and friendships, ye dear, ten-der

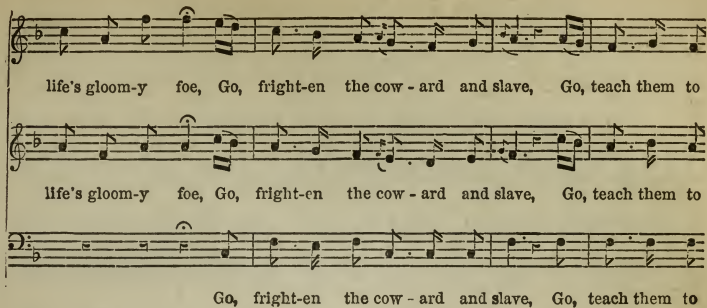
broad set-ting sun; Fare - well, loves and friendships, ye dear, ten-der

The third system of the musical score continues the melody. It consists of three staves for the Air, Tenor, and Bass voices. The lyrics 'ties, Our race of ex - is - tence is run. Thou grim king of ter - rors, thou' are written below the staves.

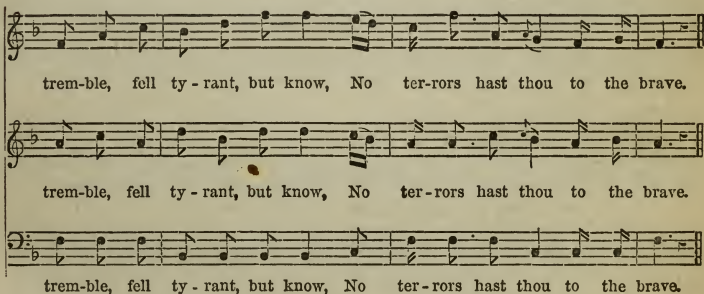
ties, Our race of ex - is - tence is run. Thou grim king of ter - rors, thou

ties, Our race of ex - is - tence is run. Thou grim king of ter - rors, thou

ties, Our race of ex - is - tence is run.



life's gloom-y foe, Go, fright-en the cow - ard and slave, Go, teach them to
 life's gloom-y foe, Go, fright-en the cow - ard and slave, Go, teach them to
 Go, fright-en the cow - ard and slave, Go, teach them to



trem-ble, fell ty - rant, but know, No ter-rors hast thou to the brave.
 trem-ble, fell ty - rant, but know, No ter-rors hast thou to the brave.
 trem-ble, fell ty - rant, but know, No ter-rors hast thou to the brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves e'en 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,
 Oh! who would not die with the brave?

SOLO, DUET, AND TRIO—THE BOATIE ROWS.

Arranged for this work by T. S. Gleadhill.

Solo, 1st Treble. *Moderate.*

O weel may the boat - ie row, And bet - ter may it speed; And

lie - some may the boat - ie row That wins the bair-nies' bread.

The boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows, The boat - ie rows fu' weel; And

mei - kle luck at - tend the boat, the mur - lain, and the creel.

Duet, 1st Treble. *A little slower.*

O weel may the boat - ie row That fills a heav - y creel; And

O weel may the boat - ie row That fills a heav - y creel; And

cleeds us a' frae tap to tae, And buys our par-ritch meal.

cleeds us a' frae tap to tae, And buys our par-ritch meal.

a tempo.

Trio, 1st Treble.

The boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows, The boat - ie rows in - deed; And

2d Treble. *a tempo.*

The boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows, The boat - ie rows in - deed; And

Bass. *a tempo.*

The boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows, The boat - ie rows in - deed; And

hap - py be the lot of a' That wish the boat - ie speed.

hap - py be the lot of a' That wish the boat - ie speed.

hap - py be the lot of a' That wish the boat - ie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,
And won frae me my heart,
O mickle lighter grew my creel;
He swore we'd never part.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And mickle lighter is the boat,
When love bears up the creel.

My kertch I put upon my head,
And dress'd mysel' fu' braw;
But dowie, dowie was my heart,
When Jamie gaed awa'.
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part;
And lightsome be the lassie's care,
That yields an honest heart.

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

When we are auld and sair bow'd down,
And hirplin' at the door,
They'll row to keep us dry an' warm,
As we did them before.
Then weel may the boatie row,
And better may it speed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

Words by Sir Walter Scott.

Adapted to a Border air.

From Rokeby.

Al - len - a - Dale has no fa - got for burn-ing, Al - len - a -
 Dale has no fur - row for turn-ing, Al - len - a - Dale has no
 fleece for the spin - ning, Yet Al - len - a - Dale has red gold for the
 winning; Come read me my rid - dle and hearken my tale, And tell me the
 craft of bold Al - len - a - Dale. And tell me the craft of bold Al - len - a - Dale.

The baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
 And he views his domains upon Arkindale side,
 The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
 The lake for the wild, and the park for the tame;
 Yet the fish of the lake and the deer of the vale,
 Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale.

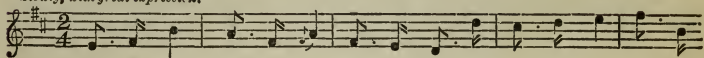
Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
 Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright;
 Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
 Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
 And the best of our nobles his bonnet will veil,
 Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
 The mother, she asked of his household and home;
 "Though the castle of Richmond stands fair on the hill,
 My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still;
 'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
 And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-a-Dale.

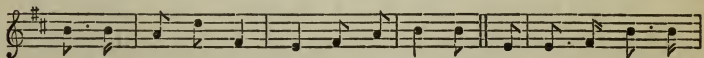
The father was steel, and the the mother was stone;
 They lifted the latch, and they bade him begone;
 But loud on the morrow their wail and their cry!
 He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonnie black eye,
 And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
 And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale.

CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

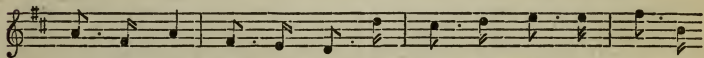
Slowly, with great expression.



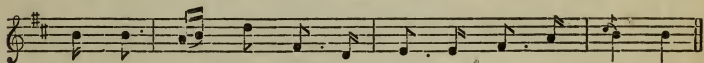
Ca' the ewes to the knowes, Ca' them whaur the heath - er grows, Ca' them



whaur the burn - ie rows, My bon - nie dear - ie. 'Twas in the bon - nie



month o' June, When the woods a - bout us hung; When a' the



flew'rs were in their bloom, The night - in - gale sang clear - ly.

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

While waters wimple to the sea;
 While day blinks in the lift sae hie;
 Till clay-cauld death shall blind my e'e,
 Ye shall be my dearie.
 Ca' the ewes, &c.

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

Words by Tannahill.

Music by R. A. Smith.

With artless simplicity.

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

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

JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.

Words by Sir A. Boswell.

Air—Jenny Dang the Weaver.

Lively.

At Wil-lie's wed-ding on the green, The las-ses, bon-nie witches, Were
 a' drest out in a-prons clean, And braw white Sun-day mutch-es.
 Auld Mag-gie bade the lads take tent, But Jock wad not be-
 lieve her; But soon the fule his fol-ly kent, For Jen-ny dang the
Chorus.
 weav-er. Jen-ny dang, dang, dang, Jen-ny dang the weav-er, But
 soon the fule his fol-ly kent, For Jen-ny dang the weav-er.

At ilka country dance or reel,

Wi' her he wad be babbin' ;

When she sat down, he sat down,

And to her wad be gabbin' ;

Where'er she gaed, baith but and ben,

The cuif wad never leave her,

Ay keckling like a clockin' hen—

But Jenny dang the weaver. Jenny dang, &c.

Quo' he, " My lass, to speak my mind,

In troth I needna swither—

Ye've bonnie een, and if ye're kind,

I needna seek anither."

He hum'd and haw'd—the lass cried " Feugh !"

And bade the cuif no deave her ;

Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,

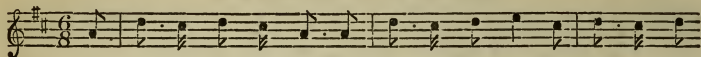
And dang the silly weaver. Jenny dang, &c.

O! HUSH THEE, MY BABY!

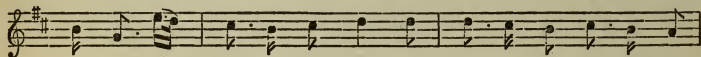
Words by Sir Walter Scott.

Scottish Air—Gadil gu lo.

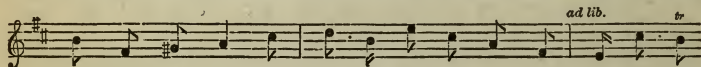
Sung in the Opera of Guy Mannering.



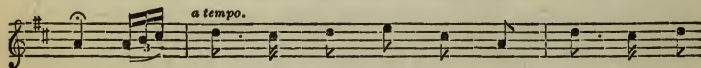
O! hush thee, my ba-by! thy sire was a knight, Thy mo-ther a



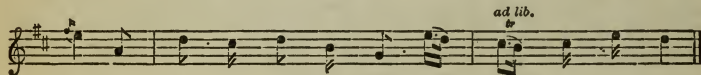
la-dy so love-ly and bright! The woods and the glens from these



tow'rs which we see, They all are be-long-ing, dear ba-by, to



thee. O! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on till



day, O! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you may.

O! fear not the bugle, tho' loudly it blows;
 It calls but the warders that guard thy repose.
 Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
 Ere the step of the foe draws near to thy bed.
 O! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on till day;
 O! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you may.

O! rest thee, my darling, the time soon will come
 When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum.
 Then rest thee, my darling, O! sleep while you may,
 For strife comes with manhood, as light comes with day.
 O! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on till day,
 O! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you may

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

Words by Sir Walter Scott.

Moderato. *p*

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

Now let this wilfu' 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 of 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 of them a',
Shall ride our forest queen—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

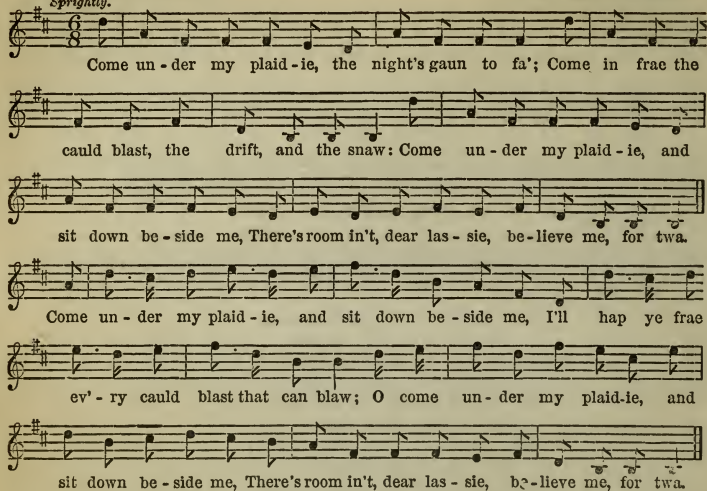
The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her both by bower and ha',
The ladye was not seen—
She's o'er the border, and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

The first stanza of this song is copied from the old ballad, "Jock of Hazelgreen."
Buchan's Ballads.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

Words by Hector M'Neill.

Air—Johnnie Macgill.

Sprightly.


Come un - der my plaid - ie, the night's gaun to fa'; Come in frae the
cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw: Come un - der my plaid - ie, and
sit down be - side me, There's room in't, dear las - sie, be - lieve me, for twa.
Come un - der my plaid - ie, and sit down be - side me, I'll hap ye frae
ev' - ry cauld blast that can blaw; O come un - der my plaid - ie, and
sit down be - side me, There's room in't, dear las - sie, be - lieve me, for twa.

“Gae 'wa wi' yer plaidie! auld Donald, gae 'wa;
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor 'the snaw!
Gae 'wa wi' yer plaidie! I'll no sit beside ye;
Ye might be my gutcher! auld Donald, gae 'wa.
I'm gaun to meet Johnnie—he's young and he's bonnie;
He's been at Meg's bridal, fu' trig and fu' braw!
Nane dances sae lichtly, sae gracefu', sae tightly,
His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw!”

