

Designed by D. Allan.

Engraved by Helen Thomson.

# JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

*John, Anderson my Jo, John, we clamb the hill together,  
And mung a canby day John, we've had wi' aw anither?*

Published as the Act directs, March 1799, by T. Preston, Strand, London. S. by the Proprietor G. Thomson, Edinburgh.

*Select Collection of*  
**ORIGINAL SCOTTISH AIRS**  
*for the Voice.*  
*With Introductory & Concluding Symphonies*  
*& Accompaniments for the*  
**PIANO FORTE, VIOLIN & VIOLONCELLO**

*By*  
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*With*  
*Select & Characteristic Verses both Scottish and English*  
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*One Hundred New Songs by*

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And plants the holly round the tomb of Burns.*

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*London. Printed & Sold by T. Preston, 97, Strand.*  
*Sold also by G. Thomson, the Editor & Proprietor, Edinburgh.*



FIFTY  
SCOTTISH SONGS,

WITH

SYMPHONIES & ACCOMPANIMENTS:

BY

Kozeluch.

EXCEPTING

N<sup>OS.</sup> 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, & 92.

WHICH ARE BY

Pleyel.

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VOL. II.

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Edinburgh:

PRINTED FOR G. THOMSON, YORK-PLACE,

BY J. MOIR.

1801

*G. Thomson*

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE PUBLISHER, having already had occasion to check several Piracies from the SONGS of BURNS, annexes, for the information of all whom it concerns, the following Certificate, from the Original in the Poet's hand-writing.

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

Lately Published by GEORGE THOMSON, and to be had at his house in *York-Place, Edinburgh*;  
or at T PRESTON'S, N<sup>o</sup>. 97. *Strand, London*; the following Works:

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

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

IN these Works, the first movement of each Sonata, (the subject of the Composer's own fancy), forms a delightful variety, contrasted with the familiar subjects of the middle and last Movements. And the Publisher flatters himself they will be found two of the most interesting Works for the Piano-Forte ever offered to the Public. A spurious work, a wretched imitation of the first-mentioned Sonatas, having been published by J. DALE, Music-seller, London, with PLEYEL's Name on the Title-page, those commissioning the Genuine Work should caution their Correspondents against that gross imposition; observing that each Book of the Real Sonatas is subscribed on the *Title-page* in the same manner with each Book of these Songs, by

G. THOMSON

THE Scottish Melodies have ever been admired for their originality, sweetness, and pathos; and many of them for their exhilarating gaiety and spirit. Various Collections of these have been offered to the Public, but all of them more or less defective and exceptionable. Formed, without much care or research, they are in general filled with whatever could most easily be gathered. In none of the Collections do we meet with many fine *Airs*, without a large intermixture of trifling and inferior tunes, nor in any Collection do we find Accompaniments to the *Airs*, which can be pronounced both masterly, and well adapted for general performance. And, with respect to the Verses joined to the *Airs*, there are in all the Collections too many that debase the Music.

To furnish a Collection of all the fine *Airs*, both of the plaintive and lively kind, unmixed with trifling and inferior ones:—to obtain the most suitable and finished Accompaniments, with the addition of characteristic Symphonies, to introduce and conclude each *Air*:—and to substitute congenial and interesting Songs, every way worthy of the Music, in the room of insipid or exceptionable Verses, were the great objects of the present Publication.

THE first object was to procure the *Airs* in their best form. What their precise *original* form may have been, cannot now be ascertained. Although we go back to the earliest printed Collection, it is far from certain that the *Airs* are there presented to us as they came from the Composers; for they had been preserved we know not how long, by oral tradition, and thus were liable to changes before being collected. Nor is it at all certain that the earliest Collectors had industry to seek, opportunity to find, and musical taste to select and hand down the *Airs* in their most approved form. There is no doubt, however, that, in the progress of the *Airs* to modern times, they have in some parts been delicately moulded by judicious Singers, into a more pleasing form than that given to them by the early Publishers. In selecting the *Airs* for this Work, the Editor not only carefully examined and collated all the Collections, but likewise consulted such intelligent friends as he knew to have been much conversant with their native music; and he invariably preferred that set of every *Air*, printed or manuscript, which seemed the most simple and beautiful, freed, he trusts, from vulgar errors on the one hand, and redundant graces on the other.

THE Symphonies and Accompaniments next engaged his solicitude. For the composition of these, he entered into terms with Mr PLEYEL, who fulfilled part of his engagement very satisfactorily; but having then deserted it, the Editor, after a fruitless correspondence with him, which retarded the progress of the Work for years, at length found it necessary to turn his eyes elsewhere. He was so fortunate, however, assisted by the good offices of a Gentleman at Vienna, as to engage Mr KOZELUCH and Dr HAYDN, to proceed with the Work, which they have finished in such a manner, as to leave him without any other regret, but that of having so long delayed his application to them. The Scottish Melodies can now boast of Symphonies and Accompaniments by the most distinguished Composers existing. Of the hundred *Airs* already published, thirty-two have Symphonies and Accompaniments by PLEYEL\*; the rest of the Number are by KOZELUCH, who lately revised these, corrected all the mistakes that had crept into the first edition, and simplified and improved Nos. 29, 36, 46, 51, 53, 55, 60, 68, 74, 88, and 94, of his Symphonies and Accompaniments. Those remaining, and now preparing for publication, with exception of a few from KOZELUCH, are by HAYDN.

THE SYMPHONIES form an Introduction and Conclusion to each *Air*, so characteristic, so elegant, and so delightful, and comprise such a rich Collection of new and original Pieces, that they must be regarded by every Musical Amateur as an invaluable Appendage to the *Airs*.

THE ACCOMPANIMENTS are admirably calculated to support the Voice, and to beautify the *Airs*, without any tendency to overpower the Singer. Instead of a Thorough-bass denoted by *figures*, which very few can play with any propriety, the harmony is plainly express'd in musical Notes, which every young Lady may execute correctly. Here therefore the Piano-Forte will alone be found a most satisfactory Accompaniment in Chamber singing. At the same time, when the Violin and Violoncello are joined to the Piano-Forte, they certainly enrich the effect highly †.

BESIDES the Symphonies and Accompaniments, SECOND-VOICE parts have been composed by those great Masters, for such of the *Airs* as seemed best fitted to be sung as DUETTS, while the *Airs* themselves remain untouched, and may still be sung by a single voice, as formerly. They have made the same addition to each of the Chorusses of the Songs, *never before harmonized*, but hitherto sung either by one voice, or by different voices in unison.

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\* The first 25, with Nos. 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, and 92.

† HAYDN formerly composed Accompaniments to part of another Collection of Scottish Songs, but *without any Symphonies*, which have afforded him a happy opportunity of drawing from his inexhaustible fancy, those exquisite combinations and inimitable touches that render his compositions more and more enchanting the oftener they are heard. These Symphonies are to be found in this Work only:—and, in lieu of a *figured* bass for the Piano-Forte, as in the Collection alluded to, he has here given a delicate Accompaniment in Notes for both hands.

ROUSSEAU, in his Musical Dictionary, under the article *Accompaniment*, has shewn the disadvantage and the difficulty of playing the harmony from *figures*. Those signs, he observes, are equivocal, obscure, and insufficient, as they seldom determine with any exactness the nature of the

Among Critics, it may be a question whether Pleyel, Kozeluch, or Haydn, has display'd the happiest style in what they have done for this Work. But, without entering into such an enquiry, the Amateur of genuine taste will feel that *each* has his excellencies, and that a greater variety is obtained from the three, than could have been expected from one of them. No purpose is answered, says a beautiful writer, by disputing whether the grape, the nectarine, or the pine-apple, be the most delicious fruit.

Although the Music will probably be deemed the principal attraction in a work of this kind, yet the Poetical part seems no less deserving of attention. Dr CURRIE, in his truly elegant and interesting life of BURNS, observes, that "there is no species of Poetry, the productions of the drama not excepted, so much calculated to influence the morals, as well as the happiness of a people, as those popular Verses which are associated with national Airs, and which, being learnt in the years of infancy, make a deep impression on the heart, before the evolution of the powers of the understanding." Upon the Poetry, however, some of the Publishers of former Collections appear to have bestowed very little consideration. Whatever Verses were attached to the Airs by their predecessors, they have generally retained, whether proper or improper; and when they picked up Airs unprovided with Verses, they seem to have contented themselves with any that chance threw in their way. It was necessary, therefore, to review the whole of the Poetry with a critical eye. But, in considering what Songs should be retained, or excluded, the Editor has not allowed himself to be guided by the desire of needless innovation: on the contrary, he has been scrupulously careful to remove those doggerel rhymes only, by which the Music has been debased; giving place to none inconsistent with that delicacy of the Sex, which in too many publications of this sort has been shamefully disregarded.

Mr BURNS, whose enthusiasm for Caledonian Music and Song, was only equalled by his poetical talents, no sooner heard of the Editor's plan, than he signified his warm approbation of it, and in the most liberal and cordial manner undertook to contribute every aid in his power for rendering the Collection as complete as possible. He has performed what he promised in a manner that transcends the most sanguine expectations formed by the Editor, having enriched the Work with the most exquisite Songs, both Scotch and English, that exist in any language; they exhibit all the charms of the Poet's genius in the utmost variety both of serious and humorous composition; and every intelligent reader will contemplate his luxuriant fancy, his ardent feeling, and manly sentiment, and the impressive energy and simplicity of his style, with equal wonder and delight. All his tender and impassioned Songs breathe the genuine, glowing, unaffected language of the heart; while the scenes, the manners, the innocence, and the pleasures of rural life, are pourtrayed with a pencil so true to Nature, as to engage our warmest sympathies and admiration. Above ONE HUNDRED Songs from his pen alone appear in these volumes! A *few* of these have been united to Airs different from the tunes which the Poet had first in view, but it will be found, that, in each of those particular cases, a match more suitable and congenial has been formed. Beside the Songs of Burns, the best of the anonymous old Songs are all here included, together with the most select ones of Ramsay, Crawford, Hamilton, Thomson, Mallet, Smollet, Skinner, Macneill, and other Scotch Writers\*.

The Editor being aware, however, that every ENGLISH Singer may not take the trouble to understand some of the Songs written in the Scotch dialect, though a complete Glossary will accompany the concluding Volume; and it being his wish, from the beginning, to render this Work equally interesting in England as in Scotland, he has, along with each Scotch Song, (with a very few exceptions,) given one purely English, suited to the same Air; and even where the Verses attached to the Air are English, a second Song is frequently given, for the choice of the Singer. This addition to the Poetry must be acceptable to every person of taste; as it will be found to include the most admired Songs in the English language, besides many new ones written on purpose, a number of which come from the elegant and humorous pen of Dr WOLCOT, better known by the whimsical appellation of PETER PINDAR. The Edi-

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intervals which they mean to indicate, but leave much to be understood and guessed at, consequently abundant room for error. He shews that Accompanying, by what is called *the rule of the octave*, is also attended with great difficulty and embarrassment, and requires a continual effort of thought. "No sooner (says he) have we formed an idea of one accord, but another presents itself to our consideration, and the moment of reflection is precisely that of execution!"—But why perplex the Amateurs of Music with unnecessary difficulties, that can only render the performance imperfect? Why use signs which require a long course of study and practice to comprehend, and, after all, are continually puzzling the player, when there is a general language, perfectly intelligible to every performer? Let the Composer express his Accompaniment by Musical Notation, as in this Work; there is then no ambiguity, and the correct performance of the harmony follows of course.

There are many persons, who never having cultivated Music, have little relish for Accompaniments. It will not be denied, that, when a Scotch Song is sung by a fine voice, and the words distinctly and feelingly expressed, it gives very great pleasure without any Accompaniment.—But every one conversant with Music, knows that the voice needs the support and guidance of an Accompaniment, otherwise that it insensibly falls from the pitch in which it set out; and that the Italians, who have numberless charming airs equally simple with the Scotch, always set Accompaniments to them, not only for the purpose of supporting the voice, but to give variety and effect to the Song. Mr PRICE, in his admirable Essay on the Picturesque, very justly remarks, that "the ear tires of a repetition of the same flowing strain, and by degrees acquires a relish for more and more intricate combinations of harmony, and opposition of parts, which it takes in not only without confusion, but with that delight (the only lasting one,) which is produced both from the effect of the whole, and the detail of the parts. At the same time, the acquired relish for such artful combinations, so far from excluding, (except in narrow pedantic minds,) a taste for simple Melodies, heightens the enjoyment of them."

\* Mr BURNS had collected anecdotes respecting the origin of a number of these Songs, and the fair names to which they relate; but his lamented death prevented a communication of them.

tor will venture to say, therefore, that a Collection of Lyric Poetry, Scottish and English, so truly excellent, never was before presented to the Public †.

In the foregoing account, the Editor is not conscious of any thing like exaggeration, well knowing that if the Work could not stand the test of a critical examination, panegyric would not save it from falling into oblivion, along with the flimsy productions of the day. But he flatters himself that by the correctness and purity of the Melodies, joined to the Poetry of Burns alone, this Work will ever remain the standard of Scottish Music, and Scottish Song, independently of the other valuable matter superadded to it. The Public indeed are so grossly imposed on by the quackery with which the most paltry Works are ushered into notice, as to justify some incredulity with respect to the merit of every new Collection of this kind. But, if the names of PLEYEL, of KOZELUCH, of HAYDN, and of BURNS, were insufficient to vouch for the present Work, the sale of a large edition has already stamped it with general approbation. The Editor projected the Work as the amusement of his leisure hours; but, of the labour, the difficulty, and the expence of bringing it into its present shape, he might, with truth, say more than perhaps would be believed.—Although it has been his endeavour to include all the Scottish Airs and Songs worth preserving, some may have eluded his search, and he may have omitted others which are not without admirers; at the same time, he conceives that the Collection is extensive enough to satisfy the greatest enthusiast. It will consist of Eight Books or four Volumes, containing 200 Airs, and nearly double that number of Songs; and each Volume will be embellished with a beautiful Engraving.

Some fine Airs, of which it is uncertain whether the origin be Scottish or Irish, are included, as well as a number known to be Irish, but now held as naturalized in Scotland; all which are denoted in the Index. With respect to those of doubtful origin, it may have happened, that, by means of the Harpers or Pipers who used to wander through the two countries, some favourite Airs might become so common to both, as to make it questionable which of the two gave them birth.

It yet remains a question, at what period, and by what description of persons, the ancient and favourite Scottish Airs were composed. Dr Franklin, in a letter to Lord Kaimes, inserted in the treatise on Music in the Scottish Encyclopedia, takes it for granted that those Melodies are the productions of the Minstrels of former times. Mr Tytler, in his dissertation on Scottish Music, printed at the end of Mr Arnot's history of Edinburgh, 1779, after combating the idea of any of the Airs being composed by David Rizzio, endeavours, from an examination of the Airs themselves, to fix the different æras of their production. Several are particularized, which he thinks were composed in the reign of James I., probably, he says, by that Monarch himself; and others are mentioned which he supposes still more ancient. Mr Ritson, however, in his Essay on this subject, shews that Mr Tytler had taken rather a superficial view of it, and that his ideas are more fanciful than correct. Mr Riston is of opinion with Dr Beattie and others, that the Music took its rise among real Shepherds, probably those who inhabited the pastoral country adjoining to the Tweed, and the rivulets in that district, from which many of the Songs took their names. But none of those ingenious Writers have produced any decisive evidence in support of their opinions. Dr Burney, in the first volume of his history of Music, says, that "the Melody of Scotland will hereafter be proved of a much higher antiquity than has been generally imagined." But it is to be regretted that the Doctor concludes his Work without touching on the subject again; as, from his penetration and judgment in every thing relating to Music, he would doubtless have given the most satisfactory solution of which the question is capable. The Editor has heard it asserted, that the Airs cannot be older than the 17th century, because, in a very curious book, published at St Andrews, in 1549, intitled "Vedderburn's Complainte of Scotlande," &c. in which the names of a great number of Airs or Songs of the time are enumerated; as well as in a kind of music book published at Aberdeen, in 1666, entitled "CANTUS; Songs and Fancies," &c. none of the Airs (nor Songs) now so popular, are to be found: but this, though somewhat surprizing, is no proof that they did not then exist. In the Preface to a small volume of Spiritual Songs, called "The Saints Recreation," published at Edinburgh in 1683, compiled by Mr William Geddes, Minister of the Gospel, we are told that "grave and zealous Divines in the kingdom have composed godly Songs to the tunes of such old Songs as these,—*The bonny broom,—I'll never leave thee,—Wee'll all go pull the badder*; and such like." The bare mention of these as old tunes in 1683, must be deemed no slight evidence of their antiquity. Mr Geddes proceeds to speak of the tunes as *angelical*, and, after reprobating the *diabolical amorous sonnets* to which they were sung, suggests the *probability* of their having formerly been connected with spiritual hymns and songs. There is a singular little Work,

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† Mr Ritson, in his historical Essay, prefixed to a Collection of Scottish Songs, in 12mo, printed in London in 1794, is pleased, in a sarcastic note, to consider the Editor of the present Work, as totally insensible of the merit of the original Songs, because of Peter Pindar being engaged to write new Songs for the Work!—and accordingly the reader of that note will doubtless infer that the original Scottish Songs are here excluded, to make room for those of the English Poet. That Mr Ritson, who in this very Essay has investigated his subject with so much diligence and acuteness, should have ventured to censure a Work which he had not at all examined, is somewhat singular. If he had looked into the first book, which was then before the Public, he would have found that the original Songs of real merit, suited to the Airs, are all retained; and that not a single Song is displaced, to make room for one by the English Poet; but that every first Song, or the one attached to each Air, whether in the Scottish dialect or English language, is the production of a Scottish Author:—and this (with a solitary exception or two) will be found uniformly the case throughout the Work. With respect to the Songs which the Editor has removed, he claims the merit of rooting out weeds, and of planting the sweetest flowers in their room.

which first appeared before the end of the 16th century, a *new* edition of which was published by Andro Hart, Edinburgh in 1621, entitled, "Ane compendious Booke of Godly and Spirituall Songs, collectit out of sundrie partes of the Scripture, with sundrie of other Ballates, changed out of prophaine sanges, for avoyding of sinne and harlotrie," &c. In this we find a number of puritanical rhapsodies, several of which, from the first lines, and from the measure in which they are written, *seem* applicable to particular Scottish tunes. One of these Godly Songs *begins* in the very words of a well known Scottish tune; viz.

Johne cum kis me now,	Johne cum kis me now,	The Lord thy God I am,	John represents man
Johne cum kis me now,	And make no more adow.	That Johne dois thee call.	By grace celestiall.

Another of the godly Songs, begins thus:

Hey now the day dallis,	Now welth on our wallis,
Now Christ on us callis,	Appeiris anone, &c.

This exactly suits the tune, *Hey tutti taiti*, which, is still sung to words beginning, "Landlady count the lawin,—*The day is near the dawin.*" And there is every probability of its being the same with *The joly day now dawis*, mentioned by Gawin Douglass in the last prologue to his celebrated translation of Virgil, written in 1513, and by the poet Dunbar also, who, addressing the merchants of Edinburgh, says,

Your common Menstrals hes no tone  
But *Now the day dawis*—and *Into Joun.*

Thus, without regarding the improbable tradition, that *Hey tutti taiti* was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn in 1314, it appears to be one of the oldest Scottish tunes, concerning which we have any thing like evidence. There is a third godly Song in the same publication, beginning

Till our gudeman, till our gudeman,	For our gudeman in hevin does reigne,
Keep faith and love till our gudeman,	In glore and blisse without ending," &c.

This is perfectly adapted to the well known tune, called *Our gudeman*, or, *The auld gudeman*; it is probable, therefore, that the latter was another of the popular Scottish tunes, when the compendious booke was published. Of the other still popular tunes, those which have been incidentally alluded to, and most frequently noticed as old ones, are, *Tak your auld cloak about ye*, *Waly waly*, *John Anderson my jo*, and *Maggy Lauder*: though perhaps *many* of the other favourite *Airs*, not particularized at all, are fully as ancient.

THERE is a tradition that John come kiss me now, John Anderson, my jo, and some other favourite Scottish *Airs*, wee originally attached to hymns in the *Latin* service. But Mr Ritson shews the absurdity of this idea: "No vestige (says he) of any Scottish melody ever was or ever will be found in the old Scottish church service, which did not (for one of their service books is preserved) and could not possibly differ from that of other Catholic countries, and must therefore have consisted entirely of chant and counterpoint. We may therefore safely conclude, that the Scottish Song owes nothing to the Church Music of the Cathedrals and Abbeys before the Reformation," &c. But to what period, or to what description of persons, we are chiefly indebted for the Scottish Music, is now probably beyond the reach of discovery.

THE *Orpheus Caledonius* seems to have been the earliest Collection in which the favourite Scottish *AIRS* appeared in conjunction with the Songs. It was published about the year 1725, by W. Thomson, London, who re-published it and added a second volume in 1733. The *Tea-table Miscellany*, published by Allan Ramsay in 1724, was the first general Collection in which the admired Scottish SONGS appeared without the *Airs*. In a separate Work, consisting of six very small Books, he published about 70 of the *Airs*, with a Bass to each, but whether at the same time with his *Miscellany*, or after the appearance of the *Orpheus Caledonius*, is uncertain. To the *Miscellany*, however, the publisher of the *Orpheus Caledonius*, as well as every succeeding Publisher, has been particularly obliged; most of the Songs which have so long been favourites, being found in the *Miscellany*. These were chiefly written by Ramsay and his friends, for such Scottish *Airs* as they thought ill suited with words,—*Airs* which must have been popular long before 1724, as Ramsay, in his preface, says, "What further adds to the esteem we have for them, is, their *antiquity*, and their being universally known." Some of the best Songs in the *Miscellany*, such as—*The Gaberlunzie Man*, *Muirland Willie*, *Nancy's to the greenwood gane*, *My jo Jane*, *Tak your auld cloak about ye*, *Waly waly*, &c. were collected by Ramsay; and, but for him, it is probable that these admirable specimens of the native Song of Scotland, would have been irretrievable. When or by whom these were written, was not known even in 1724, from which a considerable antiquity may fairly be inferred; and it is to be presumed that the *Airs* were at least coeval with the Songs. The much admired Song, set to the Flowers of the Forest, beginning, "I've heard o' liltin'," written on the battle of Flodden, though it has been *supposed* a production of that remote period, is not to be found in the *Miscellany* of 1724; a circumstance which leads strongly to the belief of its being written after that date.

FOR the satisfaction of the curious, all the *Airs* in this Work, which were considered to be old in 1724, are distinguished by this mark § in the Index to each volume. Those marked thus || are known to be modern. Those without any mark are presumed to be modern, though some of them may perhaps be old. And those with this mark \* are understood to be Irish.

YORK-PLACE, EDINBURGH, }  
SEPT. 1801.

# INDEX TO THE AIRS

IN THE

## SECOND VOLUME,

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THEIR NAMES.

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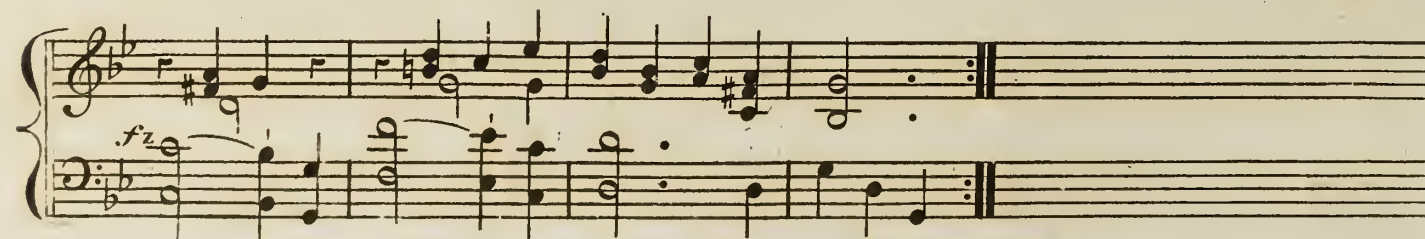
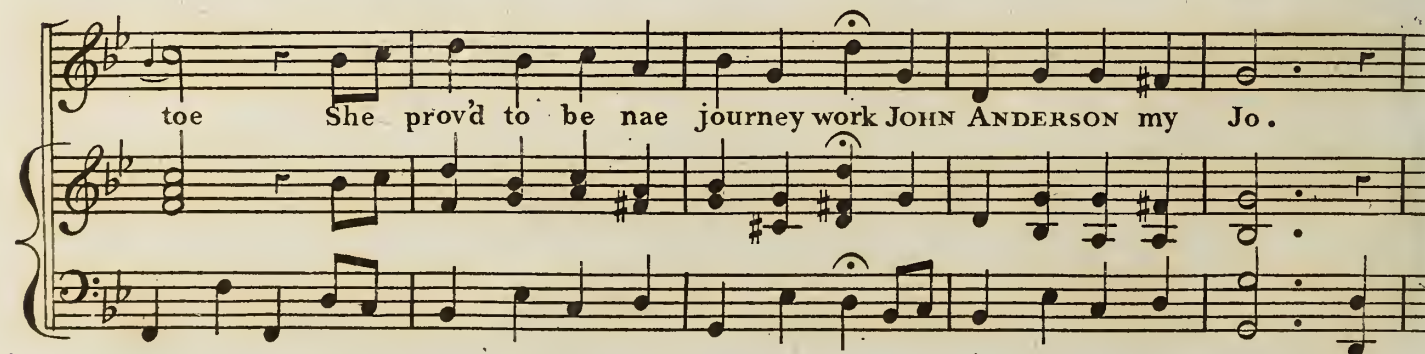
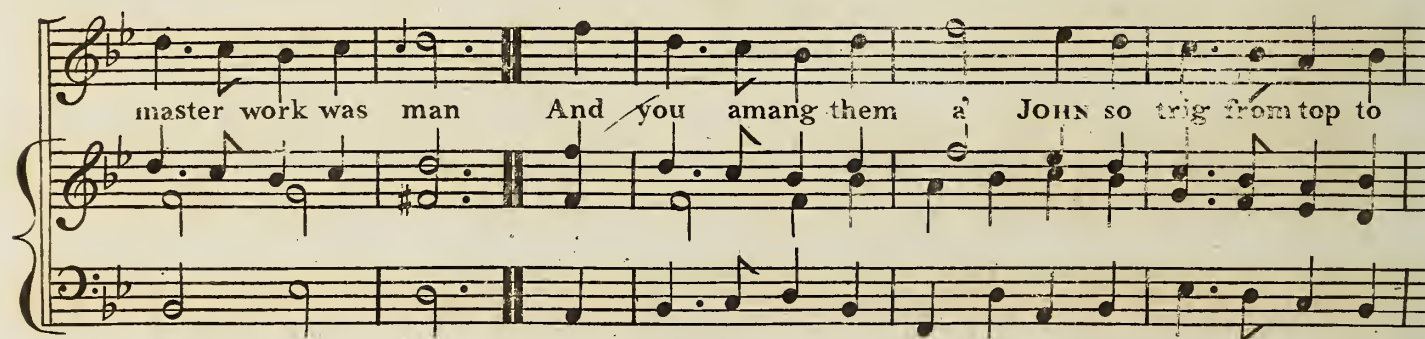
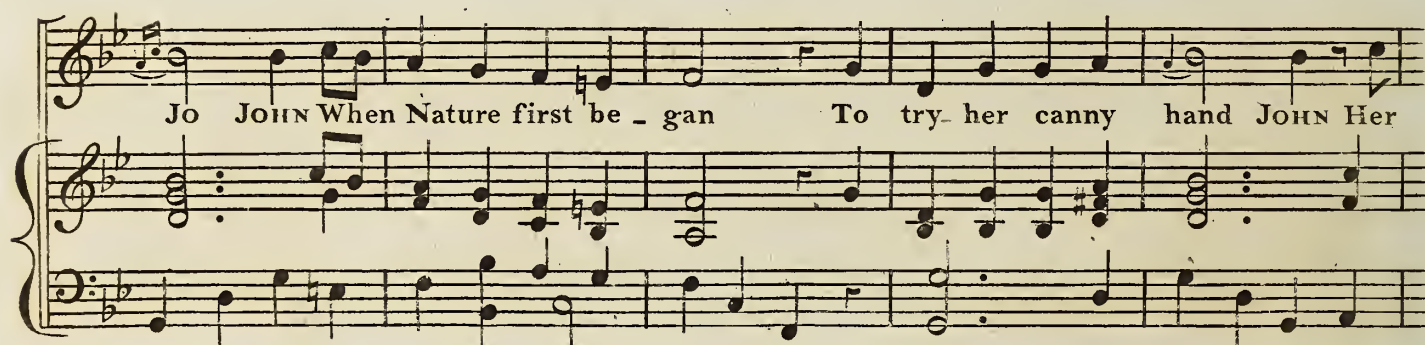
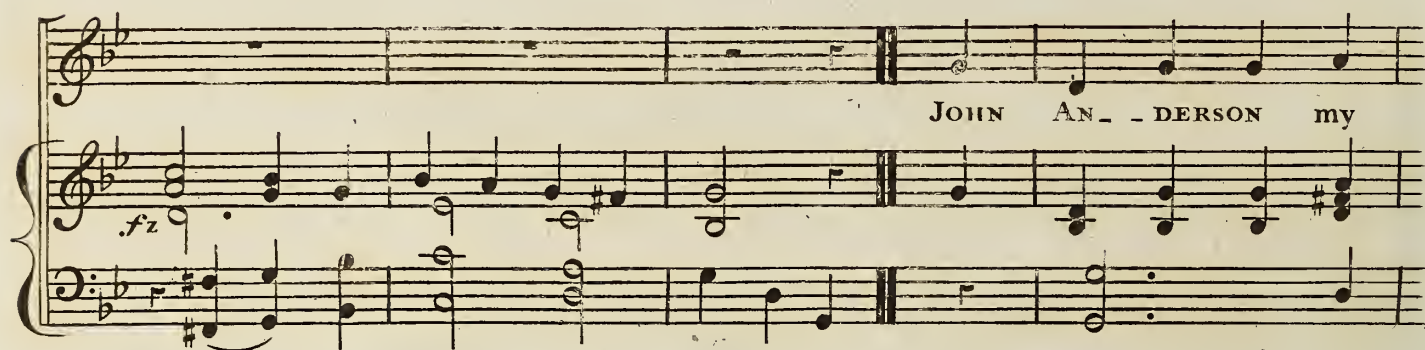
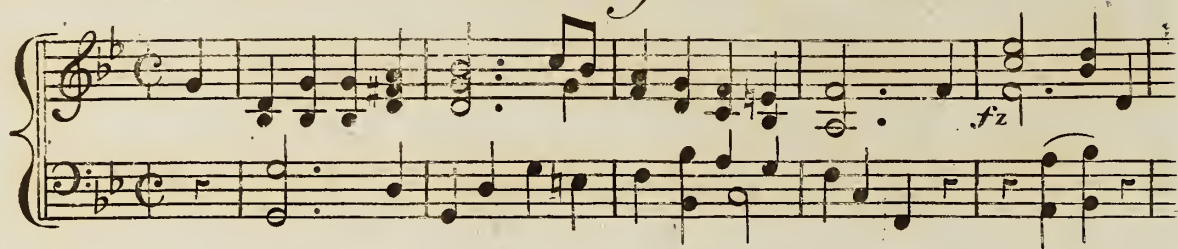
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# John Anderson my Jo.

*Andantino*



\* The Sym. & Accomp.† simplified as above by M. K. 1801.

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

THE TWO LAST STANZAS WRITTEN

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, JOHN, when Nature first began  
To try her canny hand, JOHN, her master-work was Man;  
And you among them a', JOHN, so trig from top to toe,  
She prov'd to be no journey-work, JOHN ANDERSON, my jo.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, JOHN, ye were my first conceit,  
I think nae shame to own, JOHN, I lo'ed ye ear' and late:  
They say ye're turning auld, JOHN, and what though it be so,  
Ye're ay the same kind man to me, JOHN ANDERSON, my jo.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, JOHN, when we were first acquaint,  
Your locks were like the raven, your bonny brow was brent;  
But now your brow is bald, JOHN, your locks are like the snow,  
Yet blessings on your frosty pow, JOHN ANDERSON, my jo.

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

## HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

How cruel are the parents  
Who riches only prize,  
And to the wealthy booby  
Poor woman sacrifice:  
Meanwhile the hapless daughter  
Has but a choice of strife,  
To shun a tyrant father's hate,  
Become a wretched wife!

The rav'ning hawk pursuing,  
The trembling dove thus flies,  
To shun impelling ruin  
A while her pinions tries;  
Till of escape despairing,  
No shelter or retreat,  
She trusts the ruthless falconer  
And drops beneath his feet.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER CAM' DOWN THE LANG GLEN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

---

AIR,—THE LOTHIAN LASSIE.

LAST May a braw wooper cam' down the lang glen,  
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;  
I said, there was naething I hated like men,  
The deuce gae wi' him to believe me, believe me,  
The deuce gae wi' him, to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonie black een,  
And vow'd for my love he was dying;  
I said he might die when he liked for JEAN:  
The Lord forgi'e me for lying, for lying,  
The Lord forgi'e me for lying!

A weel stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird,  
And marriage aff hand, were his proffers:  
I never loot on that I kend it, or car'd,  
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,  
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,  
The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her!  
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,  
Guess ye how the jad! I could bear her, could bear her,  
Guess ye how the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care,  
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock;  
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,  
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,  
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink,  
Leest neebours might say I was saucy:  
My wooper he caper'd as he'd been in drink,  
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,  
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,  
If she had recover'd her hearing;  
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet;  
But heavens! how he fell a-swearin, a-swearin,  
But heavens! how he fell a-swearin.

He begged for gude-sake! I wad be his wife,  
Or else I wad kill him with sorrow:  
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,  
I think I maun wed him—to-morrow, to-morrow,  
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

---

# Last May a braw wooer &c.

52

*Vivace*

*for*

Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen, And

*pia.*

sair wi' his love he did deave me; I said there was naething I

hat - ed like men, The deuce gae wi' him to believe me believe me, The

deuce gae wi' him to believe me.

