

*She's warring & flying frae morning 'till e'en,
 And it's ye guinaway hen, her eye glow'r's sae keen!
 O'gin my wife wud strike hookey and fairly,
 Then tongue, neave, & culpel she'll lay on, ye sarky,*

THOMSON'S COLLECTION
OF
THE SONGS OF BURNS,
SIR WALTER SCOTT BART
AND OTHER EMINENT LYRIC POETS ANCIENT & MODERN
UNITED TO THE
SELECT MELODIES OF SCOTLAND,
AND OF
IRELAND & WALES
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FOR THE
PIANO FORTE
BY
PLEYEL, HAYDN, BEETHOVEN &c
THE WHOLE COMPOSED FOR & COLLECTED BY
GEORGE THOMSON F.A.S. EDINBURGH.
IN SIX VOLUMES



Stothard del. and

Loves Goddess in a myrtle grove. Said Cupid bend thy bow with speed

W. P. L. sculp.

LONDON.

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G. Thomson



Designed by T. Stothard R.A.

MURLAND WILLIE

*He took aff his bonnet & spat out his chew,
Thum dighted his gab & peed her man.*

Pub^d as the act direct by G. Thomson Edinburgh

Engr^d by T. Rowson

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

The Air composed for the Song by G. Thomson in 1822.

The Sym? & Accompl? by R.A. Smith.

ANDANTE
CON ANIMA.

Ritard:

A Chieftain to the highlands bound, Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry! And

I'll give thee a sil-ver pound To row us o'er the ferry?" "Now

who he ye, would cross Lochgyle, This dark and stor-my water?" "O,

Espress:
I'm the Chief of Ul-va's isle, And this Lord Ul-lin's daughter?"

Ritard: *p* *pp*

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

AND HERE BY HIS PERMISSION UNITED TO A MELODY COMPOSED BY G. THOMSON, IN 1822.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
 Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
 "And I'll give thee a silver pound,
 "To row us o'er the ferry."—

'Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
 This dark and stormy water?'—
 "Oh I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
 "And this Lord Ullin's daughter.—

"And fast before her father's men
 "Three days we've fled together,
 "For should he find us in the glen,
 "My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
 "Should they our steps discover,
 "Then who will cheer my bonny bride
 "When they have slain her lover?"—

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
 'I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:
 'It is not for your silver hright;
 'But for your winsome lady:

'And by my word! the bonny bird
 'In danger shall not tarry;
 'So, though the waves are raging white,
 'I'll row you o'er the ferry.'—

By this the storm grew loud apace,
 The water-wraith was shrieking;*
 And in the scowl of heav'n each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
 And as the night grew drearer,
 Adown the glen rode armed men,
 Their trampling sounded nearer.—

'Oh haste thee, haste!' the lady cries,
 'Though tempests round us gather;
 'I'll meet the raging of the skies:
 'But not an angry father.'—

The boat has left a stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her,—
 When oh! too strong for human hand,
 The tempest gather'd o'er her.—

And still they row'd amidst the roar
 Of waters fast prevailing:
 Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
 His wrath was chang'd to wailing.—

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
 His child he did discover:—
 One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
 And one was round her lover.

'Come back! come back!' he cried in grief,
 Across this stormy water:
 'And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
 'My daughter!—Oh my daughter!—

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
 Return or aid preventing:—
 The waters wild went o'er his child—
 And he was left lamenting.

* The evil spirit of the waters.

GLENARA.

THE VERSES WRITTEN

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

AND HERE BY HIS PERMISSION UNITED TO AN OLD MELODY, HARMONIZED BY R. A. SMITH, IN 1822.

~~~~~

O HEARD ye yon pihrach sound sad in the gale,  
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail ?  
'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear ;  
And her sire, and the people, are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud ;  
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud :  
Their plaids all their hosoms were folded around :  
They march'd all in silence—they look'd on the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,  
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar ;  
Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn :  
' Why speak ye no word !'—said Glenara the stern.

' And tell me, I charge you ! ye clan of my spouse,  
' Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows ?'  
So spake the rude chieftain :—no answer is made,  
But each mantle unfolding a dagger display'd.

' I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud ;'  
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud ;  
' And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem :  
' Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream !'

O ! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain I ween,  
When the shroud was unclos'd, and no lady was seen ;  
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,  
'Twas the youth who had lov'd the fair Ellen of Lorn :

' I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,  
' I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief :  
' On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem ;  
' Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream !'

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,  
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found ;  
From a rock of the ocean that heauty is home,  
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn.

## 2.

## GLENARA.

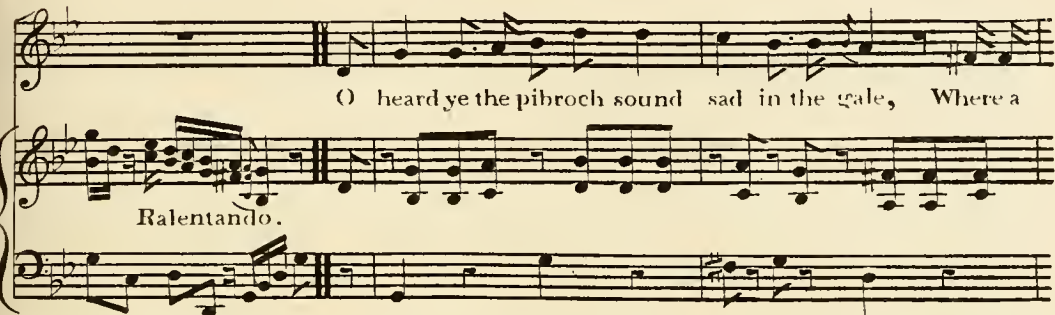
The Sym<sup>y</sup> & Accom<sup>t</sup> new & united to the Song in 1822.—Smith.

ANDANTE  
CON MOLTO  
ESPRESSIONE.

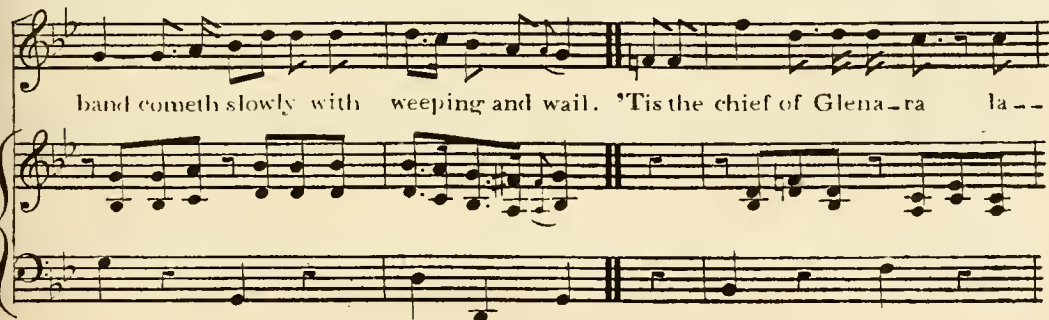


O heard ye the pibroch sound sad in the gale, Where a

Ralentando.

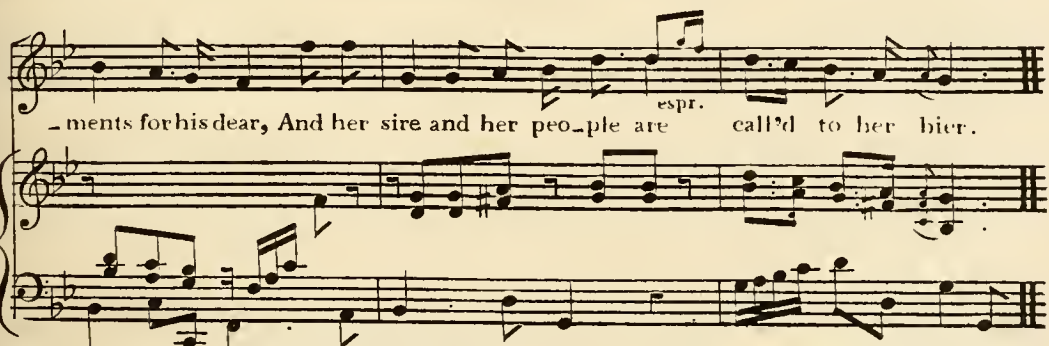


band cometh slowly with weeping and wail. 'Tis the chief of Glena-ra la--



ments for his dear, And her sire and her people are call'd to her bier.

espr.



Ralentando.



The Song new, and first publish'd in 1822.

ALLEGRETTO.

O Neighbours! what had I a-do for to marry, My  
 wife she drinks possets and wine o' Canary, And ca's me a niggard-ly  
 thraw-gabst Car-ly, O gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fair-ly.

BASS CHORUS.  
 Hooly and fair-ly, Hooly and fair-ly, O gin my wife wou'd drink  
 Tenor.  
 Hooly and fair-ly, Hooly and fair-ly, O gin my wife wou'd drink  
 Treble.  
 Hooly and fair-ly, Hooly and fair-ly, O gin my wife wou'd drink  
 hooly and fair-ly.  
 hooly and fair-ly.  
 hooly and fair-ly.  
 hooly and fair-ly.

*p*



## HOOLY AND FAIRLY,

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK IN 1822,

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

The Editor has great satisfaction in being enabled to substitute this most admirable new version of Hooly and Fairly, in the room of the homely old song.

O<sup>H</sup> Neighbours! what had I ado for to marry,  
 My wife she drinks possets and wine o' Canary,  
 And ca's me a niggardly, thraw-gabbet Carly,  
 O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!  
                     Hooly and fairly, &c.

She feasts wi' her kimmers on dainties enew,  
 Ay bowing and smirking and dighting her mou',  
 While I sit aside and am helpet but sparely,  
 O gin my wife wad feast hooly and fairly!  
                     Hooly and fairly, &c.

To fairs and to bridals and preachings and a',  
 She gangs sae light-headed and busket sae braw,  
 Its ribbons and mantuas that gar me gae barely,  
 O gin my wife wad spend hooly and fairly!  
                     Hooly and fairly, &c.

In the kirk sic commotion last Sabbath she made,  
 Wi' babs o' red roses and breast-knots o'erclaid,  
 The dominie sticket his psalm very nearly,  
 O gin my wife wad dress hooly and fairly!  
                     Hooly and fairly, &c.

She's warring and flyting frac morning till e'en,  
 And if ye gainsay her, her eye glowrs sae keen!  
 Then tonguc, neive, and cudgel, she'll lay on ye sairly!  
 O gin my wife wad strike hooly and fairly!  
                     Hooly and fairly, &c.

When tired wi' her cantraps, she lies in her bed,  
 The wark a' neglecket, the house ill up-red,  
 When a' our good neighbours are stirring right early,  
 O gin my wife wad sleep timely and fairly!  
                     Timely and fairly, &c.

A word o' good counsel or grace she'll hear none,  
 She bardies the Elders and mocks at Mess John,  
 And back in his teeth his ain text she flings rarely!  
 O gin my wife wad speak hooly and fairly!  
                     Hooly and fairly, &c.

I wish I were single, I wish I were freed,  
 I wish I were doited, I wish I were dead;  
 Or she in the mools, to dement me nae mair, lay;  
 What does't avail to cry hooly and fairly,  
                     Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly!  
 Wasting my breath to cry hooly and fairly!



## TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

IN winter, when the rain rain'd cauld,  
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,  
 And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,  
 Was threath'ning a' our ky to kill :

Then Bell my wife, wha lo'es na strife,  
 She said to me right hastily,—

'Get up, goodman, save Cromie's life,  
 'And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

'My Cromie is an useful cow,  
 'And she is come of a good kyne ;  
 'Aft has she wet the bairns's mou,  
 'And I am laith that she shou'd tyne ;  
 'Get up, Goodman, it is fu' time,  
 'The sun shines in the lift sae hie ;  
 'Sloth never made a gracious end,—  
 'Gae, tak' your auld cloak about ye.'

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

'In days when our King Robert rang,  
 'His trews they cost but half-a-crown ;  
 'He said they were a groat o'er dear,  
 'And call'd the tailor thief and loun.

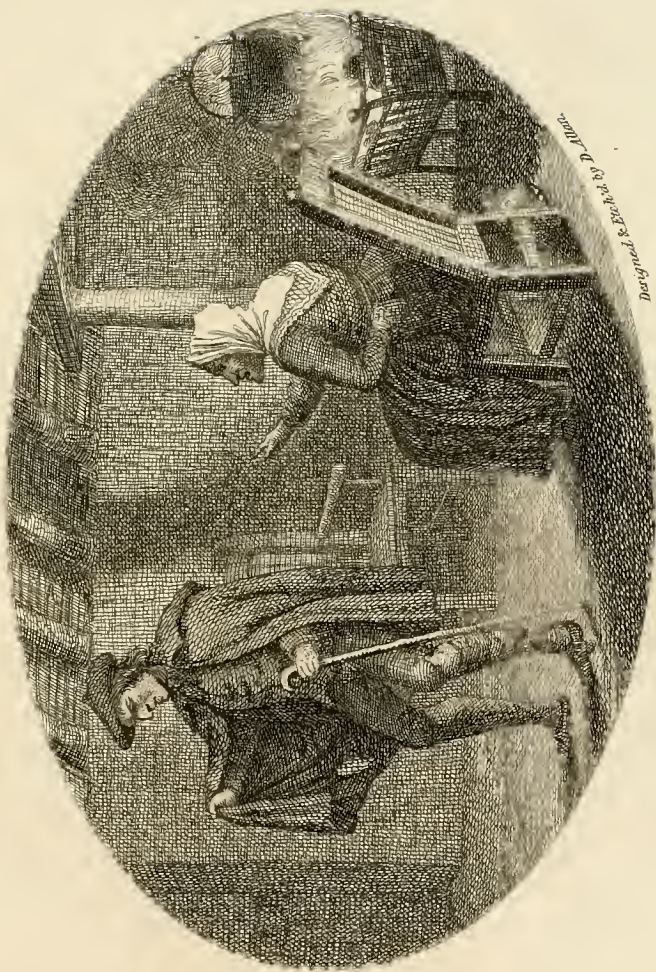
'He was the King that wore a crown,  
 'And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,—  
 "'Tis pride puts a' the country down,  
 'Sae tak' thy auld cloak about thee.'

"Every land has its ain laugh,  
 "Ilk kind of corn it has its hool ;  
 "I think the world is a' run wrang,  
 "When ilka wife her man wad rulc.  
 "Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,  
 "As they are girded gallantly,  
 "While I sit hurklen in the ase?—  
 "I'll ha'e a new cloak about me !"

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

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

*Published as the Act directs by G. Thomson Edinburgh 1822.*



*Noights to be won at womans hand  
Unless ye gie her a the plea,  
Then I'll leave off where I began,  
And tak my auld Cloak about me*



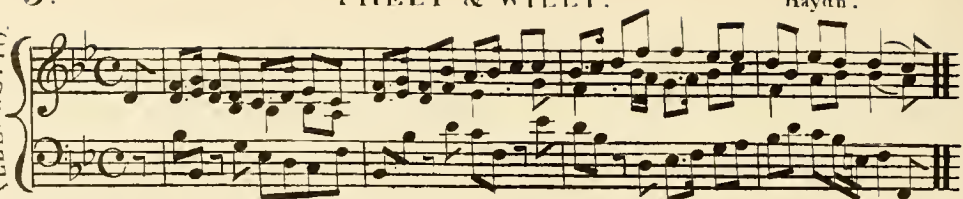
ANDANTINO  
UN POCO  
VIVACE.

In win-ter when the rain rain'd cauld, And  
frost and snaw on il-ka hill; And Boreas wi' his blasts sae bauld, Was  
threat'ning a' our ky to kill. Then Bell my wife wha loes na strife, She  
said to me right has-ti-ly, Get up good-man save  
Crummy's life, And tak your auld cloak a-bout ye. bout ye.

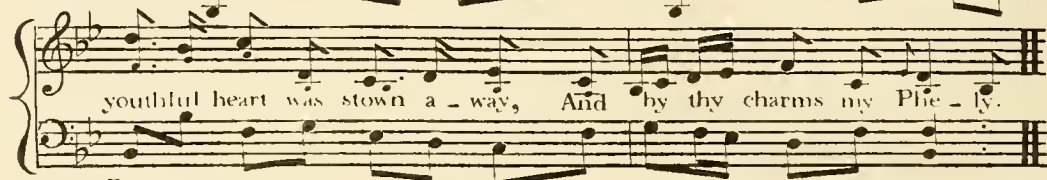
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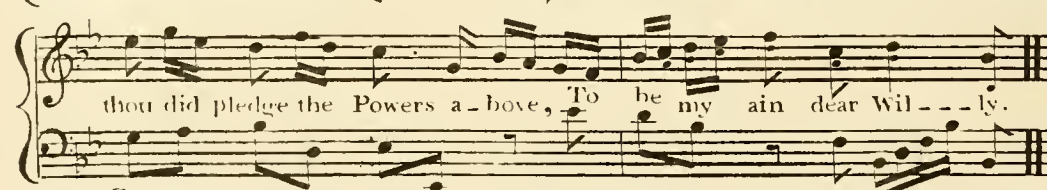
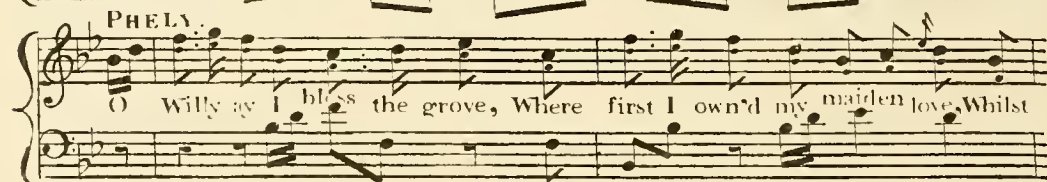
DUET  
ANDANTE  
QUASI  
ALLEGRETTO.



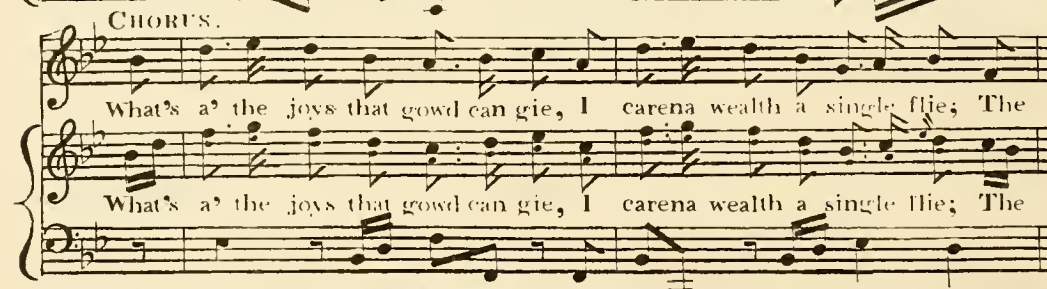
WILLY.



PHELY.



CHORUS.



# PHELY AND WILLY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY BURNS.

A JACOBITE AIR.

The Heroine was Miss PHILLIS MACMURDO, Drumlanrig.—Whether the Poet had any person in his eye for WILLY, the Editor has not been able to ascertain.

*He.*

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

*She.*

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

*He.*

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

*She.*

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

*He.*

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

*She.*

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

*He.*

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

*She.*

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

*He.*

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

*She.*

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

## O'ER THE HILLS AND FAR AWA'.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

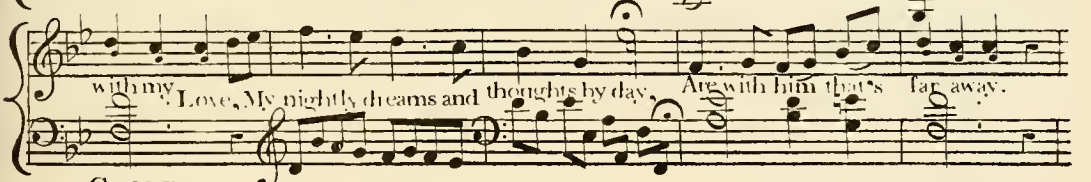
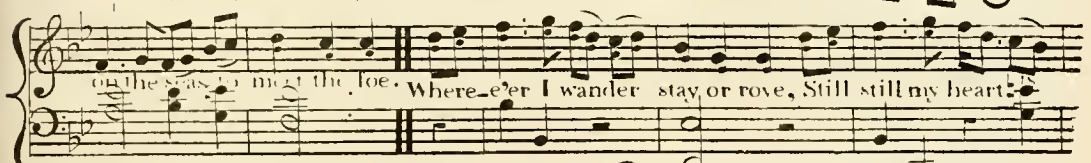
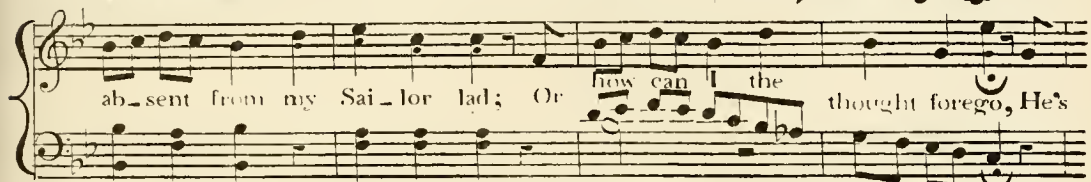
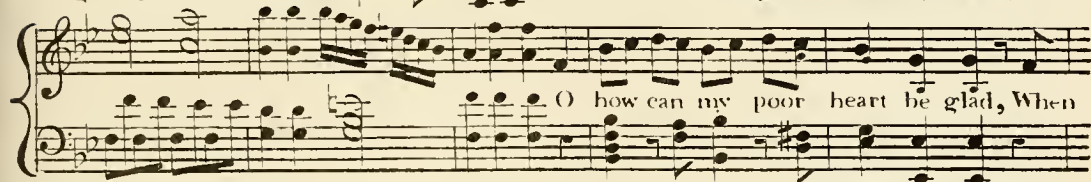
~~~~~