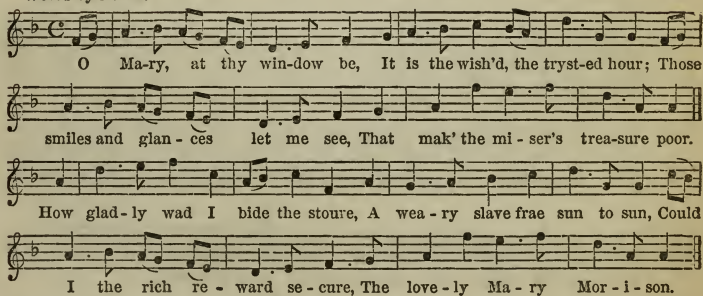
“Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa';
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;
The hail o' his pack he has now on his back;
He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.
Be frank now, and kindly—I'll busk ye aye finely;
To kirk or to market there'll few gang sae braw;
A bien house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

"My father aye tauld me, my mither and a',
 Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me aye braw.
 It's true I lo'e Johnnie; he's young and he's bonnie;
 But, wae's me! I ken he has naething ava!
 I hae little tocher; ye've made a gude 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',
 Whare Johnnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a';
 The day was appointed!—his proud heart it dunted,
 And strack 'gainst his side, as if bursting in twa.
 He wander'd hame weary, the nicht it was dreary,
 And, thowless, he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw:
 The howlet was screamin', while Johnnie cried, "Women
 Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them aye braw."

MARY MORISON.

Words by Burns.



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

Yestreen when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed through the lighted 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 of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said, among them a',
 "Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary! canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
 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 thought ungentle canna be
 The thought of Mary Morison.

DUET—THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

The first stanza of this, the modern version, is from the pen of Carolina Baroness Nairne; the others appear to be adapted from "Kate o' Gowrie," by William Reid.

Air—Locherroch Side.—Arranged for this work by D. Baptie.

Treble. Moderato.

'Twas on a sim-mer's af - ter - noon, A wee be - fore the sun gaed down,

Tenor.

'Twas on a sim-mer's af - ter - noon, A wee be - fore the sun gaed down,

My las - sie, in a braw new gown, Cam' o'er the hills to Gow - rie.

My las - sie, in a braw new gown, Cam' o'er the hills to Gow - rie.

The rose-bud ting'd wi' morning show'r, Bloom'd fresh within the ha - zel bow'r;

The rose-bud ting'd wi' morning show'r, Bloom'd fresh within the ha - zel bow'r;

But Ka - tie was the fair - est flow'r That ev - er bloom'd in Gow - rie.

But Ka - tie was the fair - est flow'r That ev - er bloom'd in Gow - rie.

I had nae thought 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.

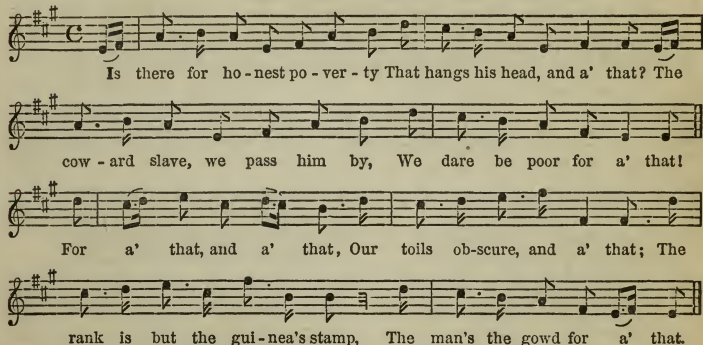
I'll tak' ye to my father's ha',
In yon green field beside the shaw,
And mak' ye lady o' them a',
The bravest wife in Gowrie.

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.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Words by Burns.



Is there for ho-nest po-ver-ty That hangs his head, and a' that? The
cow-ard slave, we pass him by, We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that, Our toils ob-scure, and a' that; The
rank is but the gui-nea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, and a' that;
Giefools 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 sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

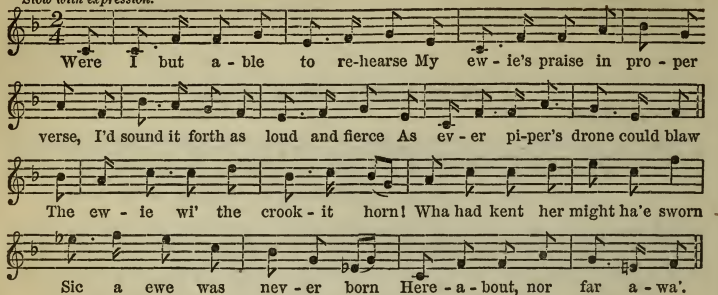
Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that:
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that;
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith! he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and 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, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warl' o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that.

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN.

Words by the Rev. John Skinner.

Slow with expression.

I never needed tar nor keil,
To mark her upo' hip or heel;
Her crookit hornie did as weel,
To ken her by amang them a'.

She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
But keepit aye her ain jog-trot;
Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
Was never sweirt to lead nor ca'.

Could nor hunger never dang her,
Wind nor weat could never wrang her;
Ane she lay an ouk and langer
Furth aneath a wreath o' snaw.

Whan ither ewies lap the dyke,
And ate the kail for a' the tyke,
My ewie never play'd the like,
But tye'd about the barn wa'.

A better, or a thriftier beast
Nae honest man could weel ha'e wist;
For, silly thing, she never mist
To ha'e, ilk year, a lamb or twa.

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 ava.

I lookit aye at even for her,
Lest mischanter should come o'er her,
Or the founmart might devour her,
Gin the beastie bade awa'.

My ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Weel deserv'd baith gerse and corn;
Sic a ewe was never born,
Hereabout, or far awa'.

Yet, last ouk, for a' my keeping,
(Wha can speak it without greeting?)
A villain cam', when I was sleeping,
Sta' my ewie, horn and a'.

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

O! gin I had the loon that did it,
Sworn I have, as weel as said it,
Though a' the warld should forbid it,
I wad gi'e his neck a thrav.

I never met wi' sic a turn
As this, sin' ever I was born;
My ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Silly ewie, stown awa'.

O! had she dee'd o' crook or cauld,
As ewies do when they are auld,
It wadna been, by mony fauld,
Sae sair a heart to nane o's a'.

For a' the claith that we ha'e worn,
Frae her and her's sae aften shorn;
The loss o' her we could ha'e borne,
Had fair strae-death ta'en her awa'.

But thus, puir thing, to lose her life,
Aneath a bloody villain's knife;
I'm really fley't that our gudewife
Will never win aboon't ava.

O! a' ye bards benorth Kinghorn,
Call your muses up and mourn
Our ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Stown frae's, an' fell't an' a'!

O SPEED, LORD NITHSDALE.

Words by Robert Allan.

Slow.

O speed, Lord Nithsdale, speed ye fast, Sin' ye maun frae your coun-trie
flee, Nae mer-cy mot fa' to your share; Nae pi-ty is for thine and thee.
Thy la-dy sits in lone-ly bow'r, And fast the tear fa's frae her e'e; And
aye she sighs, O blaw ye winds, And bear Lord Niths-dale far frae me.

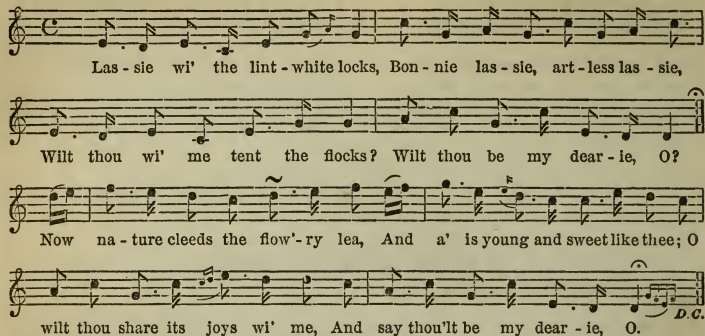
Her heart, sae wae, was like to break,
While kneeling by the taper bright;
But ae red drap cam' to her cheek,
As shone the morning's rosy light.
Lord Nithsdale's bark she mot na see,
Winds sped it swiftly o'er the main;
"O ill betide," quoth that fair dame,
"Wha sic a comely knight had slain!"

Lord Nithsdale lov'd wi mickle love;
But he thought on his countrie's wrang,
And he was deem'd a traitor syne,
And forc'd frae a' he lov'd to gang.
"Oh! I will gae to my lov'd lord,
He may na smile, I trow, bot me;"
But hame, and ha', and bonnie bowers,
Nae mair will glad Lord Nithsdale's e'e.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

Words by Burns.

Air—Rothiemurchus' Rant.



Las - sie wi' the lint - white locks, Bon - nie las - sie, art - less las - sie,
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks? Wilt thou be my dear - ie, O?
 Now na - ture cleeds 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 dear - ie, O. *D.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,
 Thro' 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,
 Enclasped to my faithful breast,
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.
 Lassie wi', &c.

APPENDIX TO FIRST SERIES.

“AFTON WATER”—page 3—“was written by Burns, and presented by him, as a tribute of gratitude and respect, to Mrs. Stewart, of Afton Lodge, for the notice she had taken of the bard, being the first he ever received from any person in her rank of life. Afton is a small river in Ayrshire, a tributary stream of the Nith. Mrs. Stewart inherited the property of Afton Lodge, which is situated on its banks, in right of her father.”—*Museum Illustrations*, vol. iv., p. 355.

THE MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN—page 4.—It is not known who was the author of this spirited song; it probably alludes to the rising in 1745. Donald Cameron, of Lochiel, chief of the clan Cameron, was descended from ancestors distinguished no less for their personal prowess than their social virtues. He is still fondly remembered in the Highlands as “the gentle Lochiel.” On the Prince’s landing, Lochiel used many arguments to induce him to return to France, and there await a more favourable opportunity for the intended enterprise, but finding Charles determined to “put all to the hazard,” he cried, “Then I will share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power.” In the ballad of “Tranent Muir,” Mr. Skirving says,

“The great Lochiel, as I heard tell,
Led Camerons on in cluds, man;
The morning fair, and clear the air,
They loos’d wi’ devilish thuds, man.

Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,
And soon did chace them aff, man;
On Seaton Crafts they buff’d their chafts,
And gar’d them rin like daft, man.”

Lochiel was wounded at Culloden, but effected his escape to France, where he was appointed to the command of a regiment in the French service. He died in 1748.

FLORA MACDONALD’S LAMENT—page 5—was written by James Hogg, and published in his “Jacobite Relics,” with the following characteristic note:—“I got the original of these verses from my friend Mr. Neil Gow, who told me they were a translation from the Gaelic, but so rude that he could not publish them, which he wished to do on a single sheet, for the sake of the old air. On which I versified them anew, and made them a great deal better without altering one sentiment.” And in a note to a subsequent reprint, under the title of “Flora Macdonald’s Farewell,” he coolly says, “When I first heard the song sung by Mr. Morison, I never was so agreeably astonished—I could hardly believe my senses, that I had made so good a song without knowing it.”

BOTHWELL CASTLE—page 6—is the production of Mr. William Cameron, one of our best living song-writers, and author of “Jessie o’ the dell,” “Meet me on the gowan lea,” &c. Mr. Cameron resides in Glasgow. By the death of James, Lord Douglas, which took place at Bothwell Castle, on 6th April, 1857, the ancient title of Douglas (see the third stanza) becomes extinct. We believe the estates have passed to his sister, Lady Montague. Nathaniel Gow, the composer of the music, was a younger son of the celebrated Neil Gow. He was born at Inver, in Perthshire, on the 28th of July, 1774, and died at Edinburgh on the 17th January, 1831.

MY LIZZIE AN’ ME—page 7.—James Reed, author of “My Lizzie an me,” “The good Rhein Wine,” and other songs, has contributed several excellent poems and sketches to the newspaper press of Scotland. Mr. Reed is employed as a slater in Edinburgh.

MEET ME ON THE GOWAN LEA—page 10—is by the author and composer of “Jessie o’ the dell.”

MY AIN DEAR NELL—page 11—was written and composed in 1850 by Alexander Hume of Edinburgh.

JOHNNIE COPE—page 15.—This old air was originally set to a song beginning, “Fye! to the hills in the morning.” The battle of Prestonpans, or Gladsmuir, where Sir John Cope was so shamefully defeated, was fought on the 22d of September, 1745. Prestonpans is a small town on the south shore of the Forth, about eight miles east from Edinburgh.

JOHNNIE COPE.

Written by ADAM SKIRVING—Original Version.