*for*

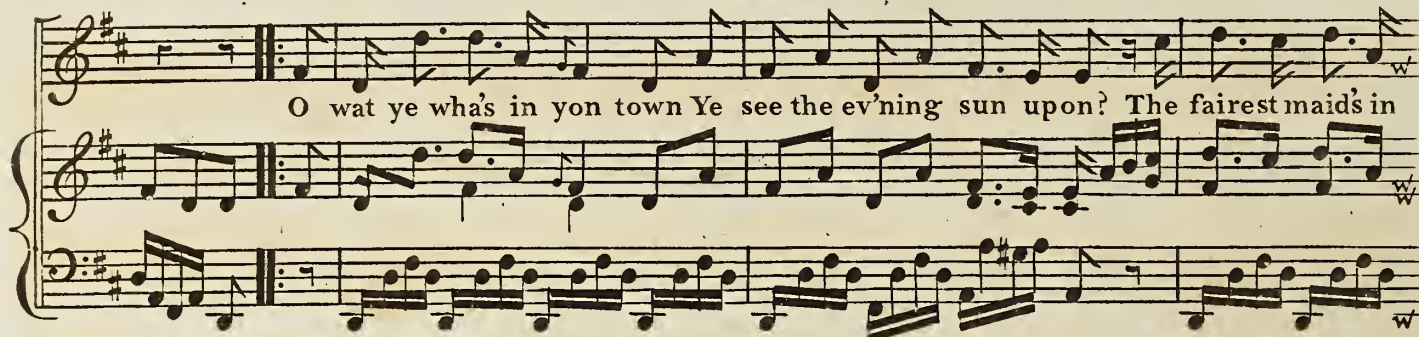
*pia.*

# Owat ye wha's in yon town

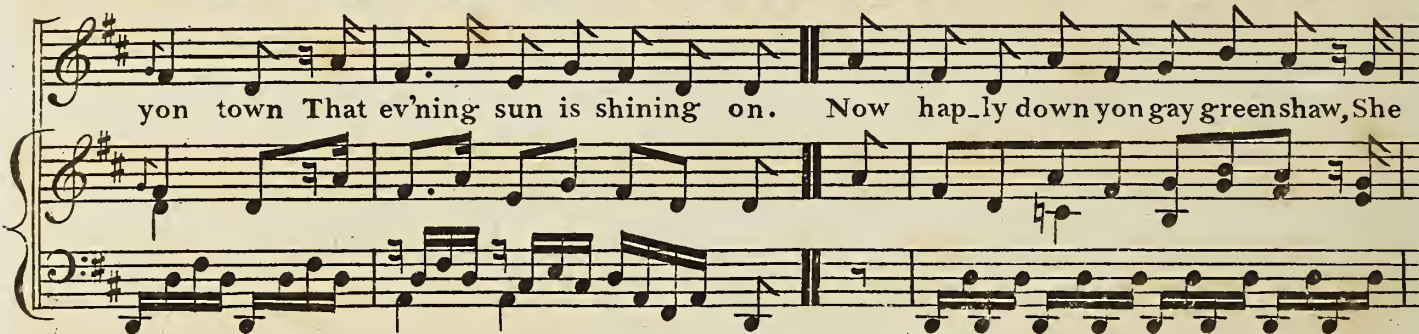
*Tirace*



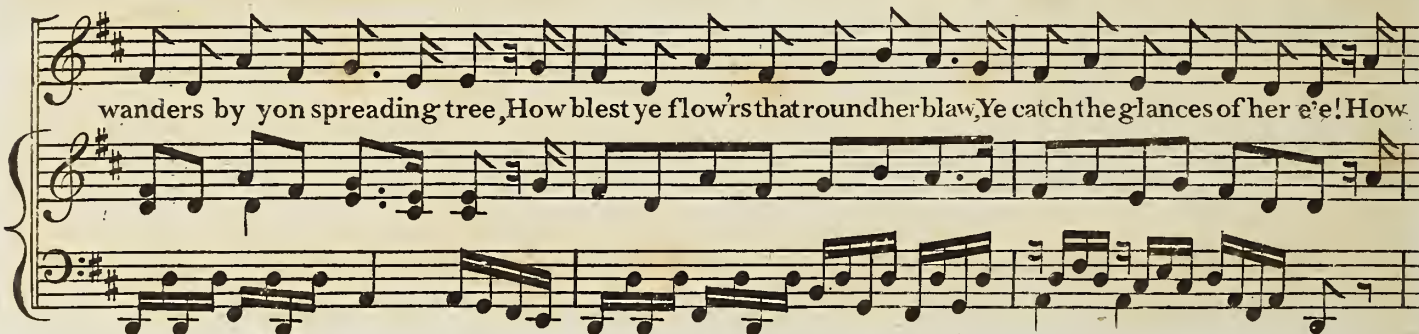
O wat ye wha's in yon town Ye see the ev'ning sun upon? The fairest maids in



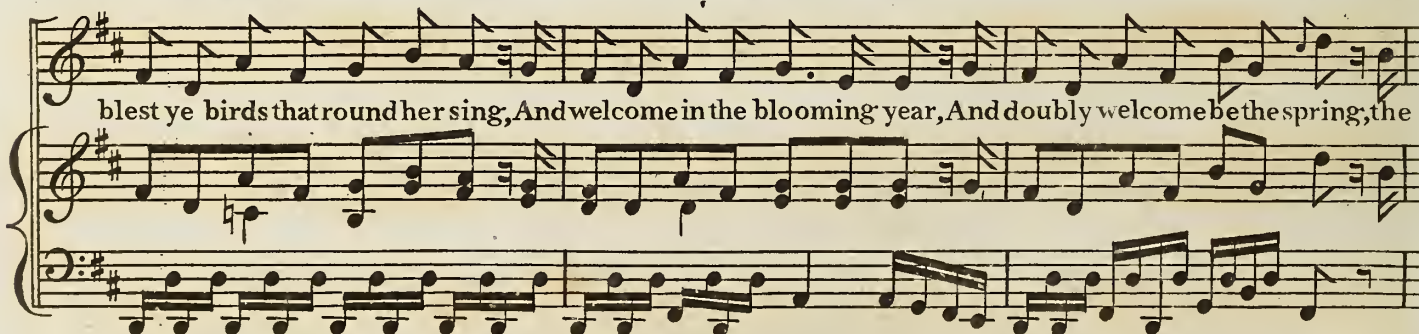
yon town That ev'ning sun is shining on. Now hap\_ly down yon gay greenshaw, She



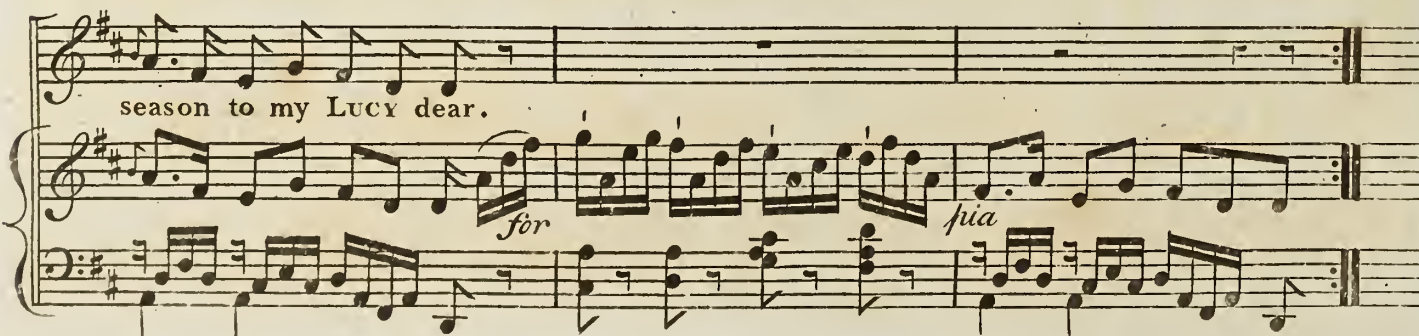
wanders by yon spreading tree, How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw, Ye catch the glances of her e'e! How



blest ye birds that round her sing, And welcome in the blooming year, And doubly welcome be the spring, the



season to my Lucy dear.



O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

By ROBERT BURNS.

---

AIR,—WE'LL GANG NAE MAIR TO YON TOWN.

O WAT ye wha's in yon town,  
Ye see the ev'ning sun upon?  
The fairest maid 's in yon town  
That ev'ning sun is shining on.  
Now, haply down yon gay-green shaw,  
She wanders by yon spreading tree;  
How blest, ye flowers that round her blaw,  
Ye catch the glances of her e'e!  
How blest, ye birds that round her sing,  
And welcome in the blooming year!  
And doubly welcome be the spring,  
The season to my Lucy dear.

The sun blinks blythe on yon town,  
And on yon bonie braes of Ayr;  
But my delight in yon town,  
And dearest joy, is Lucy fair.  
Without my Love, not a' the charms  
Of Paradise could yield me joy;  
But gi'e me Lucy in my arms,  
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky,  
My cave would be a lover's bower,  
Tho' raging winter rent the air;  
And she, a lovely little flower  
That I would tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town  
Yon sinking sun 's gane down upon;  
A fairer than 's in yon town,  
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.  
If angry fate is sworn my foe,  
And suffering I am doom'd to bear,  
I, careless, quit aught else below,  
But spare me, spare me Lucy dear.  
And while life's dearest blood is warm,  
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart;  
For she, as fairest is her form,  
She has the truest, kindest heart.

---

IN SIMMER WHEN THE HAY WAS MAWN.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—JOHN, COME KISS ME NOW.

IN simmer when the hay was mawn,  
And corn wav'd green in ilka field,  
While clover blooms white o'er the lea,  
And roses blaw in ilka bield;  
Blythe BESSIE in the milking shiel,  
Says, I'll be wed, come o't what will.  
Out spak' a dame in wrinkled eild,  
' Of gude advisement comes nae ill.

' It's ye hae woovers mony ane,  
' And lassie ye're but young, ye ken;  
' Then wait a wee, and cannie wale  
' A routhie butt, a routhie ben:  
' There 's JOHNIE o' the Buskie-glen,  
' Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;  
' Tak' this frae me, my bonie hen,  
' It 's plenty beets the lover's fire."

" For JOHNIE o' the Buskie-glen,  
" I dinna care a single flie;  
" He loes sae weel his craps and kye,  
" He has nae love to spare for me:  
" But blythe 's the blink o' ROBIE's e'e,  
" And weel I wat he lo'es me dear;  
" Ae blink o' him I wadna gie  
" For Buskie-glen and a' his gear."

' Oh! thoughtless lassie, life's a fecht,  
' The canniest gate, the strife is sair;  
' But ay fu'-han't is fechtin best,  
' A hungry care 's an unco care;  
' But some will spend, and some will spare,  
' And wilfu' fouk maun hae their will;  
' Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,  
' Keep mind that ye maun drink the ale.'

" O gear will buy me rigs o' land,  
" And gear will buy me sheep and kye;  
" But the tender heart o' leesome love,  
" The gowd and siller canna buy:  
" We may be poor, my Rob and I,  
" Light is the burden love lays on:  
" Content and love bring peace and joy,  
" What mair hae queens upon a throne?"

IF THOSE WHO LIVE IN SHEPHERD'S BOWER.

BY THOMSON.

THE SAME AIR.

IF those who live in shepherd's bower,  
Press not the rich and stately bed;  
The new mown hay, and breathing flower  
A softer couch beneath them spread.  
If those who sit at shepherd's board,  
Soothe not their taste by wanton art;  
They take what Nature's gifts afford,  
And take it with a cheerful heart.

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,  
No high and sparkling wines can boast;  
With wholesome cups they cheer the soul,  
And crown them with the village-toast.  
If those who join in shepherd's sport,  
Gay dancing on the dazy'd ground,  
Have not the splendour of a court,  
Yet LOVE adorns the merry round.

*In summer when the hay was mawn.*

*Allegretto*

*pia.* *for.*

In summer when the hay was mawn, And

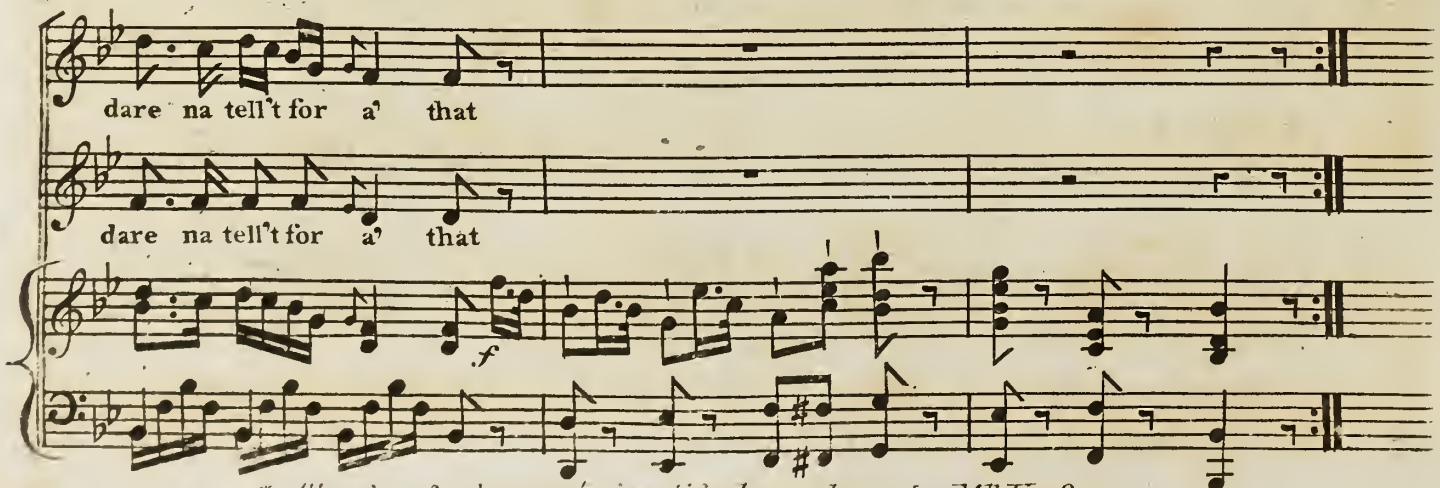
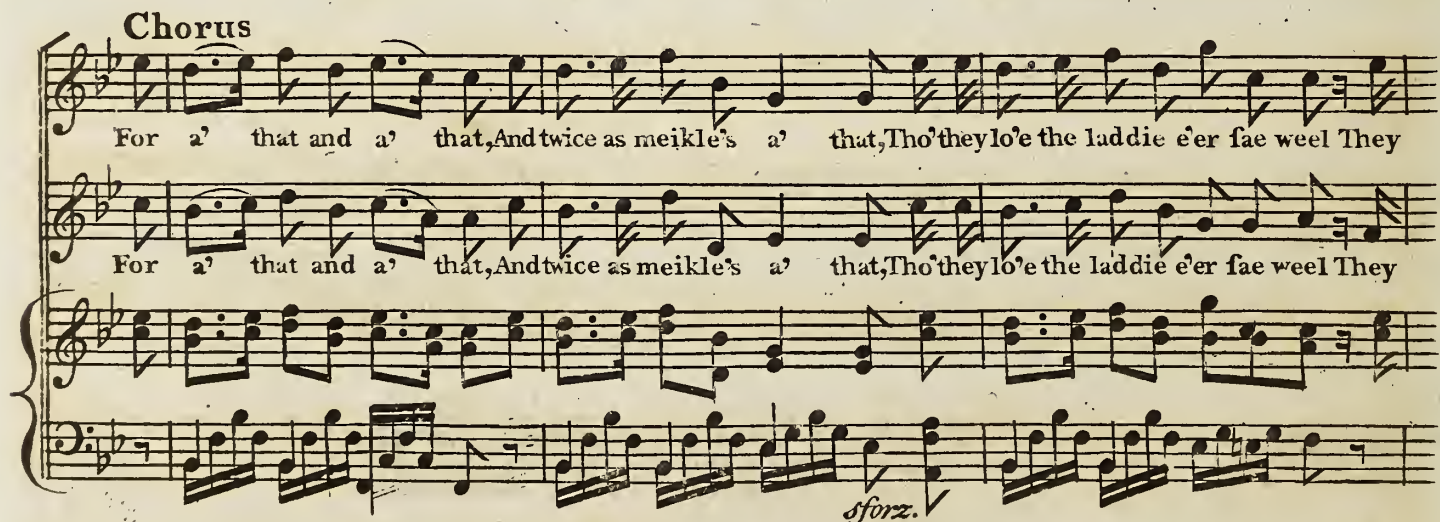
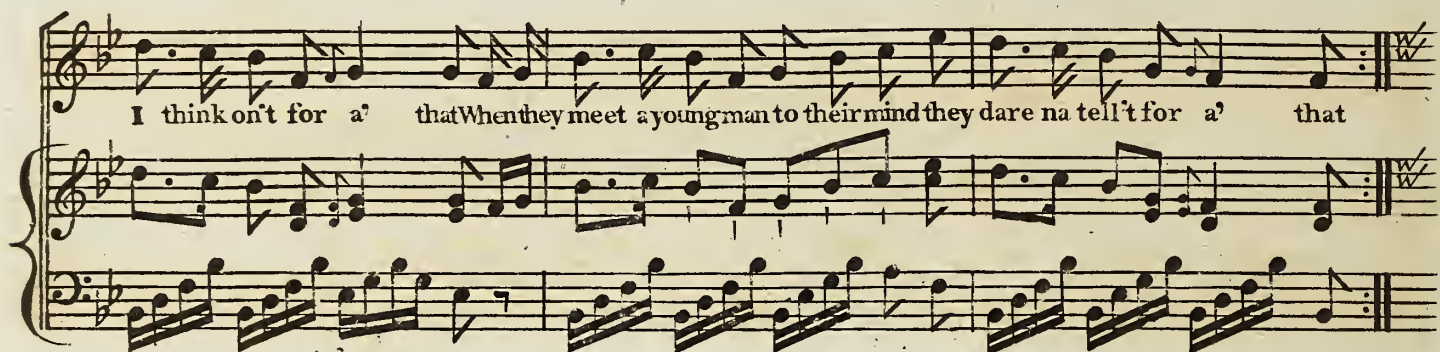
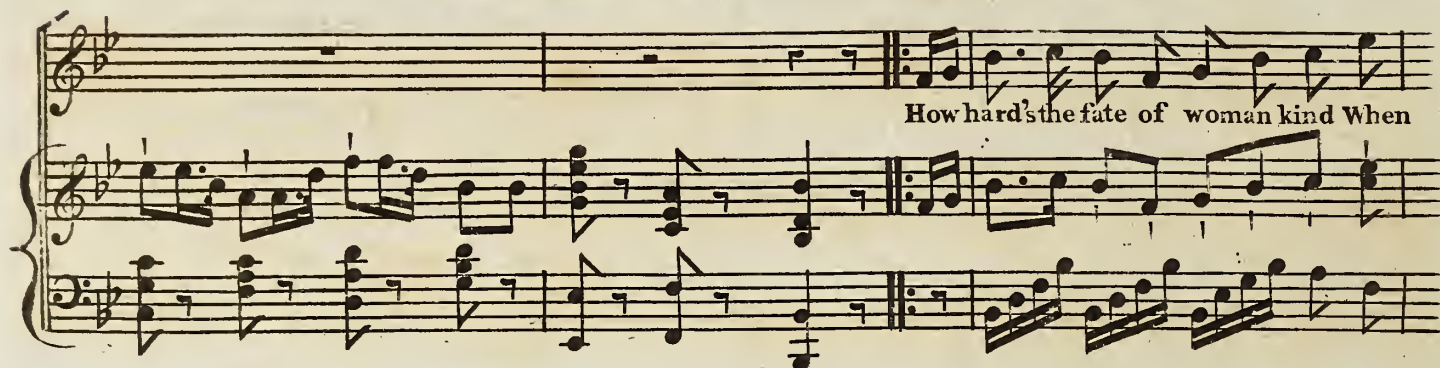
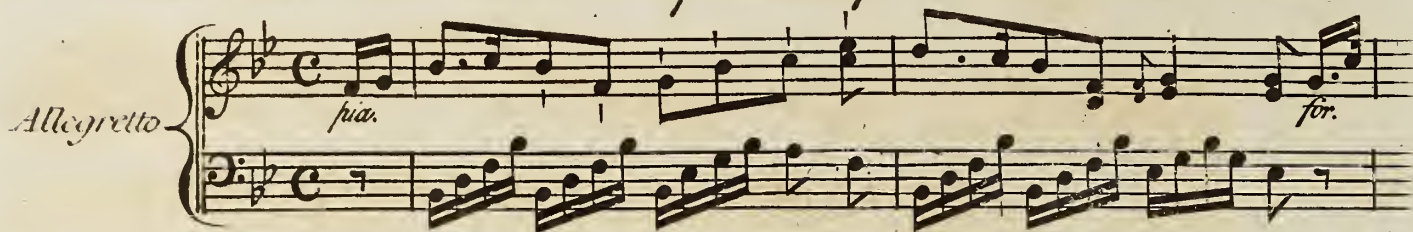
*pia.*

corn wav'd green in il-ka field While claver blooms white o'er the lea, And ro-ses blaw in

il-ka bield: Blythe BESSIE in the milking shiel, Says I'll be wed come

o't whatwill; Out spake a dame in wrinkled eild, Of gude advisement comes nae ill.

*pia.* *for.*



HOW HARD 'S THE FATE OF WOMANKIND.

WRITTEN BY A LADY.

AIR,—FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

How hard 's the fate of womankind,

When I think on 't for a' that :

When they meet a young man to their mind,

They dare na tell 't for a' that.

CHORUS.—For a' that and a' that,

And twice as meikle's a' that :

Tho' they lo'e the laddie e'er sae weel,

They dare na tell for a' that.

The warld's sac censorious,

Which causes this and a' that,

Gars us conceal our fondest thoughts,

And say we hate and a' that.

For a' that and a' that,

And twice as meikle 's a' that,

Tho' we lo'e the laddie e'er sae weel,

We dare na tell for a' that.

I vow I will be nane o' these

That play the fool and a' that ;

When I meet a young man to my mind,

I'll tell I love for a' that.

For a' that and a' that,

And twice as meikle 's a' that,

The bonie lad that I lo'e best

Shall be my ain for a' that.

YES, I'M IN LOVE, I FEEL IT NOW.

BY PAUL WHITEHEAD.

THE SAME AIR.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,

And CELIA has undone me ;

But yet I swear I can't tell how

The pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her face that love creates,

For there no graces revel ;

'Tis not her shape, for there the fates

Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that

There 's nothing more than common,

And all her sense is only chat

Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm ;

'Twas both, perhaps, or neither :

In short, 'twas that provoking charm

Of CELIA altogether.

## O THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

O THIS is no my ain lassie,  
 Fair tho' the lassie be :  
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,  
 Kind love is in her e'e.  
 I see a form, I see a face,  
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place :  
 It wants to me the witching grace,  
 The kind love that 's in her e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie,  
 Fair tho' the lassie be ;  
 Weel ken I my ain lassie,  
 Kind love is in her e'e.  
 She 's bonny, blooming, straight, and tall ;  
 And lang has had my heart in thrall,  
 And ay it charms my very saul,  
 The kind love that 's in her e'e.

O this is no my ain lassie,  
 Fair tho' the lassie be ;  
 Weel ken I my ain lassie,  
 Kind love is in her e'e.  
 A thief sae pawky is my JEAN  
 To steal a blink by a' unseen ;  
 But gleg as light are lovers' een,  
 When kind love is in the e'e.  
 O this is no my ain lassie,  
 Fair tho' the lassie be ;  
 Weel ken I my ain lassie,  
 Kind love is in her e'e.  
 It may escape the courtly sparks,  
 It may escape the learned clerks ;  
 But weel the watching lover marks  
 The kind love that 's in her e'e.

*O this is no my ain Lafsie* 56

*Trance*

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The vocal line is written in a single staff with a treble clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score is divided into several systems, each with a repeat sign at the beginning and end. The lyrics are: "O this is no my ain Lafsie Fair tho' the lafsie be; O weel ken I my ain laf-sie, Kind love is in her e'e. I see a form, I see a face, Ye weel may wi' the fairest place, It wants to me the witching grace The kind love that's in her e'e."

O this is no my ain Lafsie Fair tho' the  
lafsie be; O weel ken I my ain laf-sie, Kind love is in her e'e.  
I see a form, I see a face, Ye weel may wi' the fairest place, It  
wants to me the witching grace The kind love that's in her e'e.

# O Logie o' Buchan.

*Duet*  
*Grazioso*

O LOGIE o' BUCHAN, O LOGIE the Laird, They've taen a\_wa JAMIE that delv'd in the  
O LOGIE o' BUCHAN, O LOGIE the Laird, They've taen a\_wa JAMIE that delv'd in the

yard! Wha play'd on the pipe and the vi-ol sae sma' They've taen a\_wa JAMIE the  
yard! Wha play'd on the pipe and the vi-ol sae sma' They've taen a\_wa JAMIE the

flow'r o' them a'. He said think na lang lafsie tho' I gang a\_wa For I'll come and  
flow'r o' them a'. He said think na lang lafsie tho' I gang a\_wa For I'll come and

see ye in spite of them a'.  
see ye in spite of them a'.

## O LOGIE O' BUCHAN, &amp;c.

## AIR,—LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

O LOGIE o' Buchan, O LOGIE the Laird,  
They hae ta'en awa' JAMIE that delv'd in the yard!  
Wha play'd on the pipe, wi' the viol sae sma';  
They ha'e ta'en awa' JAMIE, the flower o' them a'!  
He said, think nae lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa',  
For I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

SANDY has ousen, has gear, and has kye,  
A house and a haddin, and siller forby;  
But I'd tak' my ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,  
Before I'd ha'e him wi' his houses and land.  
He said, think nae lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa';  
For I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

My daddy looks sulky, my minny looks sour,  
They frown upon JAMIE, because he is poor;  
Tho' I like them as weel as a daughter should do,  
They're nae half sae dear to me, JAMIE, as you.  
He said, think nae lang lassie, &c.

I sit on my creepie and spin at my wheel,  
And think on the laddie that likes me sae weel;  
He had but ae saxpence, he brak' it in twa,  
And he gi'ed me the ha'f o't, when he gaed awa'.  
Then haste ye back, JAMIE, and bide na awa',  
Then haste ye back, JAMIE, and bide na awa',  
The simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',  
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

## WHEN JOCKY WAS BLESS'D, &amp;c.

## THE SAME AIR.

JOCKY.

WHEN JOCKY was bless'd with your love and your truth,  
Not on Tweed's pleasant banks dwelt so blythesome a  
youth,  
With JENNY I sported it all the day long,  
And her name was the burden and joy of my song.

JENNY.

Ere JOCKY had ceas'd all his kindness to me,  
There liv'd in the vale not so happy a she:  
Such pleasures with JOCKY his JENNY had known,  
That she scorn'd in a cot the fine folks of the town.

JOCKY.

Ah, me! what a fear now possesses my mind,  
That JENNY, so constant, to WILLY's been kind!  
When dancing so gay with the nymphs on the plain,  
She yielded her hand and her heart to the swain.

JENNY.

You falsely upbraid,—but remember the day  
With LUCY you toy'd it beneath the new hay,  
When alone with your LUCY, the shepherds have  
said,  
You forgot all the vows that to JENNY you made.

JOCKY.

Believe not, sweet JENNY, my heart stray'd from thee,  
For LUCY the wanton was ne'er form'd for me:  
From a lass that's so true your JOCKY ne'er rov'd,  
Nor once cou'd forsake the kind JENNY he lov'd.

JENNY.

My heart for young WILLY ne'er panted nor sigh'd;  
For you of that heart was the joy and the pride.  
While Tweed's waters glide, shall your JENNY be true,  
And love, my dear JOCKY, no shepherd but you.

No shepherd e'er met with so faithful a fair;  
For kindness no youth can with JOCKY compare.  
We'll love then, and live from fierce jealousy free,  
And none on the plain shall be happy as we.

BLYTHE HA'E I BEEN ON YON HILL.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—THE QUAKER'S WIFE.

BLYTHE ha'e I been on yon hill,  
 As the lambs before me ;  
 Careless ilka thought and free,  
 As the breeze flew o'er me.  
 Now nae langer sport and play,  
 Mirth or sang can please me ;  
 LESLEY is sae fair and coy,  
 Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,  
 Hopeless love declaring ;  
 Trembling, I dow nought but glowr,  
 Sighing, dumb, despairing !  
 If she winna ease the throes  
 In my bosom swelling,  
 Underneath the grass-green sod,  
 Soon maun be my dwelling !

DEAR COLIN, QUIT THY LOVE-SICK TALE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY PETER PINDAR.

THE SAME AIR.

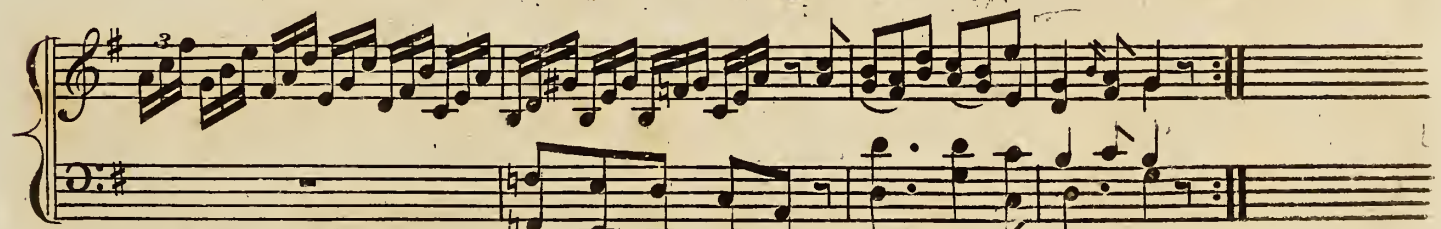
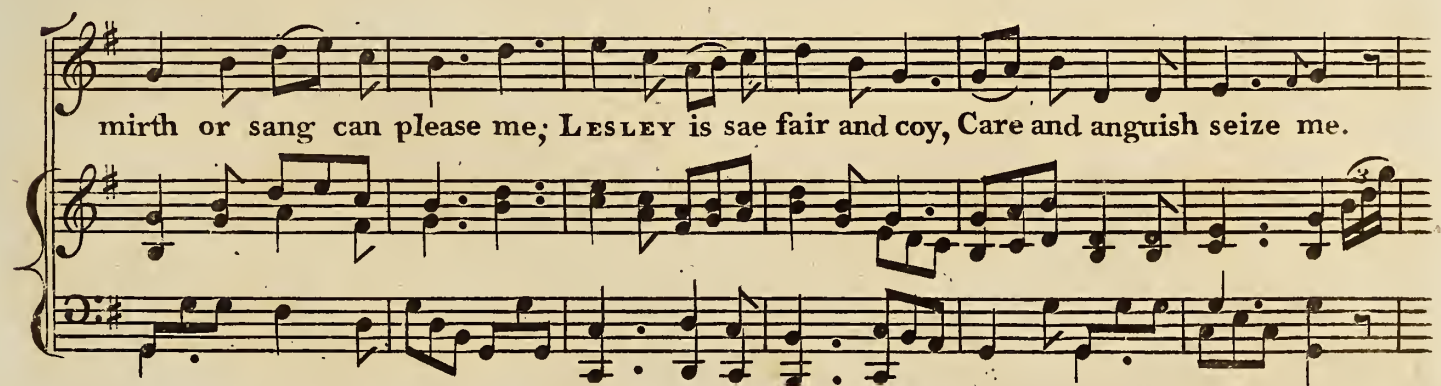
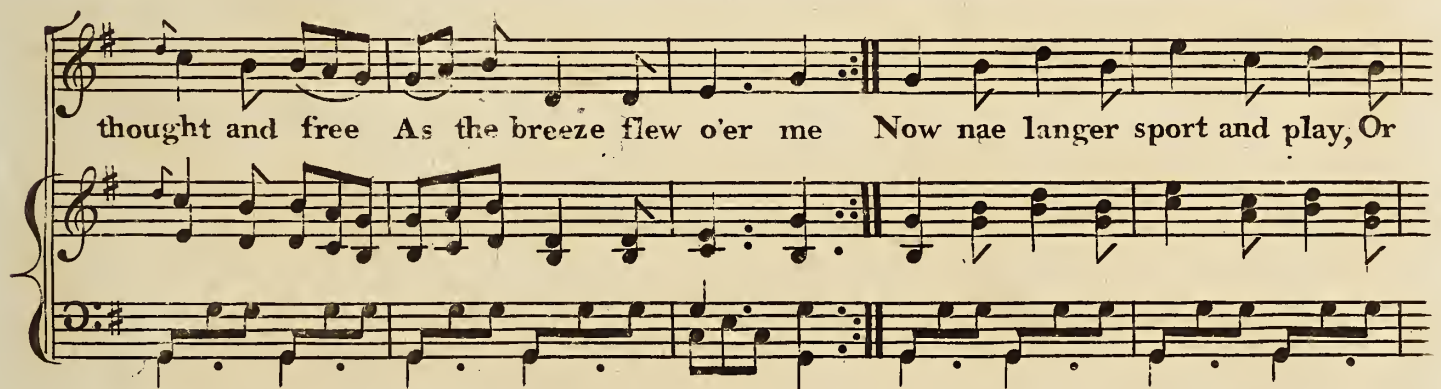
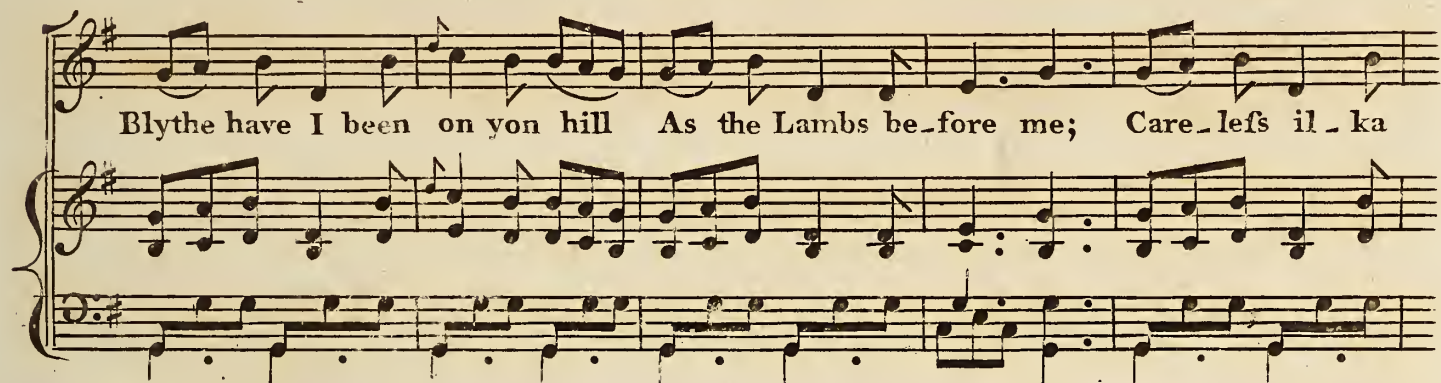
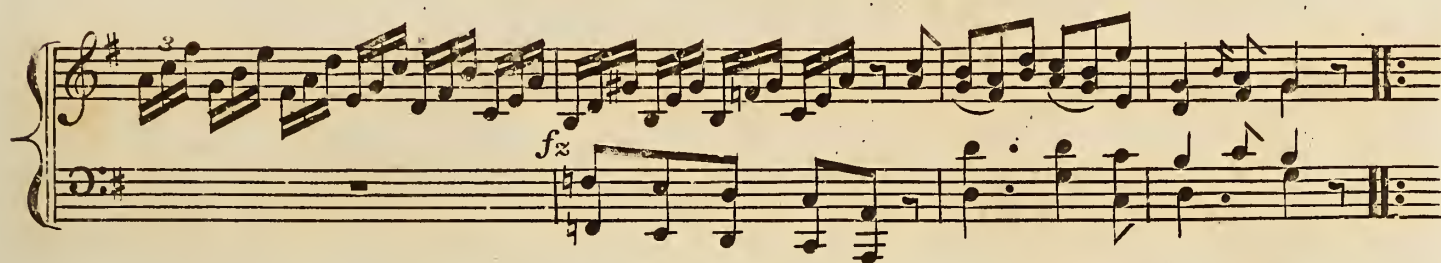
\* \* *In Singing the following Verses with the Air, an additional Quaver must be supplied for the first word or syllable of each line.*

DEAR COLIN, quit thy love-sick tale,  
 And leave this silly sighing ;  
 Fie, mope not thus from vale to vale,  
 Nor talk of ghosts and dying.  
 Talk not of wounds, and flames, and darts,  
 Indeed I can't endure them,—  
 It is not thus with shepherds hearts,  
 A little thing will cure them.

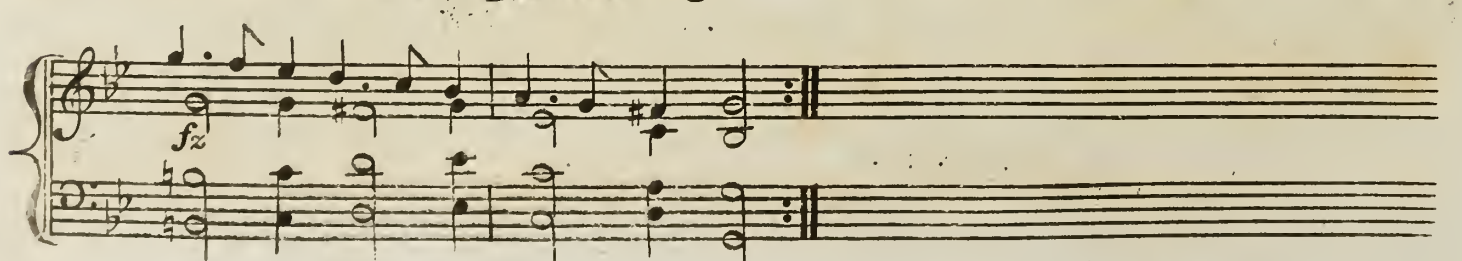
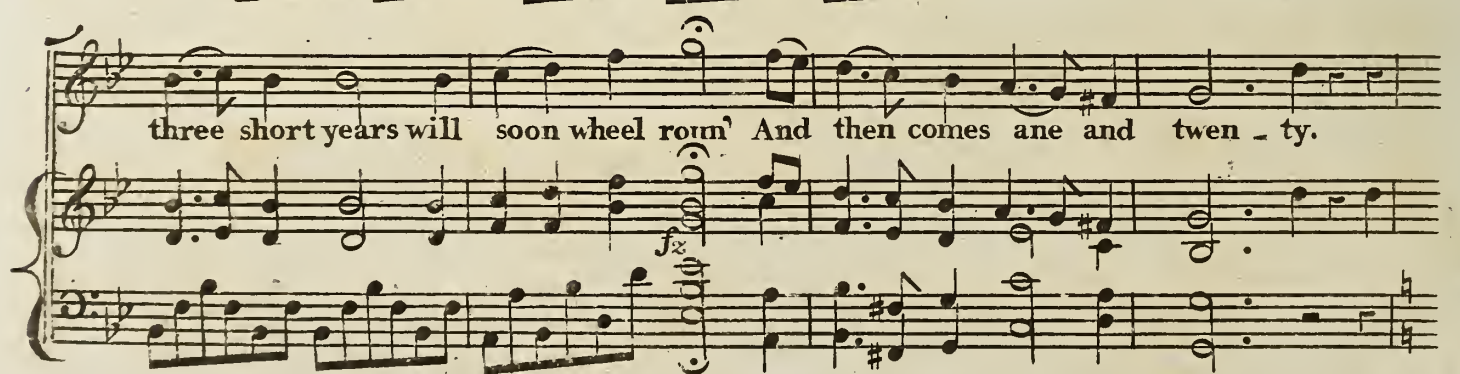
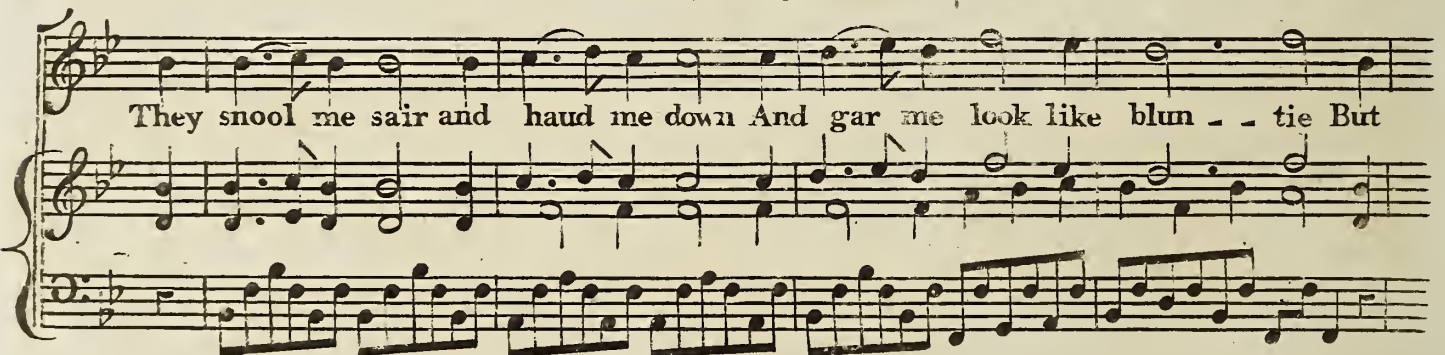
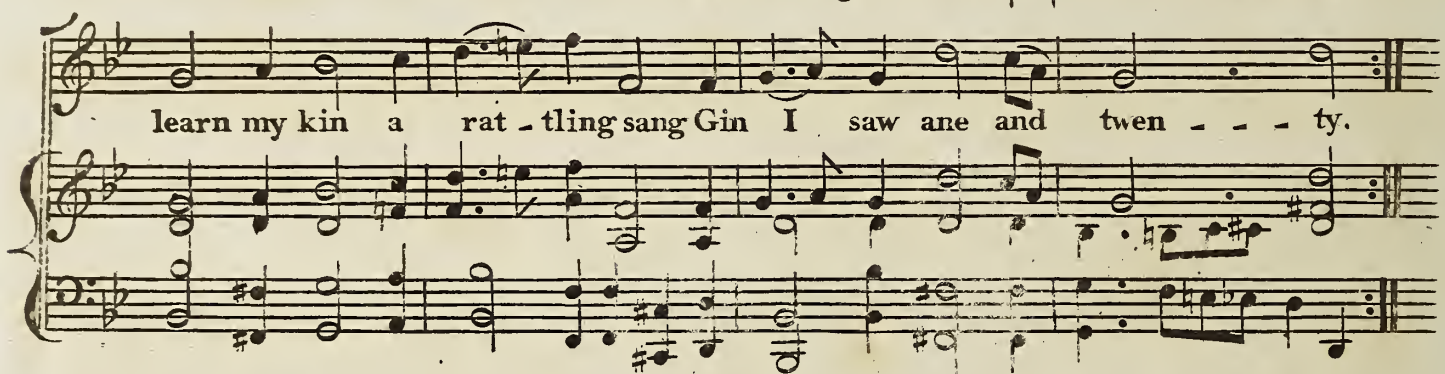
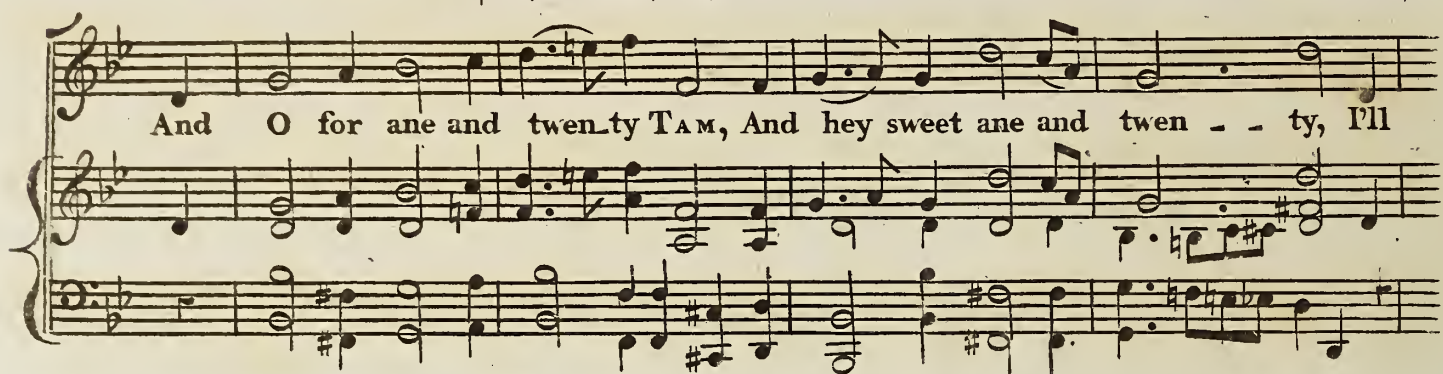
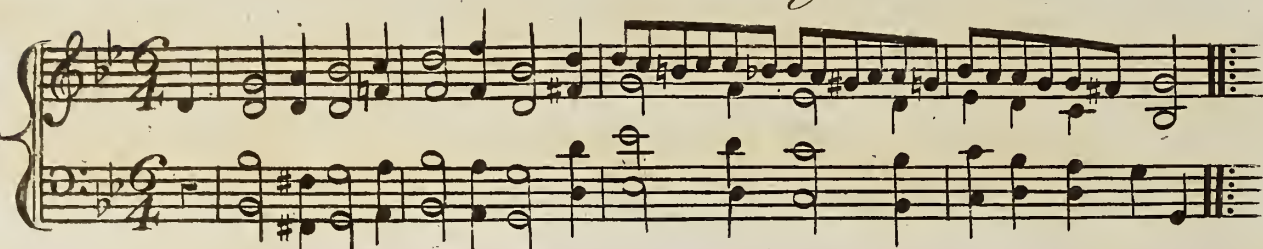
What girl would bear the galling chain,  
 And lose the pow'r of pleasing,  
 Make a dull spouse of a gay swain,  
 And lose the charm of teasing ?  
 Possession is too apt to cloy ;  
 Then flames and darts are over ;  
 When novelty deserts the joy,  
 Adieu the sighing lover !