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

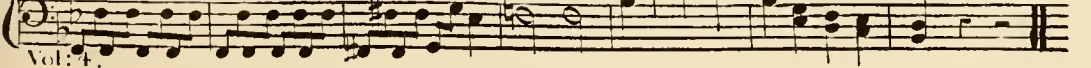
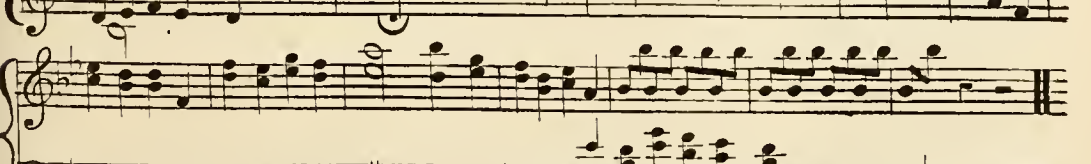
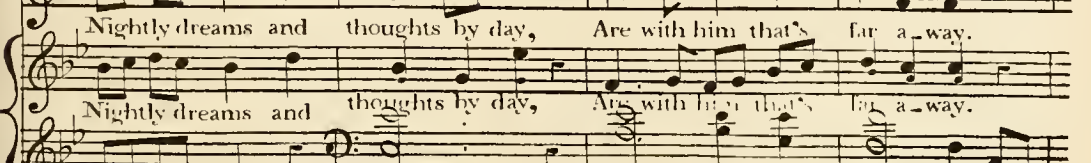
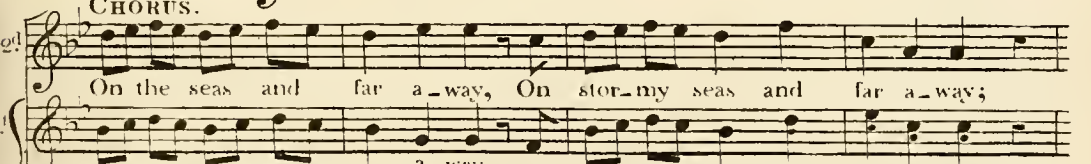
At the starless midnight hour,
 When Winter rules with boundless power,
 As the storms the forest tear,
 And thunders rend the howling air,
 Listening to the doubling roar,
 Surging on the rocky shore,
 All I can—I weep and pray
 For his weal that's far away.
 On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away,
 Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
 Are with him that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
 And bid wild War his ravage end,
 Man with brother man to meet,
 And as a brother kindly greet :
 Then may heav'n with prosperous gales
 Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
 To my arms their charge convey,
 My dear lad that's far away.
 On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away,
 Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
 Are with him that's far away.

ALLEGRETTO.



CHORUS.



The Sym^y & Accom^y new, and first pub^d with the Vocal part in 1822.

ANDANTE
CON MOTO.

Now Spring has clad the groves in green, And strew'd the lea with flow-ers; The

fur-row'd way-ing corn is seen, Re-joice in fostering show-ers.

While il-ka thing in Na-ture join, Their sorrows to fore-go; O

why thus all a-lone are mine, The wea-ry steps of woe.

This Air is to be found in another Volume, yet its simple beauty, with that of the Sym^y & Accom^y and the great charm of the Verses, induced the Editor to unite them here.

THE HOPELESS LOVER.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

The Editor, anxious to find a better Melody for this delightful Song than that with which it was before united, has formed the new union on the opposite page.

Now spring has clad the grove in green,
 And strew'd the lea with 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 of 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 lav'rock 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 whose doom is, " hope nae mair !"
 What tongue his woes can tell ;
 Within whose bosom, save Despair,
 Nae kinder spirits dwell !

KATHERINE OGIE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

~~~~~

These beautiful and pathetic Verses relate to one of the most interesting events of the Poet's life. He had taken a farewell of a beloved girl, to whom he was to have been married on her return from the West Highlands; but she had scarce got back again to Greenock, when she was seized with a malignant fever, which terminated her life before he could even hear of her illness.

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

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,  
 Our parting was fu' tender ;  
 And pledging aft to meet again,  
 We tore ourselves asunder.  
 But oh ! fell Death's untimely frost,  
 That nipt my 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 dwelt on me sae kindly !  
 And mouldering now in silent dust,  
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly !  
 But still within my bosom's core  
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

ANDANTE  
ESPRESSIVO.

The piano introduction consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with a forte (sf) marking appearing in the bass staff.

DUET.

2<sup>d</sup> Ye banks and braes and streams a-round, The cas-tle of Mont-go-mery, Green  
1<sup>st</sup> Ye banks and braes and streams a-round, The cas-tle of Mont-go-mery, Green

The vocal duet introduction features two staves, one for the 1st voice and one for the 2nd voice. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature is one flat and the time signature is common time. The lyrics are written below the staves.

be your woods and fair your flow'rs, Your wa-ters ne-ver drum - lie.  
be your woods and fair your flow'rs, Your wa-ters ne-ver drum - lie.

The vocal duet continues with two staves, one for the 1st voice and one for the 2nd voice. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature is one flat and the time signature is common time. The lyrics are written below the staves.

There summer first un-fald her robes, And there the lang-est tar-ry; For  
There summer first un-fald her robes, And there the lang-est tar-ry; For

The vocal duet continues with two staves, one for the 1st voice and one for the 2nd voice. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature is one flat and the time signature is common time. The lyrics are written below the staves.

there I took the last fareweel of my sweet highland Ma-ry.  
there I took the last fareweel of my sweet highland Ma-ry.

The vocal duet continues with two staves, one for the 1st voice and one for the 2nd voice. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature is one flat and the time signature is common time. The lyrics are written below the staves.

The piano conclusion consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with a forte (sf) marking appearing in the bass staff.



The Air by G. T.—The Sym. & Accomp<sup>t</sup> by R. A. Smith.— First publish'd in 1822.

GRAZIOSO  
CON MOTO.

Glowing with love, on fire for fame, A Troubadour that

Rinf. *p*

ha - ted sorrow. Be - neath his La - dy's window came, And thus he sung his

last good morrow. "My arm it is my Country's right, My heart is in my

true love's bower, Gaily for love & fame to fight, Be - fits the gallant Troubadour?"

Vol: 4.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'GRAZIOSO CON MOTO' in 2/4 time. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The vocal line enters with the lyrics 'Glowing with love, on fire for fame, A Troubadour that'. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The score continues with the lyrics 'ha - ted sorrow. Be - neath his La - dy's window came, And thus he sung his last good morrow. "My arm it is my Country's right, My heart is in my true love's bower, Gaily for love & fame to fight, Be - fits the gallant Troubadour?"'. The piece concludes with a final cadence. The volume is indicated as 'Vol: 4.' at the bottom left.

## THE TROUBADOUR.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET.

THE AIR COMPOSED FOR THE SONG BY G. THOMSON, 1822.