Cope sent a letter frae Dunbar,
“Charlie, meet me an’ ye daur,
And I’ll learn you the art of war,
If you’ll meet me in the morning.”
Hey! Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet,
Or are your drums a-beating yet;
If ye were wauking I would wait,
To gang to the coals i’ the morning.

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 i’ the morning.”
Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

Now Johnnie, be as guid’s your word,
Come let us try baith fire and sword;
And dinna rin awa’ like a frightened bird,
That’s chas’d frae its nest i’ the morning.
Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

When Johnnie Cope he heard o’ this,
He thought it wad na be amiss
To hae a horse in readiness,
To flee awa’ i’ the morning.
Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

Fye, Johnnie, now get up and rin,
The Highland bagpipes mak’ a din;
It’s best to sleep in a hale skin,
For ’twill be a bluidy morning.
Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They spier’d at him, where’s a’ your men?
“They, de’il confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a’ i’ the morning.”
Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

Now, Johnnie, troth ye were na blate,
To come wi’ the news o’ your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
Sae early i’ the morning.
Hey! Johnnie Cope, &c.

“I’ faith,” quo’ Johnnie, “I got a fleg,
Wi’ their lang claymores and philabegs;
If I face them again, de’il break my legs,
Sae I wish you a guid mornin’.”
Hey! Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet,
Or are your drums a-beating yet;
If ye were wauking I would wait,
To gang to the coals i’ the morning.

CALLER HERRIN’—page 16.—Neil Gow, one of our best native musicians, was born at Strathbrand, in Perthshire, in 1727, and died at Inver, near Dunkeld, on the first of March, 1807, in his eightieth year. He is thus described by Burns:—“A short, stout built, honest Highland figure, with his grayish hair shed on his honest, social brow; an interesting face, marking strong sense, kind open heartedness, mixed with unmistrusting simplicity.”

PRINCE CHARLES’S FAREWELL TO FLORA—page 19.—Alexander MacLagan, author of “Prince Charles’s farewell,” “Auld Robin the laird,” “My cousin Jean,” “We’ll ha’e nane but Highland bonnets here,” and other popular songs, resides in Edinburgh. He is likewise the author of “Ragged School Rhymes,” a highly popular work. His poetical talents have secured him a moderate pension from the Government, which we hope he will long live to enjoy.

CALLUM A GLEN—page 20.—is a translation from the Gaelic, by “The Shepherd,” who says that the original is so beautiful, that he might venture to stake it against any piece of modern poetry. The air is a fine specimen of Gaelic melody.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST—page 24.—Mrs. Cockburn, of Ormiston, was the daughter of Mr. Rutherford of Farnalee, in Selkirkshire, where she was born in 1710-12. In 1731 she married Mr. Patrick Cockburn, of Ormiston, whom she survived forty years. She died at Edinburgh in 1794. The insolvency of no fewer than seven landed proprietors in Selkirkshire, owing to some imprudent speculations, is said to have been the occasion of the song. "I've heard the liltin'" was written about the middle of the last century, by Miss Jane Elliot, daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto. She was born in 1727, and died at Mount Teviot, Roxburghshire, in March, 1805. Being published anonymously, it was for a long time considered as a genuine production of the old school of minstrelsy. Burns, however, detected the imitation. "This fine ballad," says he, "is even a more palpable imitation than 'Hardiknute.' The manners are indeed old, but the language is of yesterday. Its author must soon be discovered."—*Reliques*. Sir Walter Scott and the Rev. Dr. Somerville of Jedburgh were the first to discover the real author. The battle of Flodden, on which the ballad was founded, was fought on the 9th of September, 1513, when King James IV. and the flower of the Scottish nobility and gentry fell. The Forest anciently comprehended Selkirkshire, and portions of Peeblesshire and Clydesdale. The archers of the forest, distinguished no less for their skill than their manly beauty, were cut off almost to a man at Flodden. The original air is supposed to be about three centuries old. It is not known with certainty who adapted the modern melody, though it has probably undergone many transformations. We append Miss Elliot's version.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

Written by MISS JANE ELLIOT—Old Air.

I've heard the liltin' at our ewe-milkin',
Lasses a-liltin' before dawn o' day;
Now there's a moanin' on ilka green loanin',
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

At buchts in the mornin', nae blythe lads are
scornin',
Lasses are lanely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighin' and sabbin',
Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In har'st at the shearin', nae youths now are
jeerin',
The bandsters are runkled, and lyart, and gray;
At fair or at preachin', nae wooin', nae
fleechin',
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloamin', nae swankies are
roamin' [play;
'Bout stacks, 'mang the lassies at bogle to
But each ane sits dreary, lamentin' her dearie,
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the
border,
The English for ance by guile wan the day;
The flowers of the forest, that fought aye the
foremost,
The prime o' our land now lie cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liltin' at our ewe-milkin',
Women and bairns are dowie and wae;
Sighin' and moanin' on ilka green loanin',
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

THE MOON'S ON THE LAKE—page 26.—"The Macgregors' Gathering" was written by Sir Walter Scott for Campbell's "Abyrn's Anthology" in 1816. The song is descriptive of the severe treatment of the Macgregors, the whole clan being outlawed, their lands forfeited, and their very name proscribed.

MY NANNIE'S AWA'—page 27—was written by Burns for Mr. Thomson's collection, December, 1794, and sent with the following note:—"As I agree with you that the Jacobite song in the 'Museum,' to 'There'll never be peace till Jamie come hame,' would not so well consort with Peter Pindar's excellent love song to that air, I have just framed the following." Here follows the song. Though the air now usually sung to the verses appears to be modern, nothing is known of the composer. To Mr. George Cral, of Edinburgh, the lovers of melody are indebted for the beautiful set of this fine tune here given.

BONNIE BESSIE LEE—page 28.—Robert Nicoll, who early gave indications of great poetic talent, was born at Little Tullibeltane, Auchtergaven, Perthshire, on the 7th of January, 1814. At the age of twenty-one he published a volume of "Poems and Lyrics," which was favourably

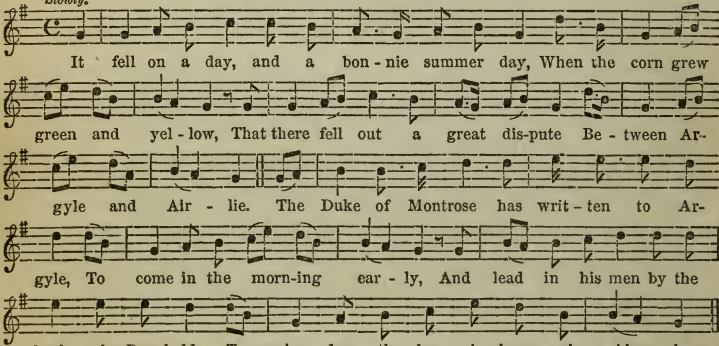
received. He was subsequently appointed editor of the *Leeds Times*, but his health, never robust, was unequal to the tear and wear of such arduous literary labour. He resigned the editorship, and removed to Laverock Bank, near Edinburgh, where, in the house of his friend and biographer, Mrs. Johnstone, he breathed his last in December, 1837. A monument to his memory has been erected near the place of his birth.

O ARE YE SLEEPING, MAGGIE?—page 29.—Tannahill wrote this beautiful song to the air of an old song with the same title, the words of which are now deservedly forgot. This song was originally finished without the last verse, but on one occasion, while entertaining his friends with it, Mr. James King asked the author, "Why dinna you let the drookit deevil in?" The next night the author produced the concluding verse, but from its wanting the poetic fervour of the first verse it was never meant to be made public; however it has always been printed.

THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLY—page 31.—There are various readings of this old ballad, differing slightly in detail, but the main incidents in each are the same. We subjoin John Finlay's version, with the air to which it is usually sung.

THE BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLY.

Slowly.



It fell on a day, and a bon-nie summer day, When the corn grew
green and yel-low, That there fell out a great dis-pute Be-tween Ar-
gyle and Air-lie. The Duke of Montrose has writ-ten to Ar-
gyle, To come in the morn-ing ear-ly, And lead in his men by the
back o' Dun-keld, To plun-der the bon-nie house o' Air-ly.

The lady look'd o'er her window sae hie,
And, oh! but she look'd weary;
And there she espied the great Argyle
Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airly.

"Come down, come down, Lady Margaret," he
"Come down and kiss me fairly; [says,
Or before the morning clear daylight,
I'll no leave a standing stane in Airly."

"I wad na kiss thee, great Argyle,
I wad na kiss thee fairly;
I wad na kiss thee, great Argyle, [Airly."
Gin ye should na leave a standing stane in

He has ta'en her by the middle sae sma',
Says, "Lady, where is your drury?"
"It's up and down the bonnie burn side,
Amang the planting of Airly."

They sought it up, and they sought it down,
They sought it late and early;
And found it in the bonnie balm-tree,
That shines in the bowling-green o' Airly.

He has ta'en her by the left shoulder,
And oh! but she grat sairly:
And led her down to yon green bank,
Till he plundered the bonnie house o' Airly.

"Oh! it's I ha'e seven braw sons," she says,
 "And the youngest ne'er saw his daddie,
 And although I had as mony mae,
 I wad gi'e them a' to Charlie.

"But gin my good lord had been at hame,
 As this night he is wi' Charlie,
 There durst na a Campbell in a' the west
 Ha'e plundered the bonnie house o' Airly."

The Earl of Airly, a firm adherent to the royal cause, was particularly obnoxious to the Covenanting party, and, during his absence in England, Montrose (who had not then deserted the cause of the Covenant) was sent to attack Airly House; "but the assailants," says Spalding, "finding the place unwinnable, by nature of great strength, without great skaith, left the place without meikle loss on either side." The Earl of Argyle was afterwards despatched with strict orders, first, "to go to Airly and Furtour, two of the Earl of Airly's principal houses, and to take in and destroy the same; and next to go upon their lymmers, and punish them: likeas, conform to his order, he raises an army of about five thousand men, and marches toward Airly; but the Lord Ogilvie (the Earl's oldest son), hearing of his coming with such irresistible force, resolves to flee, and leave the house manless, and so for their own safety they wisely fled; but Argyle most cruelly and inhumanely enters the house of Airly, and beats the same to the ground, and right sua he does to Furtour; syne spoiled all within both houses, and such as could not be carried, they masterfully brake down and destroyed."

WANDERING WILLIE—page 35.—This masterpiece of Burns's was written for Mr. Thomson's collection, March, 1793. The beautiful air of "Here awa', there awa'" was a favourite of the poet's. It was first printed in Oswald's "Caledonian Pocket Companion." The following stanzas, from David Herd's collection, 1769, are all that remain of the original song:—

HERE AWA', THERE AWA', HERE AWA', WILLIE.

Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie,
 Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;
 Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought
 thee,
 Now I have gotten my Willie again.

Through the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,
 Through the lang muir I have follow'd him
 hame;
 Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us,
 Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie,
 Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;
 Come, love, believe me, naething can grieve me,
 Ilka thing pleases when Willie's at hame.

Johnson in the "Museum" gives other four lines, but they are not worthy quoting.

AN' THOU WERE MINE AIN THING—page 36.—We cannot name the author of this sweet little song, which, with the exception of the first verse, appears in "The Tea Table Miscellany," marked with an X, denoting that the author was unknown. The oldest set of the air is found in Gordon of Straleck's MS. Late Book, written in 1627. Though this old MS. book is now unfortunately lost, it is satisfactory to know that a transcript of the airs, by a gentleman fully qualified for the task, is deposited in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, in Edinburgh.

CONTINUATION OF "AN' THOU WERE MINE AIN THING."

Written by RAMSAY—Same Air.

Like bees that suck the morning dew,
 Like flow'rs of sweetest scent and hue,
 Sae would I dwell upo' thy mou',
 And gar the gods envy me.
 An' thou were, &c.
 Sae lang's I ha'e the use of light,
 I'd on thy beanties feast my sight;
 Syne in saft whispers through the night
 I'd tell how much I lo'd thee.
 An' thou were, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean,
 She moves a goddess o'er the green;
 Were I a king thou should be queen,
 Nane but mysel' aboon thee.
 An' thou were, &c.
 Time's on the wing, and will not stay,
 In shining youth let's make our hay;
 Since love admits of no delay,
 O let nae scorn undo thee.
 An' thou were, &c.