# Blythe have I been on yon hill.

*Allegretto*



*The second Strain of this Air, differs entirely from that commonly printed; but it was sent in the above form by M. Burns to the Editor, along with the former, and as it is beautiful, he adopted it.*

*And O for ane & twenty Tam.**Allegretto*

AND O FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM.

By ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

AND O for ane and twenty, TAM!

And hey, sweet ane and twenty,

I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,

Gin I saw ane and twenty.

They snool me sair, and haud me down,

And gar me look like bluntie,

But three short years will soon wheel roun',

And then comes ane and twenty.

And O for ane and twenty, TAM!

And hey, sweet ane and twenty,

I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,

Gin I saw ane and twenty.

A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear,

Was left me by my auntie,

At kith or kin I needna speir,

Gin I saw ane and twenty.

And O for ane and twenty, Tam!

And hey, sweet ane and twenty,

I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,

Gin I saw ane and twenty.

They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof,

Tho' I mysel' ha'e plenty;

But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,

I'm thine at ane and twenty!

THINE AM I, MY FAITHFUL FAIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

By ROBERT BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

\* \* *In Singing the following Verses to the Air, the Crotchet which corresponds to the beginning of each Line in the Scottish Verses, is to be omitted.*

THINE am I, my faithful fair,

Well thou may'st discover;

Ev'ry pulse along my veins,

Tells the ardent lover.

To thy bosom lay my heart,

There to throb and languish;

Tho' despair had wrung its core,

That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,

Rich with balmy treasure:

Turn away thine eyes of love,

Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love?

Night without a morning:

Love's the cloudless summer sun,

Nature gay adorning.

ROBIN IS MY ONLY JO.

---

AIR,—KIND ROBIN LOO'S ME.

ROBIN is my only jo,  
ROBIN has the art to loo,  
So to his suit I mean to bow  
Because I ken he loo's me.  
Happy, happy was the show'r,  
That led me to his birken bow'r,  
Where first of love I fand the pow'r,  
And ken'd that ROBIN loo'd me.

They speak of napkins, speak of rings,  
Speak of gloves, and kissing strings,  
And name a thousand bonny things,  
And ca' them signs he loo's me.  
But I'd prefer a smack of ROB,  
Seated on the velvet fog,  
To gifts as lang 's a plaiden wab,  
Because I ken he loo's me.

He 's tall and sonsy, frank and free,  
Loo'd by a', and dear to me,  
Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,  
Because my ROBIN loo's me.  
My titty MARY said to me,  
Our courtship but a joke wad be,  
And I, ere lang, be made to see,  
That ROBIN didna loo me.

But little kens she what has been  
Me and my honest ROB between,  
And in his wooing, O sae keen  
Kind ROBIN is that loo's me.  
Then fly ye lazy hours away,  
And hasten on the happy day,  
When, "join your hands," Mess JOHN shall say,  
And mak' him mine that loo's me.

'Till then, let ev'ry chance unite,  
To weigh our love and fix delight,  
And I'll look down on such wi' spite,  
Wha doubt that ROBIN loo's me.  
O hey ROBIN, quo' she,  
O hey ROBIN, quo' she,  
O hey ROBIN, quo' she,  
Kind ROBIN loo's me.

WHILST I ALONE YOUR SOUL POSSEST.

---

THE SAME AIR.

ROBIN. WHILST I alone your soul possess,  
And none more lov'd your bosom prest,  
Ye gods, what king like me was blest,  
When kind JENNY lo'ed me.

JENNY. Whilst you ador'd no other fair,  
Nor KATE with me your heart did share,  
What queen with JENNY cou'd compare,  
When kind ROBIN lo'ed me.

ROBIN. KATY now commands my heart,  
KATE who sings with so much art,  
Whose life to save, with mine I'd part;  
For kind KATY lo'es me.

JENNY. PATIE now delights mine eyes,  
He with equal ardour dies,  
Whose life to save I'd perish twice;  
For kind PATIE lo'es me.

ROBIN. What if I KATE for thee disdain,  
And former love return again,  
To link us in the strongest chain;  
For kind ROBIN lo'es thee.

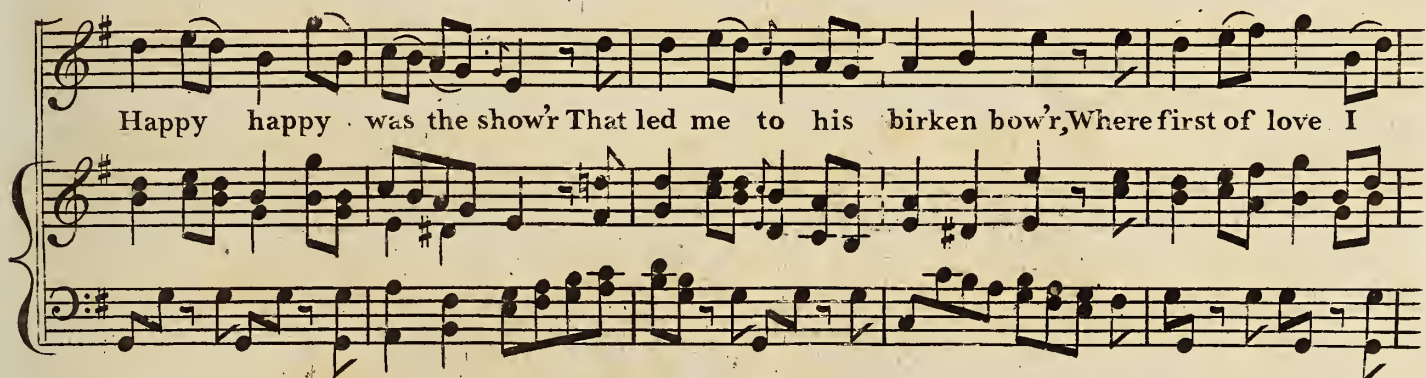
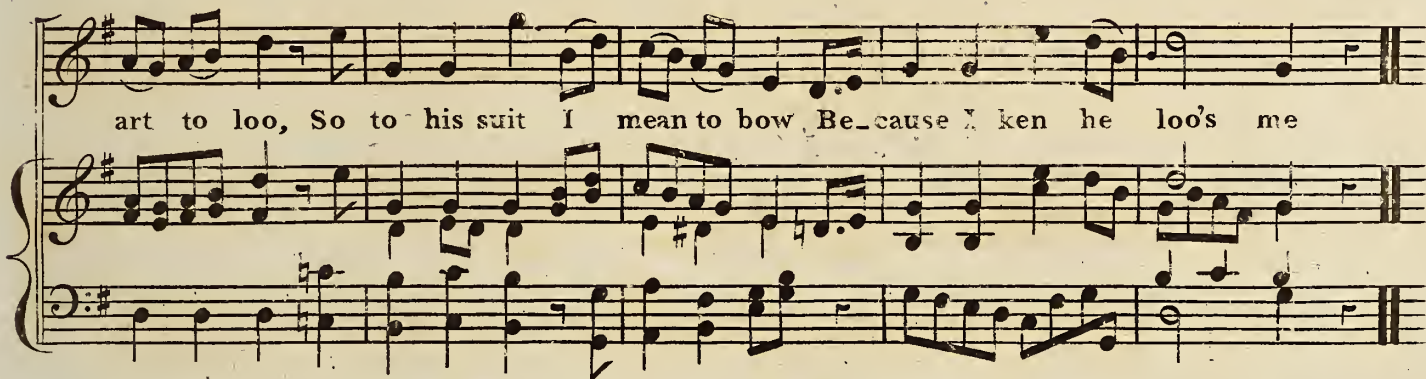
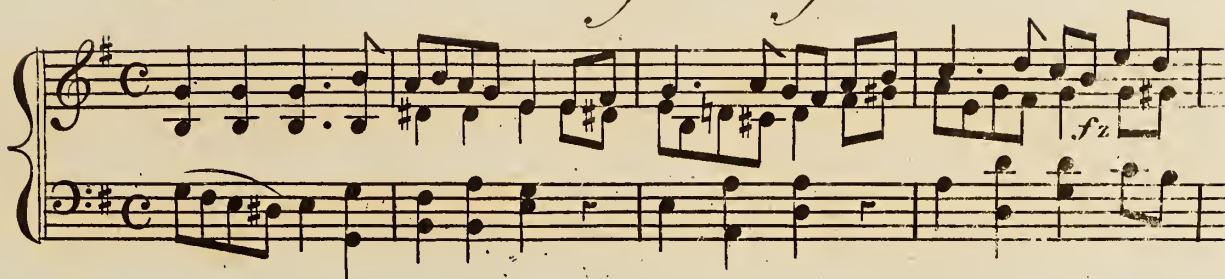
JENNY. Though PATIE 's kind as kind can be,  
And thou more stormy than the sea,  
I'd chuse to live and die with thee,  
If kind ROBIN lo'es me.

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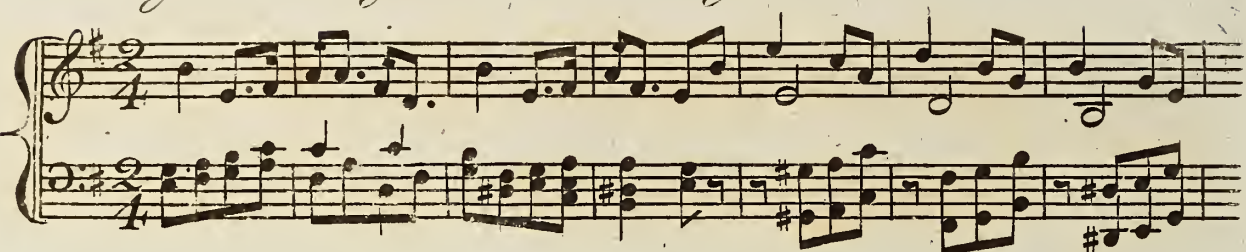
# Robin is my only Jo

60

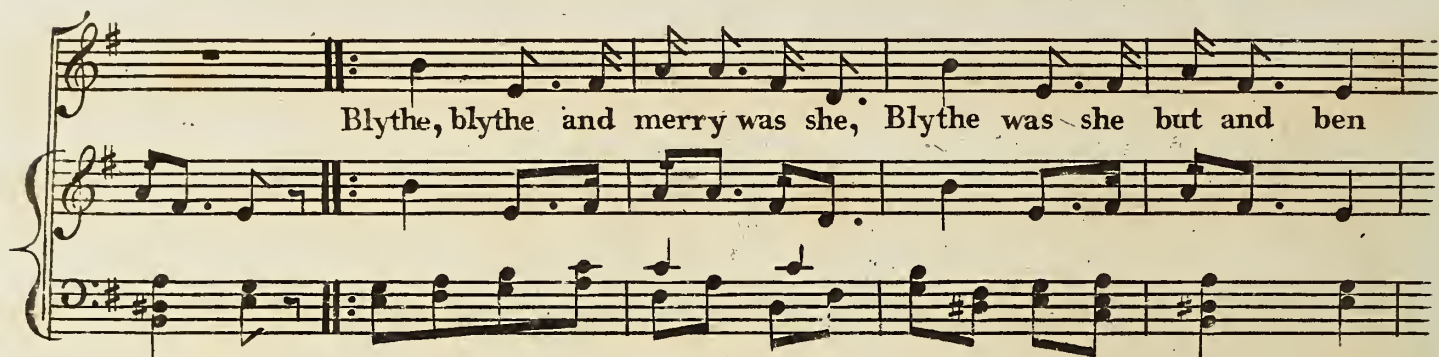
*Andantino*



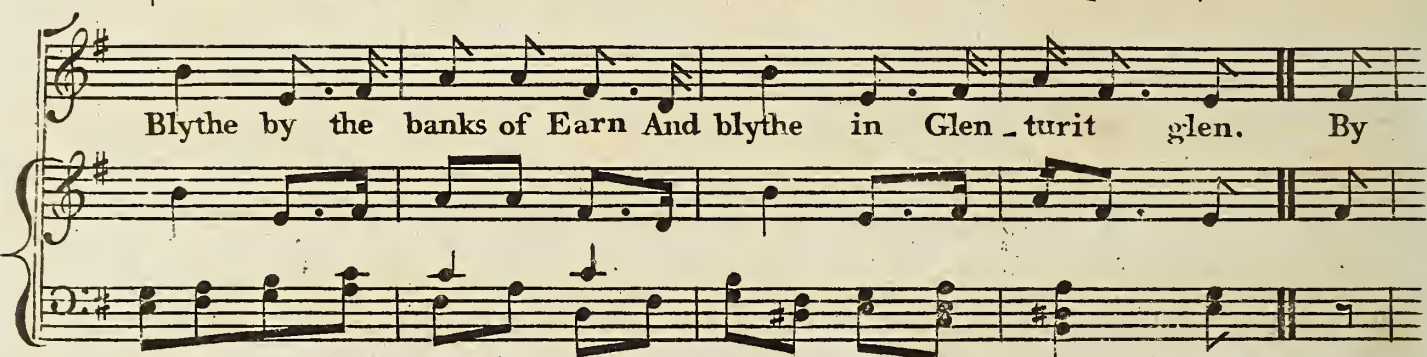
\* The Sym. & Accomp<sup>t</sup> simplified as above by M. K. 1801.

*Blythe, blythe & merry was she.**Allegretto*

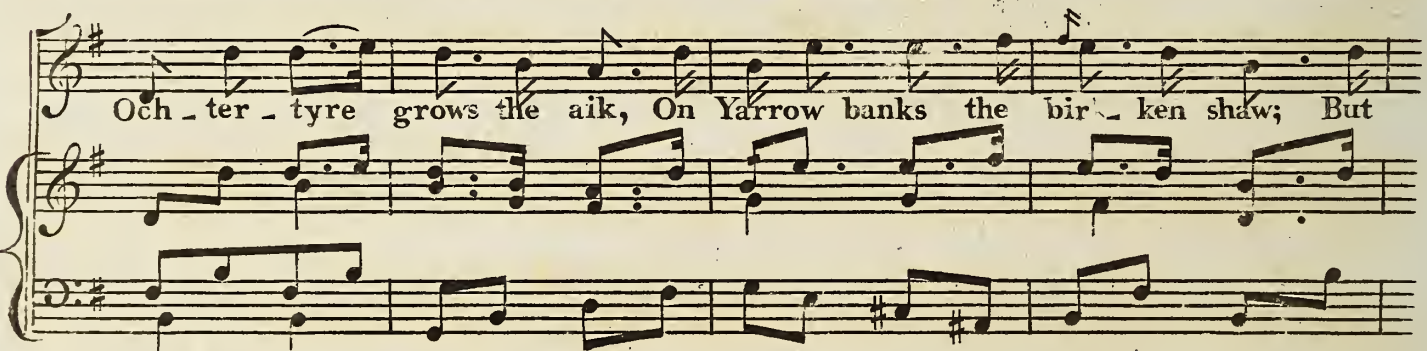
Blythe, blythe and merry was she, Blythe was she but and ben



Blythe by the banks of Earn And blythe in Glen\_turit glen. By



Och\_ter\_tyre grows the aik, On Yarrow banks the bir\_ken shaw; But



PHEMIE was a bonier lass Than braes o' Yarrow e\_ver saw.



*BLYTHE WAS SHE, &c.*

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—ANDREW AND HIS CUTTY GUN.

**B**LYTHE, blythe, and merry was she,  
 Blythe was she but and ben,  
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,  
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.  
 By Ochtertyre grows the aik,  
 On Yarrow banks the birken shaw,  
 But *PHEMIE* was a bonier lass  
 Than braes of Yarrow ever saw.

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,  
 Blythe was she but and ben,  
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,  
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.  
 Her looks were like a flow'r in May,  
 Her smile was like a summer morn;  
 She tripped by the banks of Earn,  
 As light 's a bird upon a thorn.

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,  
 Blythe was she but and ben,  
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,  
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.  
 Her bonie face it was as meek,  
 As ony lamb upon the lee!  
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,  
 As was the blink o' *PHEMIE*'s e'e.

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,  
 Blythe was she but and ben,  
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,  
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.  
 The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,  
 And o'er the Lawlands I ha'e been;  
 But *PHEMIE* was the blythest lass,  
 That ever trode the dewy green.

*THE OLD VERSES.*

THE SAME AIR.

**B**LYTHE, blythe, blythe was she,  
 Blythe was she but and ben;  
 And weel she lik'd a Hawick gill,  
 And leugh to see a tappit hen.  
 She took me in, and set me down,  
 And heght to keep me lawin-free;  
 But cunning carlin that she was,  
 She gart me birle my bawbee.

We loo'd the liquor weel enough;  
 But waes my heart, my cash was done  
 Before that I had quench'd my drowth,  
 And laith was I to pawn my shoon.  
 When we had three times toom'd our stoup,  
 And the neist chappin new begun,  
 In started, to heeze up our hope,  
 Young *ANDRO*' wi' his cutty gun.

The carlin brought her kebbuck ben,  
 With girdle-cakes weel toasted brown:  
 Weel does the canny kimmer ken  
 They gar the swats gae glibber down.  
 We ca'd the bicker aft about;  
 Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun;  
 And ay the clearest drinker out,  
 Was *ANDRO*' wi' his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis sing,  
 And as I in his oxtar sat,  
 He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,  
 And mony a sappy kiss I gat.  
 I ha'e been east, I ha'e been west,  
 I ha'e been far ayont the sun;  
 But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,  
 Was *ANDRO*' wi' his cutty gun.

*SWEET SIR, FOR YOUR COURTESIE.*

---

AIR,—MY JO JANET.

SWEET Sir, for your courtesie,  
 When ye come by the Bass then,  
 For the love ye bear to me,  
 Buy me a keeking glass then.  
 Keek into the draw well,  
                   JANET, JANET;  
 And there ye'll see your bonny sell,  
                   My jo JANET.

Keeking in the draw well clear,  
 What if I shou'd fa' in, Sir,  
 Syne a' my kin will say an' swear,  
 I drown'd mysell for sin, Sir.  
 Had the better be the brae,  
                   JANET, JANET;  
 Had the better be the brae,  
                   My jo JANET.

Good Sir, for your courtesie,  
 Coming through Aberdeen, then,  
 For the love ye bear to me,  
 Buy me a pair of sheen, then.  
 Clout the auld, the new are dear,  
                   JANET, JANET;  
 Ae pair may gain you ha'f a year,  
                   My jo JANET.

But what if dancing on the green,  
 And skipping like a mawkin,  
 If they should see my clouted sheen,  
 Of me they will be talkin'.  
 Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,  
                   JANET, JANET;  
 Syne a' their fau'ts will no be seen,  
                   My jo JANET.

Kind Sir, for your courtesie,  
 When ye gae to the cross then,  
 For the love ye bear to me,  
 Buy me a pacing horse then.  
 Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,  
                   JANET, JANET;  
 Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,  
                   My jo JANET.

My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,  
 The rock o't winna stand, Sir;  
 To keep the temper-pin in tiff,  
 Employs aft my hand, Sir.  
 Mak' the best o't that ye can,  
                   JANET, JANET;  
 Mak' the best o't that ye can,  
                   My jo JANET.

*HUSBAND, HUSBAND, CEASE YOUR STRIFE.*

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

By ROBERT BURNS.

---

THE SAME AIR.

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,  
 Nor longer idly rave, Sir;  
 Tho' I am your wedded wife,  
 Yet I am not your slave, Sir.  
 "One of two must still obey,  
   " NANCY, NANCY;  
 "Is it man or woman, say,  
   " My spouse NANCY?"

If 'tis still the lordly word,  
 Service and obedience;  
 I'll desert my sov'reign lord,  
 And so good b'ye, allegiance!  
 "Sad will I be, so bereft,  
   " NANCY, NANCY;  
 "Yet I'll try to make a shift,  
   " My spouse NANCY."

My poor heart then break it must,  
 My last hour I am near it;  
 When you lay me in the dust,  
 Think, think how you will bear it.  
 "I will hope and trust in heaven,  
   " NANCY, NANCY;  
 "Strength to bear it will be given,  
   " My spouse NANCY."

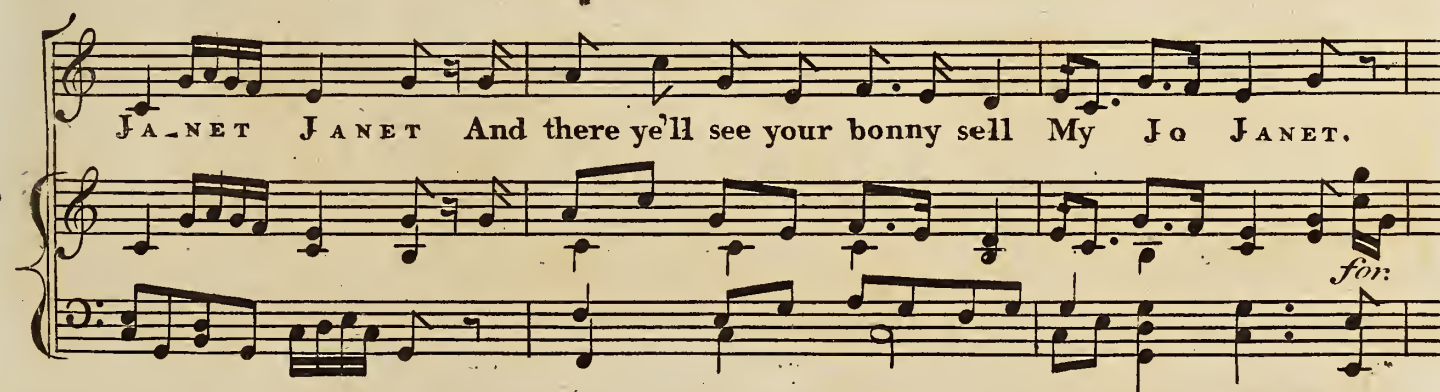
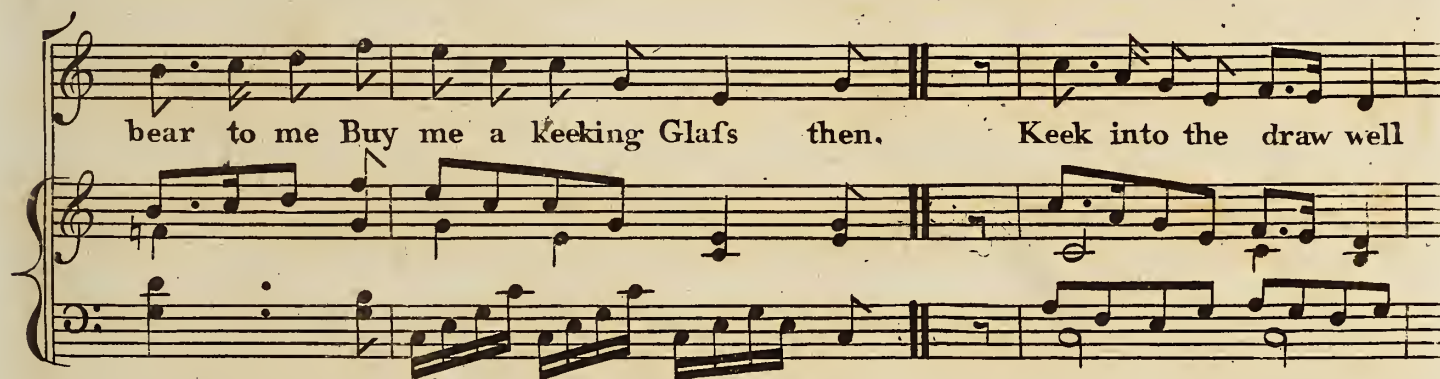
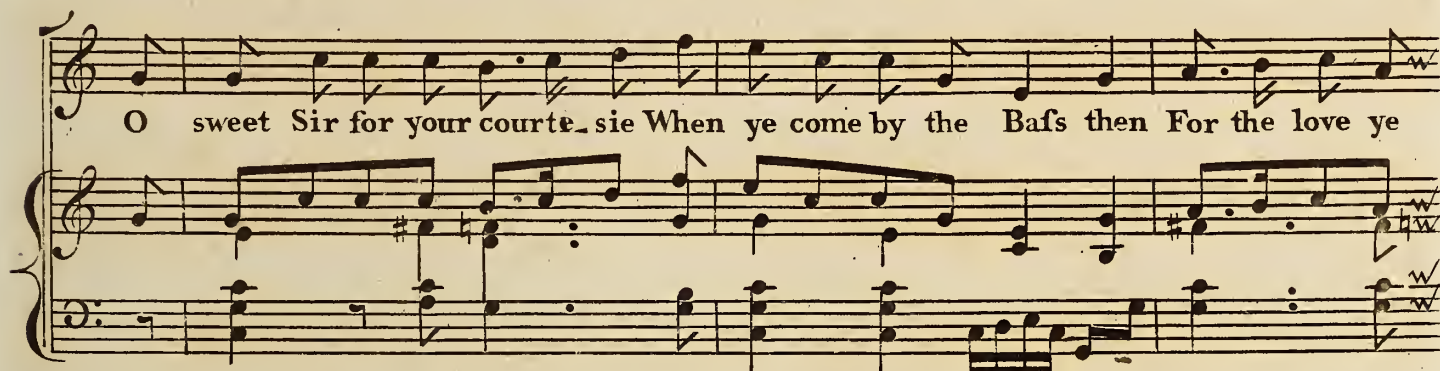
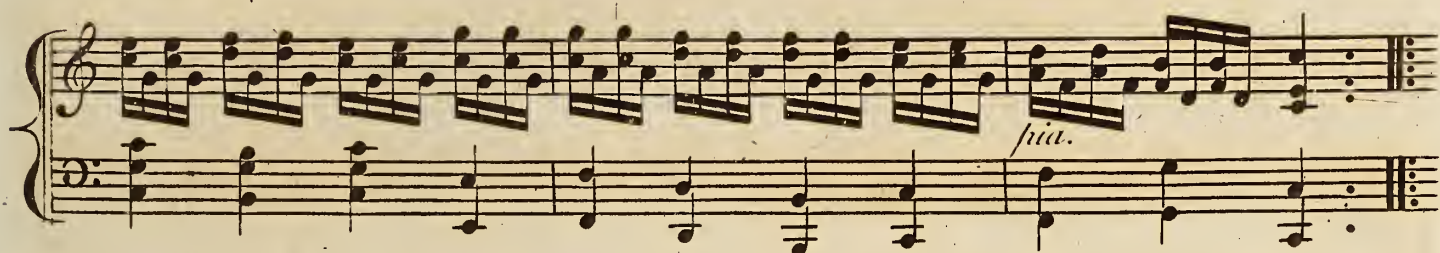
Well, Sir, from the silent dead,  
 Still I will try to daunt you;  
 Ever round your midnight bed  
 Horrid sprites shall haunt you.  
 "I'll wed another like my dear  
   " NANCY, NANCY;  
 "Then all hell will fly for fear,  
   " My spouse NANCY."

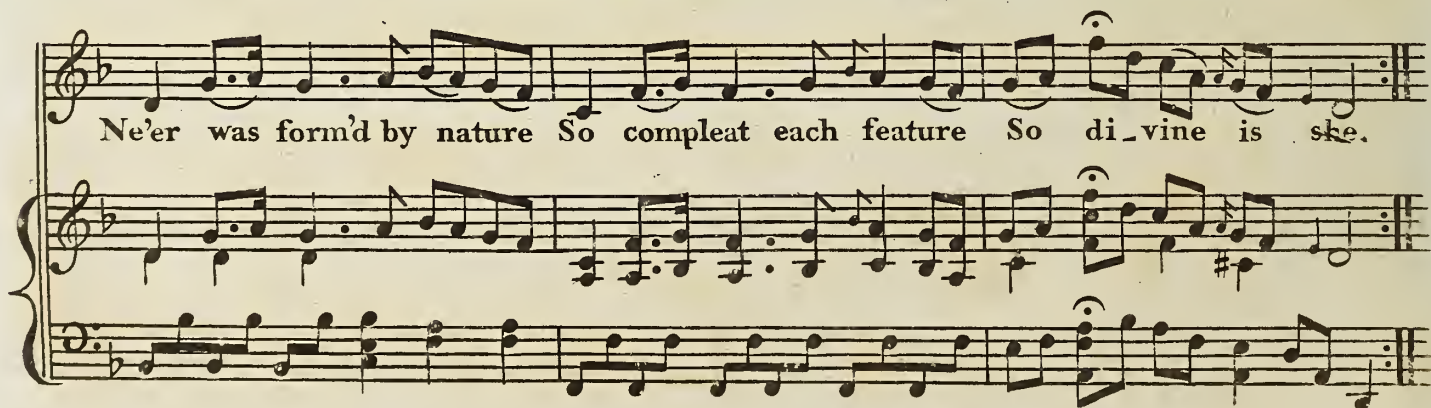
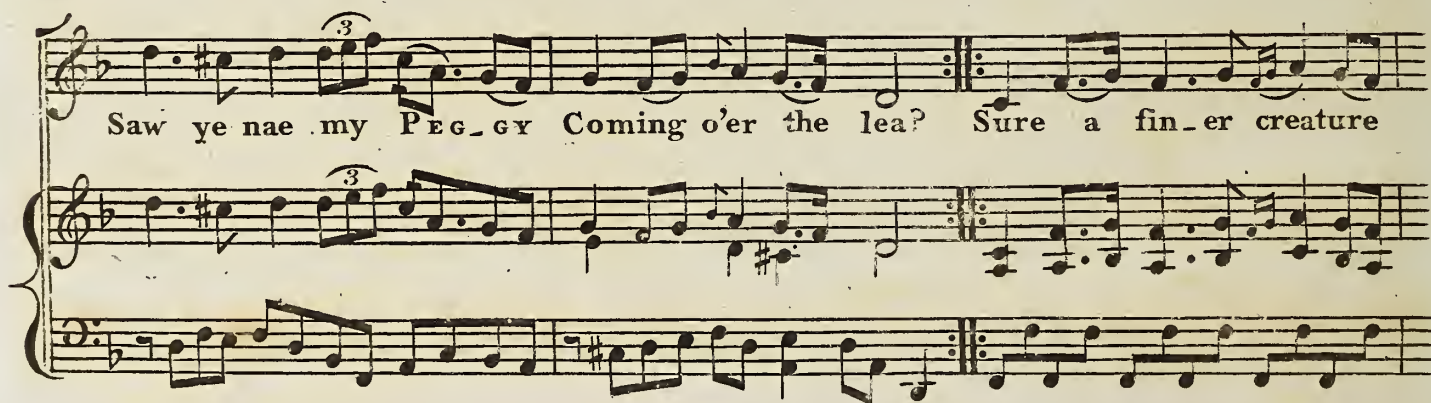
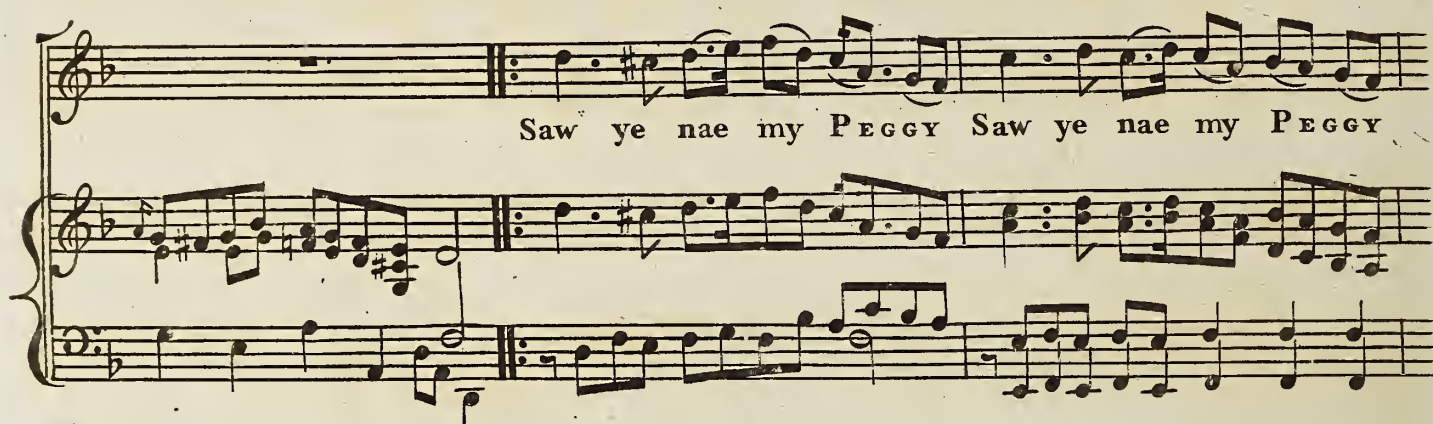
---

*O sweet Sir for your courtesie.*

62

*Allegretto*  
*Scherzando*



*Saw ye nae my Peggy.**Andantino*

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY.

---

AIR,—SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY.

Saw ye nae my PEGGY,  
 Saw ye nae my PEGGY,  
 Saw ye nae my PEGGY,  
     Coming o'er the lea?  
 Sure a finer creature,  
 Ne'er was form'd by Nature,  
 So complete each feature,  
     So divine is she.

O how PEGGY charms me,  
 Every look still warms me;  
 Every thought alarms me,  
     Lest she love not me:  
 PEGGY doth discover  
 Nought but charms all over;  
 Nature bids me love her,  
     That 's a law to me.