~~~~~

GLOWING with love, on fire for fame,
 A Troubadour that hated sorrow,
 Beneath his lady's window came,
 And thus he sung his last good-morrow :
 " My arm it is my country's right,
 " My heart is in my true love's bower ;
 " Gaily for love and fame to fight
 " Befits the gallant Troubadour."

And while he march'd with helm on head,
 And harp in hand, the descant rung,
 As, faithful to his favourite maid,
 The minstrel-burthen still he sung :
 " My arm it is my country's right,
 " My heart is in my lady's bower ;
 " Resolv'd for love and fame to fight,
 " I come, a gallant Troubadour.

Even when the battle-roar was deep,
 With dauntless heart he hew'd his way,
 'Mid splintering lance and falchion-sweep,
 And still was heard his warrior-lay !
 " My life it is my country's right,
 " My heart is in my lady's hower ;
 " For love to die, for fame to fight,
 " Becomes the valiant Troubadour."—

Alas ! upon the bloody field,
 He fell beneath the foeman's glaive,
 But still, reclining on his shield,
 Expiring sung the exulting stave :
 " My life it is my country's right,
 " My heart is in my lady's hower ;
 " For love and fame to fall in fight
 " Becomes the valiant Troubadour."

LORD BALGONIE'S FAVOURITE.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

The Editor, anxious to provide a better Melody for the following exquisitely beautiful Verses than that to which they were formerly joined, has here united them with Lord Balgonie's Favourite; a Melody which made its first appearance in Gow's Collection of Strathspeys above 20 years ago. Mr Gow got it from Mr Dalrymple of Orangefield, who had it of a gentleman from one of the Western isles as a very old Highland production; but how uncertain is the origin of Melodies! For this one has lately been published in Albyn's Anthology, as a composition of the Editor of that Collection. Mr T. in his folio work gave it in a form somewhat different from that adopted on the opposite page, which last, after the collation of various copies, he thinks the best.

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees
 Her robe assume its vernal hues,
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
 In vain to me the vi'lets spring,
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
 Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
 But life to me's a weary dream,
 A dream of aye that never wauks.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
 And o'er the moorlands whistles shill;
 Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
 I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
 Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
 And mounts and sings, on flitt'ring wings,
 A wae-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree;
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
 When Nature all is sad like me.

Note.—It may be proper to mention, that, for the sake of even stanzas to suit the Air, four lines of the Song, as originally written, are omitted in the above. The lines are,

" The wanton coot the water skims,
 " Among the reeds the ducklings cry,
 " The stately swan majestic swims,
 " And every thing is blest but I!"

United to a Song of Bats with a new Sym. & Accompl. in 1822.

ANDANTE
CON MOLTO
ESPRESSIONE.

A--gain re-joic--ing Na-ture sees, Her
 robe as-sume its ver-nal hues; Her lea-fy locks wave in the breeze, All
 fresh-ly steep'd in morning dew; In vain to me the cow-slips blow, In
 vain to me the vi'-lets spring, In vain to me in glen-or shaw, The
 mavis and the lint white sing, The merry plough boy cheers his team, With joy the tendie
 seedsman stalks, But life to me's a weary dream, A dream of one that ne-ver wakes.

LARGHETTO
ESPRESSIVO.

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 perfuming, But now they are withered and weeded away.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY MRS COCKBURN,

Who was daughter of RUTHERFORD of Fairnalie, in Selkirkshire, and relict of Mr COCKBURN of Ormiston, whose father was Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland.

I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
I've tasted her favours and felt her decay;
Sweet was her blessing, kind her caressing,
But now it is 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 perfuming;
But now they are wither'd and weeded away!

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
And the dread tempest roaring before parting day;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams glitt'ring in the sunny beams,
Grow drunly and dark as they roll'd on their way.

O fickle Fortune! why this cruel sporting!
O why thus perplex us, poor sons of a day!
Thy frowns cannot fear me, thy smiles cannot cheer me,
For the flowers of the forest are withered away!

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

Written upon the Battle of Flodden, which proved so fatal to James IV. and the Scottish Army.

Although the following admirable Verses have by many been thought as old as the calamitous event to which they refer, yet a distinguished Poet has lately informed us, that he saw evidence of their having been written about the middle of the eighteenth century, by a Lady in Roxburghshire, (of the Minto family it is believed.)—The first and fourth lines only are ancient.

I've heard them lilting at the ewe milking,
Lasses a' lilting before dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning,
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

At bughts in the morning nae blythe lads are scorning,
The lassies are lonely, dowie, and wae;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing;
Ilk ane lifts her leglen, and hies her away.

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

In har'st, at the shearing, nae younkers 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.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the border;
The English for ance by guile won the day:
The flowers o' the forest, that fought ay the foremost,
The prime of our land, lie cauld in the clay!

We'll hear nae mair lilting at the ewe milking,
Our women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing an' moaning on ilka green loaning,—
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

THE BRAES OF BALLOCHMYLE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS,

On the amiable Family of the WHITEFORDS leaving Ballochmyle.

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
 The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea,*
 Nae lav'roek sang on hillock green,
 But Nature sieken'd on the e'e.
 Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
 Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,
 And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
 Fareweel the braes of Ballochmyle.†

Low in your wintry beds ye flowers,
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
 But here, alas! for me nae ma'ir
 Shall birdie charm, or flowret smile:
 Fareweel the bonny banks of Ayr,
 Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!

* Catrine in Ayrshire, the Seat of DUGALD STEWART, Esq.

† Ballochmyle, now the seat of BOYD ALEXANDER, Esq.

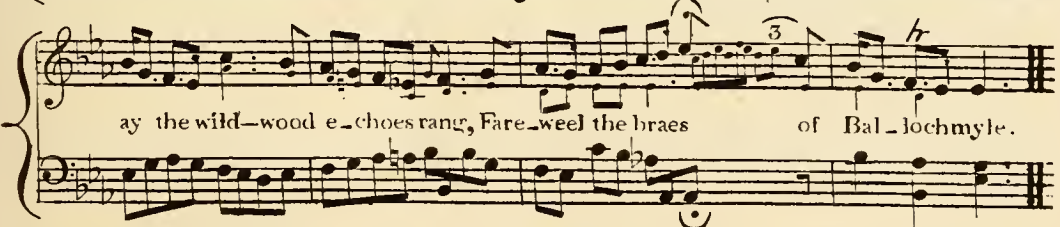
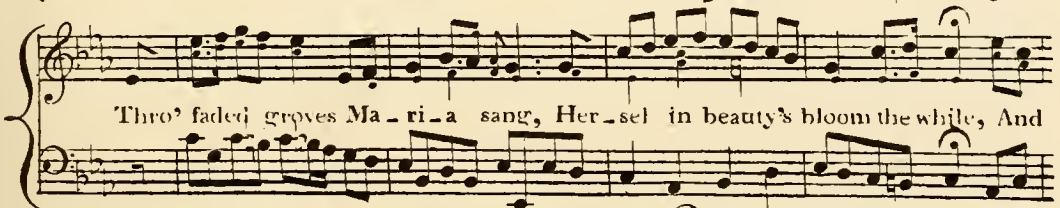
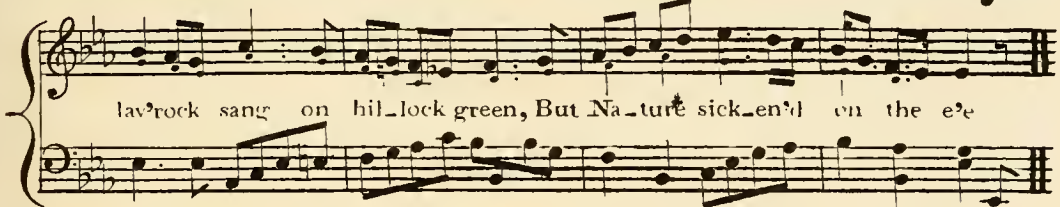
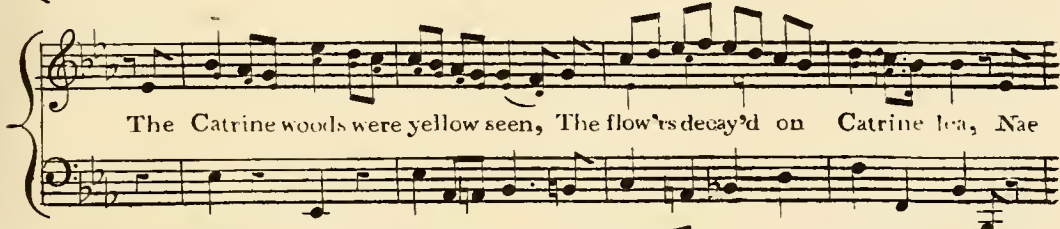
SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WHERE Esk* its silver current leads
 'Mang greenwoods gay wi' mony a flower,
 I hied me aft to dewy meads,
 In happy days, and built my bower.
 I call'd upon the birds to sing,
 And nestle in ilk fragrant flower,
 While in the liv'ry of the spring
 I deck'd my pleasing peaceful bower.

'Twas there I found, ah! happy time,
 A modest, sweet, and lovely flower!
 I cropt it in its virgin prime,
 To grace and cheer my bonny bower.
 But soon the blast howl'd in the air
 That robb'd me of this matchless flower;
 And sorrow since, and mony a care,
 Have stript and wither'd a' my bower!

* The Esk here alluded to, after passing the romantic banks of Roslin, winds for several miles through a variety of scenery singularly beautiful.

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.



THE LAMENT OF FLORA MACDONALD.

A new song by J. Hogg; pub^d singly by N. Gow & Son, & here given by their authority.
1822.

ANDANTE
CON ESPRESSO.

Far o-ver yon hills of the heather so green, And down by the Correi that
sings to the sea, The bonny young Flo-ra sat sighing her lane, The
dew on her plaid and the tear in her ee. 'She look'd at a boat with the
breezes that swung a - - way on the wave, like a bird of the main, And
ay as it lessen'd she sigh'd and she sung, Fare-weel to the lad I shall

ne'er see a--gain; Fare - weel to my he-ro, the gal-lant and young, Fare -
Dol.
- weel to the lad I shall ne'er see again.

The Above Sym & Accom by M^r Cow Jun^r Edin^r*

The Moorcock that craws on the brows o' Ben-Connal,
He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;
The Eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan-Ronald
Unawed and unhunted his eiry can claim;
The Solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore,
The Cormorant roost on his rock of the sea;
But Oh! there is ane whose hard fate I deplore,
Nor house, ha', nor hame in his country has he;
The conflict is past, and our name is no more,
There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me!

The target is torn from the arms of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust;
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave:
The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud
Have trode o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue:
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud
When tyranny revelled in blood of the true;
Farewell my young hero, the gallant and good!
The crown of thy Fathers is torn from thy brow.

The Song new, and first publish'd in 1822.

ALLEGRETTO.

Here we go u-pon the tide, Pull a--

- way jolly boys; With heaven for our guide, Pull a-way. Here's a

weather beaten tar, Britain's glory still his star, He has borne her thunders far, Pull a-

-- way jolly boys, To yon gallant man of war, Pull a-- way,

CHORUS.

Bass Pull a-way, To yon gal-lant man of war, Pull a-- way.

2d Pull a-way, To yon gal-lant man of war, Pull a-- way.

1st Pull a-way, To yon gal-lant man of war, Pull a-- way.

PULL AWAY JOLLY BOYS.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY JAMES HOGG,

AND HERE FIRST UNITED WITH THE MUSIC, 1822.

HERE we go upon the tide,
 Pull away, jolly boys,
 With heaven for our guide,
 Pull away.
 Here's a weather-beaten tar,
 Britain's glory still his star,
 He has borne her thunders far,
 Pull away, jolly boys,
 To yon gallant man-of-war,
 Pull away.

We've with NELSON plough'd the main,
 Pull away, jolly boys;
 Now his signal flies again,
 Pull away.
 Brave hearts then let us go,
 To drub the haughty foe;
 Who once again shall know,
 Pull away, gallant boys,
 That our backs we never shew,
 Pull away.

We have fought and we have sped,
 Pull away, gallant boys,
 Where the rolling wave was red,
 Pull away.
 We've stood many a mighty shock,
 Like the thunder stricken oak,
 We've been bent, but never broke,
 Pull away, gallant boys;
 We ne'er brook'd a foreign yoke,
 Pull away.

Here we go upon the deep,
 Pull away, gallant boys,
 O'er the ocean let us sweep,
 Pull away.
 Round the earth our glory rings,
 At the thought my bosom springs,
 That where'er our pennant swings,
 Pull away, gallant boys,
 Of the ocean we're the kings,
 Pull away.

THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

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

My bonnie dearie.

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

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

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery. *Ca' the ewes, &c.*

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

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

* *Faulding*, to shut sheep in the fold.

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN BY MR DUDGEON.

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

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

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

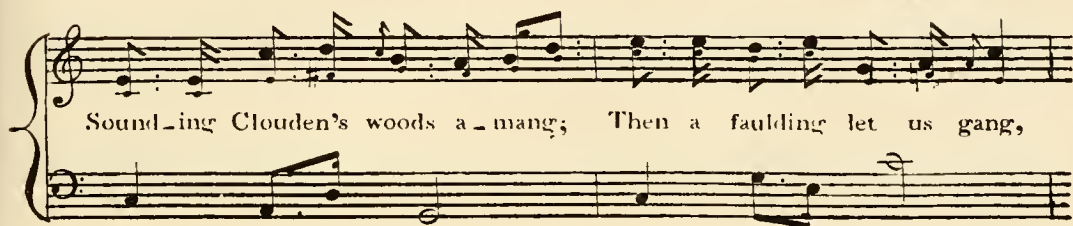
Brawly can he dance and sing,
Canty glee or Highland eronach ;
Nane can ever match his fling
At a reel or round a ring.
Wightly can he wield a rung,
In a brawl he's ay the bangster ;
A' his praise can ne'er be sung
By the langest winded sangster.
Sangs that do o' Sandy sing
Come short, though they were e'er sae lang.

16. THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS. faydn.

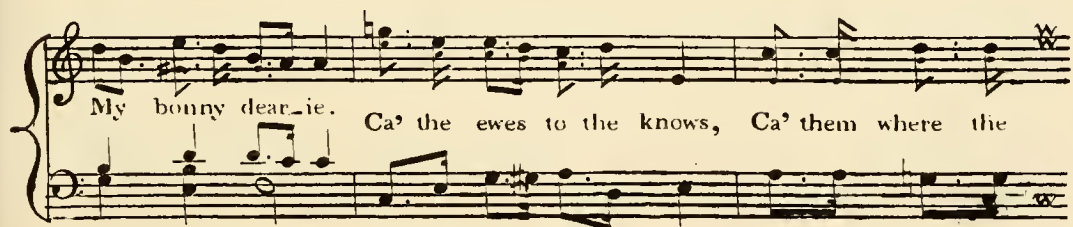
ANDANTINO.



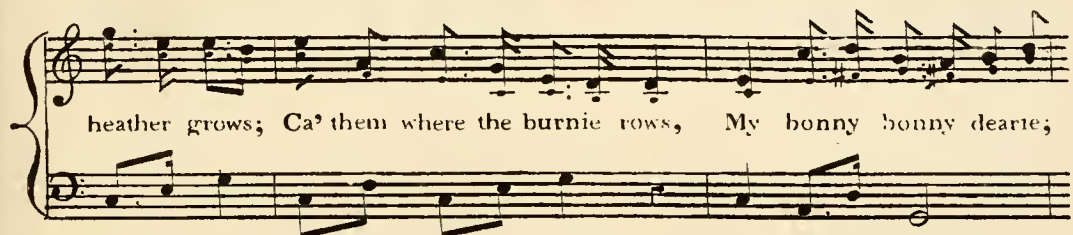
Hark the Ma-vis' ev'ning sang,



Sound-ing Clouden's woods a-mang; Then a faulding let us gang,



My bonny dear-ie. Ca' the ewes to the knows, Ca' them where the



heather grows; Ca' them where the burnie rows, My bonny bonny dearte;



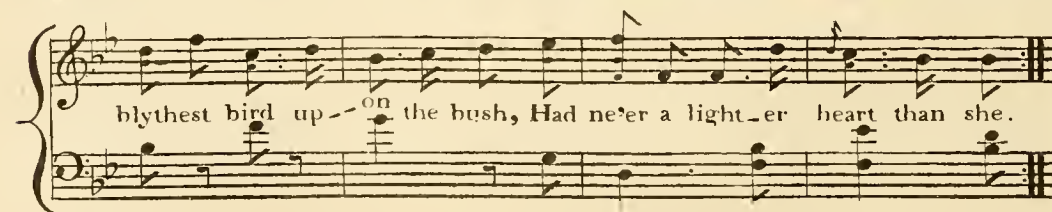
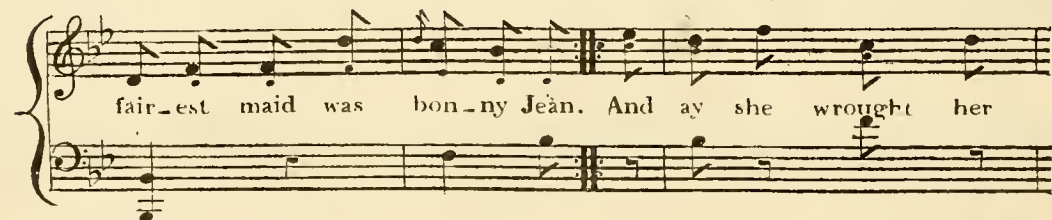
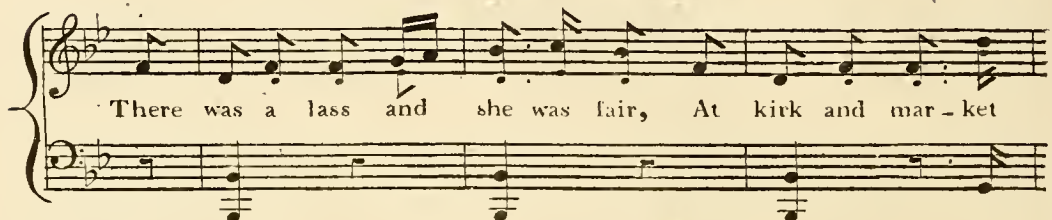
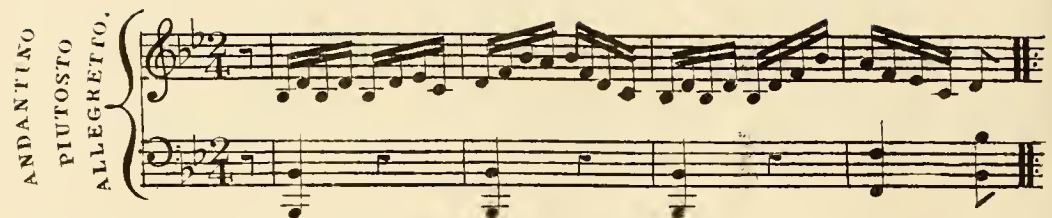
Ca' them where the burn rows, My bon-ny dear--ie



ANDANTINO

PIU TOSTO

ALLEGRETTO.



Ad lib.

WILLY WAS A WANTON WAG.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

The Heroine of the following Song was Miss MACMURDO, Drumlanrig,—who is now Mrs CRAWFORD. “I have not (said the Poet) painted her in the rank which she holds in life, but in the dress and character of a cottager.”

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen;
When a' our fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.
And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,
And ay she sang sae merrilie;
The blythest bird upon the bush,
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.
Young Robie was the bravest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton nagies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He dane'd wi' Jeanie on the down,
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown!
As in the bosom of the stream
The moon beam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast of bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad make her weel again.
But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tell'd a tale o' love
Ae ev'ning on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to her's he fondly laid,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love.
“O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
“O can'st thou think to fancy me!
“Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
“And learn to tent the farms wi' me?”

“At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
“Or naething else to trouble thee,
“But stray among the heather bells,
“And tent the waving eorn wi' me.”
Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had na will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was ay between them twa.

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

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

WILLIE was a wanton wag,
The blythest lad that e'er I saw,
At bridals still he bore the brag,
And carried ay the gree awa':
His doublet was of Zetland shag,
And wow! but Willie he was braw,
And at his shoulder hung a tag,
That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw;
And ay whatever Willie said,
It was still badden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the Weaponshaw,
Upon the green nane durst him brag,
The fient a' ane among them a'.

And was not Willie well worth gowd?
He wan the love of great and sma';
For after he the bride had kiss'd,
He kiss'd the lasses hale sale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When by the hand he led them a',
And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
By virtue of a standing law.

And was nae Willie a great lown,
As shyre a lick as e'er was seen?
When he dane'd wi' the lasses round,
The bridegroom spier'd where he had been.
Quoth Willie, I've been at the ring,
Wi' bobbing, faith, my shanks are sair;
Gae ea' your bride and maidens in,
For Willie he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willie, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring;
But shame light on his souple snout!
He wanted Willie's wanton fling.
Then straight he to the bride did fare,
Says, wail's me on your bonnie face;
Wi' bobbing Willie's shanks are sair,
And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,
And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
Unless, like Willie, ye advance,
O! Willie has a wanton leg;
For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
And foremost ay bears up the ring,
We will find nae sic dancing here,
If we want Willie's wanton fling.

THE BLUE BELL OF SCOTLAND.

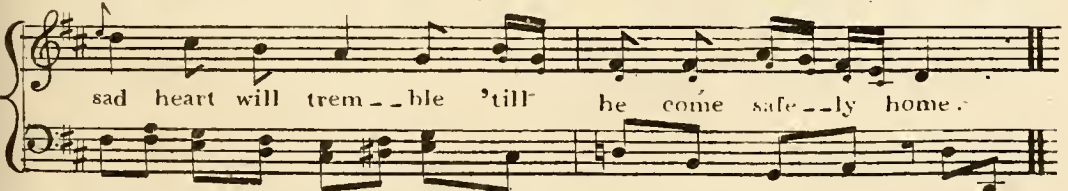
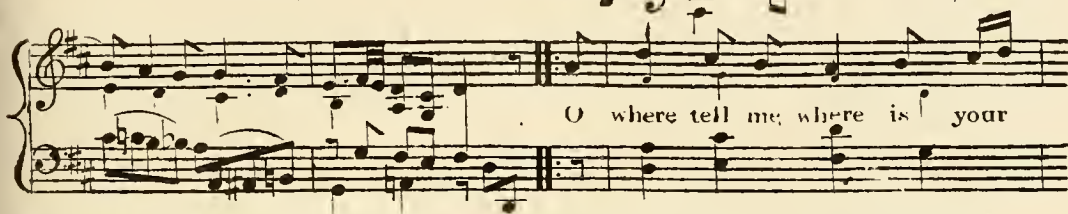
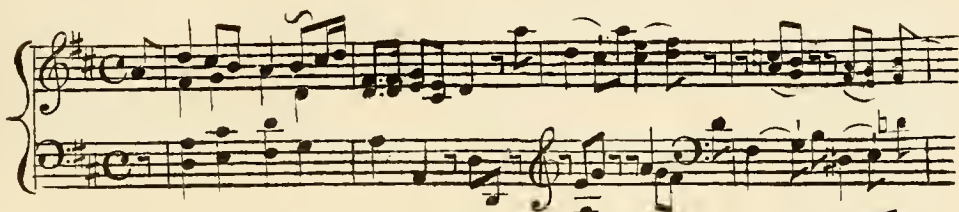
THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

On the Marquis of HUNTLY's departure for the Continent with his regiment
in 1799;

BY MRS GRANT,—LAGGAN.

-
- ‘ O H where, tell me where, is your Highland Laddie gone ?
 ‘ O where, tell me where, is your Highland Laddie gone ?’
 “ He’s gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,
 “ And my sad heart will tremble till he come safely home.
 “ He’s gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done,
 “ And my sad heart will tremble, till he come safely home.”
- ‘ O where, tell me where, did your Highland Laddie stay ?
 ‘ O where, tell me where, did your Highland Laddie stay ?’
 “ He dwelt beneath the holly trees, beside the rapid Spey,
 “ And many a blessing follow’d him, the day he went away ;
 “ He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid Spey,
 “ And many a blessing follow’d him, the day he went away.”
- ‘ O what, tell me what, does your Highland Laddie wear ?
 ‘ O what, tell me what, does your Highland Laddie wear ?’
 “ A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
 “ And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star ;
 “ A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
 “ And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a star.”
- ‘ Suppose, ah suppose, that some cruel, cruel wound
 ‘ Should pierce your Highland Laddie, and all your hopes confound !’
 “ The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,
 “ The spirit of a Highland Chief would lighten in his eye ;
 “ The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners round him fly,
 “ And for his King and Country dear with pleasure he would die.
- “ But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland’s bonny bounds,
 “ But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland’s bonny bounds,
 “ His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,
 “ While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name re-
 sounds.
 “ His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,
 “ While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name re-
 sounds.”

ANDANTE
GRAZIOSO.



19. O BONNY LASS CAN YOU LY IN A BARRACK. Havin.

ANDANTE
ESPRESSIVO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of nine systems of music. The piano part is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo and mood are marked 'ANDANTE ESPRESSIVO'. The vocal part is written in a single staff with a treble clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings like 'sf' (sforzando), 'Dim.' (diminuendo), 'Cres.' (crescendo), and 'f' (forte). The lyrics are as follows:

O say my sweet Nan can you ly in a
hammock, While mountain seas rage can you swing in a hammock, When the
winds roar a--loft and rude billows dash o'er us, Can my Nan-sy sleep
soundly a mid the wild chorus. O yes my dear Jack I can lie in a
hammock, While the mountain seas rage can sleep sound in a hammock, Rude
bil-lows will rock me when Love smiles to cheer me, If thy slum-ber's
sweet Jack no dan-gers can fear me.

O! BONNY LASS, WILL YOU LYE IN A BARRACK?

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY HECTOR MACNEILL, ESQ.

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

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

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

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

TO BE SUNG BY BOTH AT THE SAME TIME.

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

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

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 hae 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.

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

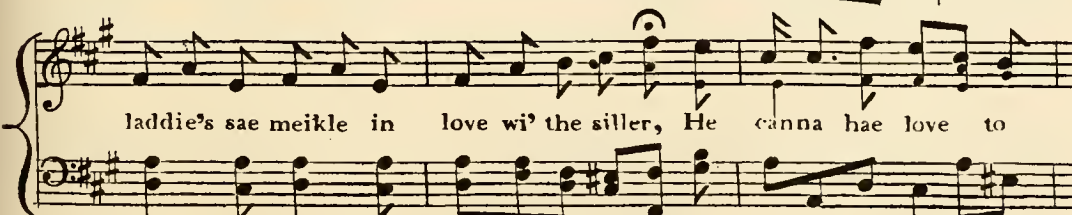
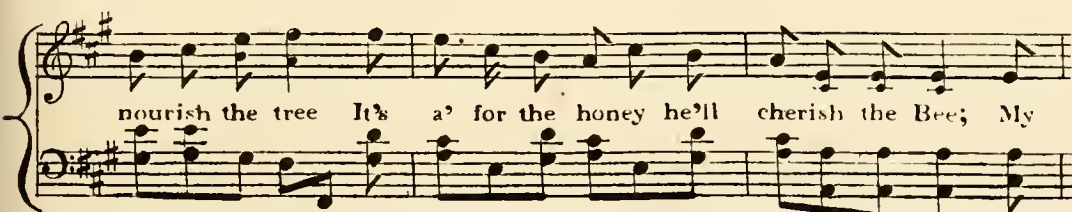
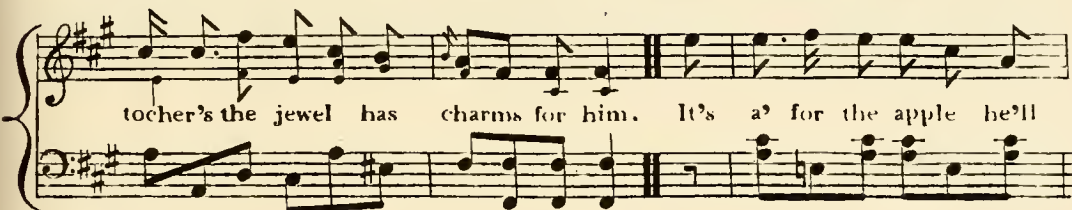
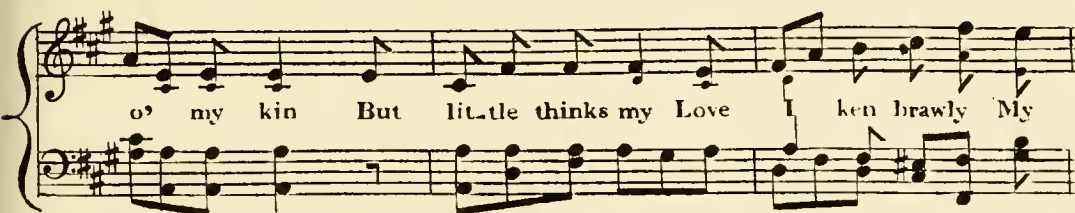
BY JOHN RICHARDSON, ESQ.