While love does at his altar stand,
 Hae! there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
 And with ilk smile thou shalt command
 The will of him wha loves thee.
 An' thou were, &c.

AULD ROBIN GRAY—page 37.—Lady Ann Lindsay, daughter of the Earl of Balcarras, was born on the 8th of December, 1750. In 1793 she married Sir Andrew Barnard, Colonial Secretary at the Cape of Good Hope, whom she survived nearly twenty years. She died in her house, in Berkeley Square, London, on the 6th of May, 1825. Robin Gray, the authoress tells us, was the name of the old herd at Balcarras. In the preface to a volume printed for the Bannatyne Club, she says, "I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me,—I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes; I have already sent her Jamie to the sea—and broken her father's arm—and made her mother fall sick—and given her auld Robin Gray for a lover, but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one. Steal the cow, sister Ann, said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately lifted by me, and the song completed." Few songs have enjoyed a greater share of popularity than "Auld Robin Gray." It has been translated into different languages, and dramatized into every variety of shape and form. The beautiful air to which the ballad is now sung was composed by the Rev. William Leeves, Rector of Wrington in Somersetshire. He died in 1828.

LORD RONALD—page 38.—Mr. Stenhouse says, "The fragment of this ancient ballad, beginning, 'O where ha'e ye been, Lord Ronald, my son?' with the beautiful air to which it is sung, were both recovered by Burns, and placed in the 'Museum.'" In Sir Walter Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" he gives another version of "Lord Ronald," in which the name is changed to Randal; and in an introductory note he says, "I think it not impossible that the ballad may have originally regarded the death of Thomas Randolph or Randal, Earl of Murray, nephew to Robert Bruce, and governor of Scotland. This great warrior died at Musselburgh, 1332, at the moment when his services were most necessary to his country, already threatened by an English army. For this sole reason, perhaps, our historians obstinately impute his death to poison." Burns's opinion that the air of "Lord Ronald" was the original of "Lochaber," seems to be well founded.

LORD RANDAL.

From "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border"—Same Air.

O where ha'e ye been, Lord Randal, my son?	What gat ye to dinner, Lord Randal, my son?
O where ha'e ye been, my handsome young man?	What gat ye to dinner, my handsome young man?
I ha'e been to the wild wood; mother, make my bed soon, [down.]	I gat eels boil'd in broo; mother, make my bed soon, [down.]
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie	For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie
Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?	What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son? (some young man?)
Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?	What became of your bloodhounds, my hand-
I dined wi' my true love: mother, make my bed soon, [down.]	O they swell'd and they died; mother, make my bed soon, [down.]
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie	For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie
O I fear you are poison'd, Lord Randal, my son,	
O I fear you are poison'd, my handsome young man;	
O yes! I am poison'd; mother, make my bed soon,	
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wald lie down.	

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME—page 40.—This is decidedly the most popular of all the Shepherd's songs, and first appeared in his novel, entitled "The Three Perils of Man." In a note, written in his own peculiar autobiographic style, he says, "In the title and chorus of this favourite pastoral song, I chose rather to violate a rule in grammar, than a Scottish phrase, so common, that when it is altered into the proper way, every shepherd and shepherd's sweetheart accounts it nonsense. I was once singing it at a wedding with great glee the latter way, 'When the kye come hame,' when a tailor, scratching his head, said, 'It was a terrible affectit way that.' I stood corrected, and have never sung it so again." It is to the old tune of "Shame fa' the gear and the blathrie o't." The tune as now sung is by no means the real set of "The blathrie o't." The latter half of the air is not unlike the original, but the first portion is greatly altered, we cannot say for the better.

BONNIE DUNDEE—page 41.—This spirited song was written by Sir Walter Scott. We are unable to name the composer of the fine air to which it is adapted.

IS YOUR WAR-PIPE ASLEEP?—page 42.—George Allan, author of several fine songs, was born at the farm of Paradykes, near Edinburgh, on the 2d of February, 1806. After serving an apprenticeship in the office of a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, he removed to London. He was subsequently appointed to the editorship of the *Dumfries Journal*, which he successfully conducted for about three years. His next employment was as a literary assistant to the Messrs. Chambers, the well known publishers, and in 1834 some friends procured him a situation in the Stamp Office, which he did not long live to enjoy. He died at Janefield, near Leith, on the 15th of August, 1835.

RISE! RISE! LOWLAND AND HIGHLANDMEN!—page 44.—John Imlah, a native of Aberdeen, was born in 1799. As a song-writer he is entitled to a high place. In 1827 he published a volume entitled "May Flowers," and in 1841 a collection of poems and songs, both of which were very favourably received. He died at Jamaica on the 9th of January, 1846. His "Farewell to Scotland," "Hey for the Hielan' heather," "The Gathering," &c., are fair specimens of his talent as a Scottish lyricist.

NAEBODY KENS YE—page 46.—Robert L. Malone was born at Anstruther, in 1812. He was bred to the sea, and for some years served in the Royal Navy. His songs, "Naebody kens ye," and "Hame is aye hamely," have been much admired. Malone died at Greenock on the 6th of July, 1850. Samuel Barr is a professional musician in Glasgow, where he is highly respected. He has been very successful in adapting some of our best songs to music.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO SCOTIA'S SHORE—page 47.—James Little is a native of Glasgow, where he is employed as a journeyman shoemaker. In a well-written preface to his first volume of poetry entitled, "Sparks from Nature's Fire," he says, "he at once pleads guilty to the sin of loving his native land above all others. He supposes it must be a natural failing, for he cannot help it. He has endeavoured to sing her hills, and glens, and bonnie lasses, out of sheer love for them all." A vigorous, manly, and independent spirit pervades his poems, while in some of his songs he exhibits much tenderness and pathos. He has lately published a second volume, "The Last March, and Other Poems," which in no way detracts from his well-earned reputation.

LADDIE, OH! LEAVE ME—page 51.—We do not know the history of this fine air, but it is evidently very old. Burns's verses, written for Thomson's collection in 1795, are given below. The poet had about two years previous received a list of tunes from Mr. Thomson, amongst which was "Laddie, lie near me." In September, 1793, he thus writes, "Laddie, lie near me," must lie *by* me for some time. I do not know the air, and until I am complete master of a tune, in my own singing (such as it is), I never can compose for it. My way is: I consider the poetic sentiment correspondent to my idea of the musical expression, then choose my theme, begin one stanza, when that is composed, which is generally the most difficult part of the business, I walk out, sit down now and then, look out for objects in nature around me, that are in unison and harmony with the cogitations of my fancy, and workings of my bosom, humming every now and then the air with the verses I have framed. When I feel my muse beginning to jade, I retire to the solitary fireside of my study, and there commit my effusions to paper, swinging at intervals on the hind legs of my elbow chair, by way of calling forth my own critical strictures as my pen goes on. Seriously this, at home, is almost invariably my way. What cursed egotism!"

'Twas NA HER BONNIE BLUE E'E WAS MY RUIN.-

Written by BURNS—Same Air.

'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin;
 Fair though she be, that was ne'er my undoing;
 '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 an angel that never can alter,
 Sooner the sun in his motion should falter.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF—page 52.—This is the celebrated boat song from the "Lady of the Lake," adapted to one of the oldest Gaelic melodies. For the sake of those who prefer it, we give the third verse, which is, however, usually omitted:—

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glenfruin,
 And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
 Glen Luss and Rossdhu, 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,
 Roderich Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroc.

JOHN GRUMLIE—page 54.—This popular humorous song is a modern imitation of the old Scottish poem, "The wife of Auchtermuchty."

HURRAH FOR THE THISTLE—page 55.—We have already given a slight notice of Alexander MacLagan.* John Turnbull, a clever musician, and skilful teacher, was leader of the psalmody in St. George's Church, Glasgow.

KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME—page 57.—This song first appeared in David Herd's collection, 1776. The old verses, some of which are rather indelicate, begin thus:—

Hech hey! Robin, quo' she,
 Hech hey! Robin, quo' she,
 Hech hey! Robin, quo' she,
 Kind Robin lo'es me.

Robin, Robin, let me be,
 Until I win the norrice fee;
 And I will spend it a' wi' thee,
 For kind Robin lo'es me.

COME ALL YE SOULS DEVOID OF ART.

Words from the "Vocal Magazine," Edinburgh, 1798—Same Air.

Come all ye souls devoid of art,
 Who take in virtue's cause a part:
 And gi'e me joy o' Robin's heart,
 For kind Robin lo'es me.

O happy, happy was the hour,
 And blest the dear, delightful bow'r
 Where first I felt love's gentle pow'r,
 And kenn'd that Robin lo'ed me.

O witness, ev'ry bank an' brael
 Witness, ye streams that thro' them play;
 And ev'ry field and meadow gay,
 That kind Robin lo'es me.

Tell it, ye birds, frae every tree,
 Breathe it, ye winds, o'er ilka lea,
 Ye waves, proclaim frae sea to sea
 That kind Robin lo'es me.

The winter's cot, the summer's shield,
 The freezing snaw, the flowery field,
 Alike to me true pleasures yield,
 Since kind Robin lo'es me.

For world's gear I'll never pine,
 Nor seek in gay attire to shine;
 A kingdom's mine if Robin's mine,
 The lad that truly lo'es me.

* See note for page 19.

MY MITHER'S AYE GLOW'RIN' OWRE ME—page 59.—With the exception of the first verse, this song was written by Ramsay as an answer to "Now wat ye wha I met yestreen." It first appeared in "The Tea Table Miscellany," in 1724. The air, formerly called "A health to Betty," consisted of one strain only, and is so published in the "Orpheus Caledonius," in 1725. It is, however, known to be much older, as it is to be found in Playford's "Dancing Master," published in 1657.

BESS THE GAWKIE—page 60.—Though this song has appeared in every collection of Scottish songs published within the last seventy or eighty years, few of their editors (with the exception of Alexander Whitelaw and some others), seem to have known anything about the real author. It has been variously attributed to the Rev. M. Morehead, Rev. George Morehead, Rev. William Muirhead, &c. "Bess the Gawkie," which Burns characterizes as "a beautiful song, and in the genuine Scots taste," was written by the Rev. James Muirhead, D.D., minister of Urr, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. Dr. Muirhead was born in the Stewartry in 1742, and ordained to the pastoral charge of Urr in 1772. He continued in the same charge till his death, May, 16, 1808. Of this charming song Allan Cunningham says, "It is a song of original merit, lively without extravagance, and gay without grossness." It first appeared in Herd's collection, 1776.

THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN IN KYLE—page 61.—It is well known that Burns himself was the "rantin', rovin' Robin" of this lively song. In the second stanza he tells us that—

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Januar' win'
Blew han'sel in on Robin.

Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1759, the last year but one of the reign of George II. The old air of "O gin ye were dead, guidman," to which this song is sung, consisted of one strain only. It appears to have been a favourite of the early Reformers in Scotland, and was sung to a hymn, beginning—

Till our guidman, till our guidman,
Keep faith and love till our guidman;
For our guidman in heuen does reign
In gloire and bliss without ending.

'Twas WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH TOWN—page 62.—In Playford's "Wit and Mirth," published in 1698, there is an old song supposed to be written by Tom D'Urfey, and entitled "'Twas within a furlong of Edinburgh town." The present song, which has retained its popularity more on account of the exquisite air to which it is adapted than its intrinsic merit, is merely a comparatively modern version of D'Urfey's. Mr. James Hook, the composer, was no less successful in his imitations of Scottish melody, than in his English ballads, many of which are still listened to with delight. He was the father of the late Theodore Hook, the novelist. Mr. Hook died in 1827, and his son on the 24th of August, 1841.

MUIRLAND WILLIE—page 64.—In "The Tea Table Miscellany," where it was probably first published, Ramsay has marked this song with an X, to denote that it was then old. It was printed with the music in the "Orpheus Caledonius," 1725. "This lightsome ballad," says Burns, "gives a particular drawing of those ruthless times, when thieves were rife, and the lads went a-wooing in their warlike habiliments, not knowing whether they would tilt with lips or lances." Willie's dirk and pistols were buckled on for this uncertain encounter, and not for garnishing and adorning his person.

THE BONNIE WOOD OF CRAIGIELEE—page 65.—This song has always been a general favourite. The melody, by "blythe Jamie Barr, frae St. Barchan's town," is worthy of the poetry. Barr was a musician in Kilbarchan, and the intimate friend of Tannahill. Craigielee lies to the north-west of Paisley.

O RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE—page 67.—This is a mere fragment of an old song, first published in the "Museum," 1788. The air, however, is found in the "Caledonian Pocket Companion," 1759. Burns wrote the last stanza "in compliment to one of the worthiest fellows in the world, William Dundas, Esq., Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh, and Colonel of the Crochallan Corps, a club of wits, who took that title at the time of raising the fencible regiments."—*Reliques*.

Another old song under the same title begins thus:—

O rattlin', roarin' Willie,
Where ha'e ye been sae late?
I've been to court my Maggie,
Sae weel's I ken the gate;

Sae weel's I ken the gate,
An' the tirlin' o' the pin;
Though it be never sae late,
She'll rise an' let me in.

LOCK THE DOOR, LARISTON—page 69.—The Elliots and Armstrongs were formerly the most numerous clans on the Scottish border, and were constantly at feud with their English neighbours. Hogg's song is descriptive of the defeat of the English in one of these border raids. In the old ballad of "Johnnie Armstrong" we are told that

The Elliots and Armstrongs did convene;
They were a gallant company.

There is also an old border song, the hero of which was probably the "Jock Elliott" mentioned in Hogg's third stanza. It begins thus—

My name it is little Jock Elliott,
An' wha daur meddle wi' me?

On the alarm of a French invasion in 1803, the Berwickshire yeomanry are said to have repaired to the place of muster at Dunse, with their band playing the spirited old air of "Wha daur meddle wi' me?"

ALISTER MACALISTER—page 71.—Though this excellent humorous song has appeared in numerous collections during the last thirty years, nothing whatever is known of its authorship. The following verse, though omitted in some versions, is too good to be lost sight of:—

Now wanton Willie was na blate,
For he got haud o' winsome Kate,
"Come here," quoth he, "I'll show the gate
To dance the Highland fling."

The Highland fling he danc'd wi' glee,
And lap as he were gaun to flee;
Kate up and bobb'd sae bonnilie,
And tript it light and clean.
Oh, Alister, &c.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY—page 73.—This is a very old air, and was formerly called "Cold and raw," from the first line of the original song, beginning—

Cold and raw the wind does blaw,
Up in the morning early.

Purcell, the celebrated English composer, adapted the air of "Cold and raw" as the bass to a birth-day song, composed in honour of Mary, consort of William III., in 1692. John Hamilton, the author of "Up in the morning early," was a music-seller in North Bridge Street, Edinburgh. He died in 1814.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Old version, with additions by BURNS—Same Air.

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering on the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL—page 78—was written by Burns for the "Museum" in 1790. The air, as Burns observes, has been taken from "The mucking o' Geordie's byre."

BRAW, BRAW LADS—page 78.—The following verses are all that are known of the original song:—

Braw, braw lads of Gala Water,
Braw, braw lads of Gala Water;
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon moss among the heather;
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

Mr. Robert Chambers, in his collection of songs, has inserted another version of "Gala Water," which, though curious enough in a literary point of view, contains too many local allusions to be generally acceptable. We give the first three stanzas as a specimen:—

Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
Out o'er yon bonnie bush of heather;
O all ye lads, whae'er ye be,
Show me the way to Gala Water.

There's Blindie and Torwoodlie,
And Galashiels is meikle better;
But Cockle-ferry bears the gree,
O'a the Pringles on Gala Water.

At Nettle Flatt we will begin,
And at Halltree we'll write a letter;
We'll down by the burn and take a scour,
And drink to the lads o' Gala Water.

Braw, braw lads o' Gala Water,
Bonnie lads o' Gala Water;
Let them a' say what they will,
The gree gaes aye to Gala Water.

The modern song of "Gala Water" was written by Burns in 1793 for Mr. Thomson's collection. Haydn, who harmonized it for Whyte's "Collection of Scottish Songs," wrote this short note on the MS. sheet of the music:—"This one Dr. Haydn's favourite song." The Gala rises in Midlothian, runs south, and falls into the Tweed a few miles above Melrose.

I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET—page 79.—This song, even after being cobbled up by Burns for the "Museum," is not quite up to the mark. The modern verses are preferable. It is not known who was the author of the lively air to which this song is now sung.

THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE—page 81.—This ludicrous song was probably written about the time of the accession of George I. to the British throne in 1714, and has maintained its popularity to the present day. The air to which it is sung, "O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet," is clearly an adaptation of "Andro' an' his cutty gun."

O GIN MY LOVE—page 82.—In a letter to Mr. Thomson, dated 25th June, 1793, Burns says, "Do you know the following beautiful little fragment in Wotherspoon's 'Collection of Scots Songs?' " Here follows "O gin my love," &c. "This thought is inexpressibly beautiful; and quite, so far as I know, original. It is too short for a song, else I would forswear you altogether unless you gave it a place. I have often tried to eke a stanza to it, but in vain. After balancing myself for a musing five minutes, on the hind legs of my elbow chair, I produced the following: 'O were my love yon lilac fair.'"

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY—page 83.—This cheerful song was written by Burns for the "Museum," in September, 1787, while visiting the falls of Moness, near Aberfeldy, in Perthshire. The poet and his friend William Nicol, were then on a tour in the Highlands. The air was published in Playford's "Dancing Master," in 1657; it is there called "A Scotch ayre." We give the old song of the "Birks of Aberfeldy," which probably furnished Burns with the groundwork of his excellent song:—

THE BIRKS OF ABERGELDY.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Abergeldy?
Ye sall get a gown of silk,
A gown of silk, a gown of silk,
Ye sall get a gown of silk,
And a coat of callimankie.

Na, kind sir, I daur na gang,
I daur na gang, I daur na gang;
Na, kind sir, I daur na gang,
My minnie wad be angry.
Sair, sair wad she flyte,
Wad she flyte, wad she flyte;
Sair, sair wad she flyte,
And sair, sair wad she ban me.

TAM GLEN—page 89.—This song was written for the "Museum," in 1788-9. Burns also transmitted the old air of "Tam Glen," an excellent minor tune, which has now, however, been superseded by "The mucking o' Geordie's byre," to which the song is usually sung.

O NANNY, WILT THOU GANG W' ME?—page 90.—The Rev. Thomas Percy, D.D., Bishop of Dromore, was the author of this charming song, and the composer, Thomas Carter, was an Irishman; "but," says Mr. Stenhouse, "it must be admitted that the Bishop's verses," adapted to Carter's beautiful air, "forms one of the most successful imitations of the Scottish pastoral ballad which has ever yet appeared on the south side of the Tweed."

FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY—page 91.—With the exception of a line or two, which form part of the old verses, this song was written by Burns for the "Museum." The air given by Johnson differs entirely from the one now so well known. A single glance will prove the superiority of the modern melody.

CAM' YE BY ATHOL?—page 92.—This well known and highly popular song first appeared in "The Border Garland."

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE—page 93.—This old song first appeared in print in Ramsay's "Tea Table Miscellany," 1724. It is, however, of a much older date, a stanza (with a few verbal alterations) being quoted by Shakspeare, in his tragedy of "Othello." In the drinking scene, Act ii., Iago sings—

King Stephen was a worthy peer.

Bishop Percy, in his "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," gives an English version of this song, at the same time admitting it to be originally Scotch. The air is undoubtedly of considerable antiquity.

THERE GROWS A BONNIE BRIER BUSH—page 94.—This is a modern version of the old song, which Burns altered a little for the "Museum." He likewise communicated the air, which is now a general favourite.

THE BRIER BUSH.

Old Version—Same Air.

There grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-yard,	Will ye go to the dancin' in Carlyle ha'?
There grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-yard;	Will ye go to the dancin' in Carlyle ha'?
And below the brier bush there's a lassie and a lad,	There's Sandy and Nancy, I'm sure we'll ding them a',
And they're busy, busy courtin' in our kail-yard,	I winna gang to the dancin' in Carlyle ha'.
We'll court nae mair below the bush in our kail-yard,	What will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa'?
We'll court nae mair below the bush in our kail-yard,	What will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa'?
We'll awa' to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen,	I will awa' to Edinburgh, and win a penny fee,
Where the trees and branches green will be	An' see an' ony bonnie lad will fancy me.

He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me,
He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me;
A feather in his bonnet, and a ribbon at his knee,
He's a bonnie, bonnie laddie, an' you be na he.

ANNIE LAURIE—page 94.—The original song of "Annie Laurie," according to Mr. Robert Chambers, "was written by a Mr. Douglas of Fingland, upon Annie, one of the four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, first Baronet of Maxwellton, by his second wife, who was a daughter of Riddell of Minto. As Sir Robert was created a Baronet in the year 1685, it is probable that the verses were composed about the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century." The beautiful air to which the modern is adapted is said to be the composition of Lady Scott.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Original Version—Same Air.

Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew;
Where me and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true;
Made up the promise true,
And never forget will I;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me down and die.

She's backit like the peacock,
She's briestit like the swan;
She's jimp about the middle,
Her waist ye weel nicht span;
Her waist ye weel nicht span,
And she has a rolling eye;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me down and die.

AN! CHLORIS, COULD I NOW BUT SIT—page 98.—This cannot properly be called a Scottish song, for though it has been ascribed to the celebrated Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, Lord President of the Court of Session, and likewise to Sir Alexander Halket of Pittferran, Mr. Sharpe proves it to have been written by Sir Charles Sedley, and introduced in his play of the "Mulberry Garden," printed in 1675, before President Forbes was born (President Forbes was born in 1684, and died in 1747.) Nothing is known of the origin of the fine air of "Gilderoy." Gilderoy, from whom the tune derives its name, was a noted freebooter of Perthshire, who, after a long course of crime, was at length taken, and, together with five of his followers, hung at the Gallowlee, between Edinburgh and Leith, in July, 1638. The old ballad says—

Of Gilderoy sae fear'd they were,
They bound him meikle strong;
Till Edinburgh they led him there,
And on a gallows hung.

They hung him high aboon the rest,
He was sae trim a boy;
There died the youth whom I lo'ed best,
My handsome Gilderoy.

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PAIRTIN' KISS—page 99.—Written by Burns for the "Museum," and adapted to an old air, entitled "Bonnie lassie, tak' a man."

TWA BONNIE MAIDENS—page 102.—The Flora of the second stanza of this song is supposed to have been the celebrated Flora Macdonald, whose share in effecting the escape is so well known. She was the daughter of Macdonald of Milton, in South Uist, and married Macdonald of Kingsborough.

HIS O'ER THE HILLS THAT I LO'E WEEL—page 104.—Lady Nairne is the author of this popular modern Jacobite song.

ROW WEEL, MY BOATIE, ROW WEEL—page 105.—This fine song, founded on an old Gaelic story, first appeared in "The Wanderer," a periodical published in Glasgow in 1818. The author was Walter Weir, a house painter. It is sometimes called "Ellen Boideachd," or "Ellen the beautiful." The music, by Smith, has been greatly admired.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN—page 106.—"Halket," says Peter Buchan, "was a great Jacobite, and wrote various pieces in support of his party; one of the best known of these is the song called "Whirry, Whigs, awa' man." The air of "Logie o' Buchan" is evidently an adaptation of "The tailor fell through the bed."

WILLIE W! HIS WIG A-JEE—page 108.—William Chalmers, author of several good songs, was born at Paisley in 1779. He closed a somewhat chequered life in his native town, on the 3d of November, 1843.

THE DANISH SEA-KING'S SONG—page 111.—William Motherwell, one of the sweetest of modern lyrists, was born at Glasgow, on the 13th of October, 1797. After some years spent in Paisley as Deputy Sheriff Clerk, he removed to Glasgow, where he was appointed to the editorship of the *Glasgow Courier*, in which situation he continued till his death, which took place on the 1st of November, 1835. His "Jeanie Morrison," and "My heid is like to rend, Willie," have rarely been equalled (they cannot be excelled) for passion and pathos.

WHEN THE KING COMES OWRE THE WATER—page 112.—Lady Mary Drummond, daughter of the Earl of Perth, is the heroine of this song, and is also believed to be the authoress of it. So strongly was she attached to the Stuarts, that when her two sons returned to Scotland, she never ceased to importune them, notwithstanding the fearful danger attending it, till they engaged actively in the cause of the exiled family.