Who would leave a lover  
 To become a rover?  
 No, I'll ne'er give over,  
     'Till I happy be.  
 For since love inspires me,  
 As her beauty fires me,  
 And her absence tires me,  
     Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,  
 Fate seems to detain her,  
 Cou'd-I but obtain her,  
     Happy would I be!  
 I'll lie down before her,  
 Bless, sigh, and adore her,  
 With faint looks implore her,  
     'Till she pity me.

---

FOR THE SAKE OF GOLD SHE 'S LEFT ME.

---

AIR,—FOR THE SAKE OF GOLD.

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

No cruel fair shall ever move  
My injured heart again to love ;  
Thro' distant climates I must rove  
Since JEANY she has left me.  
Ye Powers above, I to your care  
Resign my faithless lovely fair ;  
Your choicest blessings be her share,  
Tho' she has ever left me.

THE SUN WAS SUNK BENEATH THE HILL.

---

THE SAME AIR.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,  
The western clouds were edg'd with gold ;  
The sky was clear, the winds were still,  
The flocks were penn'd within the fold :  
When, in the silence of a grove,  
Poor DAMON thus despair'd of love.  
When, in the silence of a grove, &c.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose  
From the hard rock, or oozy beach ?  
Who from each weed that barren grows,  
Expects the grape or downy peach ?  
With equal faith may hope to find  
The truth of love in woman-kind.  
With equal faith may hope to find, &c.

No flocks have I, or fleecy care,  
No fields that wave with golden grain ;  
Nor meadows green, nor gardens fair,  
A woman's venal heart to gain ;  
Then all in vain my sighs must prove,  
Whose whole estate, alas ! is love.  
Then all in vain my sighs must prove, &c.

How wretched is the faithful youth,  
Since women's hearts are bought and sold !  
They ask no vows of sacred truth ;  
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold.  
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove !  
But I am scorn'd—who have but love.  
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove, &c.

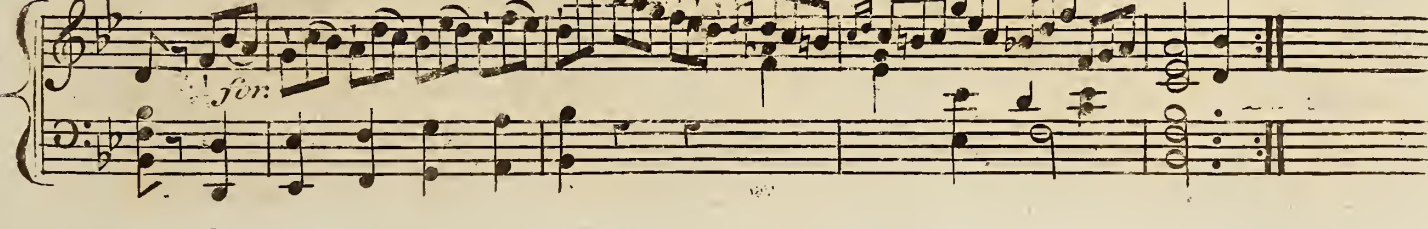
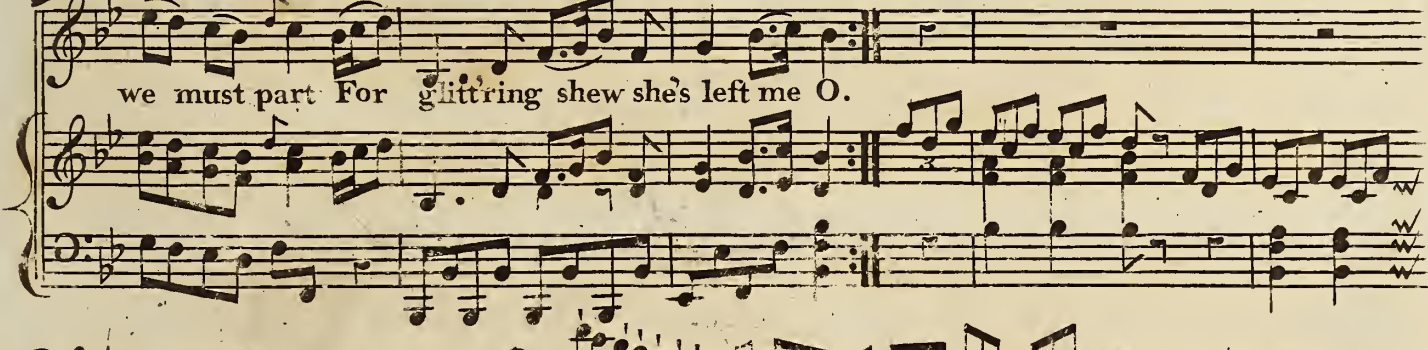
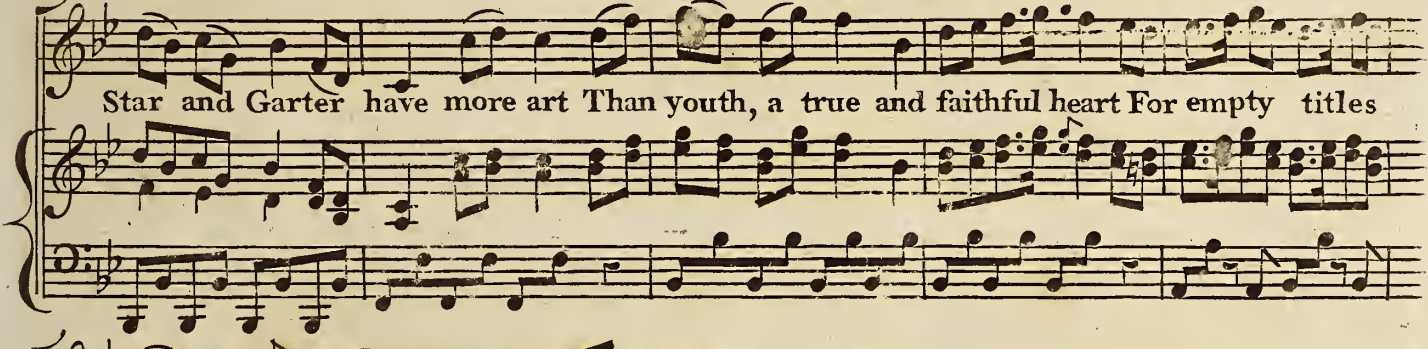
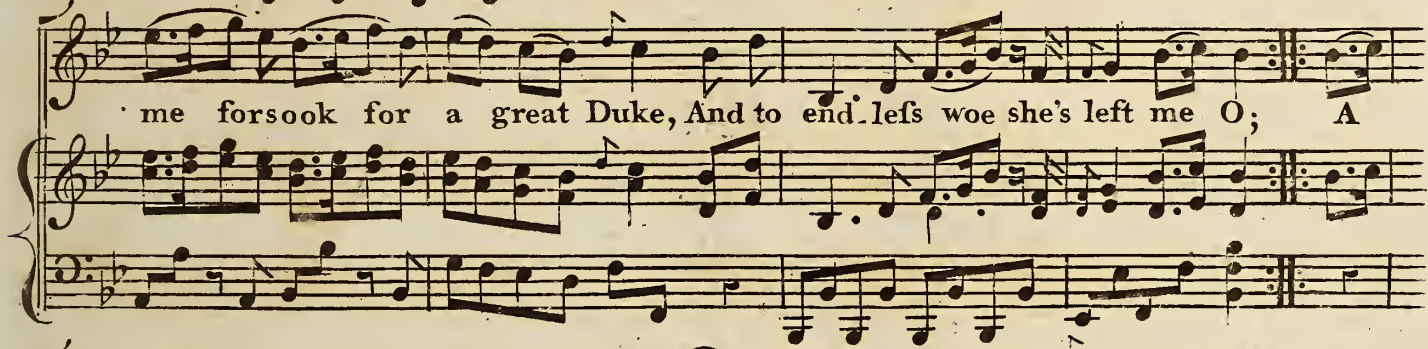
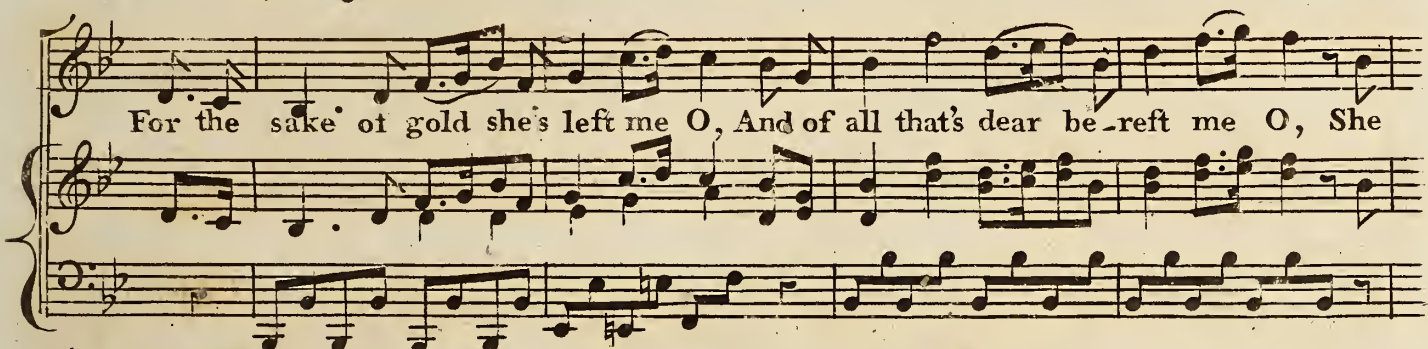
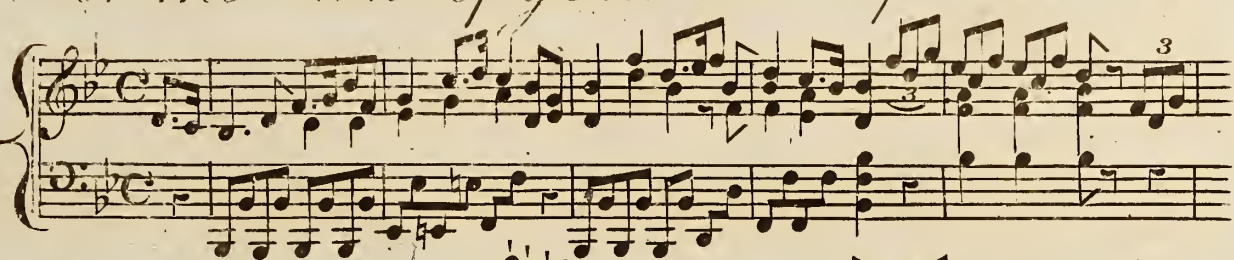
To buy the gems of India's coast,  
What wealth, what riches could suffice ?  
Yet India's shore could never boast  
The lustre of thy rival eyes.  
For there the world too cheap must prove ;  
Can I then buy who have but love ?  
For there the world too cheap must prove, &c.

Then, MARY, since nor gems nor ore,  
Can with thy brighter self compare,  
Be just as fair, and value more  
Than gems or ore, a heart sincere :  
Let treasure meaner beauties move ;  
Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.  
Let treasure meaner beauties move, &c.

---

For the sake of gold she's left me. 64

*Andante*



# Contented wi' little & canty wi' mair.

*Allegretto*

Con - tented wi' little and canty wi' mair, When-e'er I for - gather wi'

sorrow and care I gie them a skelp as they're creeping along, Wi' a cog o' good ale and an

auld Scottish sang I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought, But man is a Soldier and

life is a faught: My mirth and good humour's my coin in my pouch, And my Freedom's my Lairdship nae

Monarch dare touch.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—LUMPS O' PUDDINGS.

CONTENTED wi' little, and canty wi' mair,  
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,  
I gi'e them a skelp as they're creeping alang,  
Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scottish sang.  
I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,  
But man is a soldier, and life is a faught ;  
My mirth and good humour are coin in my pouch,  
And my FREEDOM's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',  
A night o' gude fellowship southers it a' ;  
When at the blythe end of our journey at last,  
Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past.  
Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,  
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae,  
Come ease, or come travail, come pleasure or pain ;  
My warst word is, " Welcome, and welcome again !"

PHO! POX O' THIS NONSENSE, &c.

THE SAME AIR.

PHO! pox o' this nonsense, I prithee give o'er,  
And talk of your PHILLIS and CHLOE no more ;  
Their face, and their air, and their mien ; what a rout !  
Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape,  
They dare not confide in the juice of the grape ;  
But, we honest fellows—'sdeath ! who'd ever think  
Of puling for love, while he 's able to drink ?

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows ;  
Our joys it increases, and lightens our woes ;  
Remember what toppers of old us'd to sing,  
The man that is drunk is as great as a king.

If CUPID assaults you, there 's law for his tricks ;  
ANACREON's cases, see page twenty-six ;  
The precedent's glorious, and just, by my soul ;  
Lay hold on and drown the young dog in a bowl.

What 's life but a frolic, a song, and a laugh ?  
My toast shall be this, whilst I've liquor to quaff ;  
" May mirth and good fellowship always abound !"  
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

MY HEART IS A-BREAKING, DEAR TITTY.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—TAM GLEN.

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

I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow,  
In poortith I might mak' a fen';  
What care I in riches to wallow,  
If I mauna marry TAM GLEN?

There 's LOWRIE the laird o' Dumeller,  
"Gude day to you," (coof) he comes ben;  
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,  
But when will he dance like TAM GLEN?

My minny does constantly deave me,  
And bids me beware o' young men;  
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,  
But wha can think sae o' TAM GLEN?

My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,  
He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten;  
But if its ordain'd I maun tak' him,  
O wha will I get but TAM GLEN?

Yestreen at the Valentines dealing,  
My heart to my mou' gied a sten;  
For thrice I drew ane without failing,  
And thrice it was written, TAM GLEN.

The last Halloween I was waukin  
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;  
His likeness cam' up the house stalking,  
And the very grey breeks o' TAM GLEN!

Come counsel, dear titty, don't tarry;  
I'll gi'e you my bonny black hen,  
Gin ye will advise me to marry  
The lad I lo'e dearly, TAM GLEN.

DEAR COLIN, PREVENT MY WARM BLUSHES.

BY LADY M. W. MONTAGUE.

THE SAME AIR.

DEAR COLIN, prevent my warm blushes,  
Since how can I speak without pain?  
My eyes have oft told you my wishes,  
O! can't you their meaning explain?  
My passion would lose by expression,  
And you too might cruelly blame;  
Then don't you expect a confession,  
Of what is too tender to name.

Since your's is the province of speaking,  
Why should you expect it from me?  
Our wishes should be in our keeping,  
'Till you tell us what they should be.  
Then quickly why don't you discover?  
Did your heart feel such tortures as mine,  
Eyes need not tell over and over  
What I in my bosom confine.

# My heart is a breaking dear Titty

*Allegretto*

*for*

My heart is a breaking dear TITTY Some

*pia.*

counsel un-to me come len' To an-ger them a' tis a pi-ty But

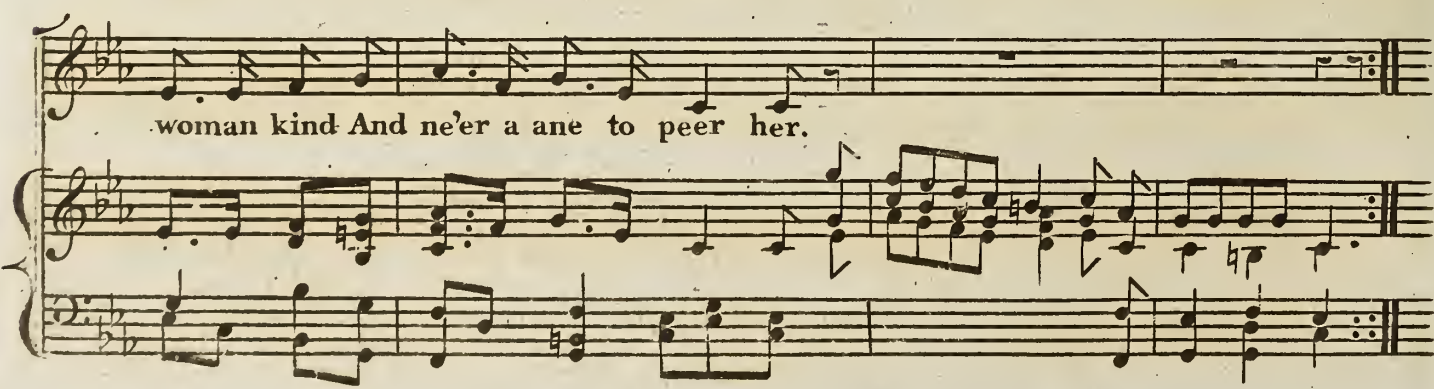
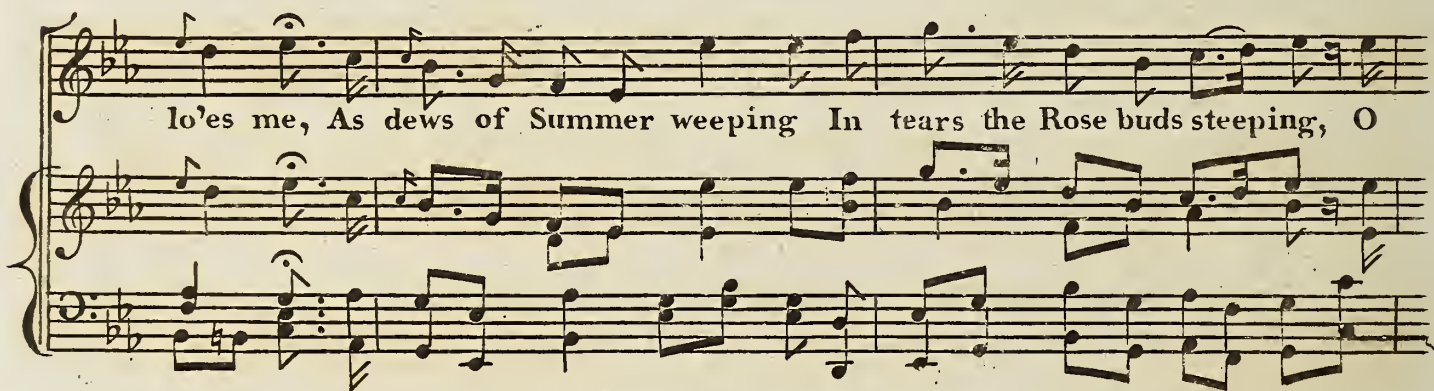
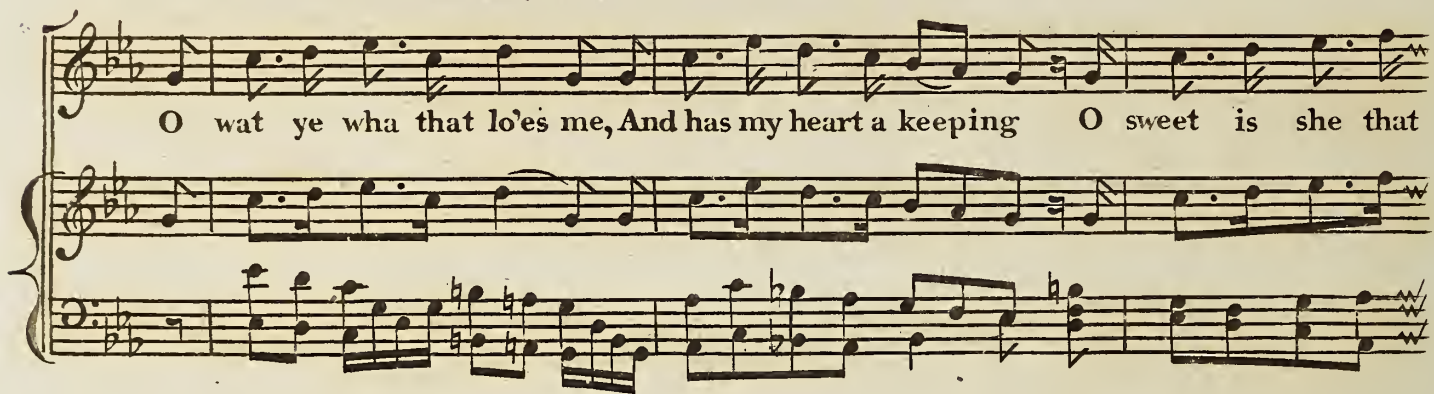
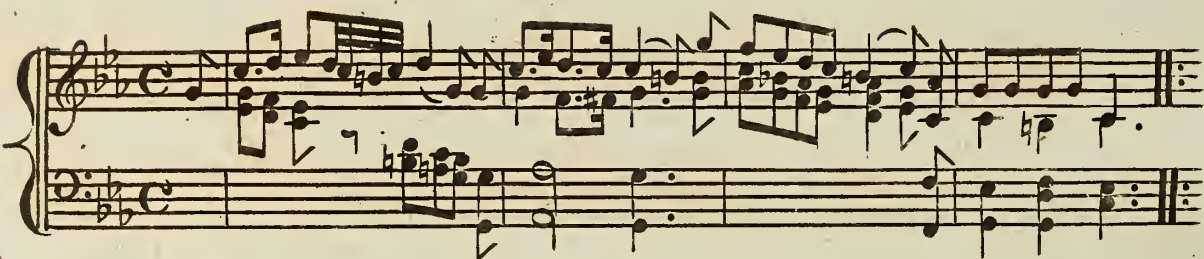
what will I do wi' TAM GLEN.

*for*

*pia.*

*O wat ye wha that lo'es me.*

*Andante*  
*con*  
*Rapportione*



## O WAT YE WHA THAT LO'ES ME.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—MORAG.

O WAT ye wha that lo'es me,  
 And has my heart a-keeping?  
 O sweet is she that lo'es me,  
 As dews o' summer weeping,  
 In tears the rose-buds steeping:  
 O that 's the lassie o' my heart,  
 My lassie, ever dearer;  
 O that 's the queen o' woman-kind,  
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

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

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

If thou hast met this fair one,—  
 When frae her thou hast parted,  
 If every other fair one,  
 But her, thou hast deserted,  
 And thou art broken-hearted:  
 O that 's the lassie o' my heart,  
 My lassie, ever dearer;  
 O that 's the queen o' woman-kind,  
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

## LOUD BLAW THE FROSTY BREEZES.

THE SAME AIR.

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,  
 The snaws the mountains cover,  
 Like winter on me seizes,  
 Since my young Highland rover  
 Far wanders nations over.  
 Where'er he go, where'er he stray,  
 May heaven be his warden;  
 Return him safe to fair Strathspey,  
 And bonie Castle Gordon.

The trees now naked groaning,  
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,  
 The birdies dowie moaning,  
 Shall a' be blythely singing,  
 And ev'ry flow'r be springing.  
 Sae I'll rejoice the lee lang day,  
 When by his mighty warden,  
 My youth 's return'd to fair Strathspey,  
 And bonie Castle Gordon.

# SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?

FROM AN OLD MS. IN THE EDITOR'S POSSESSION.

## AIR,—AULD LANG SYNE.

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

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

We twa ha'e run about the braes,  
And pu'd the gowans fine;  
~~But~~ we've wander'd mony a weary foot,  
Sin' auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

We twa ha'e paidlet i' the burn,  
Frae morning sun 'till dine;  
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd  
Sin' auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

And there 's a hand, my trusty feire,  
And gi'es a hand o' thine:  
And we'll tak' a right gude-willie waught,  
For auld lang syne.  
For auld lang syne, my dear, &c.

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

# Should auld acquaintance be forgot.<sup>68</sup>

*Allegretto*



Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to

mind? Should auld acquaintance be forgot And days o' lang syne?

## Chorus

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

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

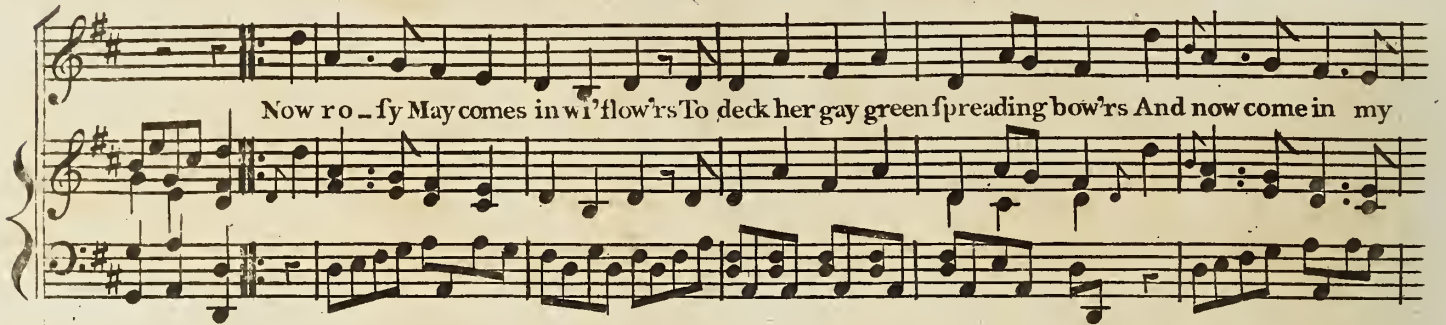
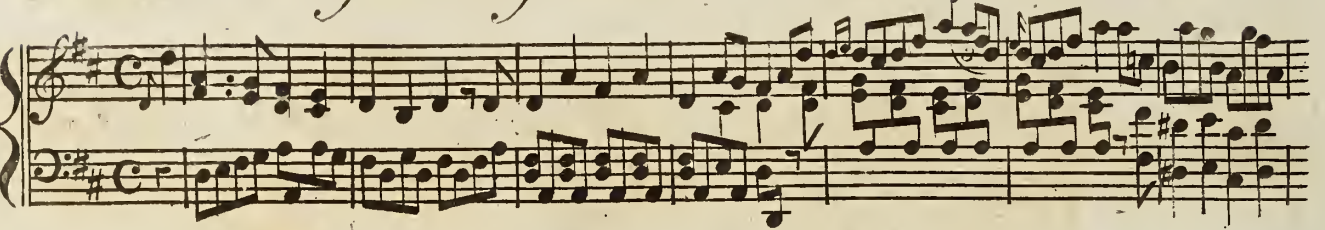
kindness yet For auld lang syne.

kindness yet For auld lang syne.

\* The Sym. & Accom<sup>t</sup> simplified as above by M<sup>r</sup>. K. 1801.

*Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers.*

*Violace*

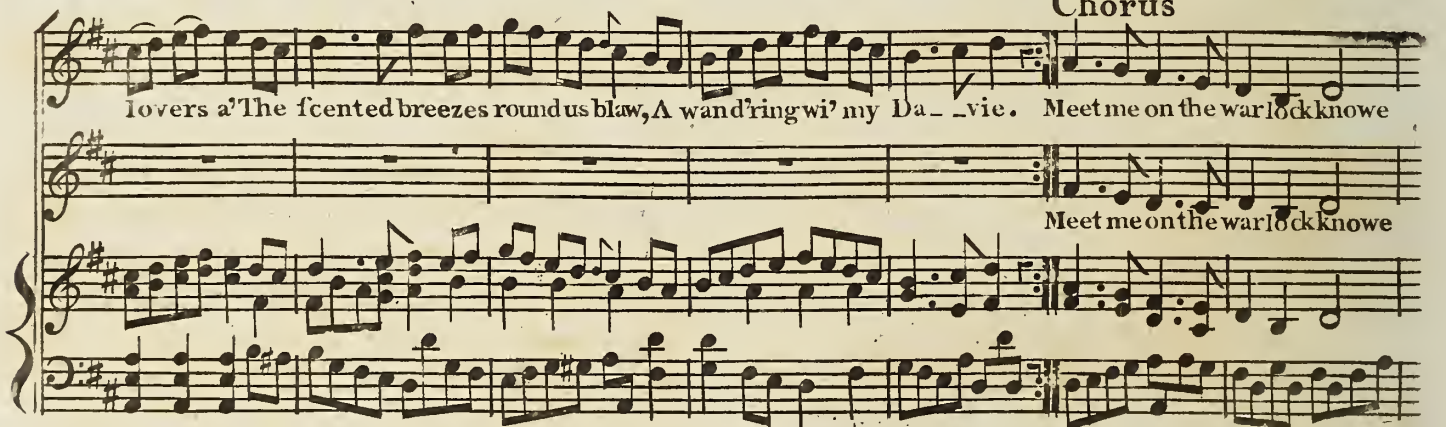


Now ro - sy May comes in wi' flow'rs To deck her gay green spreading bow'rs And now come in my



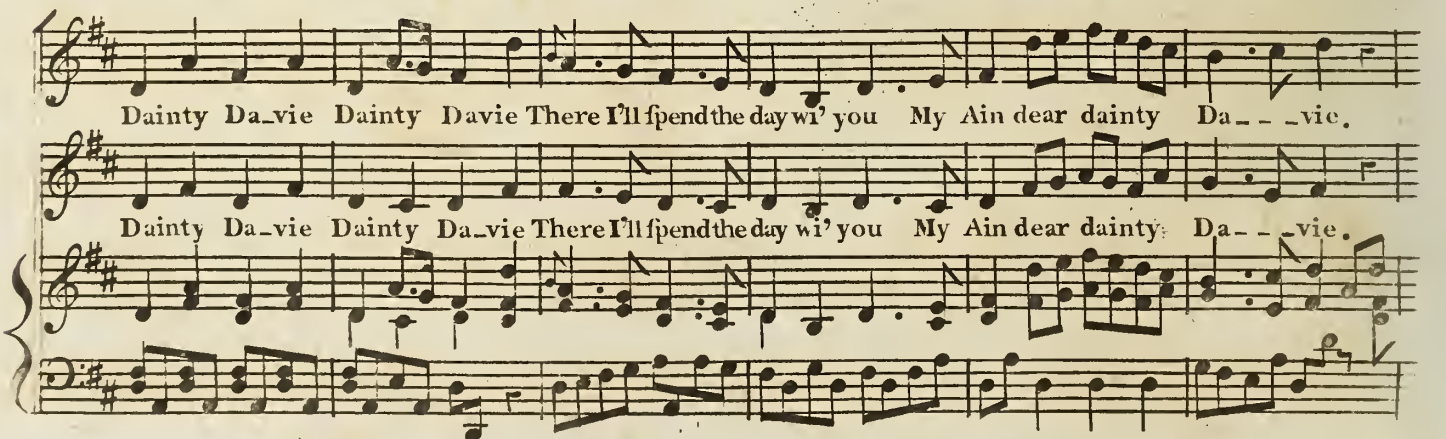
happy hours To wander wi' my Da - vie. The chrysal waters round us fa' The merry birds are

Chorus



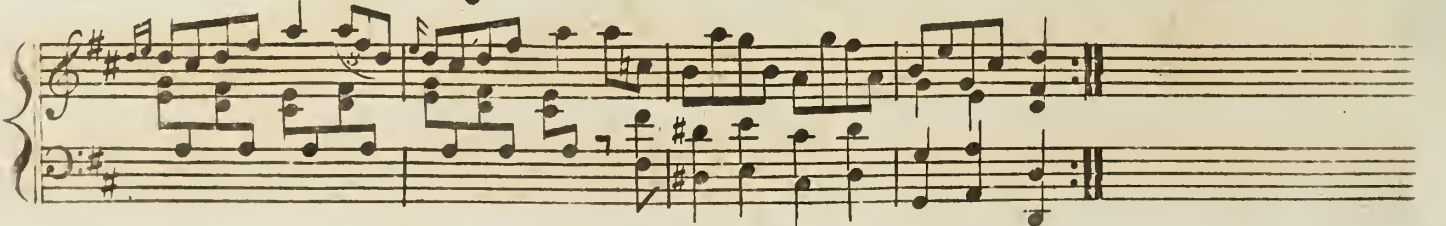
lovers a' The scented breezes round us blow, A wand'ring wi' my Da - vie. Meet me on the warlock knowe

Meet me on the warlock knowe



Dainty Da - vie Dainty Davie There I'll spend the day wi' you My Ain dear dainty Da - - - vie.

Dainty Da - vie Dainty Da - vie There I'll spend the day wi' you My Ain dear dainty Da - - - vie.



*NOW ROSY MAY COMES IN WI' FLOWERS.*

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

---

AIR,—DAINTY DAVIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,  
To deck her gay green spreading bowers ;  
And now come in my happy hours,  
To wander wi' my DAVIE.

The chrystal waters round us fa',  
The merry birds are lovers a',  
The scented breezes round us blaw,  
A-wandering wi' my DAVIE.

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

When purple morning starts the hare,  
To steal upon her early fare,  
Then through the dew's I will repair,  
To meet my faithful DAVIE.

When day, expiring in the west,  
The curtain draws of Nature's rest,  
I'll flee to 's arms I lo'e the best,  
And that 's my ain dear DAVIE.

CHORUS. Meet me at the warlock knowe,  
Bonie DAVIE, dainty DAVIE ;  
There I'll spend the day wi' you,  
My ain dear dainty DAVIE.

*IT WAS THE CHARMING MONTH OF MAY,*

ALTER'D TO SUIT THE SAME AIR,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

---

It was the charming month of May  
When all the flowers were fresh and gay,  
One morning by the break of day,

The youthful charming CHLOE ;  
From peaceful slumber she arose,  
Girt on her mantle and her hose,  
And o'er the flowery mead she goes,

The youthful charming CHLOE.  
CHORUS. Lovely was she by the dawn,  
Youthful CHLOE, charming CHLOE,  
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,  
The youthful, charming CHLOE.

The feather'd people, you might see,  
Perch'd all around on every tree,  
In notes of sweetest melody

They hail the charming CHLOE :  
Till painting gay the eastern skies,  
The glorious sun began to rise ;  
Out-rival'd by the radiant eyes  
Of youthful, charming CHLOE.

CHORUS. Lovely was she by the dawn,  
Youthful CHLOE, charming CHLOE,  
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,  
The youthful, charming CHLOE.

---

## ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

WRITTEN

BY MRS GRANT OF CARRON.

## AIR,—ROY'S WIFE.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
 Wat ye how she cheated me,  
 As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.  
 She vow'd, she swore, she wad be mine,  
 She said that she loo'd me best of ony;  
 But, oh, the fickle faithless quean,  
 She 's ta'en the carle and left her JOHNIE.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
 Wat ye how she cheated me,  
 As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.  
 O she was a canty quean,  
 And weel cou'd she dance the Highland walloch,  
 How happy I, had she been mine,  
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,  
 Wat ye how she cheated me,  
 As I came o'er the braes of Balloch.  
 Her hair sae fair, her e'en sae clear,  
 Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonny,  
 To me she ever will be dear,  
 Tho' she 's for ever left her JOHNIE.

## CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

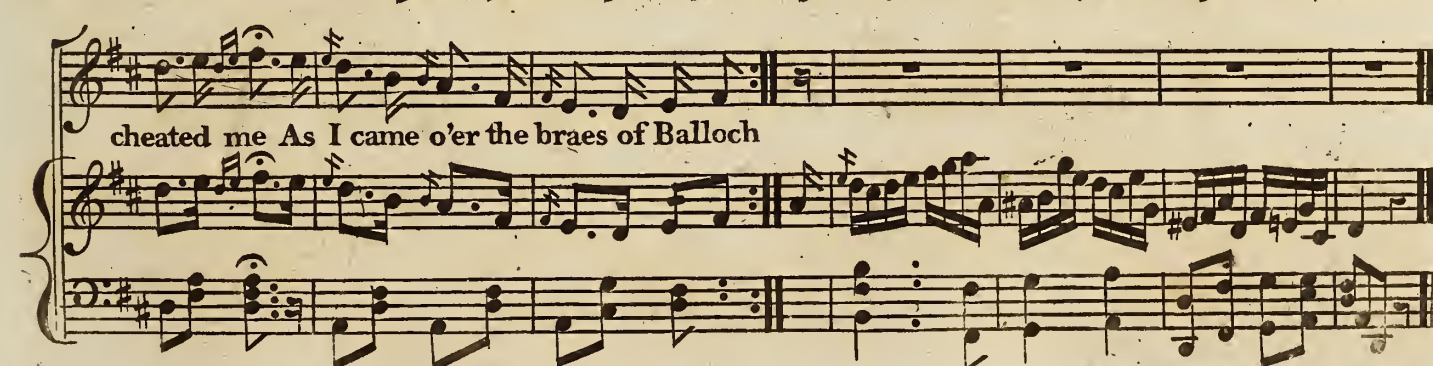
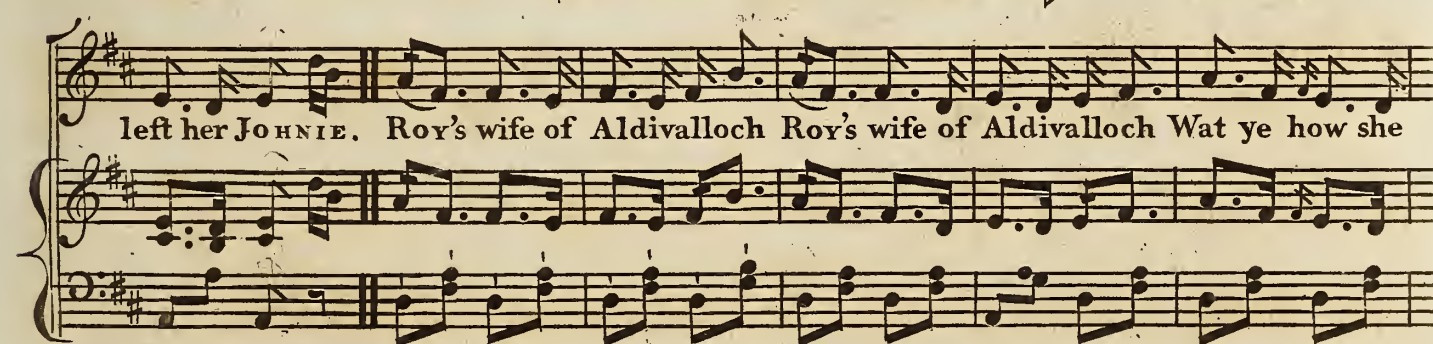
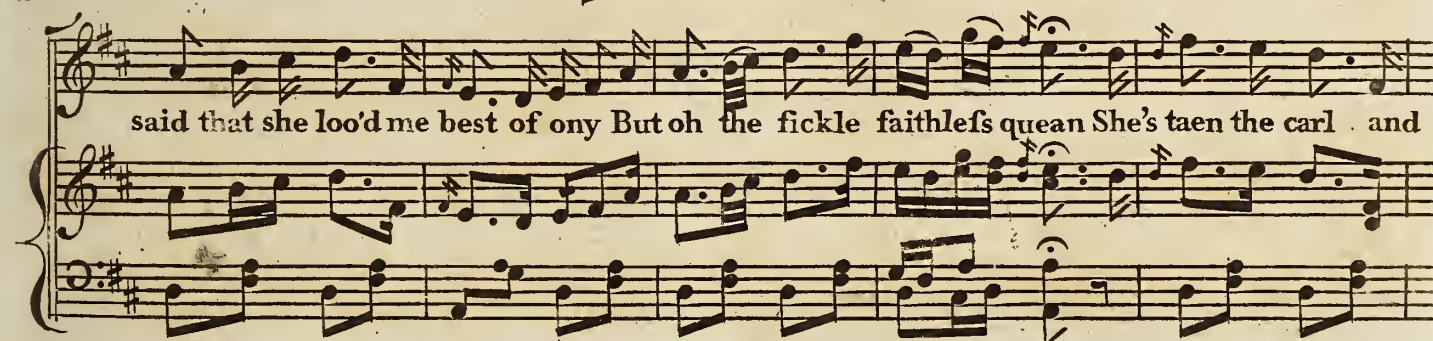
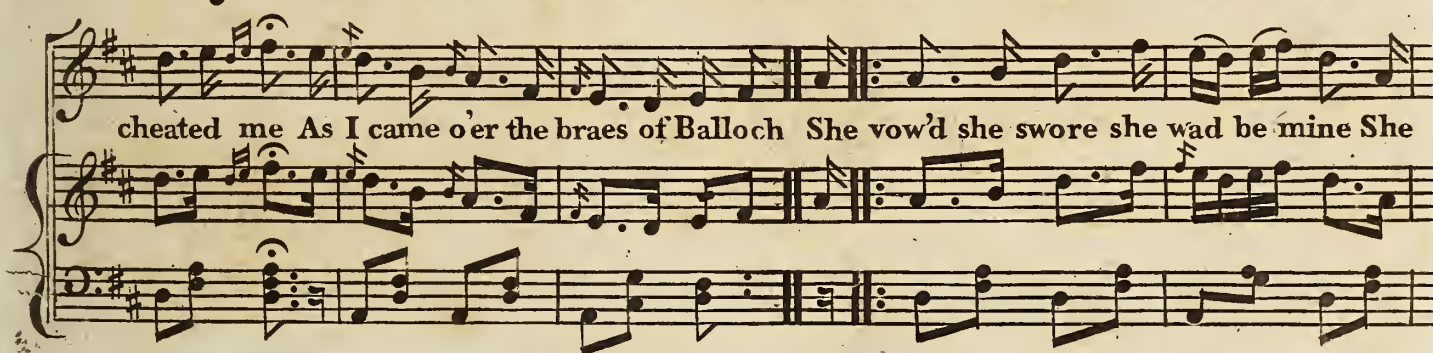
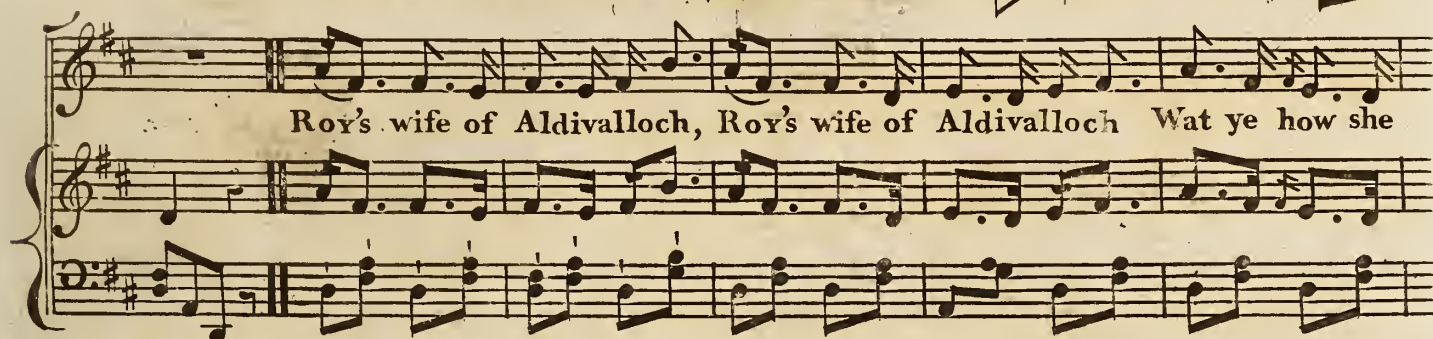
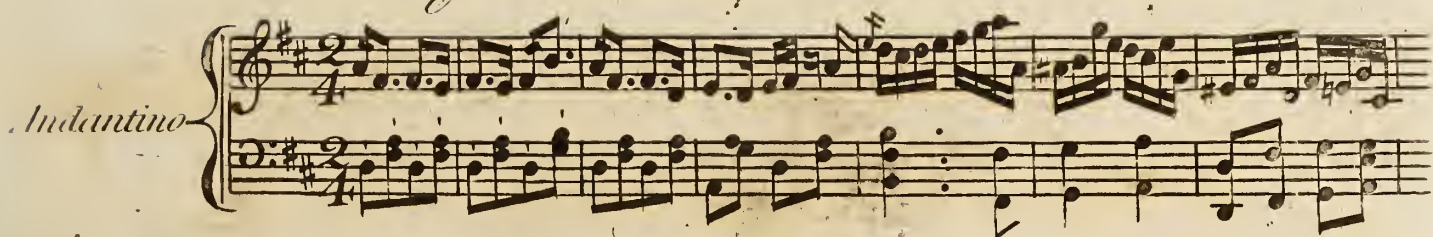
## THE SAME AIR.

CANST thou leave me thus, my KATY,  
 Canst thou leave me thus, my KATY;  
 Well thou know'st my aching heart,  
 And canst thou leave me thus for pity.  
 Is this thy plighted, fond regard  
 Thus cruelly to part, my KATY?  
 Is this thy faithful swain's reward,—  
 An aching broken heart, my KATY!

Canst thou leave me thus, my KATY,  
 Canst thou leave me thus, my KATY;  
 Well thou know'st my aching heart,  
 And canst thou leave me thus for pity.  
 Farewel! and ne'er such sorrows tear  
 That fickle heart of thine, my KATY!  
 Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—  
 But not a love like mine, my KATY.

# Roy's wife of Aldivalloch.

70



# When I ha'e a saxpence &c.

*Andantino*

When I ha'e a saxpence under my thum O then I'll get credit in il - ka town. But

ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by; O pover - ty parts good compa - ny

**CHORUS**

Tod - lin hame Tod - lin hame O cou'd na my Love come tod - lin hame.

Tod - lin hame Tod - lin hame O cou'd na my Love come tod - lin hame

WHEN I HA'E A SAXPENCE UNDER MY THUMB.

AIR,—TODLIN HAME.

WHEN I ha'e a saxpence under my thumb,  
O then I'll get credit in ilka town;  
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by;  
O! poverty parts good company!

Todlin hame, todlin hame,  
Cou'dna my Love come todlin hame?

Fair fa' the gudewife, and send her good sale;  
She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale;  
Syne if her typenny chance to be sma',  
We'll tak' a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.

Todlin hame, todlin hame,  
As round as a neep we gang todlin hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,  
And twa pint-stoups at our bed-feet;  
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry;  
What think you of my wee kimmer and I?

Todlin hame, todlin hame,  
Sae round as my Love comes todlin hame.

Leez me on liquor, my todlin dow,  
Your ay sae good-humour'd when weeting your mou';  
When sober sae sour, ye'll fecht wi' a flee,  
That it 's a blyth sight to the bairns and me,

When todlin hame, todlin hame,  
When round as a neep ye come todlin hame.

COME, FILL ME A BUMPER, &c.

THE SAME AIR.

COME, fill me a bumper, my jolly brave boys,  
Let 's have no more female impert'nence and noise;  
I've tried the endearments and witchcraft of love,  
And found them but nonsense, and whimsies, by JOVE.

Truce with your love, no more of your love;  
The bottle henceforth is my mistress, by JOVE.

When first little BETTY and I were acquaint,  
I whin'd like a fool, she sigh'd like a saint;  
But I found her religion, her face, and her love,  
Hypocrisy, paint, and self-int'rest, by JOVE.

Truce with your love, no more of your love;  
The bottle henceforth is my mistress, by JOVE.

Sweet CECIL came next, with a languishing air,  
Her outside was orderly, modest, and fair;  
But the baggage, forgetting her vows and her love,  
Gave her hand to a sniv'ling, dull coxcomb, by JOVE.

Truce with your love, no more of your love;  
The bottle henceforth is my mistress, by JOVE.

Come, fill me a bumper, then, jolly brave boys,  
Here 's farewell to female impert'nence and noise:  
There 's few of the sex that are worthy our love;  
And for strumpets and jilts I abhor them, by JOVE.

Then truce with your love, no more of your love;  
The bottle henceforth is my mistress, by JOVE.

THOU'RT GANE AWA', &c.

---

AIR,—THOU'RT GANE AWA'.

THOU'RT gane awa', thou'rt gane awa',  
 Thou'rt gane awa' frae me, MARY;  
 Nor friends nor I could make thee stay,  
 Thou'st cheated them and me, MARY.  
 Until this hour I never thought  
 That aught could alter thee, MARY;  
 Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart,  
 Think what you will of me, MARY.

Whate'er he said or might pretend,  
 Wha stole that heart of thine, MARY;  
 True love I'm sure, was ne'er his end,  
 Or nae such love as mine, MARY.  
 I spoke sincere, nor flatter'd much,  
 Had no unworthy thoughts, MARY;  
 Ambition, wealth, nor naething such,  
 No, I lov'd only thee, MARY.

Tho' you've been false, yet while I live  
 No other maid I'll woo, 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.

THE SMILING PLAINS, &c.

BY MR WILLIAM FALCONER.

---

THE SAME AIR.

THE smiling plains, profusely gay,  
 Are drest in all the pride of May;  
 The birds around in every vale,  
 Breathe rapture on the vocal gale.

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

O soft as love! as honour fair!  
 More gently sweet than vernal air;  
 Come to my arms, for you alone  
 Can all my anguish past atone!

O come; and to my bleeding heart  
 Th' ambrosial balm of love impart!  
 Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,  
 And give the year eternal spring.

---

Thou art gane awa &c ? 72

Duet  
Larghetto

for: for: pia.

Thou art gane a\_wa thou'rt gane a\_wa, Thou art gane awa frae me MARY; Nor

friends nor I could make thee stay, Thou hast cheated them & me MARY Until this hour I

never thought That aught could alter thee MARY Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart Think

what you will of me MA-RY.

for: for: pia.

*O meikle thinks my Love &c.*

*Allegretto*

O meikle thinks my Love o' my beauty And meikle thinks my Love

o' my kin But little thinks my Love I ken brawly My tocher's the jew-el has

charms for him. It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree It's a' for the

hiney he'll cherish the Bee; My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller, He

canna hae love to spare for me.

O MEIKLE THINKS MY LOVE O' MY BEAUTY.

By ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—MY TOCHER 'S THE JEWEL.

O MEIKLE thinks my Love o' my beauty,  
And meikle thinks my Love o' my kin;  
But little thinks my Love I ken brawlie,  
My tocher 's the jewel has charms for him.  
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;  
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;  
My laddie 's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,  
He canna ha'e love to spare for me.

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

DID EVER SWAIN A NYMPH ADORE?

WRITTEN

By CHARLES LORD BINNING \*.

THE SAME AIR.

DID ever swain a nymph adore,  
As I ungrateful NANNY do?  
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore?  
Was ever broken heart so true?  
My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she  
Has never shed a tear for me.  
My cheeks, &c.  
If NANNY call'd, did ROBIN stây,  
Or linger when she bid me run?  
She only had the word to say,  
And all she ask'd was quickly done:  
I always thought on her, but she  
Wou'd ne'er bestow a thought on me.  
I always, &c.

To let her cows my clover taste,  
Have I not rose by break of day?  
When did her heifers ever fast,  
If ROBIN in his yard had hay?  
Tho' to my fields they welcome were,  
I never welcome was to her.  
Tho' to my fields, &c.

If NANNY ever lost a sheep,  
I cheerfully did give her two;  
Did not her lambs in safety sleep  
Within my folds in frost and snow?  
Have they not there from cold been free?  
But NANNY still is cold to me.  
Have they not, &c.

Whene'er I climb'd our orchard trees,  
The ripest fruit was kept for NAN.  
Oh how those hands that drown'd her bees  
Were stung! I'll ne'er forget the pain:  
Sweet were the combs as sweet could be,  
But NANNY ne'er look'd sweet on me.  
Sweet were, &c.

If NANNY to the well did come,  
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill:  
Full as they were I brought them home,  
Her corn I carry'd to the mill:  
My back did bear her sacks, but she  
Would never bear the sight of me.  
My back did bear, &c.

To NANNY's poultry oats I gave,  
I'm sure they always had the best;  
Within this week her pidgeons have  
Eat up a peck of pease at least!  
Her little pidgeons kiss, but she  
Would never take a kiss from me.  
Her little pidgeons, &c.

Must ROBIN always NANNY woo?  
And NANNY still on ROBIN frown?  
Alas! poor wretch! what shall I do,  
If NANNY does not love me soon?  
If no relief to me she'll bring,  
I'll hang me in her apron string.  
If no relief, &c.

\* Grandfather to the present EARL of HADDINGTON. He died at NAPLES greatly lamented.

## O SEND LEWIE GORDON HAME.

AIR,—LEWIE GORDON.

O SEND LEWIE GORDON hame,  
 And the lad I winna name ;  
 Tho' his back be at the wa',  
 Here's to him that 's far awa'.  
 O hon my Highlandman,  
 O my bonny Highlandman,  
 Weel wou'd I my true love ken  
 Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O to see his tartan trews,  
 Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,  
 Philabeg aboon his knee ;  
 That 's the lad that I'll gang wi'.  
 O hon my Highlandman,  
 O my bonny Highlandman,  
 Weel wou'd I my true love ken  
 Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

This lovely youth, of whom I sing,  
 Is fitted for to be a king :  
 On his breast he wears a star,  
 You'd take him for the god of war.  
 O hon my Highlandman,  
 O my bonny Highlandman,  
 Weel wou'd I my true love ken  
 Amang ten thousand Highlandman.

O to see this princely one,  
 Seated on a royal throne !  
 Disasters a' wou'd disappear ;  
 Then begins the jub'lee year.  
 O hon my Highlandman,  
 O my bonny Highlandman,  
 Weel wou'd I my true love ken  
 Amang ten thousand Highlandman.

## ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

Scots, wha ha'e wi' WALLACE bled ;  
 Scots, wham BRUCE has aften led ;  
 Welcome to your gory bed,  
 Or to glorious victory.

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour,  
 See the front of battle lour ;  
 See approach proud EDWARD's power,—  
 EDWARD, chains, and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?  
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?  
 Wha sae base as be a slave !  
 Traitor, coward, turn and flee !

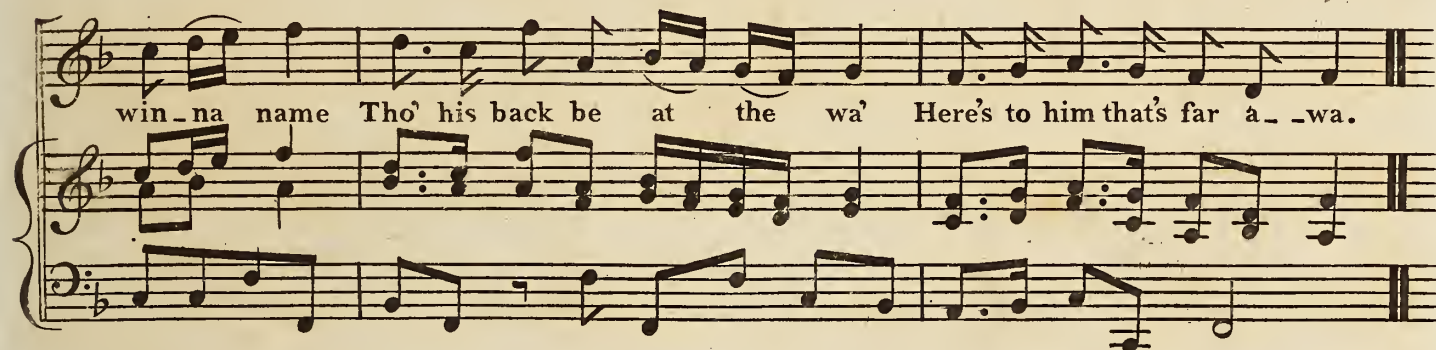
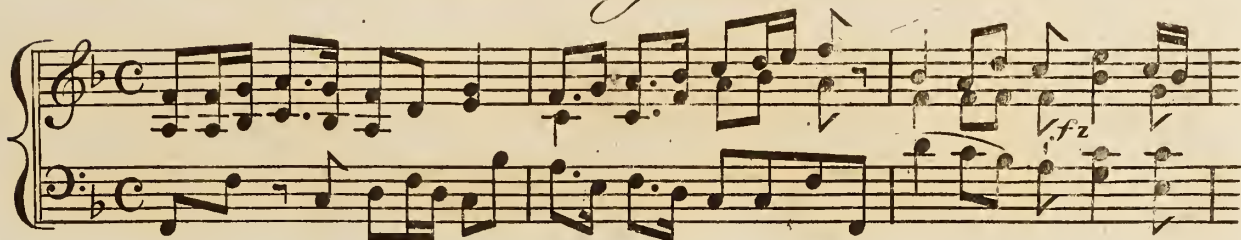
Wha for Scotland's king and law,  
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw ;  
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',  
 Caledonian, on wi' me.

By oppression's woes and pains,  
 By your sons in servile chains,  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall be, shall be free !

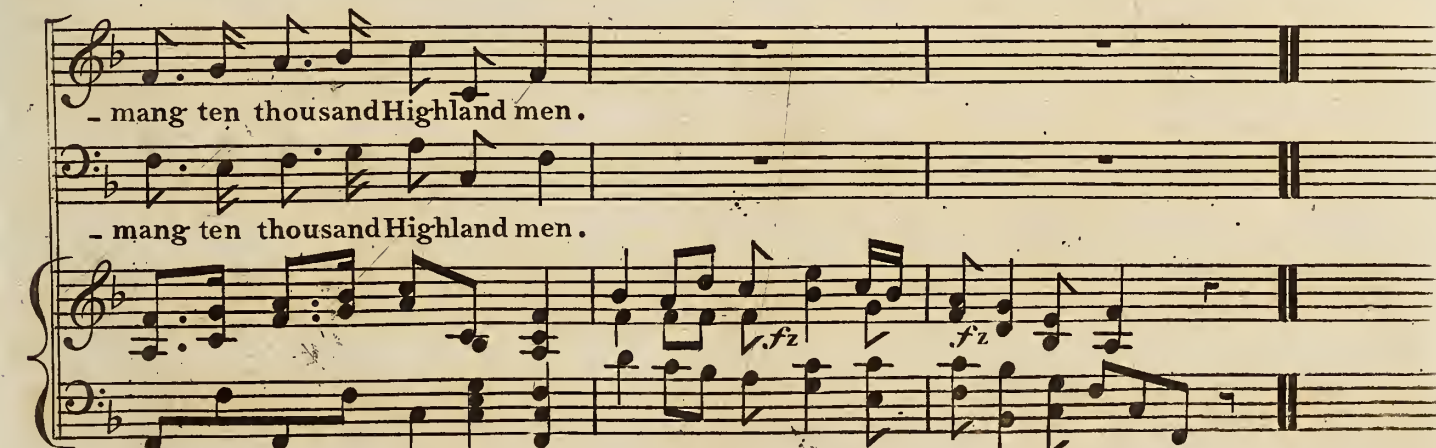
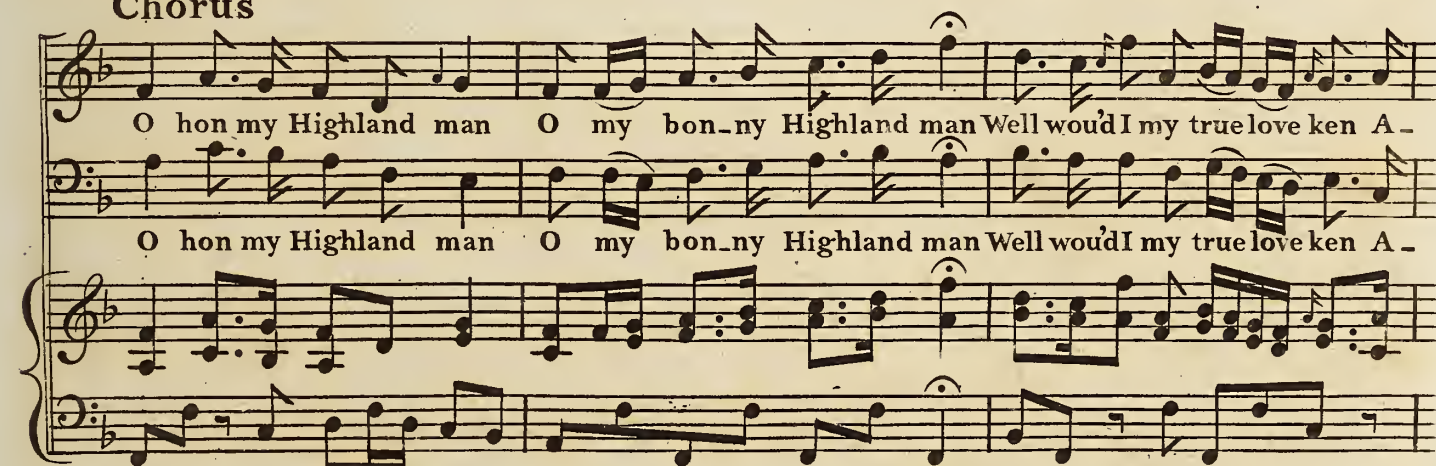
Lay the proud usurpers low,  
 Tyrants fall in every foe ;  
 Liberty 's in every blow !  
 Forward.—let us do or die !

# O send Lewie Gordon hame 74

*Andante*



## Chorus



\* The Sym. & Acomp.<sup>t</sup> simplified as above by M<sup>r</sup> K. 1801.

*Here's a health to ane I loe dear.*

*Duet*  
*Grazioso*

Here's a health to ane I loe dear, Here's a health to ane I loe dear, Thou art  
Here's a health to ane I loe dear, Here's a health to ane I loe dear, Thou art

sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet And soft as their parting tear JESSY. Al -  
sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet And soft as their parting tear JESSY. Al -

tho thou maun never be mine Altho' even hope is denied Tis sweeter for thee des -  
tho thou maun never be mine Altho' even hope is denied Tis sweeter for thee des -

- pair - ing Than aught in the world beside JESSY.  
- pair - ing Than aught in the world beside JESSY.

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

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

By ROBERT BURNS.

---

AIR,—HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA'.

HERE'S a health to ane I lo'e dear,  
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear ;  
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,  
 And soft as their parting tear—JESSY.  
 Altho' thou maun never be mine,  
 Altho' even hope is denied ;  
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,  
 Than aught in the world beside—JESSY.

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,  
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear ;  
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,  
 And soft as their parting tear—JESSY.  
 I mourn through the gay, gawdy day,  
 As hopeless I muse on thy charms ;  
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,  
 For then I am lock'd in thy arms—JESSY.

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,  
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear ;  
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,  
 And soft as their parting tear—JESSY.  
 I guess by thy dear angel smile,  
 I guess by thy soft-rolling e'e :—  
 But why urge the tender confession  
 'Gainst Fortune's stern, cruel decree !

---





# Farewell, thou fair day &c?

Duet

Farewell thou fair day thou green

Farewell thou fair day thou green

Largh. to

earth and ye skies, Now gay with the broad setting sun! Farewell loves and friendships thou dear tender ties, Our  
 earth and ye skies, Now gay with the broad setting sun! Farewell loves and friendships thou dear tender ties, Our  
 race of ex\_istence is run. Thou grim king of terrors thou life's gloomy foe Go frighten the coward and  
 race of ex\_istence is run. Thou grim king of terrors thou life's gloomy foe Go frighten the coward and  
 slave, Go teach them to tremble fell tyrant but know No terrors hast thou for the brave.  
 slave, Go teach them to tremble fell tyrant but know No terrors hast thou for the brave.

FAREWEL, THOU FAIR DAY, &c.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

---

AIR,—MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.

FAREWEL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,  
Now gay with the broad setting sun !  
Farewel, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties !  
Our race of existence is run.

Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,  
Go frighten the coward and slave !  
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! but know,  
No terrors hast thou to the brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,  
Nor saves 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,  
O, who would not die with the brave !

---

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE ?

BY ROBERT BURNS.

---

AIR,—THE SUTOR'S DOUGHTER.

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

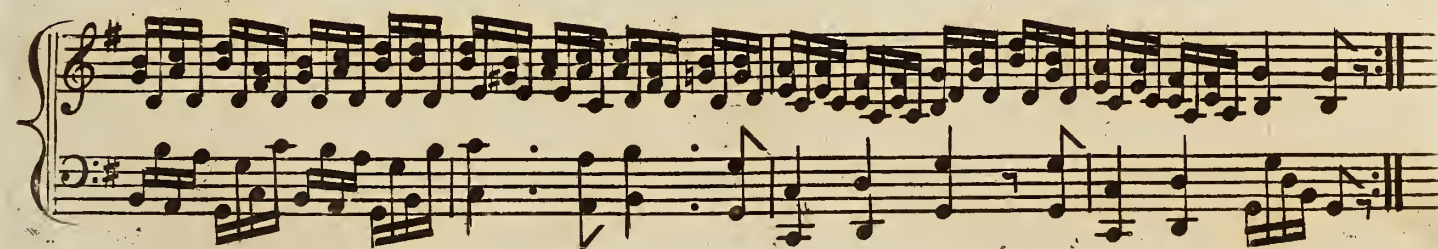
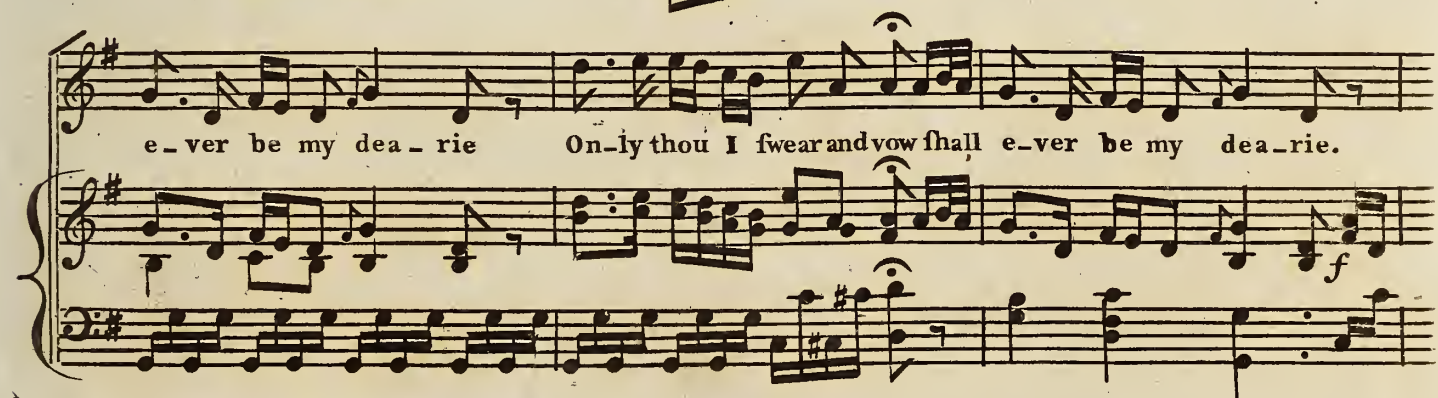
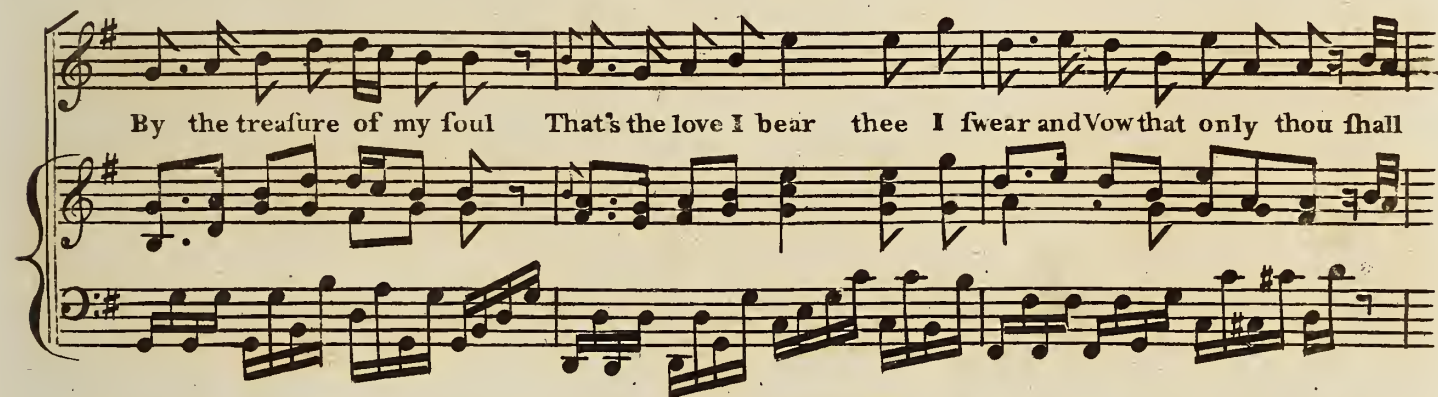
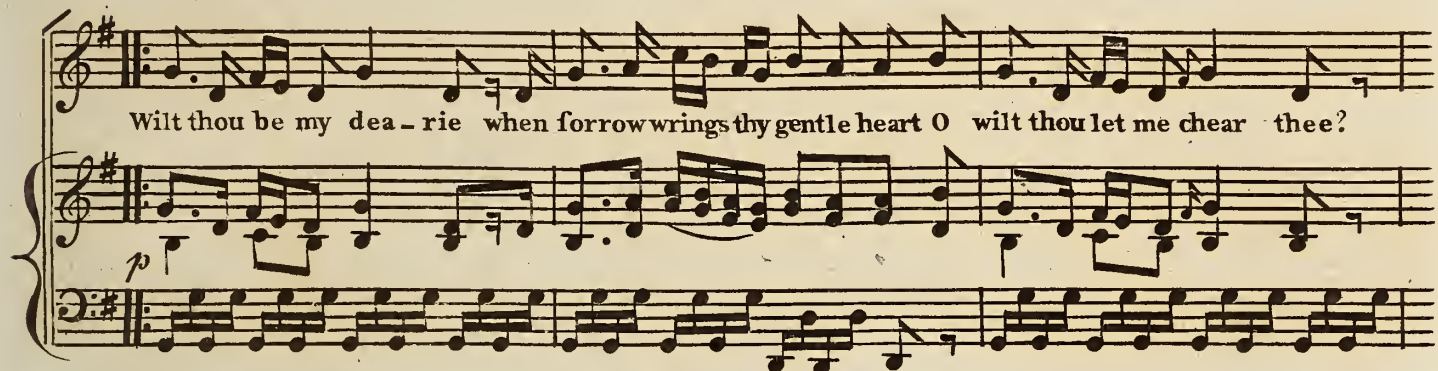
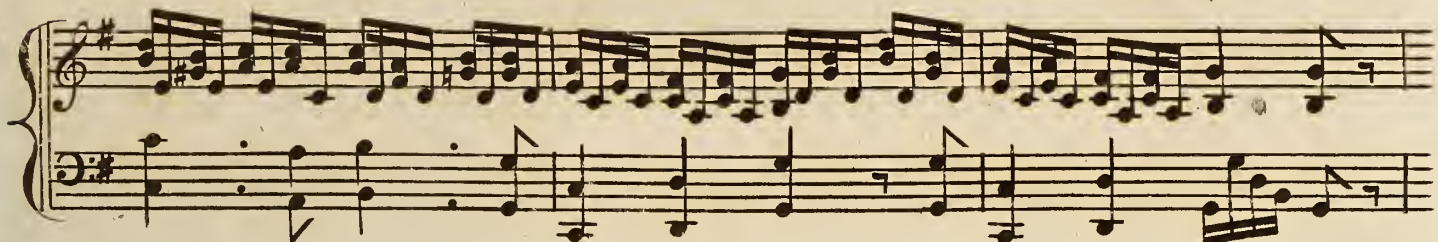
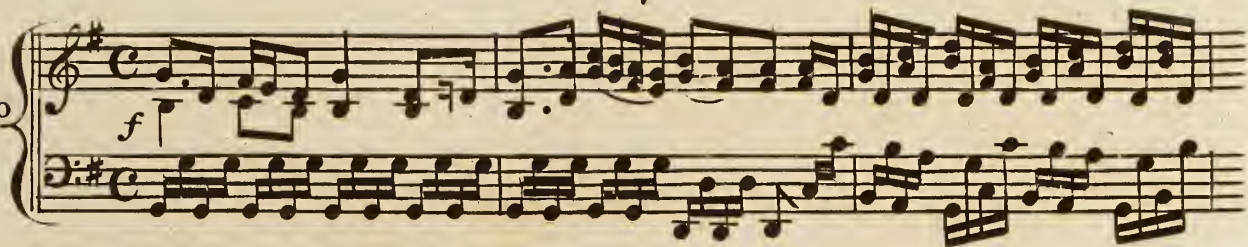
Lassie, say thou lo'es me ;  
 Or if thou wilt na be my ain,  
 Sayna thou'lt refuse me.  
 If it winna, canna be,  
 Thou for thine may choose me ;  
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,  
 Trusting that thou lo'es me :  
 Lassie, let me quickly die,  
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.

---

# Wilt thou be my Dearie

77

Andantino



# 78. The lawland lads think they are fine

Duet

Anda no

Dol  
p  
f

The lawland lads think they are fine, But O they're vain and Idle gawdy How much unlike that graceful mien, And

The lawland lads are fine, But O they're vain and Idle gawdy unlike that graceful mien, And

manly looks of my highland laddie, O my bonny highland laddy, My handsome charming highland laddie, May

manly looks of my highland laddie, O my bonny highland laddy My handsome charming highland laddie May

heaven fill guard and love reward - Our law land lads and her highland laddie.

heaven fill guard & love reward - Our law land lads and her highland laddie.

2f 2f

THE LAWLAND LADS THINK THEY ARE FINE.

AIR,—THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE Lawland lads think they are fine ;  
 But O they're vain and idly gawdy !  
 How much unlike the graceful mien,  
 And manly looks of my Highland laddie !  
 O my bonny Highland laddie,  
 My handsome charming Highland laddie ;  
 May heaven still guard, and love reward,  
 Our Lawland lass and her Highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse,  
 To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,  
 I'd tak' young DONALD without trews,  
 With bonnet blue and belted plaidy.  
 O my bonny, &c.

The bravest beau in burrow' town,  
 In a' his airs, with art made ready,  
 Compar'd to him is but a clown ;  
 He 's finer far in 's tartan plaidy.  
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,  
 And leave my Lawland kin and daddy,  
 Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,  
 He'll screen me with his Highland plaidy.  
 O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,  
 I ca' him my dear Highland laddie ;  
 And he ca's me his Lawland lass,  
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.  
 O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,  
 Than that his love prove true and steady,  
 Like mine to him which ne'er shall end,  
 While Heaven preserves my Highland laddie.  
 O my bonny Highland laddie,  
 My handsome charming Highland laddie ;  
 May heaven still guard, and love reward,  
 Our Lawland lass and her Highland laddie.

AH! SURE A PAIR WAS NEVER SEEN.

By R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.

THE SAME AIR.

AH! sure a pair was never seen  
 So justly form'd to meet by Nature !  
 The youth excelling so in mien,  
 The maid in ev'ry graceful feature !  
 O how happy are such lovers,  
 When kindred beauties each discovers !  
 For surely she was made for thee,  
 And thou to bless this charming creature !

So mild your looks, your children thence  
 Will early learn the task of duty ;  
 The boys with all their father's sense,  
 The girls with all their mother's beauty !  
 O how charming to inherit  
 At once such graces and such spirit ;  
 Thus, while you live, may fortune give  
 Each blessing equal to your merit !

## WHAT NUMBERS SHALL THE MUSE REPEAT?

BY MR CRAWFORD.

AIR,—ALLAN WATER.

WHAT numbers shall the muse repeat?  
 What verse be found to praise my ANNIE?  
 On her ten thousand graces wait;  
 Each swain admires, and owns she's bonny.  
 Since first she trod the happy plain,  
 She set each youthful heart on fire;  
 Each nymph does to her swain complain,  
 That ANNIE kindles new desire.