The two separate quavers attached to the *last word* of the *first*, *third*, and *seventh* lines of the preceding Song, must, in the same lines of the following Verses, be sung as if they were tied.

THE budding thorn, and violets blue,
Proclaim thy coming, gentle Spring;
The lark now greets thy fragrant morn,
Thy evening praise the thrushes sing.
Thy balmy gales revive the meads,
And life, and love, and joy renew;
And softly flow the rippling streams,
Clear as the heaven's unclouded blue.

How sweet with thee, my Love, to walk
Along the woodland's primrose way;
And hail thy fav'rite mossy thorn,
Again in Spring's fresh clothing gay.
Again to trim the jasmine bower,
The woodbine with the rose to twine,
And prop the flower in winter fallen,
And bless the day that made thee mine.

ALLEGRETTO.



AFFETUOSO.

I wish I were where Helen lies, For night and day on me she cries; for
 night and day on me she cries, O that I were where Helen lies, On fair Kirkconnell
 lea! Oh Helen fair! Oh Helen chaste! Were I with thee, I would be blest, Were
 I with thee, I would be blest, Where thou liest low, and at thy rest, On
 fair Kirkconnell lea.

FAIR HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL.*

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

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

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

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding sheet put o'er my ecn;

I wish my grave were growing green
On fair Kirkconnell lea!

Curs'd be the heart that hatch'd the thought,
And curs'd the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms dear Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

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

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

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

SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY MRS GRANT.

O WERE I laid where Colin lies,
Could I but close these weary eyes,
And wake no more, with fruitless sighs,
The joyless day to see.
Or if I still must languish here,
Would but his passing shade appear!
And whisper soft in fancy's ear,
"Come, Love, I wait for thee!"

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

'Tis then I rest from pain awhile,
And hear thy voice, and see thy smile,

And all my secret griefs beguile,
Those griefs so dear to me!

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

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

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

JOHNIE COPE.

The Editor has carefully consulted and collated the various editions of this curious Jacobite Song; and he hopes it will here be found in its most complete state.

SIR JOHN COPE trode the North right far,
Yet ne'er a rebel he came n'ar,
Until he landed at Dunbar,
Right early in a morning.

Hey Johnie Cope are ye waking yet,
Or are ye sleeping I wou'd wit,
Make haste, get up, for the drums do beat,
O fie, Cope, rise in the morning.

Cope wrote a challenge from Dunbar,
Come meet me, Charlie, if you dare,
If it be not by the chance of war,
I'll gi'e you a merry morning.
When Charlie look'd the letter on,
He swore by his sword and his father's throne,*
"So heav'n restore me to my own,
"I'll meet you, Cope, in the morning.

Hey Johnie Cope, &c.

"Then Johnie be as good's your word,
"And let us try both fire and sword,
"And dinna flee like a frightened bird,
"That's elash'd frae its nest in the morning."

When Johnie Cope got word o' this,
He thought it would na be amiss
To hae a horse in readiness,
Whate'er might hap in the morning.

Hey Johnie Cope, &c.

And when he heard the bagpipes din,
Good faith, thought he, it's time to rin,
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bloody morning.
But when he saw the Highland lads,
Wi' tartan trews and white cockades,
Wi' swords and guns, and rungs, and gauds,
He gallop'd off in the morning.

Hey Johnie Cope, &c.

For all their bombs and bomb-granades,
They cou'd na face the Highland lads,
But to the hills scour'd aff in squads,
Pursued by the elans in the morning.
Sir Johnie straight to Berwick rade,
As if the Deil had been his guide,
Gi'en him the world, he wou'd na stay'd,
To have fought the boys in the morning.

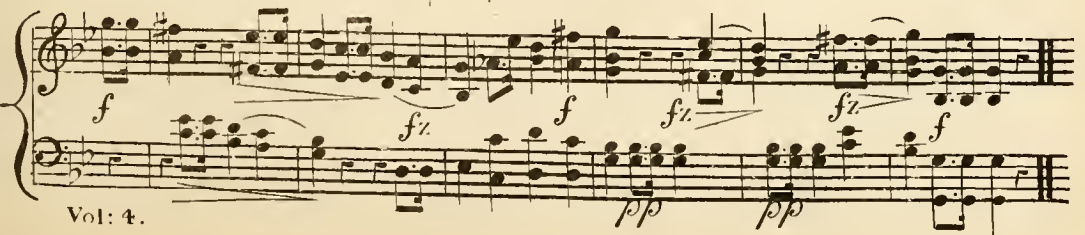
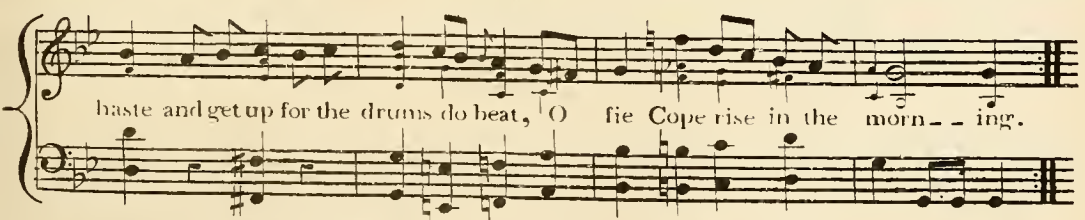
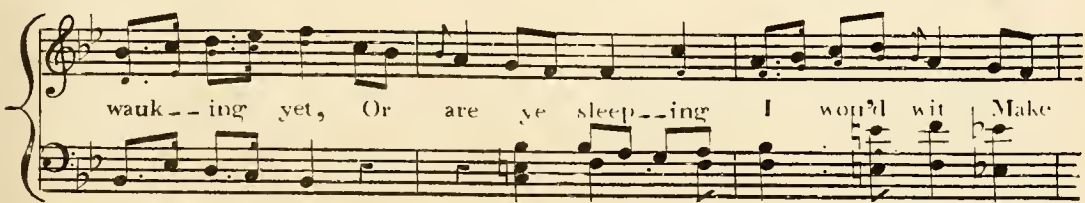
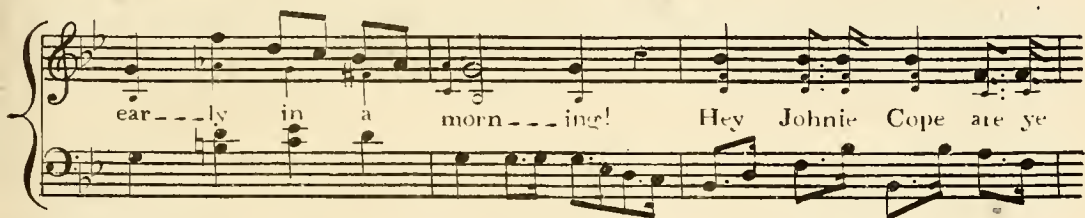
Hey Johnie Cope, &c.

Said the Berwickers unto Sir John,
O what's become of all your men?
The Deil confound me if I ken,
For I left them a' in the morning.
Said Lord Mark Car, ye are na blate,
To bring us the news of your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
Get out o' my sight this morning.

In faith, quo' John, I got my flegs,
With their claymores and philabegs;
If I face them again, deil break my legs,
So I wish you a good morning.

Hey Johnie Cope are ye waking yet,
Or are ye sleeping I wou'd wit;
Make haste, get up, for the drums do beat,
O fie, Cope, rise in the morning.

* In the original, "He drew his sword the scabbard from," a poor line and false rhyme, which the Editor has taken the liberty to alter as above.

SPIRITOSO
ALLA MARCIA.

DUET.

LARGHETTO.

Thou art gone a-way thou'rt gone a-way, Thou art
 Thou art gone a-way thou'rt gone a-way, Thou art
 gone a-way frae me MA--RY; Nor friends nor I could
 gone a-way frae me MA--RY; Nor friends nor I could
 make thee stay, Thou hast cheat--ed them and me MA--RY Un--
 make thee stay, Thou hast cheat--ed them and me MA--RY Un--
 til this hour I never thought That aught could al--ter thee MARY Thou'rt
 til this hour I never thought That aught could al--ter thee MARY Thou'rt
 still the mist--ress of my heart Think what you will of me MA--RY.
 still the mist--ress of my heart Think what you will of me MA--RY. *f*

THOU'RT GANE AWA' FRAE ME, MARY.

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 flattered 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.

SONG TO THE SAME AIR,

WRITTEN

BY WILLIAM FALCONER.

THE smiling plains, profusely gay,
 Are dress'd 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.

THE EAST NEUK O' FIFE.

THE SONG WRITTEN

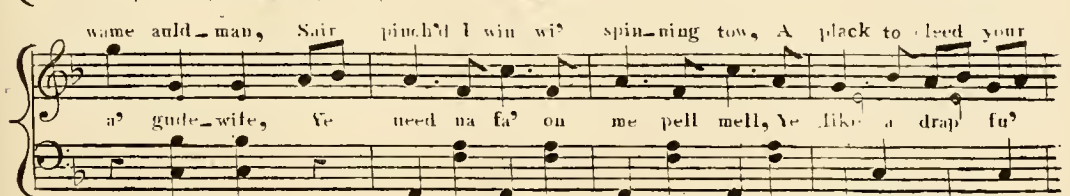
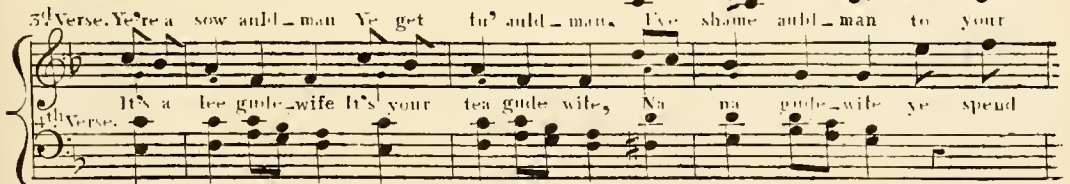
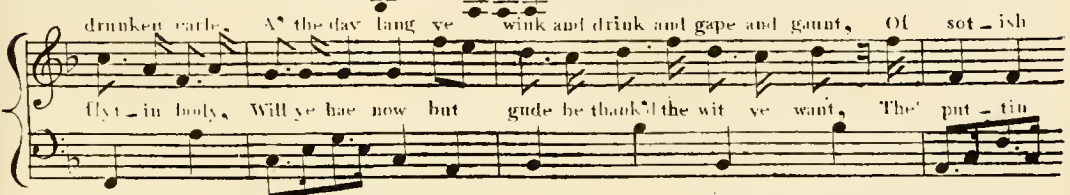
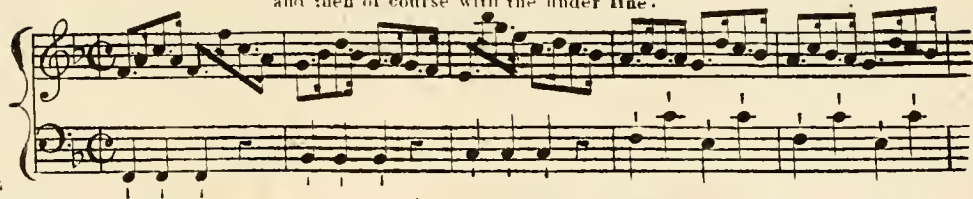
BY SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

AND PRESENTED BY HIM TO THE EDITOR.

-
- She.* AULD gudeman, ye're a drunken carle, drunken carle,
A' the lang day ye wink and drink, and gape and gaunt ;
Of sottish loons ye're the pink and pearl, pink and pearl,
 Ill far'd, doited, ne'er-do-weel !
- He.* Hech, gudewife, ye're a flytin body, flytin body ;
Will ye hae, but, gude be prais'd, the *wit* ye want ;
The putting cow should be ay a doddy, ay a doddy,
 Mak na sic an awsome reel.
- She.* Ye're a sow, auld man,
 Ye get fu', auld man,
 Fye shame ! auld man,
 To your wame, auld man,
Pinch'd I win, wi' spinnin tow,
A plack to clead your back and pow !
- He.* It's a lie, gudewife,
 It's your tea, gudewife :
 Na, na, gudewife,
 Ye spend a' gudewife,
Dinna fa' on me, pell-mell,
 Ye like a drap, fu' weel, yoursel !
- She.* Ye's rue, auld gowk, your jest and frolic, jest and frolic,
Dare ye say, goose, I ever lik'd to tak a drappy ?
An 'twere na just for to cure the cholic, cure the cholic,
 Deil a drap wad weet my mou.
- He.* Troth, gudewife, ye wadna swither, wadna swither,
Soon soon to tak a cholic, when it brings a drap o' cappy ;
But twa score o' years we hae fought thegither, fought thegither,
 Time it is to gree, I trow.
- She.* I'm wrang, auld John,
 Owr lang, auld John,
 For nought, gude John,
 We ha'e fought, gude John :
Let's help to bear ilk ither's weight,
We're far owr feckless now to feght.
- He.* Ye're right, gudewife,
 The night, gudewife,
 Our cup, good Kate,
 We'll sup, good Kate ;
Thegither frae this hour we'll draw,
And toom the stoup atween us twa !