WILL YOU NO COME BACK AGAIN?—page 114.—Another version of this song is claimed as the production of Baroness Nairne.

THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE—page 115.—“The feelings of an exile are described in this little production with simple and touching effect. His own calamity is completely lost in solicitude for the fate of his dear Marie and her children, whom fate had compelled him to leave behind.”—*Jacobite Minstrelsy*.

MY WIFE HAS TA'EN THE GEE—page 123.—This lively song does not appear in any collection prior to that of Herd, 1769. The air communicated by Burns to the “Museum” is taken from an old air called “The Miller,” which is also the original of “Mary Morrison.”

DONALD—page 124.—Though neither the words nor air of this song appear to be of Scottish origin, it is found in almost every modern collection of Scottish songs.

HAME CAM' OUR GUIDMAN—page 124.—There are various readings of this humorous old song. The version we have given was first published by Herd in his collection, 1769. Mr. Stenhouse says, “Johnson, the publisher of the ‘Museum,’ after several unavailing researches, was at length informed that an old man of the name of Geikie, a hairdresser in the Candlemakers’ Row, Edinburgh, sung the verses charmingly, and that the tune was uncommonly fine. Accordingly, he and his friend Mr. Clarke took a step to Geikie’s lodgings, and invited him to an inn to crack a bottle with them. They soon made him very merry; and on being requested to favour them with the song, he readily complied, and sung it with great glee. Mr. Clarke took down the notes, and arranged the song for the ‘Museum,’ in which work the words and music first appeared together in print.”

MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE—page 126.—This is an old song, revised by Burns, and published in the fifth volume of the “Museum.” The original air is now entirely laid aside, and the song sung to a modern set of “Low down in the broom,” a decided change for the better.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'—page 127.—This masterpiece of the lamented Tannahill was written about the year 1803, to an old Highland air called “Lord Balgounie’s favourite.” Subsequently, Mr. Alexander Campbell, editor of “Albyn’s Anthology,” claimed the tune as his composition; and stated that he published it as a strathspey in 1792. As no copy of Mr. Campbell’s strathspey of that date has yet been found, the question remains undecided.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR—page 128.—This humorous old ballad was recovered by David Herd, and published in his second edition, 1776. It seems to be an extended version of “John Blunt,” transmitted by Burns for the “Museum.” The following portion of “John Blunt” will show the similarity between the two ballads:—

There lives a man in yonder glen,
And John Blunt is his name, O;
He mak’s guid maut, and he brews guid ale,
And he bears a wondrous fame, O.

The wind blew into the hallan ae night,
Fu’ snell out o’er the muir, O;
Rise up, rise up, auld Lucky, says he,
Rise up and bar the door, O.

They made a paction tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure, O;
Whae’r should speak the foremost word,
Should rise and bar the door, O.

COME O'ER THE STREAM, CHARLIE—page 130.—“I versified this song at Meggernie Castle, in Glen Lyon, from a scrap of prose, said to be the translation, *verbatim*, of a Gaelic song, and to a Gaelic air, sung by one of the sweetest singers, and most accomplished and angelic beings of the human race.”—*Note by Hogg in “Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd,”* 1831. “Some parts of the beverage” says Hogg, “promised to Prince Charles in this song, by ‘his friend the Maclean,’ are certainly of a very singular nature, but not one of these did I add to the original.”

O WALT! WALT!—page 132.—This old pathetic ballad has given rise to much conjecture. By some it has been supposed to refer to some love affair at the court of Queen Mary. Mr. Robert Chambers, however, says, “It is said to have been occasioned by the affecting tale of Lady Barbara Erskine, daughter of the Earl of Mar, and wife of James, second Marquis of Douglas. This lady, who was married in 1670, was divorced, or at least expelled from the society of her husband, in consequence of some malignant scandal which a former and disappointed lover, Lowrie of Blackwood, was so base as to insinuate into the ear of the Marquis.” This last story seems to be utterly destitute of foundation, as the ballad is certainly more like the lament of a forsaken damsel, than that of a divorced wife. Arthur's Seat is a hill in the immediate vicinity of Edinburgh, and St. Anton's, or St. Anthony's Well is a spring near the base of the hill, and close by the romantic ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel.

THE WIDOW'S LULLABY—page 133.—Alexander Abernethy Ritchie was born at Edinburgh in 1816. He early gave indications of talent as a painter, and at the Exhibitions of the Scottish Academy in Edinburgh, his paintings attracted a considerable share of attention. It is to be regretted that he has left us so few of his poetical productions. His “Wells o' Wearie” is a perfect gem. He died in his mother's house, in St. John's Hill, south back of Canongate, Edinburgh, in 1850.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC—page 134.—Thomas Campbell, author of “The Pleasures of Hope,” was born in the High Street of Glasgow, on the 27th of July, 1777, and died at Boulogne, in France, on the 15th of June, 1844. “The Battle of the Baltic,” “Ye Mariners of England,” “The Battle of Hohenlinden,” and others (published in 1809), may stand comparison with the lyrics of any writer, ancient or modern. Campbell's remains were interred in Westminster Abbey, where an elegant monument has been erected to his memory. R. A. Smith's music to “The Battle of the Baltic” is bold and appropriate.

YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON—page 136.—In a letter to Mr. Thomson, dated November, 1794, Burns gives the following account of the origin of this beautiful air:—“A good many years ago, Mr. James Miller, writer, in your good town, a gentleman whom possibly you know, was in company with our friend Clarke: and talking of Scottish music, Miller expressed an ardent ambition to be able to compose a Scots air. Mr. Clarke, partly by way of joke, told him to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord, and preserve some sort of rhythm, and he would infallibly compose a Scots air. Certain it is, that in a few days, Mr. Miller produced the rudiments of an air, which Mr. Clarke, with some touches and corrections, fashioned into the tune in question.” The following excellent song, being the first version of “The Banks o' Doon,” was found among Burns's papers, and published by Cromek, in the “Reliques.” Cromek was of opinion that it almost surpassed the other in simplicity and force of sentiment:—

Ye flowery 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 ha'e 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.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE—page 137—was written by Burns in 1786, and sent to Miss Maria Whitefoord, eldest daughter of Sir John Whitefoord, on the family quitting their residence at Ballochmyle. The braes extend along the north bank of the Ayr, between Catrine and Howford bridge, and are at no great distance from Mossiel (Burns's farm). We do not know the author of the music, indeed we never saw it in print; it was taken down from the singing of a young man many years ago.

MY AIN FIRESIDE—page 138.—This homely song was written by Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, the authoress of "The Cottagers of Glenburnie," and other works. She died in 1817-18. "Todden hame" is the name of the old air to which the verses are adapted.

BONNIE WEE THING—page 139—"was composed," says Burns, "on my little idol, the charming, lovely Davies." Allan Cunningham says, "Her education was superior to that of most young ladies of her station of life; she was equally agreeable and witty; her company was much courted in Nithsdale, and others than Burns respected her talents in poetic composition." A disappointment in love is said to have brought her to an untimely grave. The air of "The bonnie wee thing," under the same title, is found in Oswald's "Caledonian Pocket Companion."

YE NEED NA BE COURTIN' AT ME, AULD MAN—page 140.—Peter Still was born in Aberdeenshire, on the 1st of January, 1814. He followed the humble occupation of a farm labourer. His constitution being naturally delicate, he was frequently confined to a sick bed. After much suffering, he died at Peterhead, on the 21st of March, 1848, in his thirty-fifth year.

BIDE YE YET—page 141.—This cheerful song was recovered and published in Herd's collection, 1768, but the authorship is unknown. The following verses to the same tune, by Miss Janet Graham, of Shaw, in Annandale, were much admired by Burns:—

THE WAYWARD WIFE.

Written by Miss GRAHAM—Same Air

Alas! my son, you little know
The sorrows that from wedlock flow;
Farewell to every day o' ease,
When you have got a wife to please.

Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what's to betide ye yet;
'The half o' that will gane ye yet,
If a wayward wife obtain ye yet.

Your ain experience is but small,
As yet you've met with little thrall;
The black cown on your foot ne'er trode,
Which gars you sing along the road
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

Sometimes the rock, sometimes the reel,
Or some piece o' the spinning wheel,
She'll drive at you, my bonnie chiel,
And send ye headlangs to the de'il.
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

When I, like you, was young and free,
I valued not the proudest she;
Like you I vainly boasted then,
That men alone were born to reign.
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

Great Hercules, and Samson too,
Were stronger men than I or you;
Yet they were baffled by their dears,
And felt the distaff and the shears.
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

Stout gates o' brass, and well built walls,
Are proof 'gainst swords and cannon balls;
But nought is found by sea or land,
That can a wayward wife withstand.
Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what's to betide ye yet;
The half o' that will gane ye yet,
If a wayward wife obtain ye yet.

BE KIND TO AULD GRANNIE—page 142.—This touching and affectionate song is the production of Archibald M'Kay, bookbinder in Kilmarnock. He is favourably known as the author of "Ingle-side Lilts," a small volume of poems and songs, many of which are of more than average excellence.

SCOTS WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED—page 143.—Mr. Syme, an intimate friend of Burns, gives the following account of the origin of this noble patriotic song. On the 30th of July, 1793, Burns and Mr. Syme were journeying on horseback, between the house of Mr. Gordon of Kenmure, and

the village of Gatehouse, in Kirkcudbrightshire. "I took him," says Mr. Syme, "by the moor road, where savage and desolate regions extended wide around. The sky was sympathetic with the wretchedness of the soil, it became lowering and dark, the hollow winds sighed, the lightnings gleamed, the thunder rolled. The poet enjoyed the awful scene; he spoke not a word, but seemed wrapt in meditation. What do you think he was about? He was charging the English army along with Bruce at Bannockburn. He was engaged in the same manner on our ride home from St. Mary's Isle, and I did not disturb him. Next day, August 2d, he produced me the following address of Bruce to his troops, and gave me a copy for Dalzell." In the "Museum," these spirit-stirring verses are adapted to a miserably common-place air; and in Mr. Thomson's collection they are set to "Lewie Gordon," a fine tune, but totally unsuited to the poetry. "Hey tuttie tattie," or "Hey now the day dawis," is a noble composition, and in every respect worthy of a hymn which has been characterized by an eminent critic as "unparalleled in the annals of modern poetry, and equal to the happiest efforts of the brightest geniuses of antiquity."

THOU ART GANE AWA'—page 144.—In the first edition of the "Lyric Gems," Burns's name appeared as the author of this song. This is a mistake; the verses are given anonymously in Urbani's collection, and in the "Museum." The air is an adaptation from "Haud awa' frae me, Donald," published in Playford's "Dancing Master," 1657, under the title of "Welcome home, old Rowley" (old Rowley was a pet name of Charles II.).

SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN'? QUO' SHE—page 146.—This simple and homely song first appeared in Herd's collection, 1776. The fine air of "Fee him, father," was a favourite of Burns's, who seems to have felt the true character of the music, which is not lively, but pathetic. In a letter to Mr. Thomson, dated September, 1793, he says, "I enclose you Fraser's set of this tune; when he plays it slow, in fact, he makes it the language of despair. Were it possible in singing to give it half the pathos which Fraser gives it in playing, it would make an admirable pathetic song. I shall here give you two stanzas in that style, merely to try if it will be any improvement. I do not give these verses for any merit they have. I composed them at the time at which *Patie Allan's mither died, that was about the back o' midnight*, and by the lee side of a bowl of punch."

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.

Written by BURNS—Same Air.

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever.

Aften hast thou vow'd that death
Only should us sever;
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye,
I maun see thee never, Jamie,
I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken.

Thou canst love anither, jo,
While my heart is breaking;
Soon my weary een I'll close,
Never mair to waken, Jamie,
Never mair to waken.

ROW, LADS, ROW—page 148.—Thomas Elliot, the author of this song, is a journeyman shoemaker in Glasgow. He has lately published a small volume of poetry, entitled "Doric Lays and Attic Chimes," containing some excellent pieces. "My ain mountain land" and "The star of the attic" may be instanced as favourable specimens of his abilities in the pathetic as well as in the humorous style.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, JOHN—page 149.—John Anderson, according to tradition, was the town piper of Kelso, and a bit of a wag. In Bishop Percy's manuscript, written about the middle of the sixteenth century, there is an old song in the form of a dialogue, as follows:—

Woman.—John Anderson, my jo, cum in as ze gae by,
And ze shali get a sheip's heid, weel baken in a pye;
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat,
John Anderson, my jo, cum in and ze's get that.