This lovely darling, dearest care,  
 This new delight, this charming ANNIE,  
 Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,  
 When FLORA's fragrant breezes fan ye.  
 All day the am'rous youths convene,  
 Joyous they sport and play before her;  
 All night when she no more is seen,  
 In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd AMYNTOR came;  
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to ANNIE;  
 His rising sighs express his flame,  
 His words were few, his wishes many.  
 With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,  
 "Kind shepherd, why shou'd I deceive ye?  
 'Alas! your love must deny'd,  
 "This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.  
 "Young DAMON came, with CUPID's art,  
 "His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling.  
 "He stole away my virgin heart;  
 "Cease, poor AMYNTOR, cease bewailing.  
 "Some brighter beauty you may find,  
 "On yonder plain the nymphs are many;  
 "Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,  
 "And leave to DAMON his own ANNIE."

## BY ALLAN, STREAM I CHANC'D TO ROVE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove  
 While PHOEBUS sunk beyond Benledi;\*  
 The winds were whispering through the grove,  
 The yellow corn was waving ready:  
 I listen'd to a lover's sang,  
 And thought on youthful pleasures many;  
 And ay the wild wood echoes rang,  
 O dearly do I lo'e thee, ANNIE.

O happy be the woodbine bower,  
 Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;  
 Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,  
 The place and time I met my dearie!  
 Her head upon my throbbing breast,  
 She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!"  
 While many a kiss the seal imprest,  
 The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae,  
 The simmer joy's the flocks to follow;  
 How cheery, thro' her shortening day,  
 Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow:  
 But can they melt the glowing heart,  
 Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure;  
 Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,  
 Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure.

\* A mountain west of STRATHALLAN, 3009 feet high.

What Numbers shall the Muse repeat.

79

*Andante  
espressivo*

What numbers shall the Muse repeat, What verse be found to  
praise my Annie! On her ten thousand graces wait Each Swain admires and  
owns she's bonny. Since first she trod the happy plain She set each youthful  
heart on fire; Each nymph does to her swain complain That Annie kindles  
new de-fire.

80. *The last time I came o'er the muir*

Larghetto

The piano introduction is in D major (one sharp) and common time (C). It begins with a treble clef staff containing four measures of whole rests. The piano part, marked with a piano (p) dynamic, starts in the second measure and continues for eight measures. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

The last time I came o'er the muir I left my Love be hind me; Ye Powers what pain do

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The lyrics are: "The last time I came o'er the muir I left my Love be hind me; Ye Powers what pain do". The music is in D major and common time.

I endure, When soft i--de--as mind me. Soon as the rud--dy morn display'd the

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "I endure, When soft i--de--as mind me. Soon as the rud--dy morn display'd the". The music is in D major and common time.

beaming day en--fu--ing I met betimes my love-ly maid In fit re-treats for

The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "beaming day en--fu--ing I met betimes my love-ly maid In fit re-treats for". The music is in D major and common time.

woo-ing.

The fourth line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "woo-ing.". The music is in D major and common time, ending with a double bar line.

*THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.*

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

AIR,—THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

THE last time I came o'er the muir,  
I left my Love behind me ;  
Ye powers, what pain do I endure,  
When soft ideas mind me !  
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd  
The beaming day ensuing,  
I met betimes my lovely maid,  
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,  
Gazing and chastely sporting ;  
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,  
Till night spread her black curtain.  
I pitied all beneath the skies,  
Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me ;  
In raptures I beheld her eyes,  
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,  
Where mortal steel may wound me ;  
Or cast upon some foreign shore,  
Where dangers may surround me ;  
Yet hopes again to see my Love,  
To feast on glowing kisses,  
Shall make my cares at distance move,  
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there 's not one place  
To let a rival enter ;  
Since she excels in every grace,  
In her my love shall center.  
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,  
Their waves the Alps shall cover,  
On Greenland ice shall roses grow,  
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,  
She shall a lover find me ;  
And that my faith is firm and pure,  
Though I left her behind me.  
Then HYMEN's sacred bands shall chain  
My heart to her fair bosom ;  
There, while my being doth remain,  
My love more fresh shall blossom.

*FAREWEL, THOU STREAM THAT WINDING FLOWS.*

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

By ROBERT BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

FAREWEL, thou stream that winding flows  
Around ELIZA's dwelling ;  
Ah cruel mem'ry, spare the throes  
Within my bosom swelling :  
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,  
And still in secret languish ;  
To feel a fire in every vein,  
Yet dare not speak, my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,  
I fain my griefs would cover ;  
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,  
Betray the hapless lover :  
I know thou doom'st me to despair,  
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me ;  
But, oh ! ELIZA, hear one prayer,  
For pity's sake, forgive me ?

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

## I'VE SEEN THE SMILING, &amp;c.

BY MRS COCKBURN.

## AIR,—THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,  
 I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;  
 Sweet was its blessing, kind its caressing,  
 But now 'tis fled—fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorned the foremost,  
 With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and  
 gay;  
 So bonny was their blooming, their scent the air per-  
 fuming;  
 But now they are wither'd and weeded away.

I've seen the morning, with gold the hills adorning;  
 And loud tempest storming before the mid-day.  
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams shining in the sunny  
 beams,  
 Grow drumly and dark as he row'd on his way.

O fickle fortune! why this cruel sporting?  
 O why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?  
 No more your smiles can cheer me, no more your  
 frowns can fear me,  
 For the flowers of the forest are withered away.

## THE OLD VERSES,

*Written upon the BATTLE of FLODDEN, which proved so fatal to JAMES IV. and the Scottish Army.*

## THE SAME AIR.

I've heard o' lilting at the ewes milking,  
 Lasses a-lilting e'er the break o' day;  
 But now I hear moaning on ilka green loaning,  
 Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.

At bouchts in the morning nae blyth lads are scorning,  
 The lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae;  
 Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but sighing and sabbing;  
 Ilk ane lifts her leglen, and hies her away.

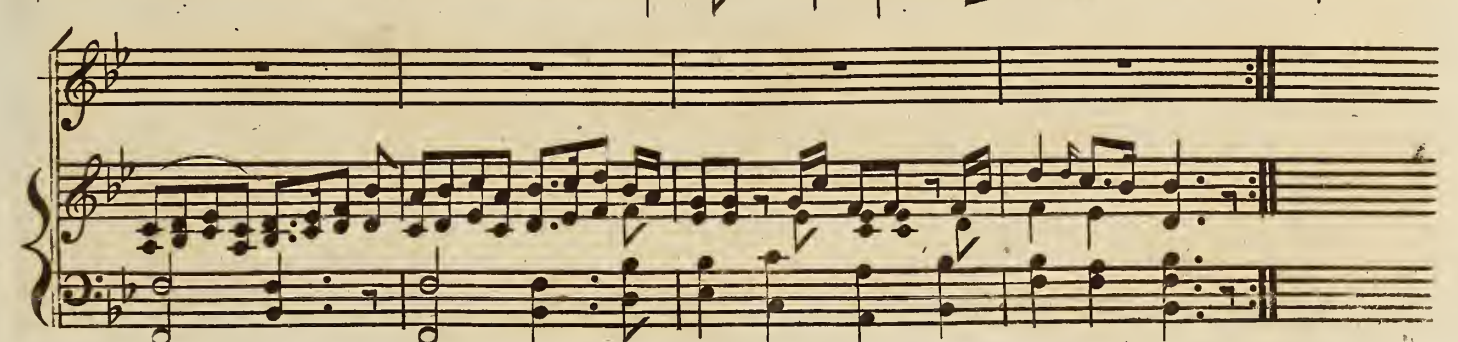
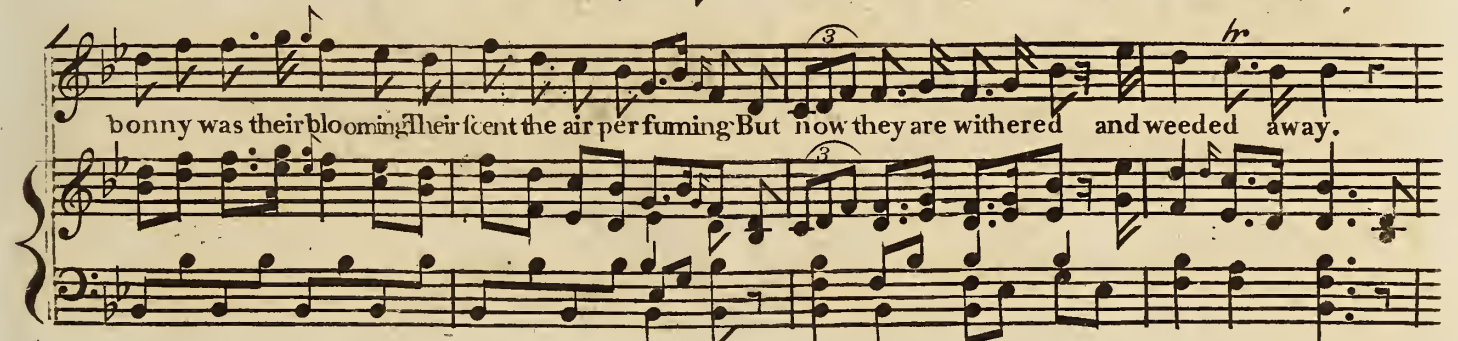
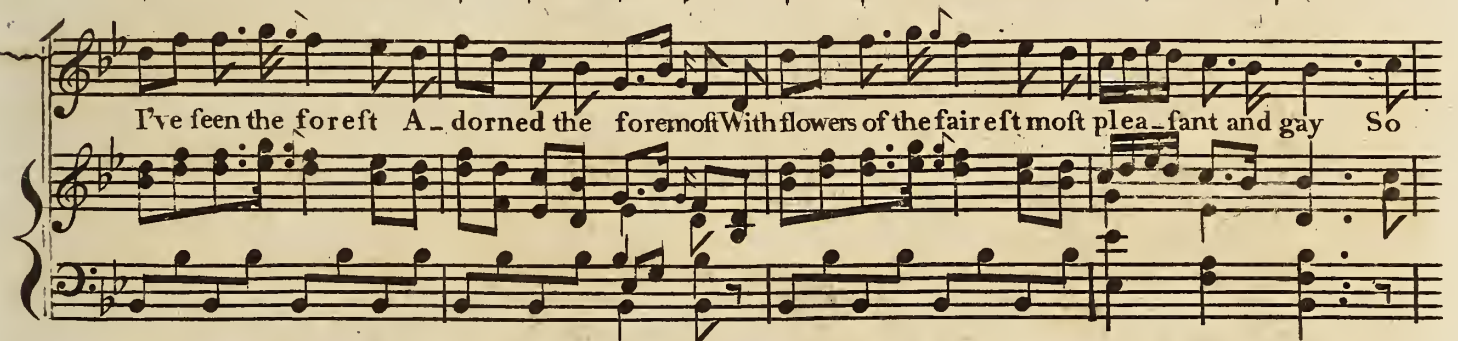
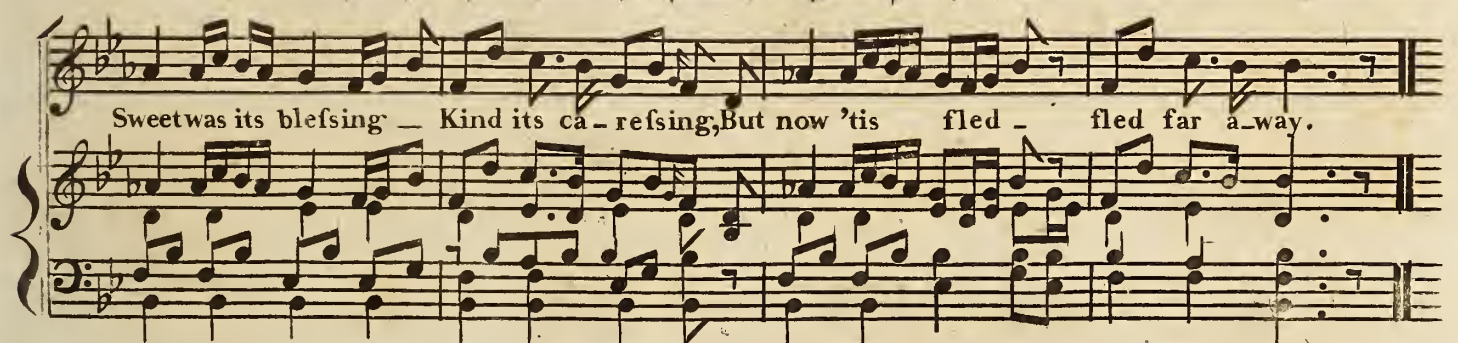
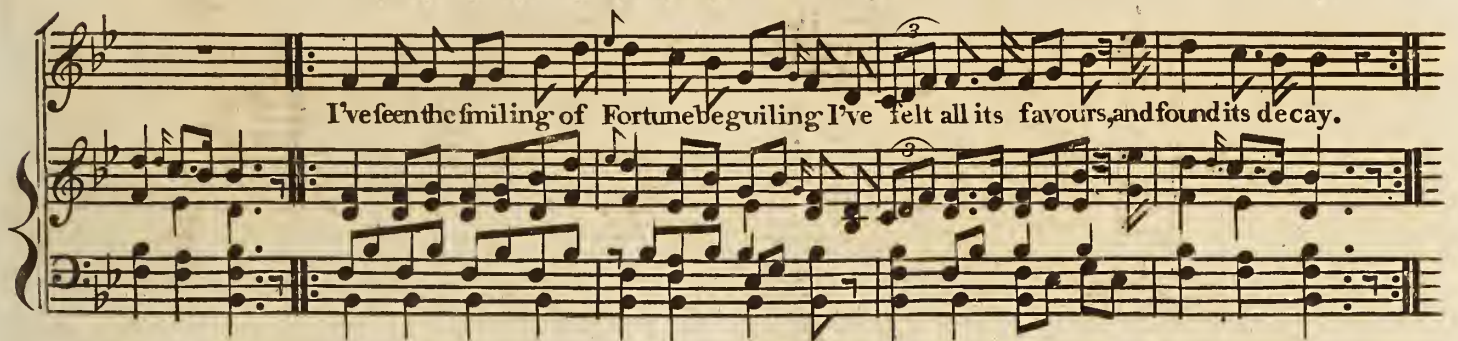
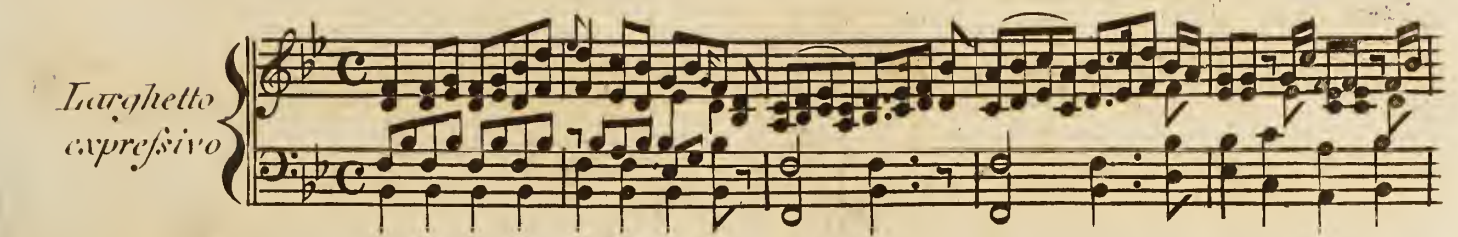
At e'en in the gloaming nae swankies are roaming,  
 'Mang stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;  
 For ilk ane sits dreary, lamenting her deary;  
 The flowers o' the forest, wha're a' wede away.

In har'st at the sheiring, nae yonkers are jeering;  
 The bansters are lyart, runkled, and grey;  
 At fairs, nor at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,  
 Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.

O dool for the order sent our lads to the border;  
 The English for ance by guile gat the day.  
 The flowers o' the forest, wha ay shone the foremost,  
 The prime o' the land, lie cauld in the clay!

# I've seen the Smiling of Fortune

*Marchetto*  
*espressivo*



*A lass that was laden with care*

Andante

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with an instrumental introduction in 3/4 time, marked 'Andante'. The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

*A* Lass that was laden with care fat heavily under yon thorn I listend a while for to  
 hear, When thus she be-gan for to mourn When e'er my dear shepherd was here, The birds did me -  
 - lodiously sing, And cold nipping winter did wear A face that resembled the spring. Sae  
 merry as we twa hae been Sae merry as we twa hae been My heart my poor heart's like to break when I  
 think on the days we have seen.

A LASS THAT WAS LADEN WI' CARE.

---

AIR,—SAE MERRY AS WE HA'E BEEN.

A LASS that was laden with care  
 Sat heavily under yon thorn ;  
 I listen'd a while for to hear,  
 When thus she began for to mourn :  
 Whene'er my dear shepherd was here,  
 The birds did melodiously sing ;  
 And cold nipping winter did wear  
 A face that resembled the spring.  
 Sae merry as we twa ha'e been ;  
 Sae merry as we twa ha'e been ;  
 My heart it is like for to break,  
 When I think on the days we have seen.

Our flocks feeding close by his side,  
 He gently pressing my hand,  
 I view'd the wide world in its pride,  
 And laugh'd at the pomp of command !  
 My dear, he wou'd oft to me say,  
 What makes you hard-hearted to me ?  
 Oh ! why do you thus turn away  
 From him who is dying for thee ?  
 Sae merry as we twa ha'e been ;  
 Sae merry as we twa ha'e been ;  
 My heart it is like for to break,  
 When I think on the days we have seen.

But now he is far from my sight,  
 Perhaps a deceiver may prove ;  
 Which makes me lament day and night,  
 That ever I granted my love.  
 At eve, when the rest of the folk  
 Are merrily seated to spin,  
 I set myself under an oak,  
 And heavily sigh for him.  
 Sae merry as we twa ha'e been ;  
 Sae merry as we twa ha'e been ;  
 My heart it is like for to break,  
 When I think on the days we have seen.

YE WOODS AND YE MOUNTAINS UNKNOWN.

By DAVID MALLET, Esq.

---

THE SAME AIR.

\* \* *In Singing these Stanzas to the Scottish Air, the last four lines of each Stanza must be repeated.*

YE woods and ye mountains unknown,  
 Beneath whose dark shadows I stray,  
 To the breast of my charmer alone  
 These sighs bid sweet Echo convey.  
 Wherever he pensively leans,  
 By fountain, on hill, or in grove,  
 His heart will explain what she means,  
 Who sings both from sorrow and love.  
 Wherever he, &c.

More soft than the nightingale's song,  
 O waft the sad sound to his ear ;  
 And say, tho' divided so long,  
 The friend of his bosom is near.  
 Then tell him what years of delight,  
 Then tell him what ages of pain,  
 I felt while I liv'd in his sight !  
 I feel 'till I see him again !  
 Then tell him, &c.

---

YE BANKS, AND BRAES, AND STREAMS AROUND.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR,—KATHARINE OGIE.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around  
The castle of Montgomery,  
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
Your waters never drumlie !  
There simmer first unfold her robes,  
And there the langest tarry ;  
For there I took the last farewell  
Of my sweet Highland MARY.

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

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

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

THE OLD SONG.

THE SAME AIR.

As walking forth to view the plain,  
Upon a morning early,  
While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain,  
From flow'rs which grew so rarely :  
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,  
She shin'd tho' it was foggy ;  
I ask'd her name : Sweet Sir, she said,  
My name is KATHARINE OGIE.

I stood a while, and did admire,  
To see a nymph so stately ;  
So brisk an air there did appear,  
In a country maid so neatly :  
Such natural sweetness she display'd,  
Like a lillie in a bogie ;  
DIANA's self was ne'er array'd,  
Like this same KATHARINE OGIE.

Thou flow'r of females, Beauty's queen,  
Who sees thee sure must prize thee ;  
Though thou art drest in robes but mean,  
Yet these cannot disguise thee :  
Thy handsome air, and graceful look,  
Far excels a clownish rogie ;  
Thou'it match for laird, or lord, or duke,  
My charming KATHARINE OGIE.

O ! were I but some shepherd-swain,  
To feed my flock beside thee ;  
At boughting-time to leave the plain,  
In milking to abide thee.  
I'd think myself a happier man,  
With KATE, my club, and dogie,  
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,  
Had I but KATHARINE OGIE.

Then I'd despise, th' imperial throne,  
And statesmens dangerous stations ;  
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,  
I'd smile at cong'ring nations ;  
Might I caress, and still possess  
This lass of whom I'm vogie ;  
For these are toys, and still look less,  
Compar'd with KATHARINE OGIE.

But I fear the gods have not decreed  
For me so fine a creature ;  
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed  
All other works in Nature.  
Clouds of despair surround my love,  
That are both dark and fogie.  
Pity my case, ye Powers above,  
Else I die for KATHARINE OGIE !

*Ye banks and braes, &c?*

83

Duet  
Andante  
espressivo

The first system of the duet consists of a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff contains the vocal melody for the first part, and the bass staff contains the vocal melody for the second part. A piano accompaniment is written in the lower part of the bass staff. The music is in G major and 4/4 time, with a tempo of Andante and an expressive character.

The second system of the duet continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics "Ye banks and braes and streams a-round The cas - tle of Montgo - mery Green be your woods and" are written below the vocal staves. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings of *of* and *p*.

The third system of the duet continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics "fair your flow'rs your waters ne - ver drum lie! There summer first unfold her robes, And there the" are written below the vocal staves. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings of *of* and *p*.

The fourth system of the duet continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics "langest tar - - ry for there I took the last fareweel of my sweethighland Ma - - ry." are written below the vocal staves. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings of *of* and *p*.

The fifth system of the duet concludes the piece. The lyrics "langest ta - - ry for there I took the last fareweel of my sweethighland Ma - - ry." are written below the vocal staves. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings of *of* and *p*.

*Beneath a green shade &c.*

Andante

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble and bass staff for the piano, marked 'Andante'. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part features a flowing, arpeggiated accompaniment. The vocal line enters in the second system with the lyrics 'Beneath a green shade a'. The third system continues the lyrics: 'lovely young swain One evening reclin'd to dis-cover his pain: So sad yet so'. The fourth system continues: 'sweetly he warbled his Woe The wind ceas'd to breathe and the fountains to flow, rude'. The fifth system continues: 'Winds with com-pas-sion could hear him complain, yet Chlo-e less gen-tle, was'. The sixth system concludes with the lyrics: 'deaf to his strain.' The piano part continues throughout, with dynamics including *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs in the piano part.

Beneath a green shade a

lovely young swain One evening reclin'd to dis-cover his pain: So sad yet so

sweetly he warbled his Woe The wind ceas'd to breathe and the fountains to flow, rude

Winds with com-pas-sion could hear him complain, yet Chlo-e less gen-tle, was

deaf to his strain.

## BENEATH A GREEN SHADE, &amp;c.

BY DR BLACKLOCK.

## AIR,—THE BRAES OF BALLENDEN.

BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain  
 One ev'ning reclin'd, to discover his pain.  
 So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe,  
 The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow;  
 Rudé winds with compassion could hear him complain;  
 Yet CHLOE, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,  
 Ere CHLOE's bright charms first flash'd on my view!  
 These eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey,  
 Nor smil'd the fair morning more cheerful than they;  
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight—  
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

Thro' changes, in vain, relief I pursue;  
 All, all, but conspire my grief to renew.  
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,  
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air;  
 But love's ardent fever burns always the same;  
 No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.  
 But see the pale moon all clouded retires;  
 The breezes grow cool, not STREPHON's desires;  
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,  
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind:  
 Ah wretch! how can life thus merit thy care!  
 Since length'ning its moments but lengthens despair.

## TO THE BROOK AND THE WILLOW, &amp;c.

BY ROWE.

## THE SAME AIR.

TO the brook and the willow that heard him complain,  
 Poor COLIN went weeping, and told them his pain:  
 Sweet stream, he cry'd, sadly I'll teach thee to flow,  
 And the waters shall rise to the brink with my woe;  
 All restless and painful my CELIA now lies,  
 And courts the sad moments of time as it flies.

To the nymph, my heart's love, ye soft slumbers repair,  
 Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her your care;  
 Let me be left restless, mine eyes never close,  
 So the sleep that I lose give my dear one repose.  
 Sweet stream, if you chance by her pillow to creep,  
 Perhaps your soft murmurs may lull her to sleep.

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed,  
 And the loss of my charmer the fates have decreed,  
 Believe me, thou fair one, Thou dear one, believe,  
 Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give;  
 One fate to thy COLIN and thee shall betide,  
 And soon lay thy shepherd down by thy cold side.  
 Then glide, gentle brook, and to lose thyself haste,  
 Bear this to my willow, this verse is my last.

THE GLOOMY NIGHT IS GATH'RING FAST.

By ROBERT BURNS.

WRITTEN AT A TIME WHEN THE POET WAS MEDITATING TO LEAVE HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.

AIR,—FAREWEL TO AYR.

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,  
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast ;  
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,  
I see it driving o'er the plain.  
The hunter now has left the moor,  
The scatter'd coveys meet secure ;  
While here I wander prest with care,  
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

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

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

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

ALAS! THE SUNNY HOURS ARE PAST.

By WILLIAM HAMILTON, Esq. OF BANGOUR.

THE SAME AIR.

ALAS! the sunny hours are past ;  
The cheating scene, it will not last ;  
Let not the flatt'rer, Hope, persuade  
Ah! must I say that it will fade !  
For see the summer flies away,  
Sad emblem of our own decay :  
Grim winter, from the frozen north,  
Drives swift his iron chariot forth.

His grisly hands in icy chains,  
Fair Tweeda's silver stream constrains.  
Cast up thy eyes, how bleak, how bare,  
He wanders on the tops of Yare !  
Behold his footsteps dire are seen  
Confest o'er ev'ry with'ring green ;  
Griev'd at the sight, thou soon shalt see  
A snowy wreath clothe ev'ry tree.

Frequenting now the stream no more,  
Thou fliest, displeas'd, the frozen shore ;  
When thou shalt miss the flowers that grew,  
But late, to charm thy ravish'd view ;  
Then shall a sigh thy soul invade,  
And o'er thy pleasures cast a shade ;  
Shall I, ah, horrid! shalt thou say,  
Be like to this some other day.

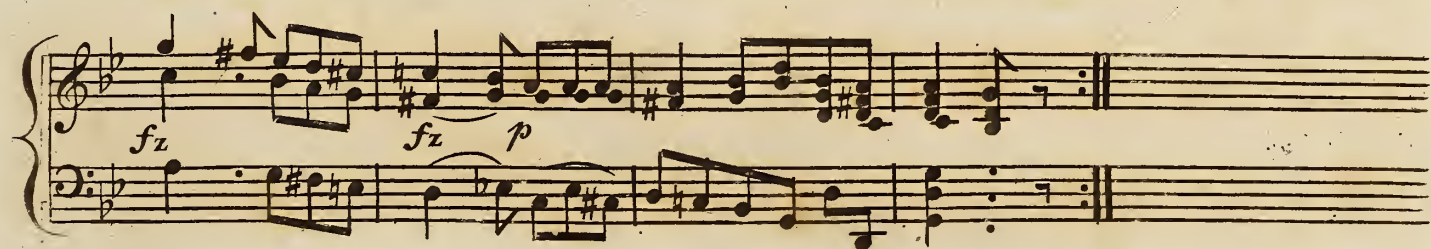
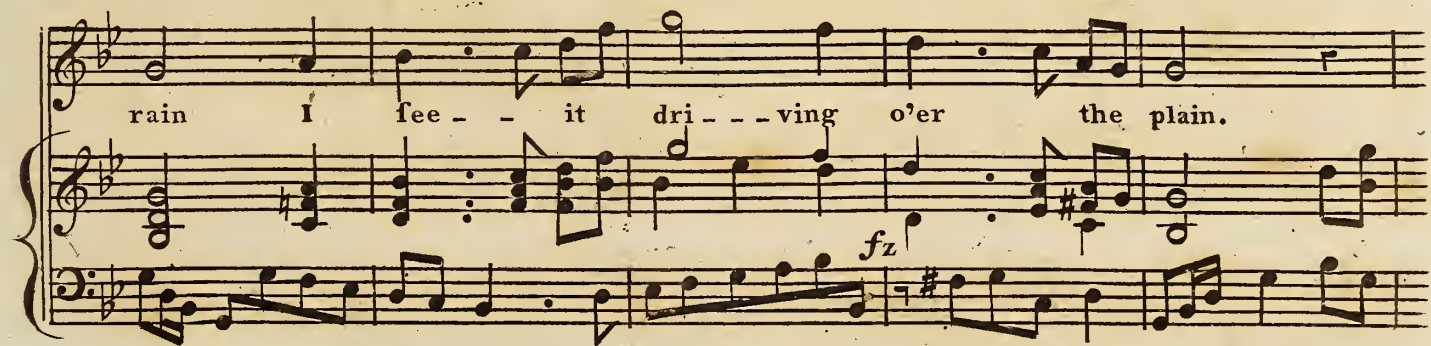
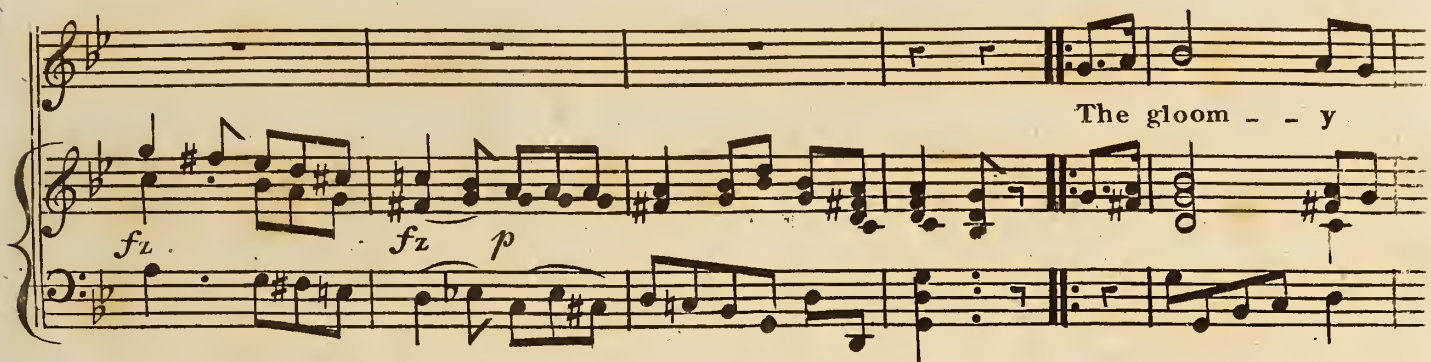
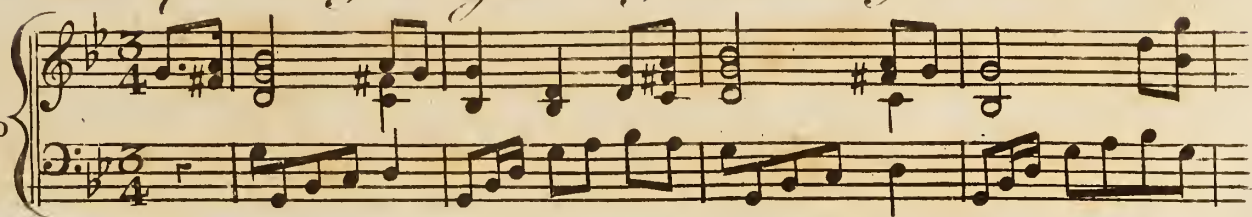
Ah! when the lovely white and red  
From the pale ashy cheek are fled ;  
When wrinkles dire, and age severe,  
Make beauty fly, we know not where :  
Unhappy love! may lovers say ;  
Beauty, thy food, does swift decay :  
When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,  
What is't thy famine can prevent?

Lay in good sense with timeous care,  
That love may live on wisdom's fare ;  
Tho' extasy with beauty dies,  
Esteem is born when beauty flies.  
Happy the man whom fates decree  
Their richest gift in giving thee !  
Thy beauty shall his youth engage,  
Thy wisdom shall delight his age.

# *The Gloomy Night is gathering Fast*

85

Andante  
Espressivo



# *My daddy is a canker'd carle*

Andanti  
- no

*S.*  
My daddy is a canker'd carle, He'll nae twine wi' his gear, My min ny she's a

folding wife, Hads a' the house a- steer. But let them do or let them say It's a' ane to me For he's

low down he's in the broom That's waiting on me. Waiting on me my love He's waiting on me For he's

low down he's in the broom That's waiting on me.

*S.*

MR DADDY IS A CANKER'D CARLE.

AIR,—LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

My daddy is a canker'd carle,  
 He'll nae twine wi' his gear;  
 My minny she's a scolding wife,  
 Hads a' the house a-steer:  
 But let them say, or let them do,  
 It's a' ane to me;  
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,  
 That's waiting on me:  
 Waiting on me my Love,  
 He's waiting on me;  
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,  
 That's waiting on me.

My aunty KATE sits at her wheel,  
 And sair she lightlies me;  
 But weel ken I it's a' envy,  
 For ne'er a jo has she.—But let them, &c.

My cousin KATE was sair beguil'd  
 Wi' JOHNNY i' the glen;  
 And ay sinsyne she cries, Beware  
 Of false deluding men.—But let them, &c.

Gleed SANDY he came west ae night,  
 And speir'd when I saw PATE;  
 And ay sinsyne the neighbours round  
 They jeer me ear' and late.  
 But let them say, or let them do,  
 It's a' ane to me;  
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,  
 That's waiting on me:  
 Waiting on me my Love,  
 He's waiting on me;  
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,  
 That's waiting on me.

YE SHEPHERDS OF THIS PLEASANT VALE.

By WILLIAM HAMILTON, Esq. OF BANGOUR.

THE SAME AIR.

YE shepherds of this pleasant vale,  
 Where Yarrow glides along,  
 Forsake your rural toils, and join  
 In my triumphant song.  
 She grants, she yields; one heav'nly smile  
 Atones her long delays;  
 One happy minute crowns the pains  
 Of many suff'ring days.  
 \* Yarrow, how dear thy stream,  
 Thy beauteous banks how blest,  
 For there 'twas first my loveliest maid,  
 A mutual flame confest.

Raise, raise the victor notes of joy,  
 These suffering days are o'er:  
 Love satiates now his boundless wish  
 From beauty's boundless store:  
 No doubtful hopes, no anxious fears,  
 This rising calm destroy;  
 Now every prospect smiles around  
 All opening into joy.  
 Yarrow, how dear, &c.

The sun with double lustre shone  
 That dear consenting hour;  
 Brighten'd each hill, and o'er each vale  
 New-colour'd ev'ry flow'r:  
 The gales their gentle sighs withheld,  
 No leaf was seen to move;  
 The hov'ring songsters round were mute,  
 And wonder hush'd the grove.  
 Yarrow, how dear, &c.

The hills and dales no more resound  
 The lambkin's tender cry;  
 Without one murmur Yarrow stole  
 In dimpling silence by:  
 All nature seem'd in still repose  
 Her voice alone to hear,  
 That gently roll'd the tuneful wave;  
 She spoke and blest my ear:  
 Yarrow, how dear, &c.

"Take, take, whate'er of bliss or joy,  
 "You fondly fancy mine;  
 "Whate'er of joy or bliss I boast,  
 "Love renders wholly thine."

The woods struck up to the soft gale;  
 The leaves were seen to move;  
 The feather'd choir resum'd their voice,  
 And wonder fill'd the grove.  
 Yarrow, how dear, &c.

The hills and dales again resound  
 The lambkins tender cry;  
 With all his murmurs Yarrow trill'd  
 The song of triumph by.  
 Above, beneath, around, all on  
 Was verdure, beauty, song;  
 I snatch'd her to my trembling breast,  
 All nature joy'd along.  
 Yarrow, how dear thy stream,  
 Thy beauteous banks how blest,  
 For there 'twas first my loveliest maid  
 A mutual flame confest.

\* These four lines were added by Mr BURNS, as otherways the Stanzas would have been too short for the Air.

MOURN, HAPLESS CALEDONIA, MOURN,

WRITTEN UPON THE BATTLE OF CULL ODEN,

By TOBIAS SMOLLET.

AIR,——THE TEARS OF CALEDONIA,——COMPOSED FOR THIS WORK, BY

ALLAN MASTERTON, EDINBURGH.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn,  
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !  
Thy sons for valour long renown'd,  
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground !  
Thy hospitable roofs no more  
Invite the stranger to the door ;  
In smoaky ruins sunk they lie,  
The monuments of cruelty !

The wretched owner sees, afar,  
His all become the prey of war ;  
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,  
Then smites his breast, and curses life.  
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,  
Where once they fed their wanton flocks ;  
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain ;  
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in ev'ry clime,  
Thro' the wide spreading waste of time,  
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,  
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze :  
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,  
Thy neck is bended to the yoke :  
What foreign arms could never quell,  
By civil rage, and rancour fell.

The rural pipe, and merry lay,  
No more shall cheer the happy day ;  
No social scenes of gay delight  
Beguile the dreary winter night :  
No strains, but those of sorrow, flow,  
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,  
While the pale phantoms of the slain,  
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh ! baneful cause, oh ! fatal morn,  
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn !  
The sons against their fathers stood ;  
The parent shed his children's blood.  
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,  
The victor's soul was not appeas'd :  
The naked and forlorn must feel  
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel !

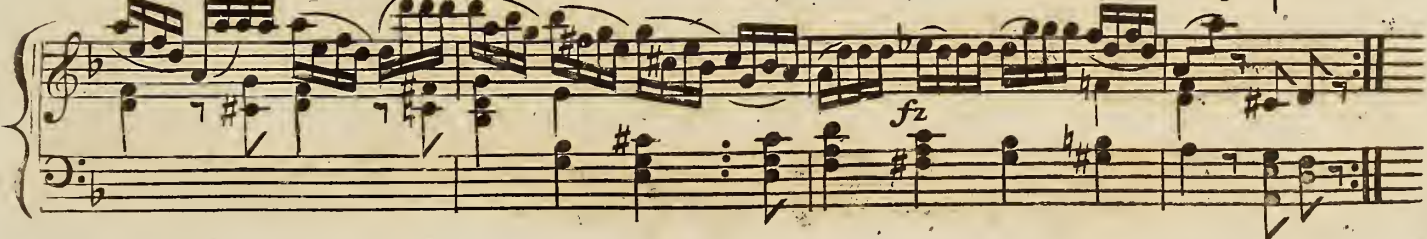
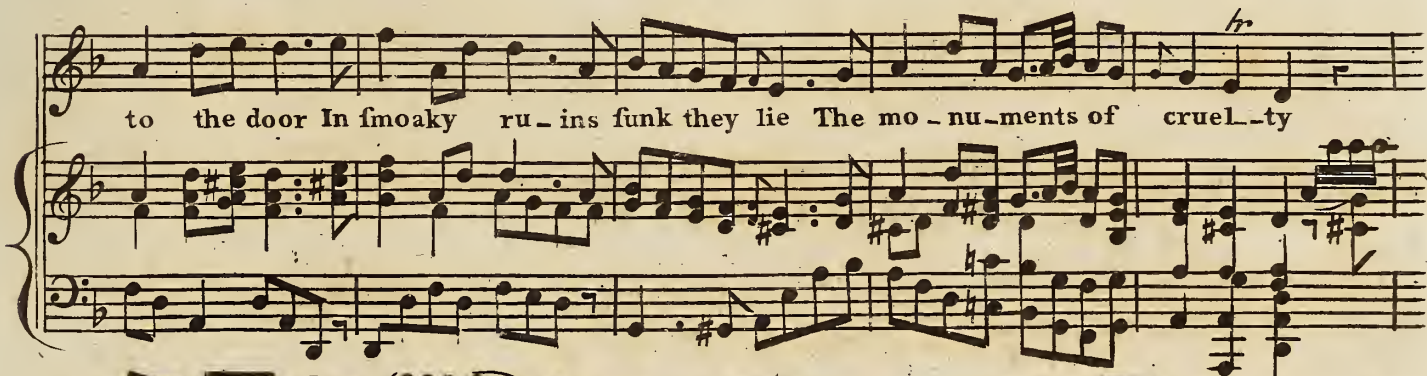
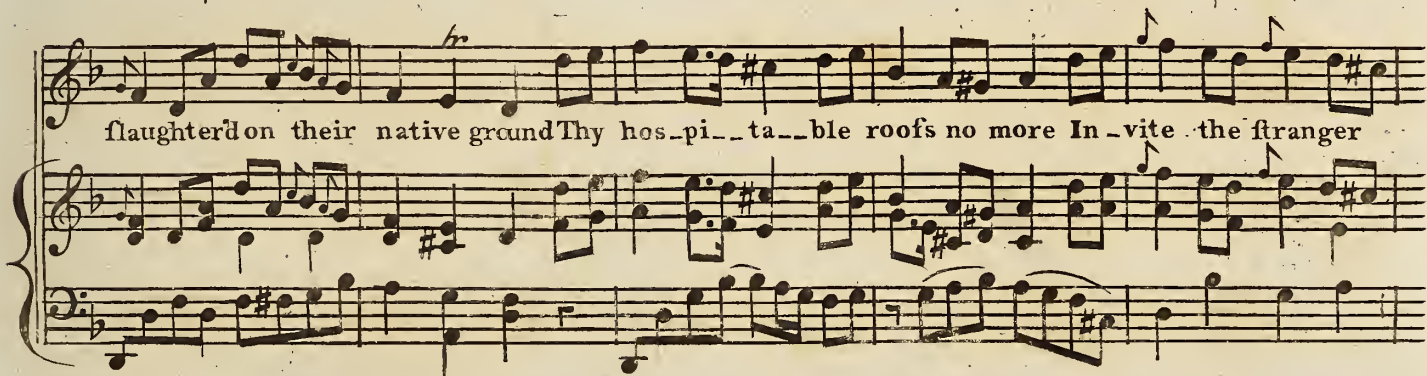
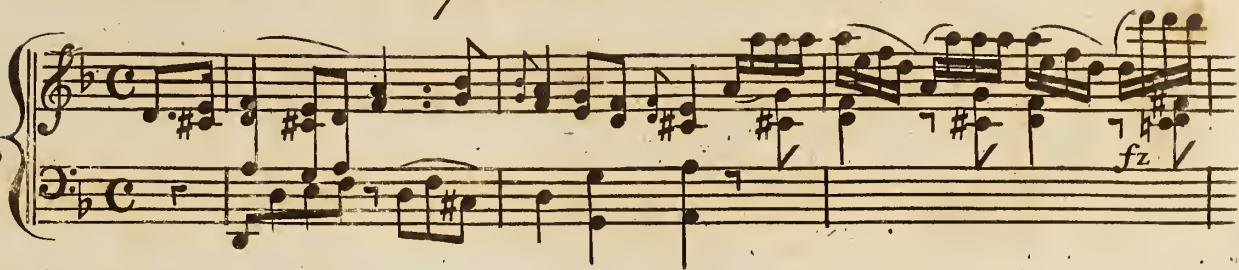
The pious mother doom'd to death,  
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath,  
The bleak wind whistles round her head,  
Her helpless orphans cry for bread !  
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,  
She views the shades of night descend,  
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,  
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies !

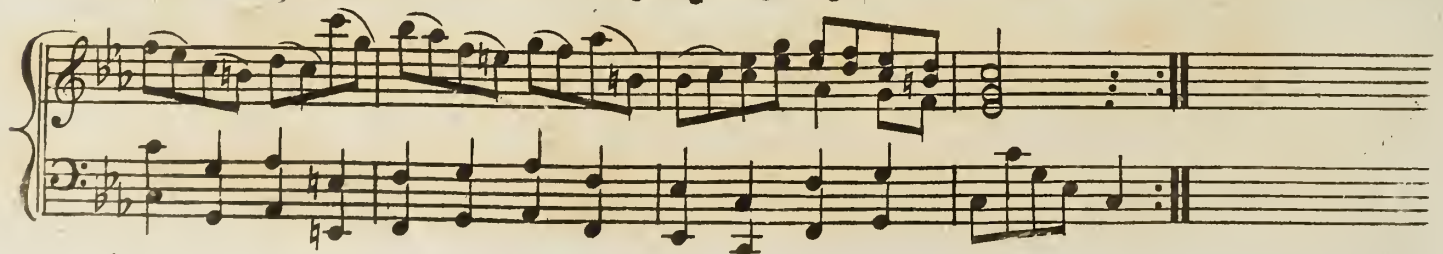
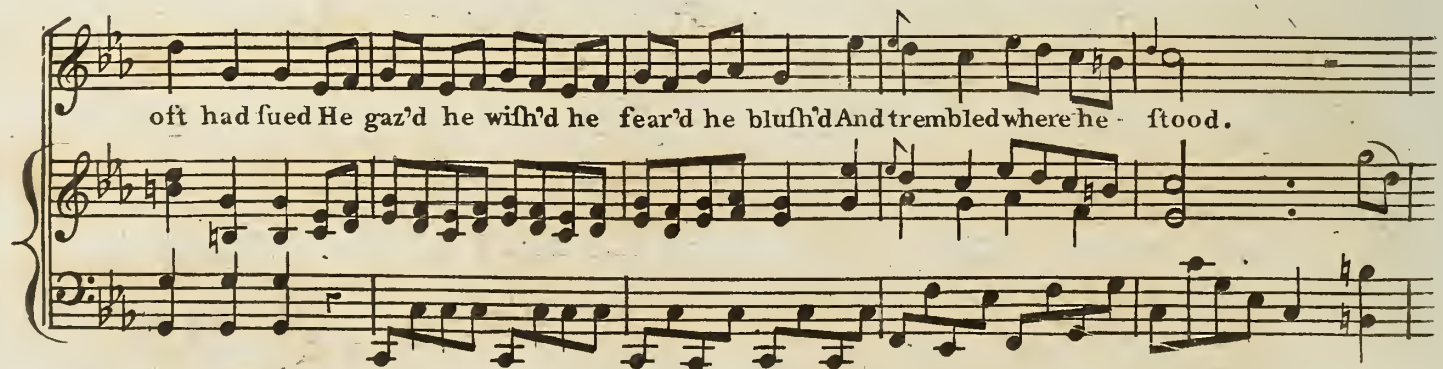
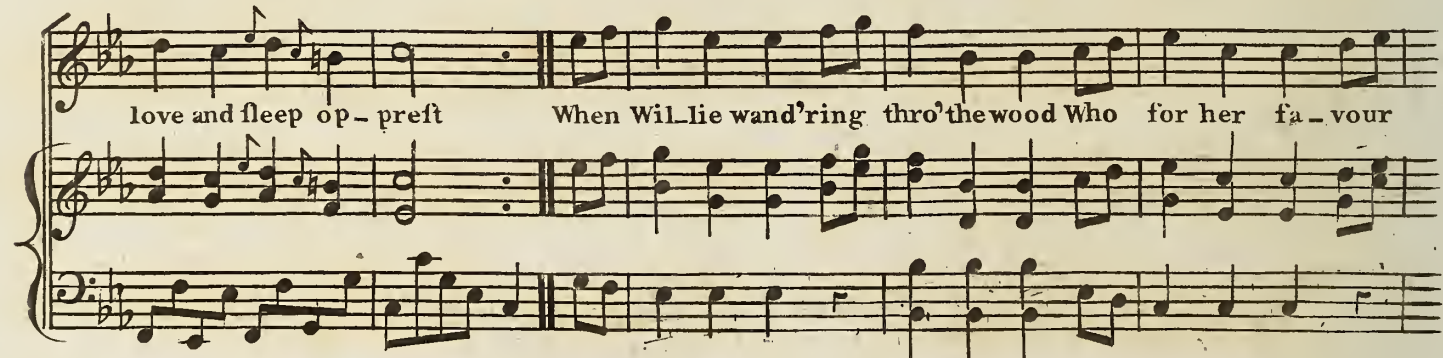
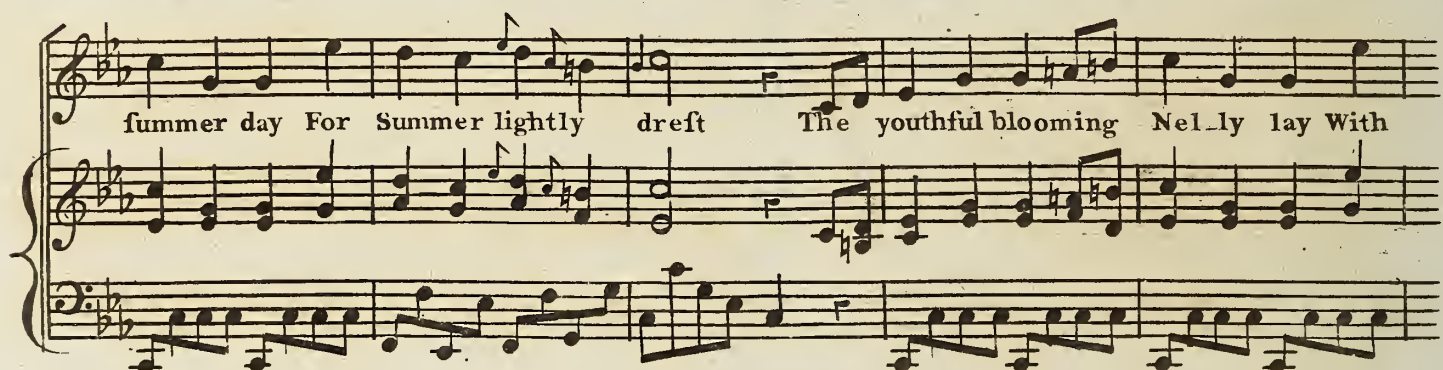
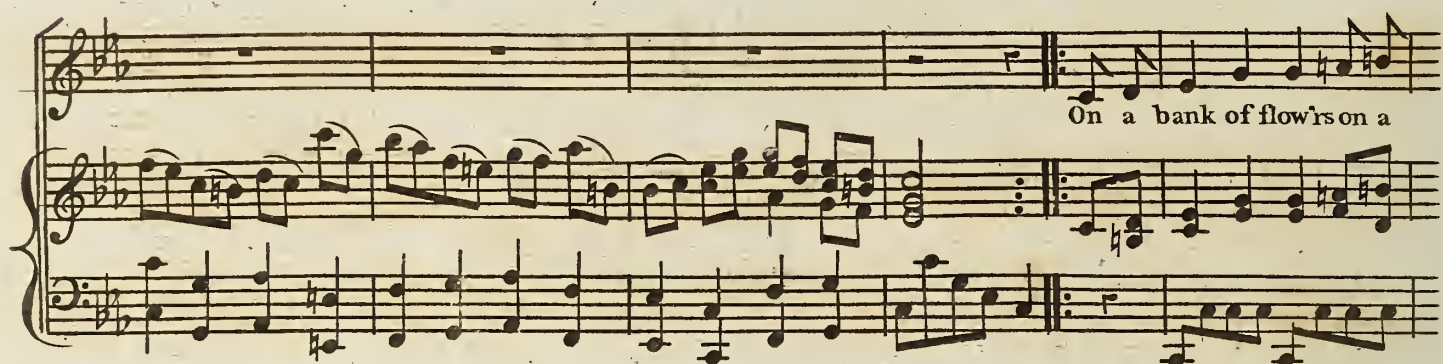
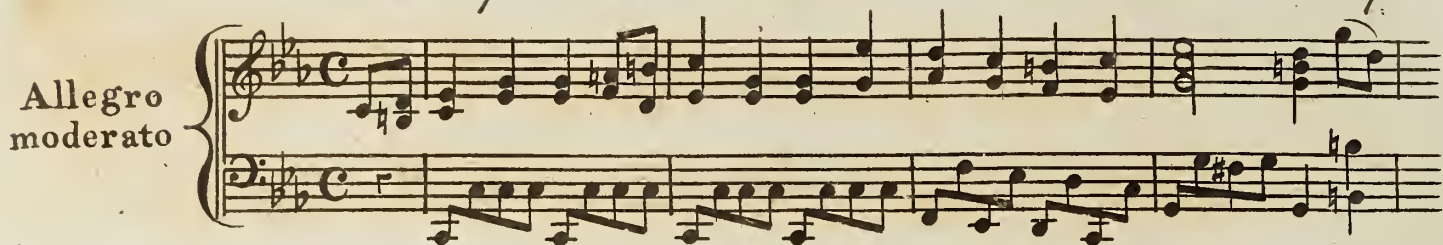
While the warm blood bedews my veins,  
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,  
Resentment of my Country's fate  
Within my filial breast shall beat :  
And, spite of her insulting foe,  
My sympathizing verse shall flow ;  
“ Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
“ Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !”

# Mourn hapless Caledonia

87

Andante.  
Espressivo



*On a Bank of Flowers on a Summer's Day*Allegro  
moderato

## ON A BANK OF FLOWERS, &amp;c.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

(THE SUBJECT TAKEN FROM AN OLD SONG, BEGINNING IN THE SAME MANNER.)

## AIR,—ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

ON a bank of flowers in a summer day,  
 For summer lightly drest,  
 The youthful blooming NELLY lay,  
 With love and sleep opprest,  
 When WILLIE wand'ring through the wood,  
 Who for her favour oft had sued ;  
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,  
 And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes like weapons sheath'd  
 Were seal'd in soft repose ;  
 Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd,  
 It richer dy'd the rose.  
 The springing lilies sweetly prest,  
 Wild, wanton kiss'd her rival breast ;  
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,  
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze  
 Her tender limbs embrace ;  
 Her lovely form, her native ease,  
 All harmony and grace :  
 Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,  
 A faltering, ardent kiss he stole ;  
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,  
 And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake  
 On fear-inspired wings,  
 So NELLY starting, half awake,  
 Away affrighted springs :  
 But WILLY follow'd,—as he should,  
 He overtook her in the wood ;  
 He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid  
 Forgiving all and good.

## AS AMORET WITH PHILLIS SAT.

## THE SAME AIR.

AS AMORET with PHILLIS sat  
 One evening on the plain,  
 And saw the gentle STREPHON wait  
 To tell the nymph his pain ;  
 The threat'ning danger to remove,  
 She whisper'd softly in her ear,  
 Ah PHILLIS ! if your peace you love,  
 That shepherd do not hear.

None ever had so strange an art,  
 His passion to convey  
 Into a list'ning virgin's heart,  
 And steal her soul away.  
 Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give  
 Occasion for a hapless fate.  
 In vain, said she, in vain I strive,  
 Alas ! 'tis now too late.

*In the latter Song, a word is added to the sixth line of each Stanza, to fit it for the Air.*

## O MY LOVE 'S LIKE THE RED RED ROSE.

FROM A MS. IN THE EDITOR'S POSSESSION.

AIR,——WISHAW'S FAVOURITE,——COMPOSED BY  
MR MARSHALL.

O MY Love 's like the red red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June;  
My Love 's like the melodie,  
That's sweetly play'd in tune.  
As fair art thou, my bonie lass,  
So deep in love, in love am I;  
And I can love thee still, my dear,  
'Till a' the seas gang dry.  
As fair art thou, &c.

'Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt with the sun,  
I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.  
And fare thee well, my only love,  
O fare thee well a little while,  
And I will come again, my love,  
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.  
And fare thee well, &c.

## THE WESTERN SKY WAS PURPLED O'ER.

BY SHENSTONE.

THE SAME AIR.

THE western sky was purpled o'er  
With every pleasing ray,  
And flocks, reviving, felt no more  
The sultry heat of day:  
When from a hazel's artless bower  
Soft warbled *bappy* \* STREPHON's tongue;  
He blest the scene, he blest the hour,  
While NANCY's praise he sung.  
When from, &c.

Let fops with fickle falsehood range  
The paths of wanton love,  
Whilst weeping maids lament their change,  
And sadden ev'ry grove:  
But endless blessings crown the day  
I saw, *I saw* fair Esham's dale:  
And every blessing find its way  
To NANCY of the vale.  
But endless, &c.

'Twas from Avona's bank the maid  
Diffus'd her lovely beams;  
And every shining glance display'd  
The Naiad of the streams.  
Soft as the wild duck's tender young,  
That float on *sweetest* Avon's tide;  
Bright as the water-lily sprung  
And glittering near its side.  
Soft as the wild, &c.

Fresh as the bordering flowers her bloom,  
Her eye all mild to view;  
The little Halcyon's azure plume  
Was never half so blue.  
Her shape was like the reed, so sleek,  
So taper, strait, and *wondrous* fair;  
Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,  
How charming sweet they were!  
Her shape, &c.

Far in the winding vale retir'd  
This peerless bud I found;  
And shadowing rocks, and woods conspir'd,  
To fence her beauties round.  
That nature in so lone a dell  
Shou'd form a nymph so *beav'nly* sweet!  
Or fortune to her secret cell  
Conduct my wand'ring feet!  
That nature, &c.

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,  
But she wou'd ne'er incline;  
Prove to your equals true, she cry'd,  
As I will prove to mine.  
'Tis STREPHON on the mountain's brow  
Has won, *has kept*, my right good will;  
To him I gave my plighted vow,  
With him I'll climb the hill.  
'Tis STREPHON, &c.

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,  
I clasp'd the constant fair;  
To her alone I give my youth,  
And vow my future care.  
And when this vow shall faithless prove,  
Or I these *dearest* charms forego,  
The stream that saw our tender love,  
That stream shall cease to flow.  
And when this vow, &c.

\* The words printed above in *ITALICS*, in the 6th line of each Stanza, are added by the Editor, because that line is otherwise too short for the Air. There could be no other apology for lengthening it.

# O my Love's like the Red Rose

89

*Allegretto*

mez: voce

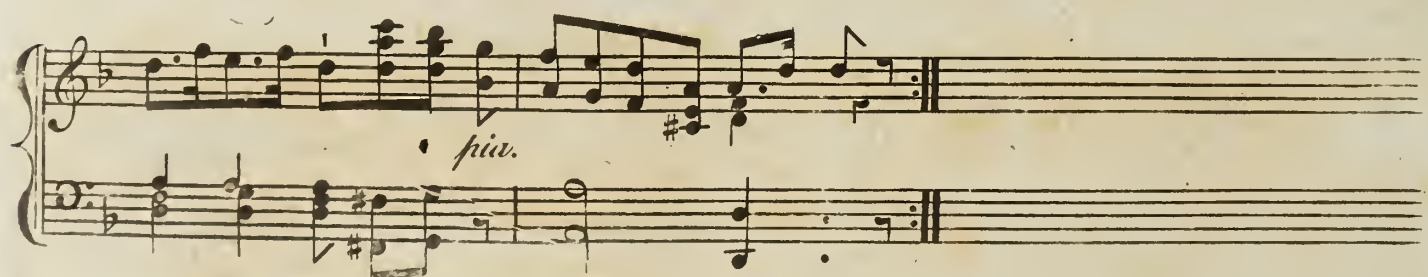
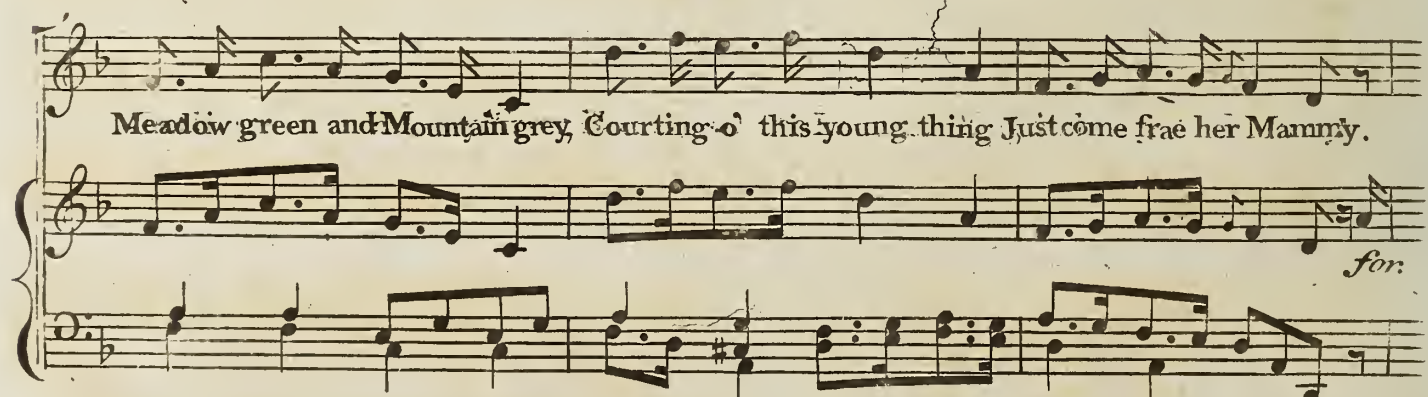
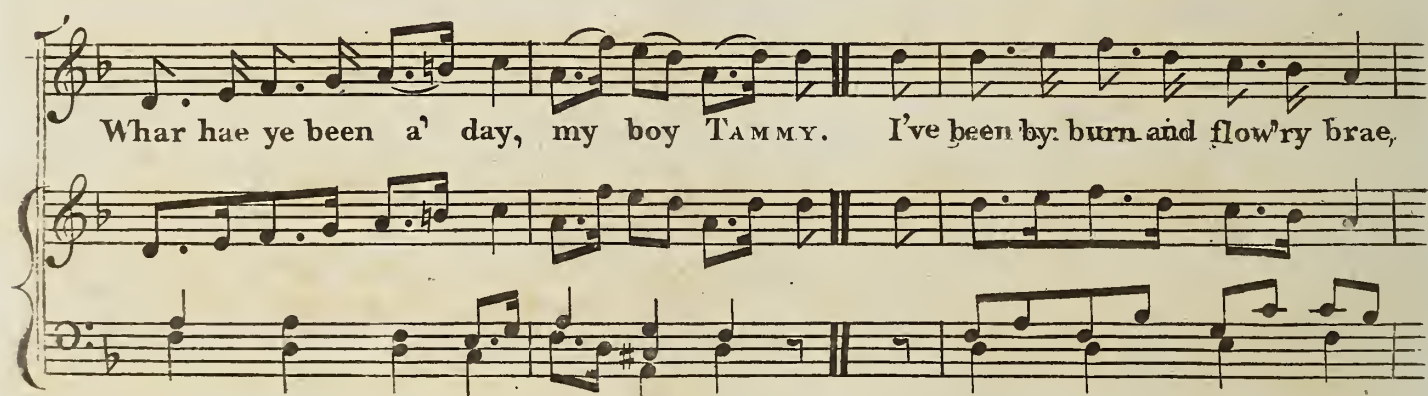
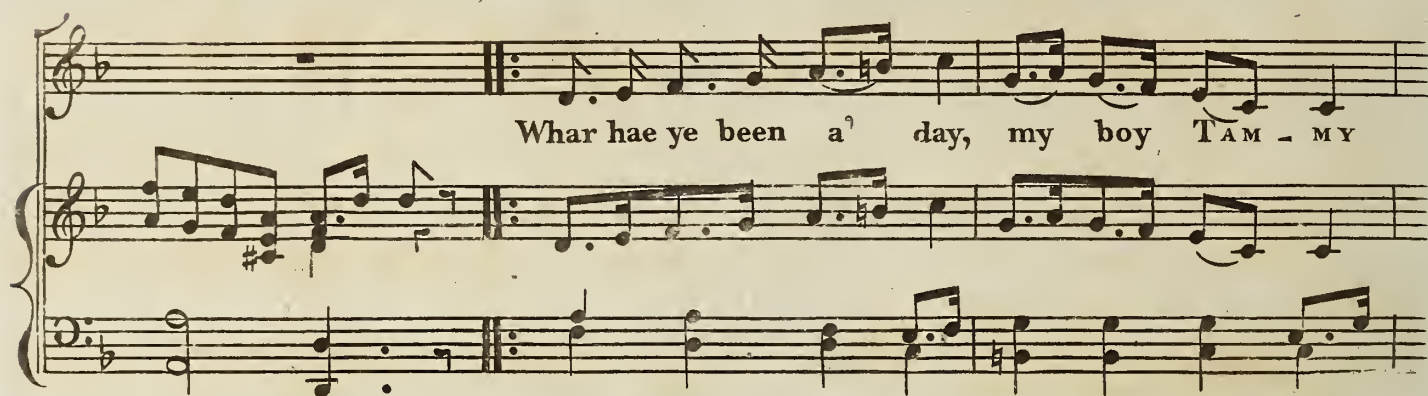
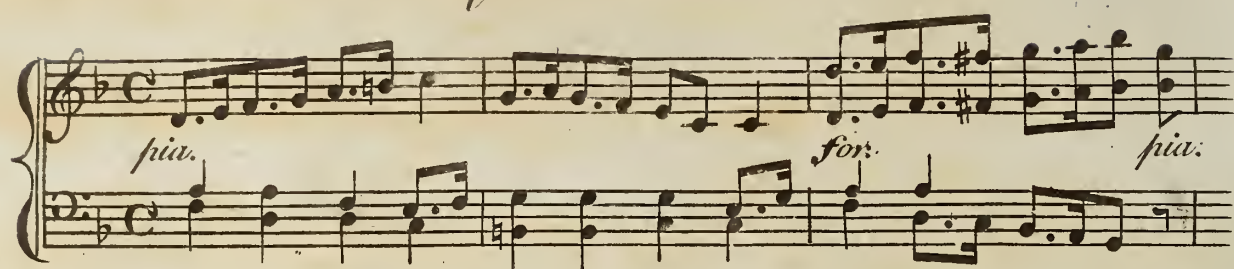
O my Love's like the red, red rose That's newly sprung in June O my Love's like the melodie That's

sweetly play'd in tune; As fair art thou my bonie lass So deep so deep in love am I, And

I can love thee still my dear 'Till a' the seas gang dry As fair art thou my bonie lass So

deep so deep in love am I And I can love thee still my dear 'Till a' the seas gang dry

# Whar hae ye been a' day



WHAR HAE YE BEEN A' DAY, &c.

By H. MACNIELL.

AIR,—THE LAMMY.

WHAR hae ye been a' day, my boy TAMMY?  
 Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy TAMMY?  
     I've been by burn and flowery brae;  
     Meadow green, and mountain grey,  
 Courting o' this young thing, just come frae her mammy.  
  
 And whar gat ye that young thing, my boy TAMMY?  
 And whar gat ye that young thing, my boy TAMMY?  
     I gat her down in yonder how,  
     Smiling on a broomy know,  
 Herding ae wee lamb and ewe, for her poor mammy.  
  
 What said ye to the bonny bairn, my boy TAMMY?  
 What said ye to the bonny bairn, my boy TAMMY?  
     I prais'd her e'en sae lovely blue,  
     Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou; (mammy.  
 I pree'd it aft, as ye may trow,—she said she'd tell her  
  
 I held her to my beating heart, my young, my smiling  
     lammy! (lammy!  
 I held her to my beating heart, my young, my smiling  
     “ I hae a house, it cost me dear,  
     “ I've walth o' plenishan and gear;  
 “ Ye'se get it a' wer't ten times mair, gin ye will leave  
     “ your mammy.”

The smile gade aff her bonny face—‘ I maunna leave  
     ‘ my mammy.  
 The smile gade aff her bonny face—‘ I maunna leave  
     ‘ my mammy.  
     ‘ She 's gi'en me meat; she 's gi'en me claise;  
     ‘ She 's been my comfort a' my days—  
 ‘ My father's death brought mony waes—I canna leave  
     ‘ my mammy.’  
  
 “ We'll tak' her hame and mak' her fain, my ain kind-  
     “ hearted lammy!  
 “ We'll tak' her hame and mak' her fain, my ain kind-  
     “ hearted lammy!  
     “ We'll gi'e her meat; we'll gi'e her claise,  
     “ We'll be her comfort a' her days;”—  
 The wee thing gi'es her hand and says—‘ There! gang  
     ‘ and ask my mammy.’  
  
 Has she been to kirk wi' thee, my boy TAMMY?  
 Has she been to kirk wi' thee, my boy TAMMY?  
     She has been to kirk wi' me,  
     And the tear was in her e'e,—  
 But oh! she 's but a young thing, just come frae her  
     mammy!

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

By ROBERT BURNS.

THE SAME AIR.

THOU hast left me ever, TAM, thou hast left me ever,	Thou hast me forsaken, TAM, thou hast me forsaken,
Thou hast left me ever, TAM, thou hast left me ever,	Thou hast me forsaken, TAM, thou hast me forsaken;
Often hast thou vow'd that death	Thou canst love another maid,
Only should us sever:	While my heart is breaking;
Now thou'st left thy lass for ay—I must see thee never.	Soon my weary eyes I'll close, never more to waken.

## NOW SPRING HAS GLAD THE GROVE IN GREEN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

By ROBERT BURNS.

## AIR,—THE HOPELESS LOVER.

Now Spring has clad the grove in green,  
 And strew'd the lea wi' flowers :  
 The furrow'd waving corn is seen  
 Rejoice in fostering showers.  
 While ilka thing in nature join  
 Their sorrows to forego,  
 O why thus all alone are mine  
 The weary steps o' woe.

The trout within yon wimpling burn  
 That glides, a silver dart,  
 And safe beneath the shady thorn  
 Defies the angler's art :  
 My life was ance that careless stream,  
 That wanton trout was I ;  
 But love wi' unrelenting beam  
 Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

The little floweret's peaceful lot  
 In yonder cliff that grows,  
 Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,  
 Nae ruder visit knows,  
 Was mine ; 'till Love has o'er me past,  
 And blighted a' my bloom,  
 And now beneath the withering blast  
 My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lavrock warbling springs  
 And climbs the early sky,  
 Winnowing blythe her dewy wings  
 In morning's rosy eye :  
 As little reekt I sorrow's power,  
 Until the flowery snare  
 Of witching love, in luckless hour,  
 Made me the thrall of care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,  
 Or Afric's burning zone,  
 Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,  
 So PEGGY ne'er I'd known !  
 The wretch whase doom is " hope nae mair,"  
 What tongue his woes can tell ;  
 Within whase bosom save Despair  
 Nae kinder spirits dwell !

## WHY, CRUEL CREATURE, &amp;c.

By LANSDOWN.

## THE SAME AIR.

WHY, cruel creature, why so bent  
 To vex a tender heart ?  
 To gold and title you relent ;  
 Love throws in vain his dart.  
 Let glitt'ring fops in courts be great,  
 For pay let armies move :  
 Beauty should have no other bait,  
 But gentle vows and love.

If on those endless charms you lay  
 The value that's their due ;  
 Kings are themselves too poor to pay ;  
 A thousand worlds too few.  
 But if a passion without vice,  
 Without disguise or art,  
 Ah CELIA ! if true love 's your price,  
 Behold it in my heart.

*O Now Spring has 'Clad*

91

*Andantino*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of six systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Andantino'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Now spring has clad the Groves in Green And strew'd the lea wi' flow'rs The furrow'd waving corn is seen Re-

- joice in fost'ring flowers While il- kathing in nature join Their furrows to forego O

why thus all alone are mine The weary steps of woe.

Duet  
Andante  
espressivo

Oh had I a Cave on some wild dif-tant shore

Oh had I a Cave on some wild dif-tant shore

where the winds howl to the waves dashing roar; There would I weep my woes,

where the winds howl to the waves dashing roar; There would I weep my woes,

There seek my lost re-pose, Till grief my eyes shou'd close Ne'er to wake more.

There seek my lost re-pose, Till grief my eyes shou'd close Ne'er to wake more.

*HAD I A CAVE ON SOME WILD DISTANT SHORE.*

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

---

AIR,—ROBIN ADAIR.

**H**AD I a cave on some wild distant shore,  
Where the winds howl to the waves dashing roar :  
There would I weep my woes,  
There seek my lost repose,  
'Till grief my eyes should close,  
Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of woman-kind, canst thou declare,  
All thy fond plighted vows, fleeting as air ?  
To thy new lover hie,  
Laugh o'er thy perjury—  
Then in thy bosom try,  
What peace is there !

---

## COME, LET ME TAKE THEE TO MY BREAST.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

## AIR,—ALLY CROAKER.

COME, let me take thee to my breast,  
 And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;  
 And I shall spurn as vilest dust,  
 The world's wealth and grandeur:  
 And do I hear my JEANIE OWN,  
 That equal transports move her?  
 I ask for dearest life alone  
 That I may live to love her.  
*To love, to love, that I may live to love her.*  
 I ask for dearest life alone,  
 That I may live to love her.

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,  
 I clasp my countless treasure;  
 I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share,  
 Than sic a moment's pleasure:  
 And by thy een sae bonie blue,  
 I swear I'm thine for evèr!  
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,  
 And break it shall I never!  
*Never, never, break it shall I never!*  
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,  
 And break it shall I never!

## NOW WESTLIN WINDS, &amp;c.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

## THE SAME AIR.

NOW westlin winds, and Sportsmen's guns  
 Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;  
 The Moorcock springs, on whirring wings,  
 Among the blooming heather:  
 Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,  
 Delights the weary Farmer;  
 And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,  
 To muse upon my charmer.  
*O my dear, my ain lovely charmer,\**  
*How I delight to rove at night,*  
*To muse upon my charmer.*

Come, PEGGY dear, the ev'ning's clear,  
 Thick flies the skimming Swallow;  
 The sky is blue, the fields in view,  
 All fading green and yellow;  
 Come, let us stray our gladsome way,  
 And view the charms of Nature;  
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,  
 And ev'ry happy creature.  
*O my dear, my ain lovely charmer,*  
*How I delight to rove at night,*  
*With thee my lovely charmer.*

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,  
 'Till the silent moon shine clearly;  
 I'll grasp thy waist, and fondly press't,  
 Swear how I love thee dearly:  
 Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,  
 Not Autumn to the Farmer,  
 So dear can be, as thou to me,  
 My fair, my lovely charmer.  
*O my dear, my ain lovely charmer,*  
*How I delight to rove at night,*  
*With thee my lovely charmer.*

\* The lines printed in *ITALICS*, are added by the Editor merely for the sake of the Air.

Come let me take thee to my Breast<sup>93</sup>

*Duet  
Poco  
Allegretto*

*Duet  
Poco  
Allegretto*

Come let me take thee to my breast And pledge we ne'er shall funder And I shall spurn as vilest dust The world's wealth and

Come let me take thee to my breast And pledge we ne'er shall funder And I shall spurn as vilest dust The world's wealth and

grandeur And do I hear my Jeanie own That equal transports move her? I ask for dearest life alone That

grandeur And do I hear my Jeanie own That equal transports move her? I ask for dearest life alone That

I may live to love her To love to love That I may live to love her I ask for dearest

I may live to love her To love to love That I may live to love her I ask for dearest

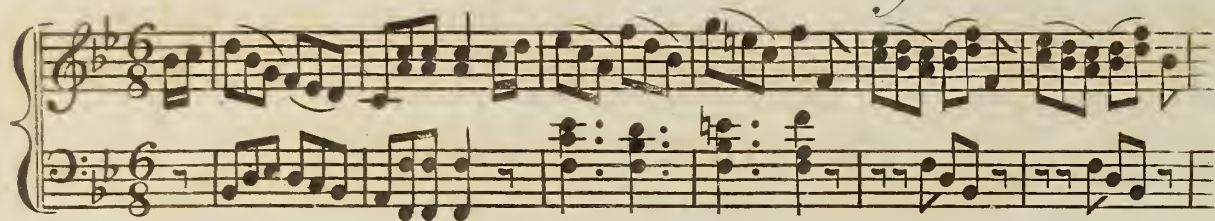
life alone That I may live to love her.

life alone That I may live to love her.

*fz* *fina.*

# Whistle and I'll come to you

*Allegretto*



O whistle and I'll come to you my lad O whistle and I'll come

 The first system of the song shows the vocal melody in the right hand and the piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics "O whistle and I'll come to you my lad O whistle and I'll come" are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes dynamic markings *fz* and *po*.

to you my lad; Tho' father & mother and a' shou'd gae mad O whistle and I'll come to you my lad.

 The second system continues the song with the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics "to you my lad; Tho' father & mother and a' shou'd gae mad O whistle and I'll come to you my lad." are written below the vocal line.