Each ball of this Air must be TWICE sung; the first time with the upper line of words
and then of course with the under line.

ALLEGRETTO
SCHERZANDO.

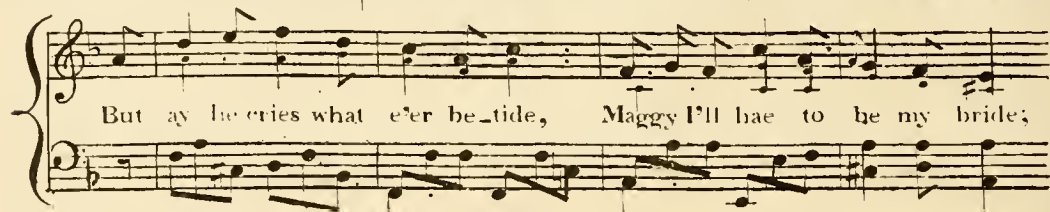
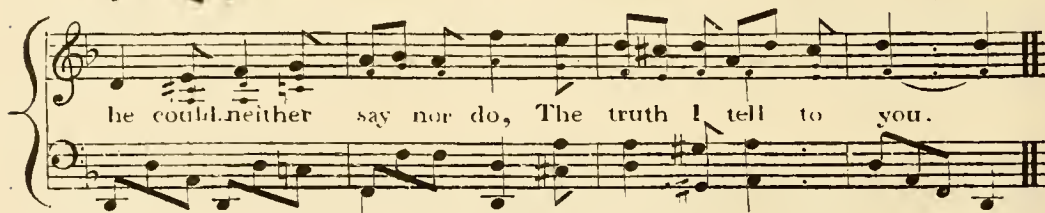
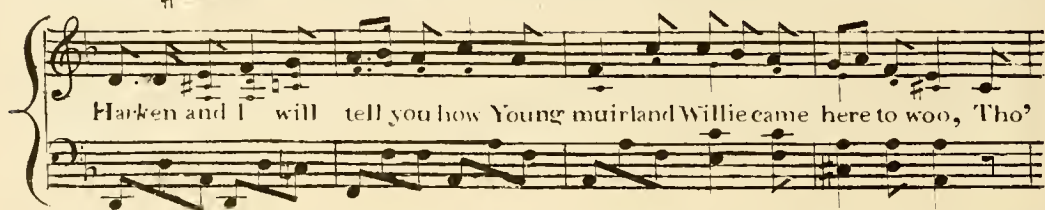
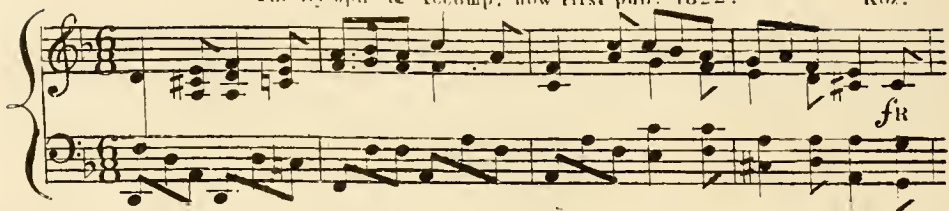


MUIRLAND WILLIE.

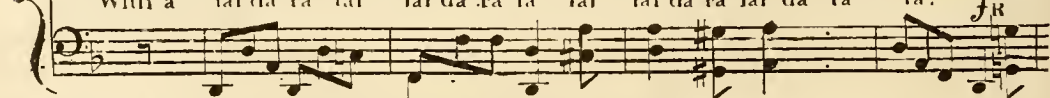
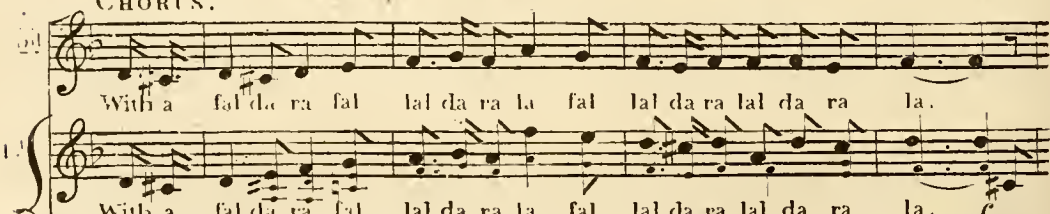
The Symph^y & Accompl^t now first pub^d 1822.

Koz.

VIVACE.



CHORUS.



MUIRLAND WILLY.

THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENT HERE FIRST PUBLISHED—1822.

HARKEN and I will tell you how
Young muirland Willie came to woo,
Tho' he cou'd neither say nor do

The truth I tell to you,
But ay he cries, whate'er betide,
Maggy I'se hae to be my bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

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

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

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

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

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

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,
Sic daffin, laughing, and sic fun,
The minstrels they did never blin',
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
And ay they bobbit, and ay they beek't,
And ay they cross'd, and merrily met,
With a fal, dal, &c.

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

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

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

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

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

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

* The critical observer will find, that the Editor has taken the liberty of altering two lines of the last stanza, viz. the second and the sixth. He thought it a pity that there should be any thing in such a truly excellent song to render it objectionable in good company. But lest he should fall under the heavy displeasure of the antiquary, he shall subjoin the original lines. Would it were in his power to add the Name of the Author of the above most masterly composition. Burns, with his characteristic enthusiasm, said, it had given him many a heart-ache to think, that the men of genius who had composed our fine Scottish lyrics should be unknown.

Original lines.

2. Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him.
6. And ay their wames together met.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