Man.—And how doe ze cummer? and how doe ze thrive?
And how mony bairns ha'e ze?

Woman.—Cummer I ha'e five.

Man.—Are they to your ain guidman?

Woman.—Na, cummer, na—
For three of them were gotten quhan Willie was awa'.

The additions to the modern song by William Reid, of the firm of Brash & Reid, Glasgow, though creditable, are manifestly inferior to Burns's verses. The tune of "John Anderson," Mr. Stenhouse tells us, "though long handed down by oral tradition, was committed to paper as early as 1578, in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, which is still preserved."

BEHOLD THE HOUR—page 153.—was written by Burns for Mr. Thomson's collection, and forwarded with the following note, September, 1793:—"The following song I have composed for 'Oran-gail,' the Highland air that you tell me, in your last, you have resolved to give a place in your book. I have this moment finished the song; so you have it glowing from the mint. If it suit you, well; if not, 'tis also well."

O WHA'S AT THE WINDOW—page 155.—Alexander Carlile is a native of Paisley; he was born in 1788. "Wha's at the window" has always been popular. The music, by Smith, is of a pleasing character.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH—page 156.—This has always been a favourite song. Numerous versifiers have tried their hands in the way of additions to, and imitations of, "Roy's wife," but they have not been able to supplant Mrs. Grant's verses. The original name of the air was "The ruffian's rant." Mrs. Grant (whose maiden name was also Grant), was born at Aberlour, in the county of Banff, about 1745. She was twice married, first to her cousin, Mr. Grant, of Carron, and secondly to Dr. Murray, of Bath. She died at Bath about the year 1814.

IN SCOTLAND THERE LIVED—page 158.—The authorship of this humorous old song is unknown. It first appeared in Herd's collection. The air, or rather chant, is nearly the same as that given in the "Museum," which was communicated to Johnson by Mr. Robert Macintosh, musician, in Edinburgh.

COMIN' THROUGH THE CRAIGS O' KYLE—page 164.—Burns, in the "Reliques," says, "This song is the composition of Jean Glover, a girl who was not only a thief and a *****, but in one or other character had visited most of the correction-houses in the west. She was born, I believe, in Kilmarnock. I took the song down from her singing, as she was strolling through the country with a slight-of-hand blackguard." Jean Glover was born in the Townhead of Kilmarnock, on the 31st of October, 1758. She was a woman of remarkable beauty, and an excellent singer. A writer in "The Ayrshire Contemporaries of Burns," published by Mr. Hugh Paton, of Edinburgh, in 1840, says, "An old woman, with whom we conversed, remembered having seen Jeanie at a fair in Irvine, gaily attired, and playing on a tambourine, at the mouth of a close in which was the exhibition room of her husband, the conjuror, 'Weel do I remember her,' said our informant, 'an' thoelt her the bravest woman I had ever seen step in leather shoon.'" She died at Letterkenny, in Ireland, in 1801.

BONNIE MARY HAY—page 165.—Archibald Crawford, the author of this favourite song, is a native of Ayr. Smith has been very successful in the composition of the music—for elegant simplicity it may rank with any song tune of modern days.

LOCHABER NO MORE—page 166.—This well known song first appeared, together with the music, in the "Orpheus Caledonius," in 1725. Burns, who was a pretty good judge of these matters, was of opinion that the air of "Lord Ronald" (p. 38, first series), was the original of "Lochaber no more."

HAUD AWA' FRAE ME, DONALD—page 168.—This fine old melody is evidently the original of the modern air of "Thou art gane awa' frae me, Mary."

I'LL HA'E MY COAT O' GUID SNUFF-BROWN—page 169.—The lively old song of "The auld guidman" first appears in Ramsay's "Tea Table Miscellany," 1724, and together with the music in the "Orpheus Caledonius," 1725. The song is also given in Bishop Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry." The original verses begin thus:—

Late in an ev'ning forth I went,
A little before the sun gaed down;
And then I chanc'd by accident
To light on a battle new begun.

A man and his wife were faun in a strife,
I canna weel tell how it began;
But aye she wail'd her wretched life,
And cried, Alake! my auld guidman.

WAKE, MARY, WAKE—page 170—was written, we believe, by the late Professor Tennant of St. Andrews, formerly master of the Dollar Academy.

THE BONNIE MORNIN' AFTER THE RAIN—page 173.—James Smith, the author of this song, is employed as a journeyman printer in Edinburgh.

AWAY, YE GAY LANDSCAPES—page 174.—The melody of this fine song is, we believe, the composition of Mrs. Gibson of Edinburgh.

FAREWELL, THOU FAIR DAY—page 176.—This song was written by Burns for the "Museum," in 1791. In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, dated 17th December, 1791, he says, "I have just finished the following song which, to a lady, the descendant of a truly illustrious line, and herself the mother of several soldiers, needs neither preface nor apology." In Mr. Thomson's collection, he does not adopt the so-called Gaelic air, given in the "Museum," but the old Irish melody of "My lodging is on the cold ground," a beautiful composition, and well adapted to give expression to the poetry.

THE BOATIE ROWS—page 178.—In the "Museum" Johnson favours us with no less than three sets of this tune, but the one now usually sung is the original. Burns says that the song was the composition of Mr. John Ewen of Aberdeen. He was born at Montrose, 1741, and died at Aberdeen on the 21st of October, 1821.

CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES—page 181—was written by Isabel Pagan, a native of New Cumnock, in Ayrshire, born about 1741. She was rather a singular character, of dissolute habits, but possessing a fund of wit and humour. In transmitting this song to the "Museum," Burns, who does not appear to have known the author, says, "This song is in the true Scottish taste, yet I do not know that either air or words were ever in print before." Isabel died on the 3d of November, 1821.

JESSIE, THE FLOW'R O' DUMBLANE—page 182.—This universally popular song was written about the year 1808. The music, by R. A. Smith, is one of the finest compositions of that gifted master of the Scottish lyre.

JENNY DANG THE WEAVER—page 183.—In the "Contemporaries of Burns," published by Mr. Hugh Paton of Edinburgh, we have the following account of the origin of this air:—"The Rev. Mr. Gardner, minister of the parish of Birse, in Aberdeenshire, well known for his musical talent and for his wit, was one Saturday evening arranging his ideas for the service of the following day, in his little study, which looked into the courtyard of the manse, where Mrs. Gardner was engaged in the homely task of 'beetling' the potatoes for supper. To unbend his mind a little he took up his cithara, and began to step over the notes of an air he had previously jotted down, when suddenly an altercation arose between Mrs. Gardner and Jock, the 'minister's man,' an idle sort of weaver from the neighbouring village of Marywell, who had lately been engaged as man-of-all-work about the manse. 'Here, Jock,' cried his mistress, as he had newly come in from the labours of the field, 'gae wipe the minister's shoon.' 'Na,' said Jock, 'I'll do nae sic thing, I cam' here to be your ploughman, but no your flunky, and I'll be d—d gif I wipe the minister's shoon.' 'De'il confound your impudence,' said the enraged Mrs. Gardner, as she sprung at him with the heavy culinary instrument in her hand, and giving him a hearty beating, compelled him to perform the menial duty required. The minister, highly diverted with the scene, gave the air he had just completed the title of 'Jenny dang the weaver.'"

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN—page 185—was written for Campbell's "Albyn's Anthology," published in 1816.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE—page 186—was written by Hector M'Neill, Esq. (born 22d October, 1746, died 15th March, 1818), for the "Museum." John Macgill, the composer of the lively air which bears his name, was a native of Girvan, in Ayrshire. The following song to this air was written by Burns for the "Museum":—

O wilt thou gae wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
O wilt thou gae wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn on a car,
Or walk by my side, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I care na thy daddie, his lands or his money,
I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lordly;
But say thou wilt ha'e me, for better, for waur,
And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

MARY MORRISON—page 187.—The air to which these beautiful verses are set is called "The miller." Burns originally wrote them for the tune of "Bide ye yet." Mary Morrison is one of his earliest productions.

THE LASS O' GOWRIE—page 188.—The authorship of this popular song is unknown. The air is adapted from the favourite strathspey, "Loch Erroch side." William Reid's song, "Kate o' Gowrie," to this air, is good, but rather lengthy.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT—page 189.—In a letter to Mr. Thomson, dated January, 1795, Burns says, "A great critic, Aikin, on songs, says that love and wine are the exclusive themes for song-writing; the following is one on neither subject, and consequently is no song, but will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts inverted into rhyme." A nobler song never was written, a nobler theme never gave inspiration to a bard. Beranger, the Burns of France, used to say that this song was a song not for an age, but an eternity.

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN—page 190.—"These verses," says Mr. Stenhouse, "are adapted to a lively Highland reel of considerable antiquity, which received its name from an ewie of a very different breed—namely, the whisky-still, with its crooked or rather spiral apparatus." We cannot see the force of this metaphorical allusion.

O SPEED, LORD NITHSDALE—page 191.—This song was written by Robert Allan, of Kilbarchan, in Renfrewshire, and alludes to the escape of the Earl of Nithsdale from the Tower, where he was lying under sentence of death, 1715. Sir Walter Scott, in his "History of Scotland," gives the following account of the Earl's escape:—"Lady Nithsdale, the bold and affectionate wife of the condemned Earl, having in vain thrown herself at the feet of the reigning monarch, to implore mercy for her husband, devised a plan for his escape of the same kind with that since practised by Madame Lavalette. She was admitted to see her husband in the Tower, upon the last day which, according to his sentence, he had to live. She had with her two female confidants. One brought on her person a double suit of female clothes. This individual was instantly dismissed, when relieved of her second dress. The other person gave her own clothes to the Earl, attiring herself in those which had been provided. Muffled in a riding-hood and cloak, the Earl, in the character of lady's maid, holding a handkerchief to his eyes, as one overwhelmed with deep affliction, passed the sentinels, and being safely conveyed out of the Tower, made his escape to France. So well was the whole thing arranged, that after accompanying her husband to the door of the prison, Lady Nithsdale returned to the chamber from whence her lord had escaped, and played her part so admirably as to give him full time to get clear of the sentinels, and then to make her own exit." Lord Nithsdale died at Rome, 1744.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS—page 192.—Written in 1794 for Mr. Thomson's collection. In a letter to Mr. Thomson, dated September, Burns says:—"I am just now making verses for 'Rothemurchus' rant,' an air which puts me in raptures, and in fact, unless I be pleased with the tune, I can never make verses to it."

GLOSSARY.