But warily tent when ye come to court me And come naunless the back yett be a jee Syne up the backfyle & let

 The third system of the song shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics "But warily tent when ye come to court me And come naunless the back yett be a jee Syne up the backfyle & let" are written below the vocal line.

nae body fee And come as ye were na coming to me And come as ye were na coming to me.

 The fourth system of the song shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics "nae body fee And come as ye were na coming to me And come as ye were na coming to me." are written below the vocal line.


 The piano solo section is written for a grand piano in 6/8 time, featuring a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is played in the right hand with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. Dynamic markings *fz* and *po* are present.

\* The Song & Accompt simplified as above by M<sup>r</sup> K 1801.

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

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

## AIR,—O WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

O WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad,  
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;  
 Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,  
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.  
 But warily tent, when ye come to court me,  
 And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;  
 Syne up the back-style, and let naeboddy see,  
 And come, as ye were na coming to me,  
 And come, as ye were na coming to me.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,  
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;  
 Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,  
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.  
 At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,  
 Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie;  
 But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e,  
 Yet look as ye were na looking at me,  
 Yet look as ye were na looking at me.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,  
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;  
 Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,  
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.  
 Ay vow and protest that ye carena for me,  
 And wbyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;  
 But court nae anither, tho' joking ye be,  
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,  
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

## THE WHISTLE,—A BALLAD,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AS the authentic *Prose* history of the WHISTLE is curious, we shall here give it.—In the train of ANNE of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our JAMES the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of BACCHUS. He had a little ebony Whistle, which, at the commencement of the orgies, he laid on the table; and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows, on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir ROBERT LOWRIE of Maxwelton, ancestor to the present worthy baronet of that name; who, after three days and three nights hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table, “And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.”

Sir WALTER, son to Sir ROBERT before-mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to WALTER RIDDEL of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir WALTER's. On Friday the 16th October 1790, at Friars-Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir ROBERT LOWRIE of Maxwelton; ROBERT RIDDEL, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendent and representative of WALTER RIDDEL, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and ALEXANDER FERGUSON, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir ROBERT, which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.

## THE SAME AIR.

I SING of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,  
 I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North,  
 Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,  
 And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.  
 Old LODA\*, still ruing the arm of FINGAL,  
 The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—  
 “This Whistle 's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,  
 “And drink them to hell, Sir, or ne'er see me more!  
 “And drink them to hell, Sir, or ne'er see me more!”

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,  
 What champions ventured, what champions fell;  
 The son of great LODA was conqueror still,  
 And blew on the Whistle their requiem shrill.  
 Till ROBERT, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,  
 Unmatched at the bottle, unconquered in war,  
 He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea,  
 No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.  
 No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus, ROBERT, victorious, the trophy has gained,  
 Which now in his house has for ages remained;  
 Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,  
 The jovial contest again have renewed.  
 Three joyous good fellows with hearts clear of flaw;  
 Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law,  
 And trusty Glenriddel, so skilled in old coins;  
 And gallant Sir ROBERT, deep read in old wines.  
 And gallant Sir ROBERT, deep read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began with tongue smooth as oil,  
 Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;  
 Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,  
 And once more, in claret, try which was the man.  
 “By the gods of the ancients!” Glenriddel replies,  
 “Before I surrender so glorious a prize,  
 “I'll conjure the ghost of the great RORY MORE †  
 “And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er.  
 “And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er.”

Sir ROBERT, a soldier, no speech would pretend,  
 But he ne'er turned his back on his foe, or his friend,  
 Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,  
 And knee-deep in claret he'd die e'er he'd yield.  
 To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,  
 So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;  
 But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,  
 Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet lovely dame.  
 Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,  
 And tell future ages the feats of the day;  
 A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,  
 And wished that Parnassus a vineyard had been.  
 The dinner being over, the claret they ply,  
 And every new cork is a new spring of joy;  
 In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,  
 And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.  
 And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;  
 Bright PHEBUS ne'er witnessed so joyous a corps,  
 And vowed that to leave them he was quite forlorn,  
 Till CYNTHIA hinted he'd see them next morn.  
 Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,  
 When gallant Sir ROBERT, to finish the fight,  
 Turned o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,  
 And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.  
 And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,  
 No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage;  
 A high ruling elder to wallow in wine!  
 He left the foul business to folks less divine.  
 The gallant Sir ROBERT fought hard to the end;  
 But who can with Fate and Quart Bumpers contend?  
 Though Fate said a hero should perish in light;  
 So uprose bright PHEBUS—and down fell the knight.  
 So uprose bright PHEBUS—and down fell the knight.

Next uprose our bard, like a prophet in drink:—  
 “Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink!  
 “But if thou wouldst flourish immortal in rhyme,  
 “Come, one bottle more, and have at the sublime!  
 “Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,  
 “Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:  
 “So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;  
 “The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!  
 “The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!”

\* See OSSIAN's Carric-thura.

† See JOHNSON's Tour to the Hebrides.

## THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE, &amp;c.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

## AIR,—THE HUMOURS OF GLEN.

THEIR groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,  
 Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume ;  
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,  
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom :  
 Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,  
 Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk, lowly, unseen ;  
 For there, lightly tripping among the wild flowers,  
 A-listening the linnet, oft wanders my JEAN.

Tho' rich is the breeze in *their* gay, sunny vallies,  
 And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave ;  
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,  
 What are they ?—The haunt of the Tyrant and Slave !  
 The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,  
 The brave Caledonian views with disdain ;  
 He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,  
 Save LOVE's willing fetters, the chains of his JEAN.

# *Their groves of Sweet Myrtle*

95

*Andantino*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Andantino'. The score is divided into six systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are in English and Scottish Gaelic. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with a flowing melody and a left hand with a steady bass line. The vocal line is a single melody line. The lyrics are: 'Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon Where bright beaming Summers ex-alt the perfume. Far dear er, to me yon lone glen o' green breckan, Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bow'rs Where the blue bell and gowan lurk lowly un seen, For there lightly tripping a - mang the wild flow'rs, A listhing the linnet oft wanders my Jean. For there lightly tripping a - mang the wild flow'rs A listhing the linnet oft wanders my Jean.'

myrtle let foreign lands reckon Where bright beaming Summers ex-alt the perfume. Far dear er, to me yon lone

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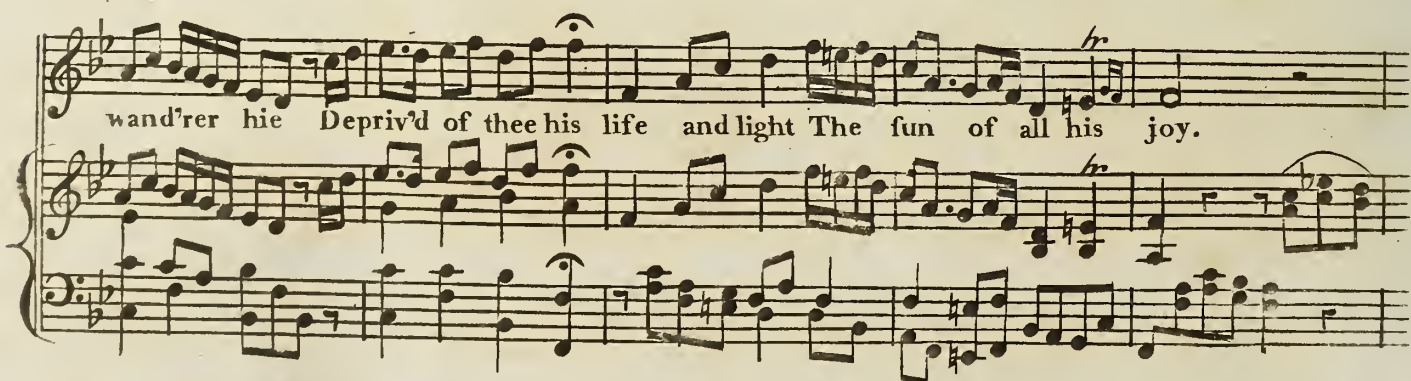
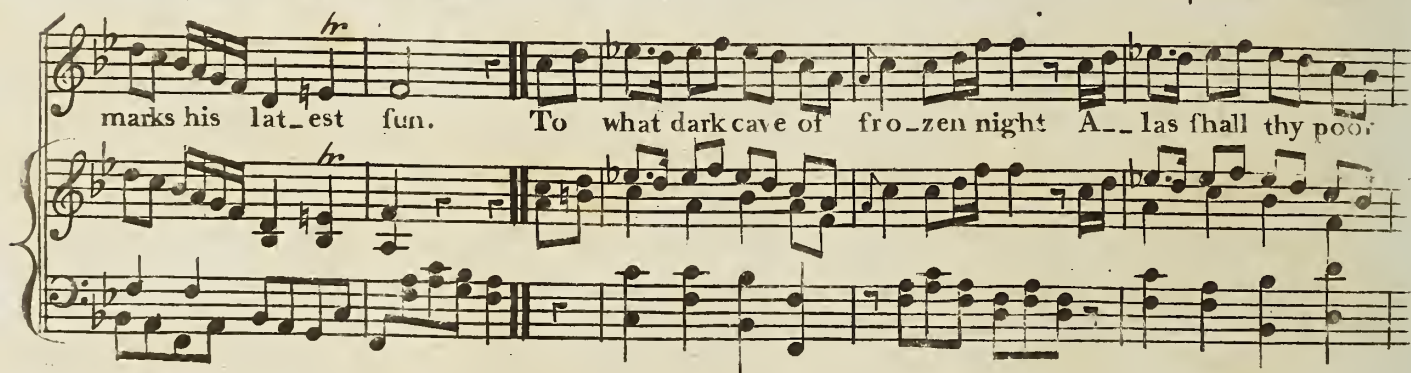
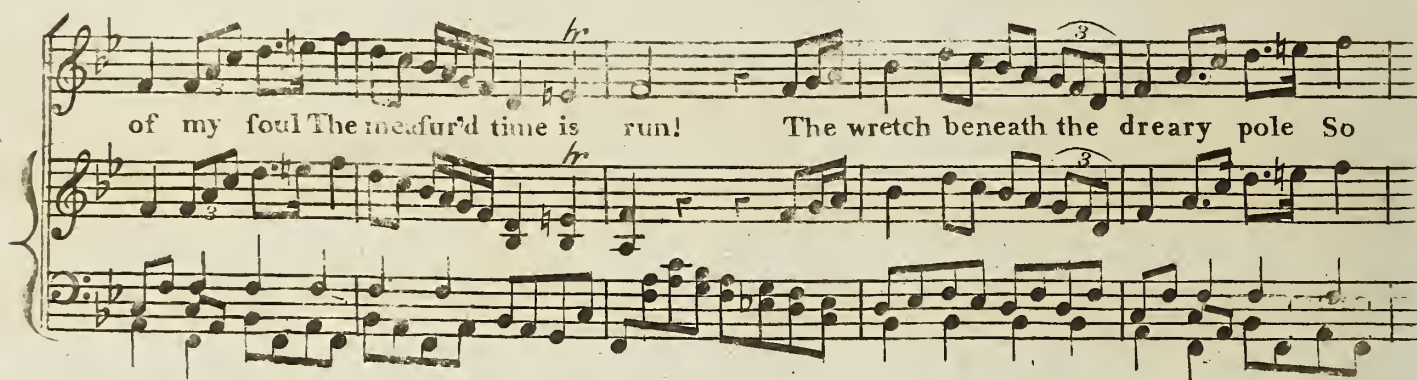
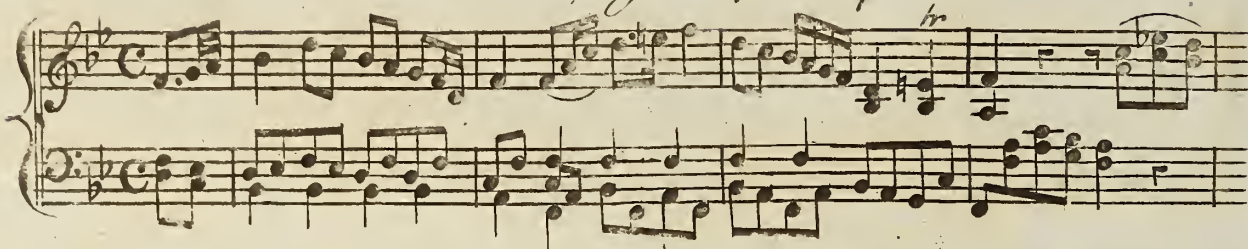
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mang the wild flow'rs A listhing the linnet oft wanders my Jean.

# Farewel dear Mistress of my Soul

*Andante*  
*presto*



FAREWELL, DEAR MISTRESS OF MY SOUL.

By ROBERT BURNS.

IRISH AIR.

FAREWELL, dear mistress of my soul,  
The measur'd time is run !  
The wretch beneath the dreary pole,  
So marks his latest sun.

To wha' dark cave of frozen night,  
Alas shall thy poor wand'rer hie ;  
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,  
Theun of all his joy.

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

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

COME, ALL YE YOUTHS, &c.

By OTWAY.

THE SAME AIR.

Come, all ye youths, whose hearts e'er bled  
By cruel beauty's pride ;  
By each a garland on his head,  
Let none his sorrows hide :  
Hand in hand around me move,  
Singing the saddest tales of love ;  
And see, when your complaints ye join,  
If your wrongs equal mine.

The happiest mortal once was I,  
My heart no sorrows knew :  
Pity the pain with which I die,  
But ask not whence it grew :  
Yet if a tempting fair you find,  
That's very lovely, very kind,  
Tho' bright as heav'n, whose stamp she bears,  
Be wise, and shun her snares.

\*The Critical Reader will perceive, that the last line in each stanza of the preceding Song is slightly altered to suit it for the Air.

## THE SMALL BIRDS REJOICE, &amp;c.

FROM A MS.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

*These admirable Stanzas are supposed to be spoken by the young Prince CHARLES EDWARD, when wandering in the Highlands of Scotland, after his fatal Defeat at Culloden.*

## IRISH AIR,—CAPTAIN O’KAIN.

THE small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning,  
 The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro’ the vale,  
 The primroses blow in the dews of the morning,  
 And wild scatter’d cowslips bedeck the green dale.  
 But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,  
 When the lingering moments are number’d wi’ care?  
 Nor birds sweetly singing, nor flowers gayly springing,  
 Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their notice?  
 A king and a father to place on his throne?  
 His right are these hills, and his right are the vallies,  
 Where wild beasts find shelter, tho’ I can find none!  
 But ’tis not *my* sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,  
 My brave gallant friends, ’tis *your* ruin I mourn;  
 Your faith proved so loyal, in hot bloody trial  
 Alas! can I make it no better return!

## THE WOUNDED HUSSAR,

WRITTEN

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL,

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY HIS PERMISSION.

## THE SAME AIR.

ALONE to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube,  
 Fair ADELAIDE hied when the battle was o’er;  
 “O whither, she cried, hast thou wander’d, my lover,  
 “Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?  
 “What voice did I hear! ’twas my HENRY that sigh’d,”  
 All mournful she hasten’d, nor wander’d a-far,  
 When bleeding and low on the heath she descried,  
 By the light of the moon, her poor wounded hussar.

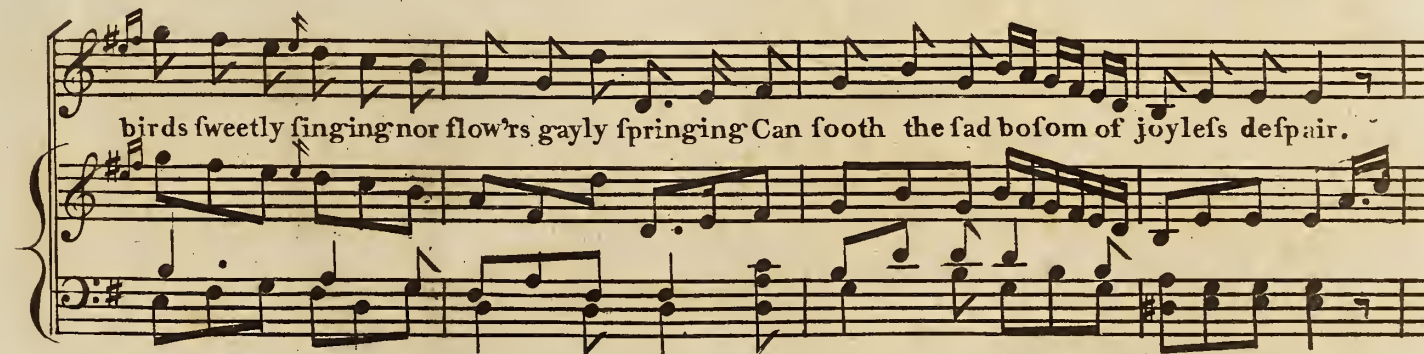
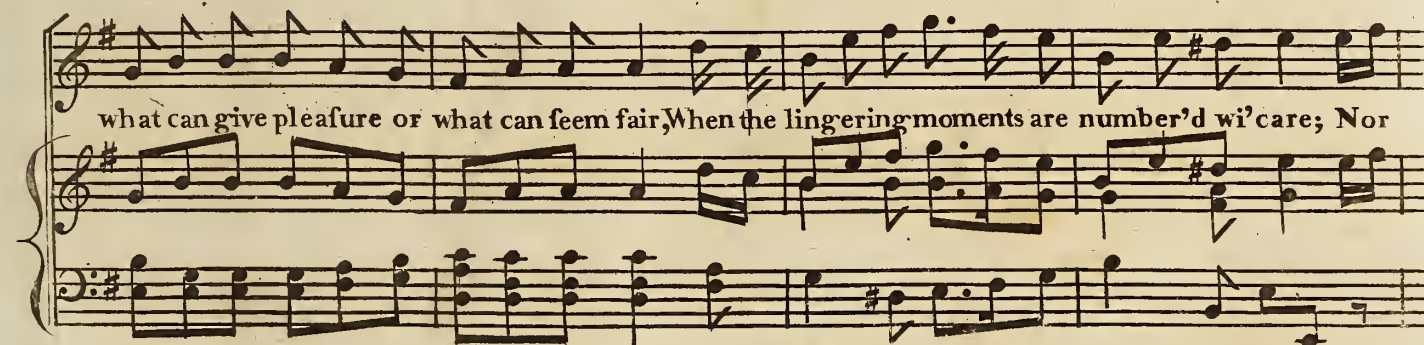
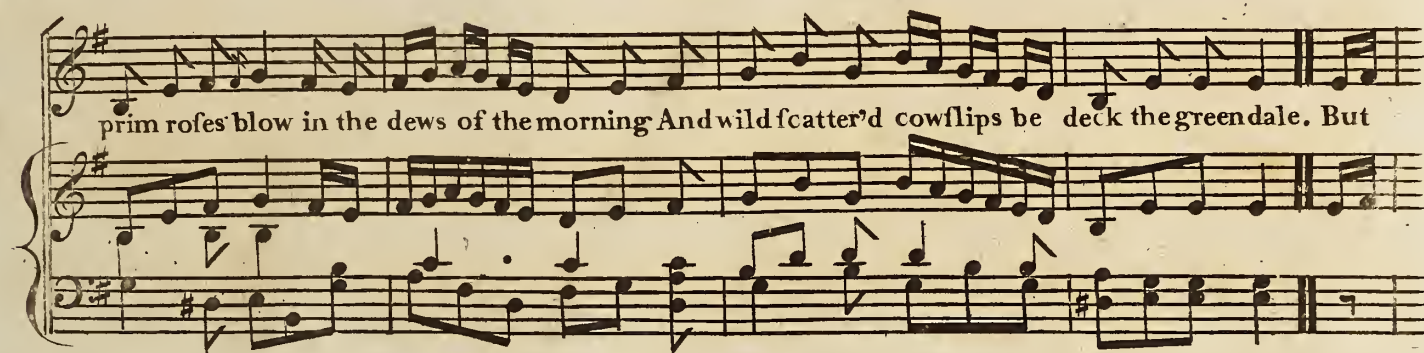
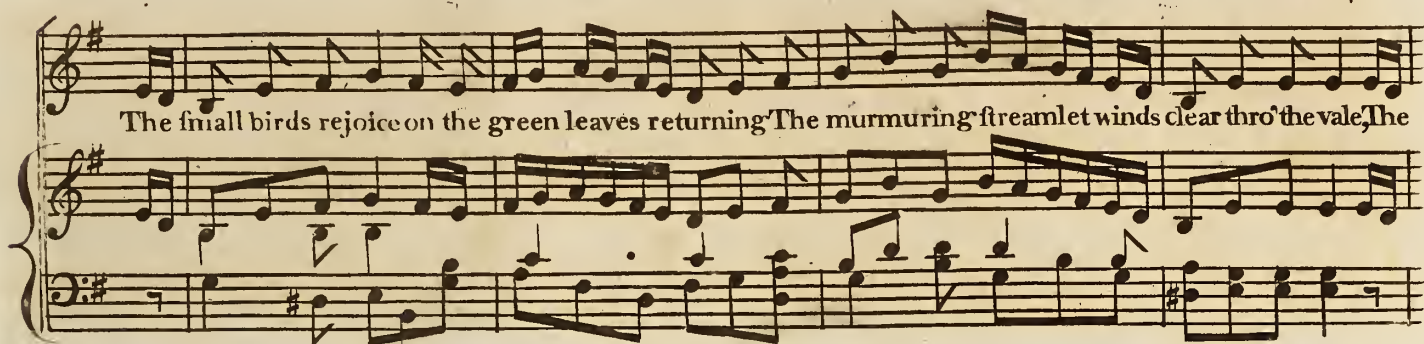
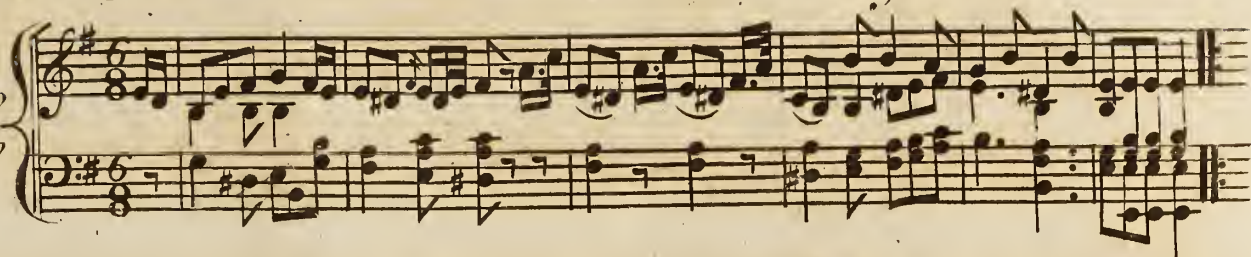
From his bosom that heav’d, the last torrent was streaming,  
 And pale was his visage, deep mark’d with a scar  
 And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming  
 That melted in love, and that kindled in war:  
 How smit was poor ADELAIDE’s heart at the sight!  
 How bitter she wept o’er the victim of war!  
 Hast thou come, my fond love, this last sorrowful night,  
 “To cheer the lone heart of your wounded hussar.”

“Thou shalt live!” she replied, “heaven’s mercy relieving,  
 “Each anguishing wound shall forbid me to mourn;”  
 “Ah! no, the last pang in my bosom is heaving,  
 “No light of the morn shall to HENRY return;  
 “Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true,  
 “Ye babes of my love, that await me afar—  
 His falt’ring tongue scarce could murmur adieu,  
 When he sunk in her arms, the poor wounded hussar!

# The Small Birds Rejoice

97

*Andantino*  
*espressivo*



*Slow. Spreads the Gloom &c.*

Larghetto

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of six systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The tempo is marked 'Larghetto' and the mood is 'Slow'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, bar lines, and dynamic markings like *p* (piano), *fz* (forzando), and *hr* (hairpins). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Slow spreads the gloom my foul de-fires, The  
 fun from In-dia's shore re-tires; To E-van banks, with temp'rate ray My  
 youthful home, he leads the day. Oh! banks to me for ev-er dear Oh!  
 stream whose murmurs still I hear All all my hopes of blifs re-fide Where  
 E-van min-gles with the Clyde.

*SLOW SPREADS THE GLOOM, &c.*

By ROBERT BURNS.

---

IRISH AIR,—SAVOURNA DELIGH.

Sw spreads the gloom my soul desires,  
 Tsun from India's shore retires :  
 Tovan-banks, with temp'rate ray,  
 He of my youth, he leads the day.  
 Ohbanks to me for ever dear !  
 Ohstream whose murmurs still I hear !  
 All, l my hopes of bliss reside  
 Wh Evan mingles with the Clyde.

Ande in simple beauty drest,  
 Whdimage lives within my breast ;  
 Whoembling heard my parting sigh,  
 And g pursued me with her eye.  
 Does, with heart unchang'd as mine,  
 Oft ine vocal bowers recline ?  
 Or wh yon grot o'erhangs the tide,  
 Muse ile the Evan seeks the Clyde ?

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound !  
 Ye lavish woods that wave around,  
 And o'er the stream your shadows throw,  
 Which sweetly winds so far below ;  
 What secret charm to mem'ry brings,  
 All that on Evan's border springs ?  
 Sweet banks ! ye bloom by MARY's side ;  
 Blest stream ! she views thee haste to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast,  
 Atone for years in absence lost ?  
 Return, ye moments of delight,  
 With richer treasures bless my sight !  
 Swift from this desert let me part,  
 And fly to meet a kindred heart !  
 Nor more may aught my steps divide,  
 From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.

*AUSPICIOUS SPIRITS, GUARD MY LOVE.*

By MR BICKERSTAFF.

---

THE SAME AIR.

AUSPICIOUSpirits, guard my love,  
 In time danger near him 'bide ;  
 With outsad wings around him move,  
 And turach random ball aside.

And you, foes, tho' hearts of steel,  
 Oh, mayu then with me accord !  
 A sympathy passion feel,  
 Behold hce, and drop the sword.

Ye winds, your blust'ring fury leave,  
 Like airs that o'er the garden sweep,  
 Breathe soft in sighs, and gently heave  
 The calm, smooth bosom of the deep :

Till, halcyon peace return'd once more,  
 From blasts secure, and hostile harms,  
 My sailor views his native shore,  
 And harbours safe in these fond arms.

---

NOW IN HER GREEN MANTLE, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

By ROBERT BURNS.

---

IRISH AIR,—COOLUN.

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,  
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,  
While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw,  
But to me its delightless—my NANIE 's awa'.

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

Thou lavrock that starts frae the dews of the morn,  
The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking doun,  
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night f  
Give over for pity—my NANIE 's awa'.

Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and green,  
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay  
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snow,  
Alone can delight me—now NANIE 's awa'.

O SUMMER, THY PRESENCE GIVES JOY TO THE VALE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

By PETER PINDAR.

---

THE SAME AIR.

O SUMMER, thy presence gives joy to the vale,  
The song of the warbler enlivens the grove!  
The pipe of the shepherd I hear in the gale;  
Alas! but I hear not the voice of my love.

The lilies are drest in their purest array:  
To the valleys, the woodbines a fragrance impart;  
The roses the pride of their crimson display;  
But I see not the blush of the nymph of my heart.

Go shepherds, and bring the sweet waver here,  
The boast of her sex, and delight of swains:  
Go shepherds, and whisper this truth in her ear,  
That the pleasures with PHILLIS have quitted the plains.

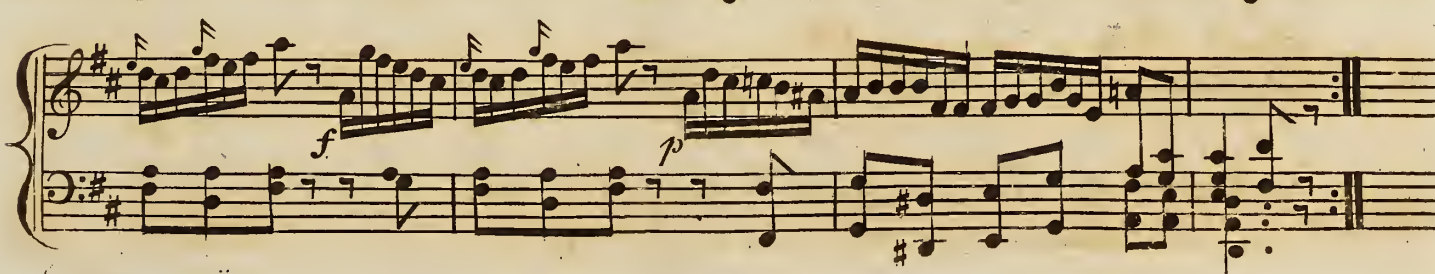
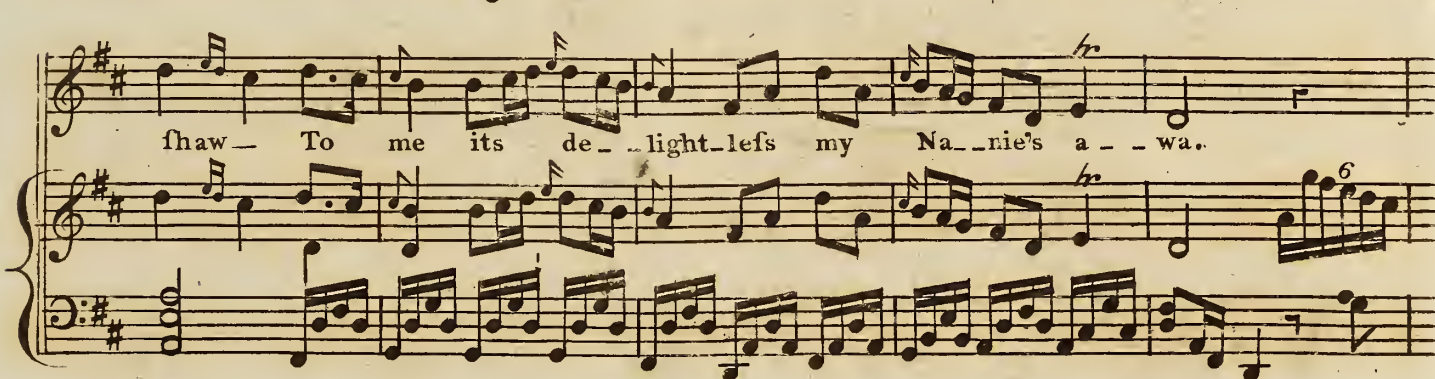
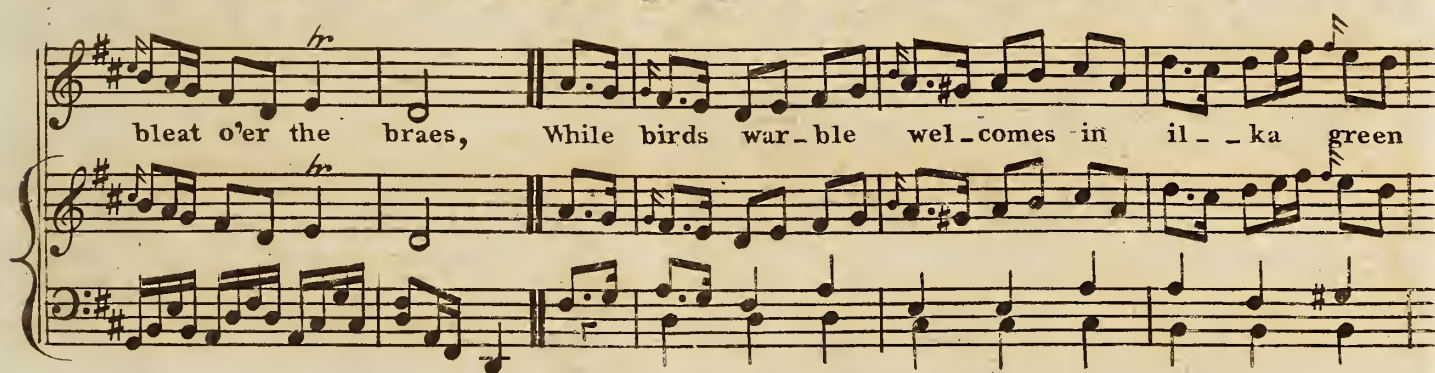
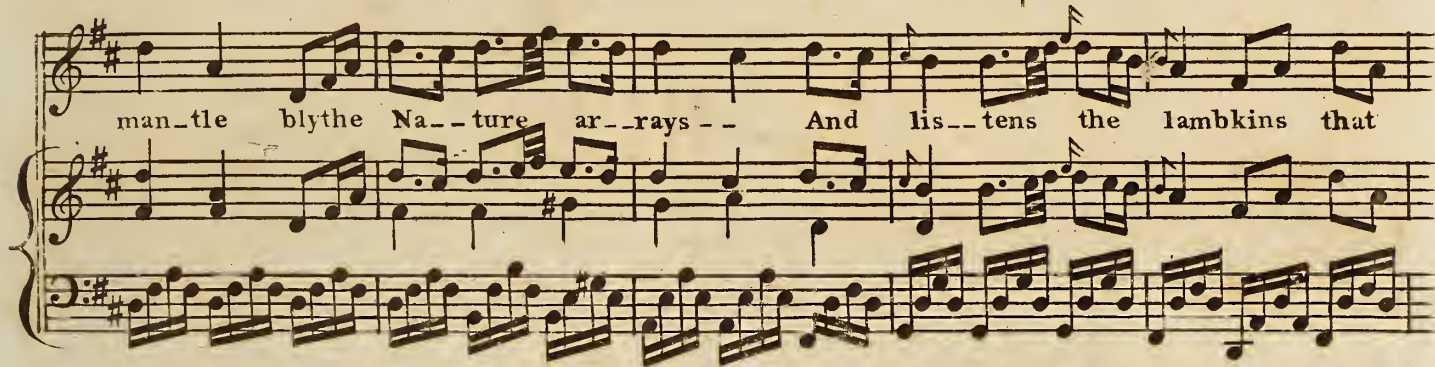
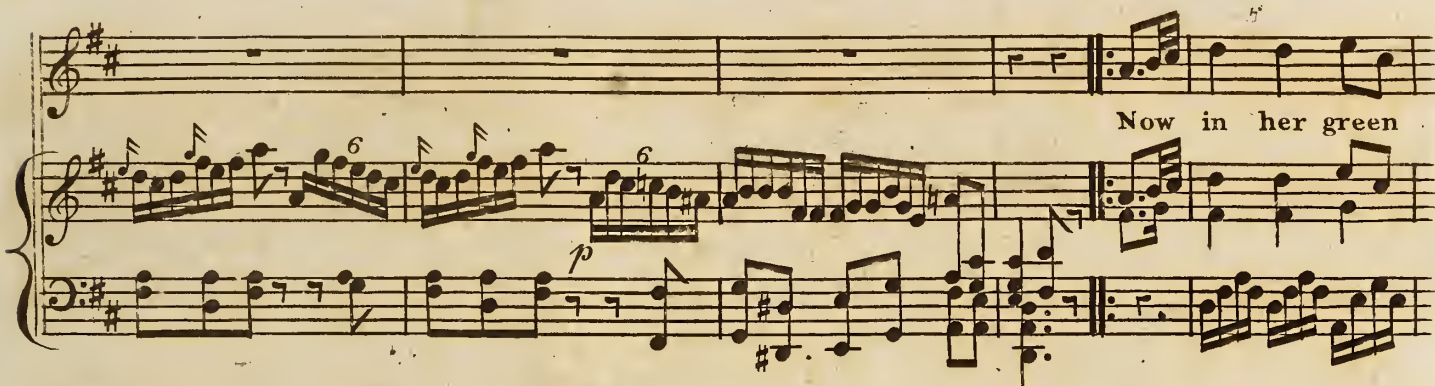
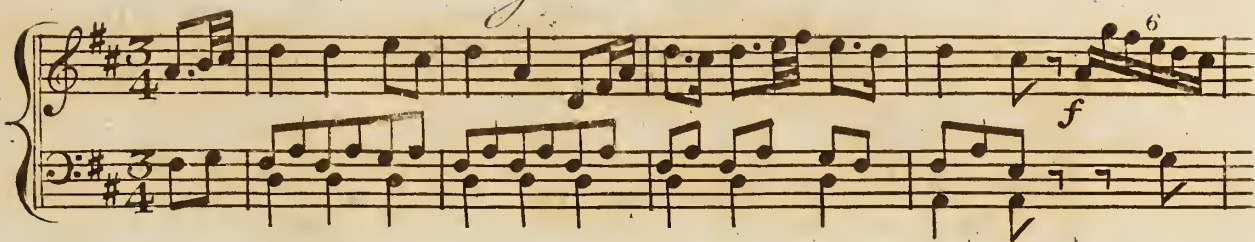
If thus to the nymph ye my wishes declare,  
To the cot she has left she will quick return;  
Too soft is her bosom to give us despair  
That sooner would sigh than another's paild mourn.

---

# Now in her green Mantle

99

Andante



*Awa wi' your witchcraft &c*

Vivace

1

A - wa wi' your witchcraft of beauty's alarms, The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms O gieme the

lafs that has acres of charms, O gië me the lafs wi' the weel stockit farms Then hey for a lafs wi' a to cher Then

hey for a lafs wi' a to-cher Then hey for a lafs wi' a to-cher The nice yellow guineas for me.

AWA' WI' YOUR WITCECRAFT O' BEAUTY'S ALARMS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

IRISH AIR,—BALLINAMONA ORA.

Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,  
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms :  
O gi'e me the lass that has acres o' charms,  
O gi'e me the lass wi' the weel stockit farms,  
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,  
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,  
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,  
The nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty 's a flower in the morning that blows,  
And withers the faster the faster it grows ;  
But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes,  
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yewes  
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,  
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,  
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,  
The nice yellow guineas for me.

And e'en when this beuty your bosom has blest,  
The brightest o' beautymay cloy, when possest ;  
But the sweet yellow dlings wi' GEORDIE imprest,  
The langer ye ha'e then the mair they're carest.  
Then hey for a lass wa tocher,  
Then hey for a lass wi tocher,  
Then hey for a lass wi tocher,  
The nice yellow guineas for me.

Edinburgh :

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