THE MUSIC AND VERSES HERE FIRST UNITED—1822.

~~~~~

OH! wert thou in the cauldest blast,  
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,  
My plaidie to the angry airt,  
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:  
Or, did Misfortune's bitter storms  
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,  
Thy bield should be my bosom ay  
To share it a', to share it a'.

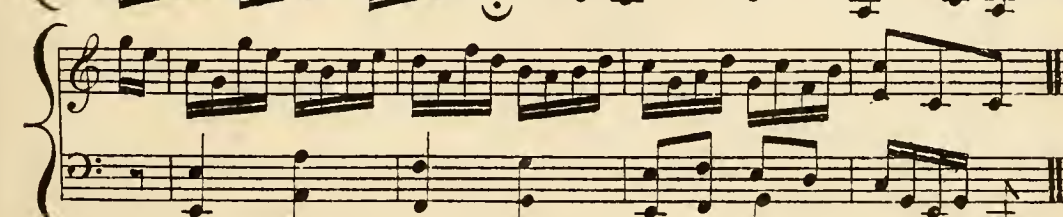
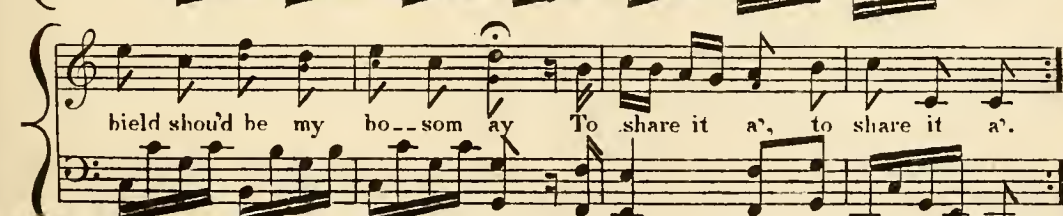
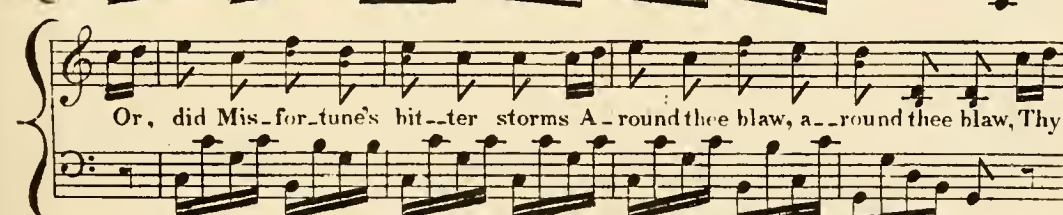
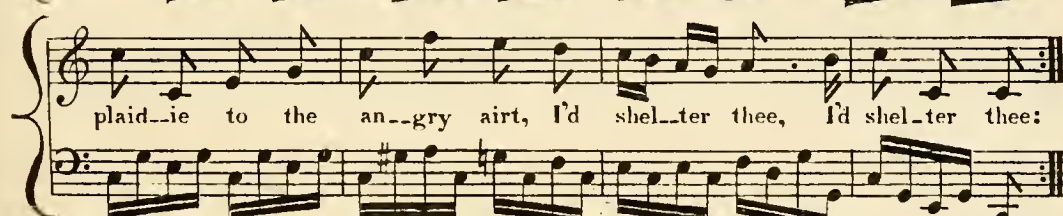
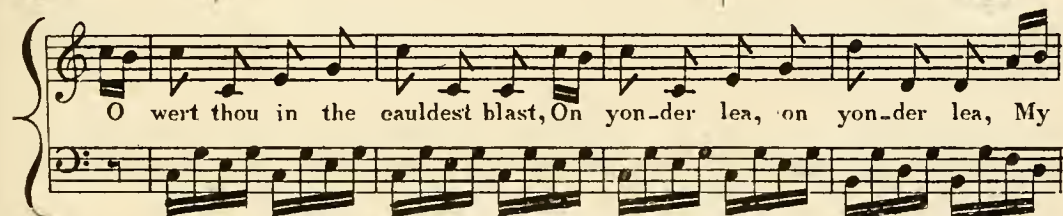
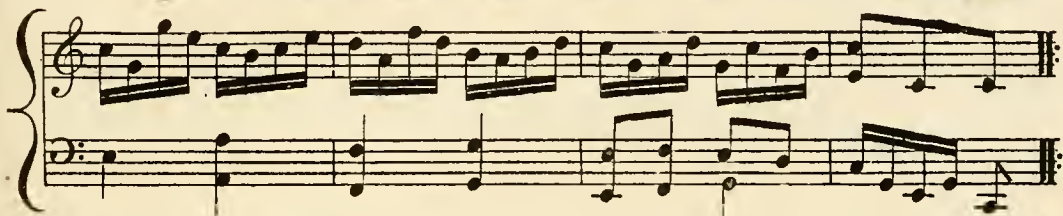
Oh! were I on the wildest waste,  
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,  
The desert were a paradise,  
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.  
Or, were I monarch of the globe,  
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,  
The brightest jewel in my crown  
Would be my queen, would be my queen.

# 26. MY LOVE IS BUT A LASSIE YET.

The Sym: & Accomp: first united to Burns' song in 1822.

Koz:

VIVACE.



Air, Kellyburn Braes.

Haydn.

VIVACE

Hech what a change have we now in this town! The

lads a' sae braw, the lasses sae glancin', Folk may be dizzygaen ay in the round, For

deil a haet's done now but feastin' and dancin'. Gowd's no that scanty in ilk siller pock, When

ilka bit laddie maun ha'e his bit staigie; But I kent the day when there was nae a Jock, But

trotted about upon honest shanks—nagie.

*pp*



## OLD AND NEW TIMES.

WRITTEN BY

*SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.*

AND PRESENTED BY HIM TO THE EDITOR.

## AIR—KELLYBURN BRAES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

## JOHN O' BADENYON.

WRITTEN BY

THE REV. JOHN SKINNER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANDANTINO.

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



ALLEGRETTO.

Lassie wi' the lint white locks, Bonnie lassie art - less lassie;

Wilt thou wi' me tend the flocks, Wilt thou be my dear - ie O.

Now Na - ture cleeds the flow'ry lea, And a' is young and sweet like thee, O

wilt thou share its joys wi' me, And say thou'lt be my dear - ie O.

## ROTHIEMURCHUS' RANT.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

LASSIE wi' the lintwhite locks,  
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie !  
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,  
 Wilt thou be my dearie O ?  
 Now Nature cleads the flow'ry lea,  
 And a' is young and sweet like thee ;  
 O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,  
 And say thou'lt be my dearie O ?

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks,  
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie !  
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,  
 Wilt thou be my dearie O ?  
 And when the welcome summer show'r  
 Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flow'r,  
 We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r,  
 At sultry noon, my dearie O.

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks,  
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie !  
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,  
 Wilt thou be my dearie O ?  
 When Cynthia lights wi' silver ray,  
 The weary shearer's hameward way,  
 Thro' yellow, waving fields we'll stray,  
 And talk of love, my dearie O.

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks,  
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie !  
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,  
 Wilt thou be my dearie O ?  
 And when the howling wintry blast  
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,  
 Enclasped to my faithful breast,  
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.

## SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

FAIREST maid on Devon banks !  
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,  
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,  
 And smile as thou wert wont to do ?  
 Full well thou know'st I love thee dear ;  
 Could'st thou to malice lend an ear !  
 O did not Love exclaim, " Forbear !  
 " Nor use a faithful lover so ? "

Fairest maid on Devon banks !  
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,  
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,  
 And smile as thou wert wont to do !  
 Then come, thou fairest of the fair ;  
 Those wonted smiles, O let me share !  
 And by thy beauteous self I swear,  
 No love but mine my heart shall know.

Note,—" Fairest Maid on Devon Banks," it is believed, was the very last production of our much lamented Bard :  
 He transmitted it to the Editor about a week only before his death.

## IF A BODY MEET A BODY.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY BURNS.

O TIBBIE! I ha'e seen the day  
 Ye would na been sae shy;  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me;  
 But troth I care na by.  
 Yestreen I met you on the moor,  
 Ye spake na, but gaed by like stoure;  
 Ye geck at me because I'm poor,  
 But fient a hair care I.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day  
 Ye would na been sae shy;  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But troth I carena by.  
 I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,  
 Because ye ha'e the name o' clink,  
 That ye can please me at a wink,  
 Whene'er ye like to try.

O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day  
 Ye would na been sae shy;  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But troth I care na by.  
 But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean,  
 Although his pouch o' coin were clean,  
 Wha follows ony saucy quean  
 That looks sae proud and high.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day -  
 Ye would na been sae shy;  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But troth I care na by.  
 Although a lad were c'er sae smart,  
 If he but want the miser's dirt,  
 Ye'll cast your head anither airt,  
 And answer him fu' dry.

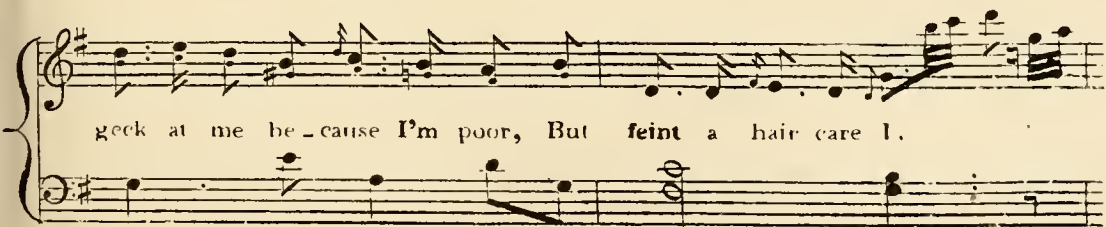
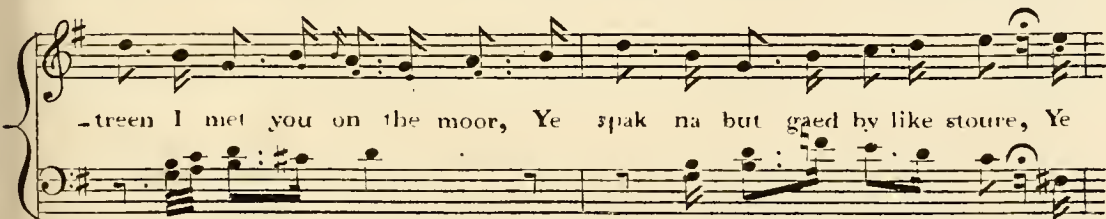
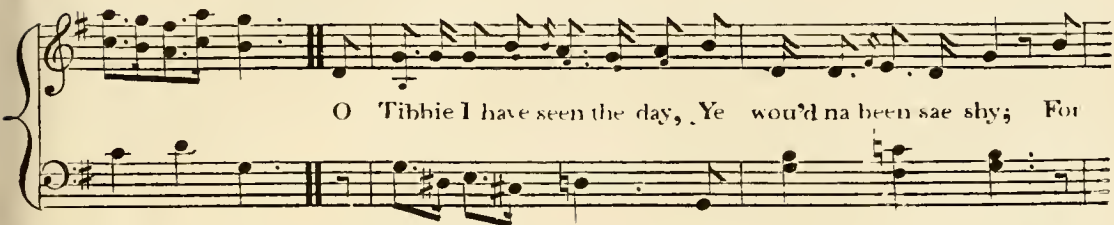
O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day  
 Ye would nae been sae shy;  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But troth I care na by.  
 But if he ha'e the name o' gear,  
 Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,  
 Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,  
 Be better than the kye.

O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day  
 Ye would nae been sae shy;  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But troth I care na by.  
 But Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice,  
 Your daddy's gear makes you sae nice;  
 The deil a ane would spier your price,  
 Were ye as poor as I.

O Tibbie! I ha'e seen the day  
 Ye would na been sae shy;  
 For lack o' gear ye lightly me,  
 But troth I care na by.  
 There lives a lass in yonder park,  
 I would nae gi'e her under sark  
 For thee wi' a' thy thousand merk,—  
 Ye need na look sae high.



ANDANTINO  
PIU TOSTO  
ALLEGRETTO.



**ALLEGRO  
PIU TOSTO  
VIVACE.**

The pawky auld Carle came o'er the lea, Wi' mony good - eens and  
 days to me; Say'n good - wife for your cour - te - sy, Will ye  
 lodge a silly poor man. The night was cauld the  
 carle was wet, And down a - yont the in - gle he sat, My  
 doughters shouth - ers 'gan to clap, And loudly ranted and sang.

Vol: 4.

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.



He grew canny & she grew fain, What thir slee her together were saying  
But little did her auld minny ken, Whan wooing they were see thrang  
Published as the Art directs by G. Thomson, Edinburgh 24 May 1825.





## THE GABERLUNZIE MAN,—OR TINKER.

SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN

BY KING JAMES V.

## AIR,—THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

The Editor, in order to free this excellent humorous old Ballad of whatever might now be deemed exceptionable in it, has taken the liberty to alter the eighth stanza, and two other lines of the original; although the Antiquary cannot have a greater respect for the original than he has, or a wish to be more sparing of alteration. The Music required that in some lines the word Gaberlunzie should be shorten'd into Gab'lunzie.

THE pawky auld carle came o'er the lea,  
Wi' mony good-cens and days to me;  
Saying, gudewife, for your courtesie,  
Will ye lodge a silly poor man?  
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,  
And down ayont the ingle he sat;  
My daughter's shoulters he 'gan to clap,  
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free  
As first when I saw this countrie,  
How blythe and merry wad I be!  
And I wad ne'er think lang.  
He grew canty, she grew fain,  
But little did her auld minny ken  
What thir slee twa together were saying,  
When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O! quo' he, were ye as black  
As e'er the crown o' my daddie's hat,  
On a' my kin I'd turn my back,  
And awa wi' thee I'd gang.  
And O! quo' she, were I as white,  
As e'er the snaw lay on the dyke,  
I'd cleid me braw, and lady like,  
And awa wi' thee I'd gang.

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

She gae to the bed where the beggar lay,  
The strae was cauld, he was away;  
She clapt her hands, cry'd, dulefu' da y!  
For some o' our gear will be gane.  
Some ran to eolter, and some to kist,  
But nought was stown that cou'd be mist;  
She dane'd her lane, cry'd, praise be blest!  
I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa, as we can learn,  
The kirk's to kirk, and milk to yearn,  
Gae but the house, lass, and waken my bairn,  
And bid her come quickly ben.  
The servant gae'd where the doughter lay,  
The sheets were cauld, she was away,  
Gudewife, she cried, O well-a-day,  
She's aff wi' the silly poor man!

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,  
And haste, these traitors find again!  
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,  
The wearifu' beggarly man!  
Some rode upo' horse, some ran a-fit,  
The wife was wud, and out o' her wit,  
She coudna gang, nor yet could she sit,  
But ay she curs'd and she bann'd.

Mean time, far o'er the lily lea,  
The twa with hearts sae blythe and free,  
Sat safe beneath a hawthorn tree,  
Where a wimpling burnie ran.  
To lo'e her for ay he gave her his aith,  
Quoth she, to leave thee I will be laith,  
For I with thee can fear nae skaith,  
My winsome Gab'lunzie man.

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

Wi' cauk and keil I'll win your bread,  
And spinnels and whorles for them wha need;  
Whilk is a gentle trade to speed  
The Gaberlunzie on.  
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,  
And draw a black clout o'er my e'e;  
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,  
While we shall be merry and sing.

## TIBBIE FOWLER.

THE SYMPHONIES AND HARMONY NEW, AND FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1822.

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

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

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

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

## SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN

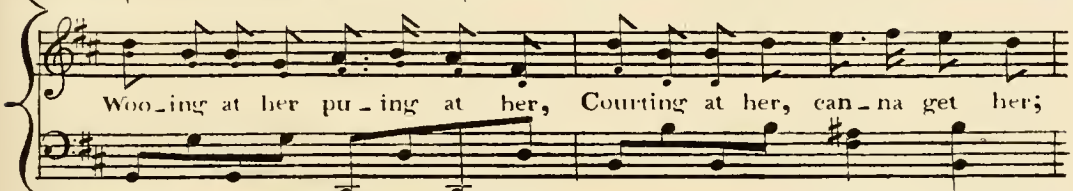