A', all
Ac, one
Aboon, above
Afore, before
Aft, often
Aften, often
Ahint, behind
Aik, oak
Ain, own [in hiring
Airt-penny, a coin given as earnest
Airt, direction
Ajee, ajar
Aloove, in a flame
Amang, among
An, if
Ance once
Anither, another
Ase, ashes
Atween, between
Aucht, eight
Auld, old
Auld faurcent, old fashioned
Ava, at all
Ava', away
Awmry, pantry
Awms, alms
Ayont, beyond

Bairn, a child
Bairns, children
Baith, both
Bauld, bold
Bauzand, a horse or cow having a white spot on its forehead
Bein, comfortable
Beld, bald
Ben—see *But and ben*
Besom, hearth-brush
Bicker, drinking vessel
Bield, shelter, refuge, protection
Bigging, building
Bike, wild bees' hive
Bing'd, curtsied
Birr, spirit
Birried, tossed
Blate, basifull
Blaw, blow
Bleare'd, dim eyed
Blear't, bedimmed
Bleezing, blazing

Bleth'rin, talking idly
Blink, a little while, a smiling look, to look kindly, one sight
Blinkin', smirking
Bluid, blood [tiful
Donnie, or *Bonny*, handsome, beau-
Dotin', foretelling
Doortree, the elder tree
Doohy, a highland cottage
Brace, side of a hill
Braw, fine, handsome
Brawlie, perfectly, quite well
Bree, water in which meat has been boiled
Brecks, breeches
Buchts, sheep pens
Buckle, marry
Busk, dress
Busket-braw, well dressed [ment
But and ben, outer and inner apart-
Buffy, chubby
Burnie, streamlet
But, without

Ca', to call, to name, to drive
Callan, a boy
Callen, or *Couler*, fresh, sound
Cam, come
Cannie, gentle, mild, dexterous
Cantie, or *Canty*, merry, cheerful
Carle, an old man
Carlie, little boy
Carline, a stout old woman
Carry the sky
Castock, the stalk of a cabbage
Cauld, cold
Chanter, part of a bagpipe
Chield, a young man
Clachan, village
Clankie, blow
Clai'e, or *Clas*, clothes
Clath, cloth
Cleed, clothe
Cleeks, hangs
Clout, to mend—*Clout*, a blow
Cluds, clouds
Clutha, Gaelic title of the Clyde
Cockernonie, dress cap worn by females
Cof't, bought

Cog, a wooden dish
Coggie, a small sized wooden dish
Coom, coal dust
Coost, did cast
Corrie, a hollow in a hill
Courtn, shivering
Cowhtie, kind, loving
Cowrin', cowering
Cowt, colt
Cowie, snug
Crack, to converse
Crackin', conversing
Cragie, a crag
Crap, crept
Craws, crows
Creel, a fishwife's basket
Creepie, a low stool
Crony, comrade
Croodle, to coo as a dove
Crouse, proud
Crummie, cow
Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny, a fool
Cuist, cast

Dab, to peck as a bird
Daddie, a father
Daffing, funning, making sport
Daft, merry, giddy, foolish
Dauid, lump
Dauner, walk slowly
Daur, dare
Daurna, dare not
Dawtie, a pet, a darling
Deave, deaf, to make a noise
Dee, die
Deeing, dying
Delve, dig
Dibbled, planted
Ding, knock, to push, to eclipse
Dinna, do not
Doelter, daughter
Doited, stupid
Dool, sorrow, grief
Doom, down
Douce, gentle, sober, wise, prudent
Douff, pithless
Doucelly, quietly
Dour, stubborn
Dow, or *Doo*, a dove
Dowie, worn with grief, sleepy

Downa, expressive of inability

Drop, drop

Dree, suffer

Dreepin', dropping or wet

Drimble, mudily

Drookit, drenched

Drouth, thirst

Duds, clothes

Duinnawassal, Gaelic for gentleman

Dunt, knock

Dunted, beat

E'e, the eye

Een, the eyes

E'enin', evening

Eerie, frightened, troubled

Eild, old age

En', end

Enew, enough

Fa'e, fall, lot, to fall

Faes, foes

Fain, happy, fond [anxious]

Fain, anxious—*Fidging fain*, very

Farin', food

Fashion's, troublesome

Fasht, troubled

Fauld, a fold, to fold

Fauts, faults

Fearfu', frightful

Fecht, to fight

Fee, hire

Fen, to make shift

Ferlies, wonders

Fidging, uneasy

Fient, fiend

Fitfa', footfall

Flee, fly

Fleech, to supplicate, to coax

Frankies, servants in livery

Forbye, besides

Forgie, to forgive

Fou, full, tipsy

Foumart, a fox

Fouth, lots

Frae, from

Fuffin', puffing

Fu', full

Gab, the mouth, to speak boldly or

pertly

Gabbing, speaking and chatting

Gae, to go

Gaed, went

Gaen, or *Gane*, gone

Gaet, or *Gate*, way, manner, road

Gang, to go, to walk

Gar, to make, to force

Gart, made

Gaucy, jolly, large

Gawn, going

Gawky, foolish, romping

Gear, riches, goods of any kind

Gee, pet

Gerse, grass

Ghaist, a ghost

Gie, to give

Gied, gave

Gien, given

Gilpey, half-grown, half-informed

boy or girl, hoyden

Gin, if, against

Glaiket, foolish, mad

Glamour, the influence of a charm

Gled, a hawk

Gleg, quick, clear-sighted

Glint, glance

Gloamin', twilight

Glow'r, to stare, to look

Goupins, handfuis

Gowan, mountain or field daisy

Gowd, gold

Gowk, fool

Grannte, grandmother

Grat, wept

Gravat, a neck-tie

Gree, pre-eminence

Greetin', crying, weeping

Gript, grasped

Grup, grip

Gude, good

Guid e'en, good evening

Guid-mornin', good morning

Guidman and *Guidwife*, the master

and mistress of the house—*Young*

Guidman and *Young Guidwife*, a

newly married pair

Guidfather and *Guidmother*, the fa-

ther-in-law and mother-in-law

Gutcher, grandsire

Ha', hall

Ha'e, to have

Haen, had

Haill, whole

Hairst, harvest

Halesome, wholesome

Hollan, cottage

Hame, home

Hap, to shield, to cover up

Harum scarum, half-mad

Hauch, a low flat piece of land

Haud, hold

Hear't, hear it

Hecht oh, strange

Heich, high

Herrin', herring

Herrney, honey

Hizzie, romping girl

Hool, husk

Hoseris, stockings

Howket, dug

Howlet, owl

Hunner, hundred

Hurklin, cowering

Ik, each

Ika, every

Ingle, fire-place

Ingeside, fireside

I'se I shall or will

Ither, other, one another

Jag, prick

Jaupit, bespattered

Jee, change

Jeel, jelly

Jink, to dodge, to turn suddenly

round a corner

Jo, sweetheart

Jouks—see *Jinks*

Joyfu', joyful

Kail-yard, cabbage garden

Kame, comb

Kebluck, a cheese

Keek, look, a peep, to peep

Keeking-glass, looking-glass

Ken, to know

Kend, or *Kent*, knew

Kenna, know not

Kens, knows

Keps, catches

Kilt, a portion of the highland garb

Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip

Kim, kindred, relations

Kintra, country

Kirn, a churn, the harvest supper

Kirsen, to christen or baptize

Kist, chest

Rittle, to tickle, ticklish

Knowe, a small round hillock

Kre, cows

Kyle, the belly

Laddie, a boy, diminutive of lad

Laigh, low

Laith, unwilling

Lane, lone—*My lane*, myself, alone

Lanely, lonely

Lang, long, to think long, to long, to

weary

Lap, leap

Lauch, laugh

Lave, the rest, the remainder, the

others

Laverock, the lark

Law, low

Leal, true

Lee, an untruth

Lee lang, live long

Leeze me, a phrase of congratulation.

I am happy in thee, or proud of

thee

Leugh, laugh

Leuk, a look, to look

Licht, light

Lift, sky

Lighthe, despise

Lilt, a ballad, a tune, to sing

Litting, singing

Limmer, an abandoned female

Linn, a waterfall, or the pool at the

bottom of it

Lintie, linnet

Loaning, a broad lane

Lo'e, love

Lo'ed, loved

Loof, the palm of your hand

Loon, a wild young lad

Loot, did let

Loup, leap

Lugs, ears

Lyart, old, thin

Lowe, flame

Mae, more

Mak', make

Maitlin, farm

Mair, more

Maist, most

Maistly, mostly

Maikin, a hare

Mauu, must

Maunna, must not
Mark, a Scottish coin
Marrow, equal, like
Mat, may
Mavis, the thrush
Mess John, the minister
Micht, might
Minnie, mother
Mirk, dark
Mischanter, misfortune
Mither, mother
Monnie, or *Mony*, many
Mou', mouth
Moudiwart, a mole
Muckle, or *Mickle*, great, big, much
Mun, must
Murlain, a basket
Mutch, cap worn by females
Myse', myself

Na, no, not
Nae, no, not any
Naething, or *Naithing*, nothing
Naig, a nag or horse
Naigies, horses,
Nane, none
Neivefu', handful
Neuk, corner
Neist, next
Nicht, night
Nippin, piercing or pinching
Nippit, pinched
Nicht, nought
Noo, now
Nout-horn, cow-horn

O', of
O'ercome, burden, as of a song
Onie, any
O't, of it
Oursels, ourselves
Owk, week
Owre, often, too
Owsen, oxen

Paiks, knocks
Pairtin', parting
Pappit down, popped down
Parochin, parish
Pawky, sly or cunning
Perlins, jewels
Philabeg, the kilt
Pibroch, pipe, tune
Plack, an old Scottish coin
Plench, plough
Pouther'd, powdered
Pow, head
Free, to taste
Free'd, tasted
Pu'd, pulled
Puirith, poverty
Puir, poor

Quo, said

Rackie-handed, strong-handed
Raid, inroad, foray
Rang, reigned
Rax, fetch, reach
Rede, warn
Reck, smoke

Rifted, torn
Rin, run
Rout, the blowing of a horn
Routh, plenty
Rubbit, rubbed
Rung, a walking stick
Sae, so
Saft, soft
Sair, sore
Sairly, sorely
Sang, song
Sark, shirt
Sassnach, Saxon or lowlander
Save, save
Sel', self
Shank, to depart or set off, a thin
 scranky leg, a handle
Shauchled, ill or loosely shaped
Shaw, a wood in a hollow place
Shearing, reaping
Shene, shoes
Sheiking, cot, a cottage
Shill, shrill
Sic, such
Siccan, such
Siller, silver money
Simmer, summer
Sin', since
Skaith, to damage, to injure, injury
Skeigh, proud, nice, high mettled
Skeip, to strike, to walk with a smart
 tripping step
Skirring, shrieking, crying
Skreigh, a scream, to scream
Slaw, slow, dull
Slee, sly
Sleekit, sleek, sly
Slogan cry, war cry
Sma', small
Smack, kiss
Smooed, smothered
Snaw, snow, to snow
Snaw-white, snow-white
Snawy-drift, snow-drift
Soger, soldier
Sonsy, stout, good looking
Sough, the sighing of the wind
Spak', spake
Speel'd, clamb
Speir, ask
Speired, inquired
Spence, parlour
Spurtle, a stick with which porridge
 is stirred when boiling
Stane, stone
Staney, stony
Stappit, stepped
Starn, or *sternie*, a star
Steck, shut
Stended, strided or walked
Stoot, stout
Stots, oxen
Stoun, pang
Stoups, measures for holding liquids
Stour, dust
Stoun, stolen
Sumph, fool
Sunkets, left meat
Swirt, not caring
Syne, then

Taen, taken
Tak', to take
Takin', taking
Tak' tent, take heed
Tane, *tother*, the one, the other
Tapsalteerie, upside down
Tent, caution, to take heed
Thae, these
Thegither, together
Themsels, themselves
Thocht, thought
Thowless, cold, broken-hearted
Thraws, turns
Till't, to it
Tine, to lose
Tint, lost
Tither, the other
Titterin', giging
Tittie, sister
Tittle, to whisper
Tocher, marriage portion
Toddin, tottering
Toom, empty
Totting, a child's run
Tryg, spruce, neat
Trow, believe, know
Tryst, cattle market, a meeting by
 appointment
Twa, two
Twa-three, a few
Tyke, dog
Tyne, lose

Unco, strange
Uncouth, very, very great, prodigious
Wa', wall
Wab, web
Wad, would
Waddin', wedding
Wadna, would not
Wae, sorrowful
Waeftu', wailing, woeful
Waes, woes
Wair, to lay out, to expend
Walth, plenty
Wark, work
World, world
Warlock, wizard
Warst, worst
Warstle, wrestle
Wat-ye, know ye
Waukin', waking
Waukrife, sleepless
Waur, worse, to worst
Wean, child
Wearie, or *Wearie*, many a weary body,
 many a different person
Wede, weeded
Wee, little
Weel, well
Weelfare, welfare
Weel waled, well chosen
Ween, a vow—I ween, I wot
Weet, rain, wetness, dew
Weir, war
We'se, we shall
Wha, who
Wha'll, who will
Wha wadna, who would not
Where, where

Whigamore, a royalist
Whilt, which
Whisht, silence
Whisket, brushed past
Whuds, runs nimbly
Whup, whip
Wt, with
Willows, baskets
Winna, will not
Winsome, hearty, gay
Wizend, wrinkled, withered, dried up
Woo', wool

Woo, to court, to make love
Wraith, an apparition exactly like a living person, the appearance of which is said to forebode the person's death
Wrang, wrong, to wrong
Wud, mad, distracted
Wussid, wished
Wylie, cautious
Wyle, blame
Yade, pony

Yammer, to grumlie
Ye'll, you will
Ye'se, ye shall
Yestreen, last night
Yett, gate
Ye've, ye have
Yewes, ewes
Yin, one
Yird, earth
Yoursel', yourself
Youthfu', youthful
Yule, Christmaz