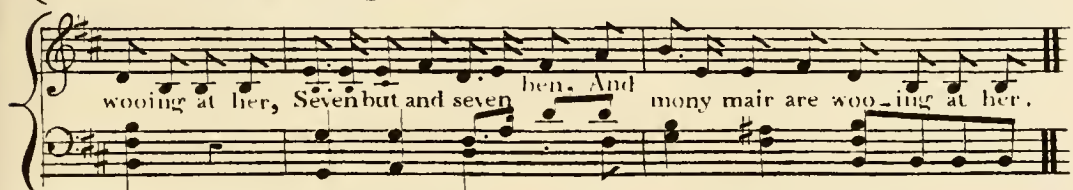
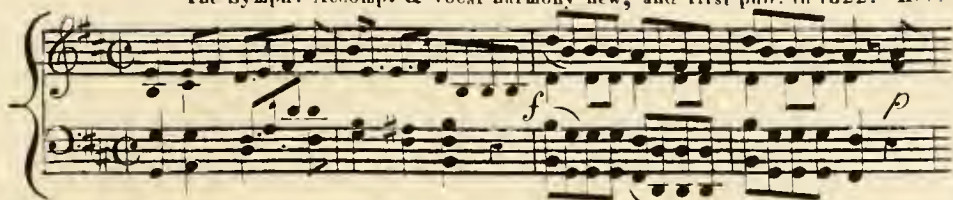
BY BURNS.

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

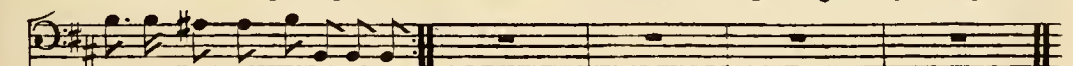
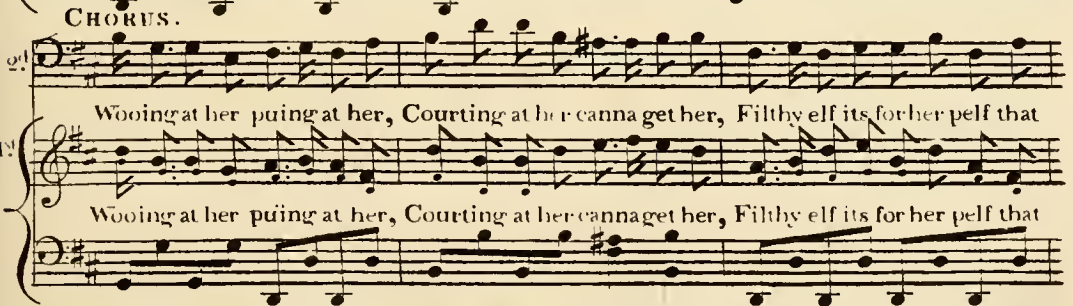
She has an e'e, she has but ane,  
 The cat has twa, the very colour;  
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,  
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller:  
 A whiskin beard about her mou',  
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither;  
 Sic a wife, &c.

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

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

The Symph<sup>y</sup> Accom<sup>p</sup> & Vocal harmony new, and first pub<sup>l</sup> in 1822. Koz.

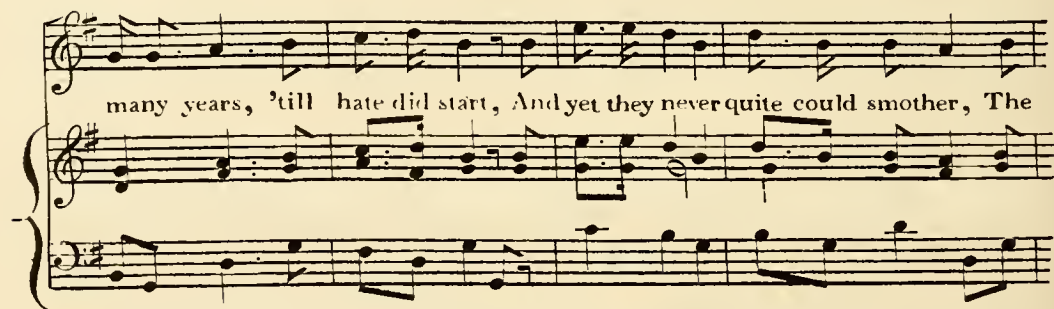
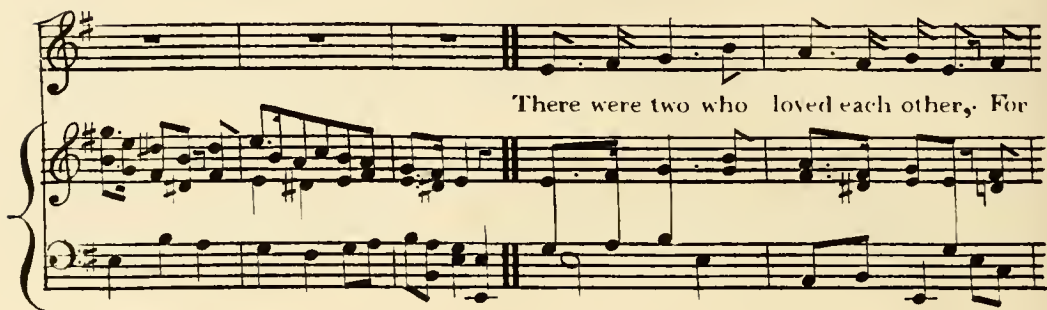
## CHORUS.





The Music by Smith and now first publish'd, 1822.

LAMENTABLE.





## CLERK RICHARD AND MAID MARGARET.

Written in imitation of the old English ballad style. It first appeared in the *Enquirer*, a periodical work published at Glasgow; and is here given in modern orthography, by permission of the Author,

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, ESQ.

The Air, with the Symphonies and Accompaniment by R. A. SMITH, now first published, 1822.

*A man must nedes love maugre his hed,  
He may not fleen it though he should be ded.*—CHAUCER.

THERE were two who loved each other  
For many years, 'till hate did start;  
And yet they never quite could smother  
The former love that warm'd their heart:  
And both did love, and both did hate;  
Till both fulfill'd the will of fate.

Years after, and the maid did marry  
One that her heart had ne'er approv'd;  
Nor longer could Clerk Richard tarry,  
Where he had lost all that he lov'd:  
To foreign lands he reckless went,  
To nourish love, hate, discontent.

A word, an idle word of folly,  
Had spill'd their love when it was young;  
And hatred, grief, and melaucholy,  
In either heart as idly sprung:  
And yet they loved, and hate did wane,  
And much they wished to meet again.

Of Richard still is Margaret dreaming,  
His image lingered in her breast;  
And oft at midnight to her seeming  
Her former lover stood confest;  
And shedding on her hosom tears,  
The bitter wrecks of happier years.

Where'er he went by land or ocean,  
Still Richard sees Dame Margaret there;  
And every throb and kind emotion  
His hosom knew were felt for her;  
And never new love hath he cherished,  
The power to love with first love perished.

Homeward is Clerk Richard sailing,  
An altered man from him of old;  
His hate had changed to bitter wailing,  
And love resumed its wonted hold  
Upon his heart, which yearned to see  
The haunts and loves of infancy.

He knew her faithless,—nathless ever  
He loved her though no more his own;  
Nor could he proudly now dis sever  
The chain that round his heart was thrown;  
He loved her, without hope, yet true,  
And sought her, but to say adieu.

For even in parting there is pleasure,  
A sad sweet joy that wrings the soul;  
And there is grief surpassing measure,  
That will not bide nor brook controul;  
And yet a formal fond leave taking,  
Does ease the heart alheit by breaking.

Oh! there is something in the feeling,  
And trembling falter of the hand;  
And something in the tear down stealing,  
And voice so broken, yet so bland;  
And something in the word farwell,  
Which worketh like a powerfull spell.

These lovers met and never parted;  
They met as lovers wont to do,  
Who meet when both are broken-hearted,  
To breathe a last and long adieu.  
Pale Margaret wept, Clerk Richard sighed,  
And in each other's arms they died.

## THE LEA-RIG.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY BURNS.

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

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

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

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

## SONG FOR THE SAME AIR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY A LADY.

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

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

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

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

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

ALLEGRETTO.



When o'er the hill the eastern star tells bughtin time is

near my Jo; And cattle frae the furrow'd field re - turn sae dowf and weary O.

Down by the burn where scented birks wi' dew are hanging clear my Jo, I'll

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





ANDANTE  
ESPRESSIVO

*p*

Cres. *f* *p* The gypsies came to our good Lord's gate, And

vow but they sang sweet-ly; They sang sae sweet and

sae complete, That down came the fair La-dy. And she came trip-ping

down the stair, And a' her maids be-fore her; As soon as they saw her

*p* Cres. *f* well far'd face, They cast the glamor o'er her.



## JOHNY FAW,—OR THE GYPSIE LADDIE.

Some verses, commonly printed as part of this ballad, are here omitted, as being unfit for this work. BURNS, in his Memoranda on Scottish Song, says, that Johny Faw is the only old Song which he could ever trace as belonging to the extensive county of Ayr.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

\* *Cassilis*.

## WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

FOR THE SAME AIR.

A WEE bird came to our ha' door,  
He warbled sweet and clearly,  
And ay the o'ercome o' his sang  
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"  
Oh! when I heard the bonny bonny bird,  
The tears came drapping rarely,  
I took my bannet aff my head,  
For weel I lo'd Prince Charlie.

Quo' I, 'My bird, my bonny bonny bird,  
'Is that a tale ye borrow?  
'Or is't some words ye've learnt by rote,  
'Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?'  
'Oh! no, no, no," the wee bird sang,  
'I've flown sin morning early;  
'But sic a day o' wind and rain!  
'Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

"On hills that are by right his ain,  
'He roams, a lonely stranger;  
'On ilka hand he's press'd by want,  
'On ilka side by danger.

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

"Dark night came on, the tempest howl'd  
"Out-owre the hills and valleys;  
"And whare was't that your prince lay down,  
"Whase hame should been a palace?  
"He row'd him in a highland plaid,  
"Which cover'd him but sparely,  
"And slept beneath a bush o' broom,  
"Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

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

## JENNY'S BAWBEE.

THE SONG WRITTEN

BY SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, BART.

AND PRESENTED BY HIM TO THE EDITOR.

I MET four chaps yon birks amang,  
 Wi' hinging lugs and faces lang;  
 I speer'd at neebour Bauldy Strang  
     Wha's thae I see?  
 Quo' he, ilk cream-fae'd pawky chiel,  
 Thought he was cunning as the de'il,  
 And here they came, awa to steal  
     Jenny's bawbee.

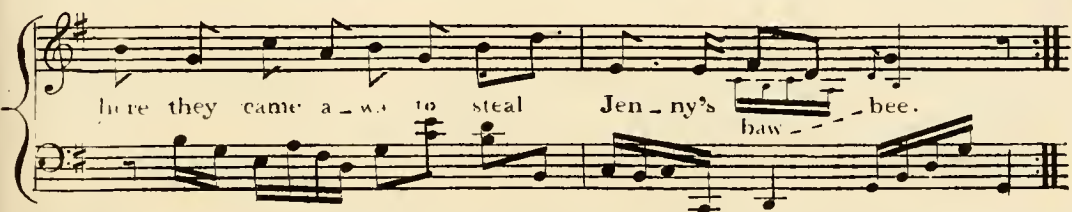
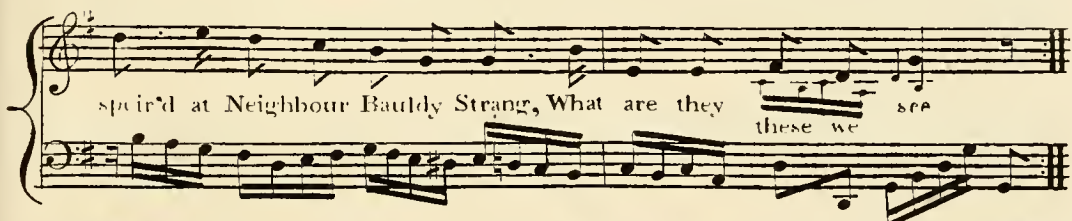
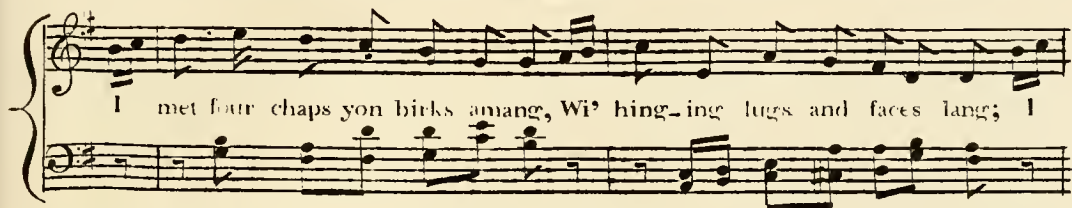
The first, a Captain to his trade,  
 Wi' skull ill-lined, but back weel clad,  
 March'd round the barn, and by the shed,  
     And pap'd on his knee:  
 Quo' he, "My goddess, nymph, and queen,  
 "Your beauty's dazzled baith my een!"  
 But de'il a beauty he had seen  
     But—Jenny's bawbee.

A Lawyer neist, wi' blethrin gab,  
 Wha speeches wove like ony wab,  
 In ilk ane's corn ay took a dab,  
     And a' for a fee.  
 Accounts he ow'd through a' the town,  
 And tradesmen's tongues nae mair cou'd drown,  
 But now he thought to clout his gown  
     Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland Laird neist trotted up,  
 Wi' bawsend nag and siller whup,  
 Cried, "There's my beast, lad, had the grup,  
     "Or tie 't till a tree:  
 "What's gowd to me, I've wealth o' lan',  
 "Bestow on ane o' worth your han'."  
 He thought to pay what he was *awn*  
     Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Dress'd up just like the knave o' clubs,  
 A THING came neist, (but life has rubs,)  
 Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,  
     And jaupit a' was he.  
 He danc'd up, squintin through a glass,  
 And grinn'd, "I' faith a bonnie lass!"  
 He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,  
     Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the Laird 'gae kaim his wig,  
 The Soger no to strut sae big,  
 The Lawyer no to be a prig,  
     The Fool cry'd, "Tehee!"  
 "I kent that I could never fail!"  
 But she prinn'd the dish-clout to his tail,  
 And sous'd him wi' a water-pail,  
     And kept her bawbee!

ALLEGRETTO  
SCHERZANDO.



## FLORA TO COLIN.

Air, Crochallin.

Haydn.

ANDANTE  
CON MOLTO  
ESPRESSIONE.

My  
Co--LIN lov'd Co-LIN my Co--LIN my dear, Who  
Pia e legato assai.  
wont the wild moun-tains to trace with--out fear.  
O where art thy flocks that so swift-ly re--bound, And  
fly o'er the heath without touch-ing the ground.

*sf* *p* *sf*



## FLORA TO COLIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GAELIC FOR THIS WORK,

BY MRS GRANT, LAGGAN.

## HIGHLAND AIR—CRO CHALLIN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## COLIN'S ANSWER.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY MRS GRANT.

## AIR,—THE ROCK AND A WEE PICKLE TOW.

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

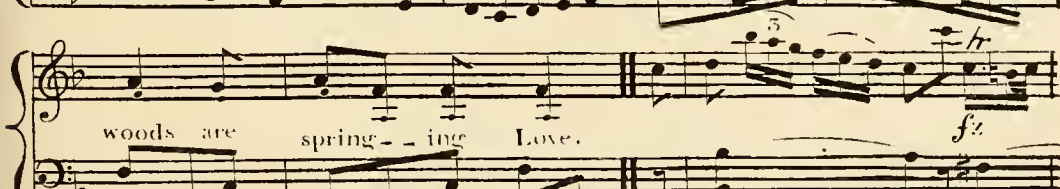
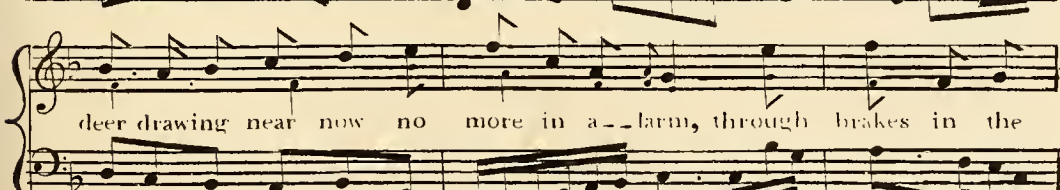
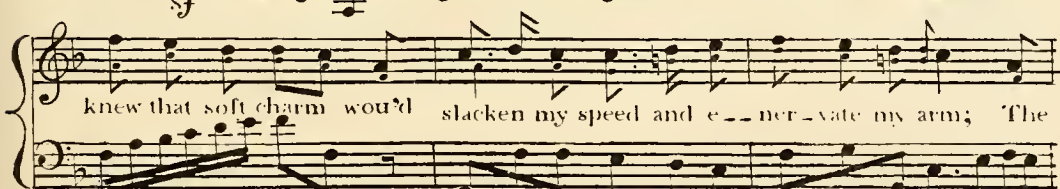
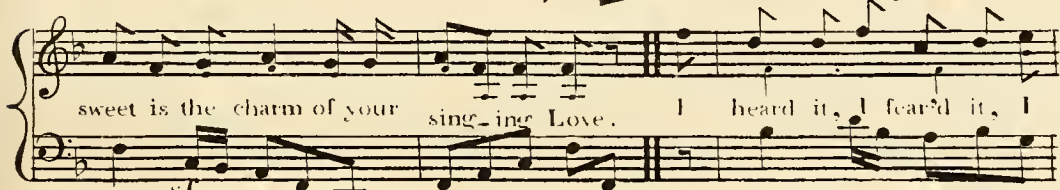
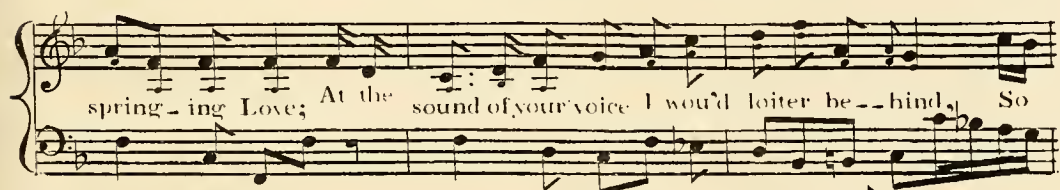
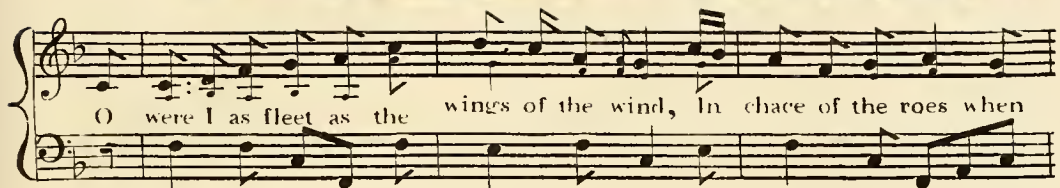
While Echo, delighted, repeats the sweet sound,  
 And rocks with the music are ringing, Love;  
 The hinds with their fawns come enraptur'd around,  
 And lose all their fears in your singing, Love.\*  
 If Flora to Mora can gather the deer,  
 All heedless of danger, her accents to hear;  
 While gazing and praising that melody clear,  
 Can Colin his bow be stringing, Love?

Let my arrows be scatter'd, my bow be unstrung,  
 And the deer all in safety be springing, Love;  
 Let me gaze on your eyes, and attend to your tongue,  
 While the woodlands in concert are ringing, Love.  
 While pining and twining the chaplet for me,  
 Thy hunter still chases a vision of thee;  
 My youth and my truth from inconstancy free,  
 I vow'd to you at the beginning, Love.

---

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

ALLEGRO  
PIUOSTO  
VIVACE.



AFFETUOSO  
ASSAI.



## THE BORDER WIDOW'S LAMENT.

FROM

*SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MINSTRELSY,*

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION.

~~~~~

This affecting Fragment, obtained by Sir WALTER from recitation, is said to relate to the execution of COCKBURN of Henderland, a Border Freebooter, hanged over the Gate of his own Tower by JAMES V. in the course of that memorable Expedition in 1529, which was fatal to JOHNIE ARMSTRONG, ADAM SCOTT of Tushiclaw, and many other Marauders.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I SAW THEE WEEP.

WRITTEN

BY LORD BYRON,

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION.

~~~~~

The Air composed for the words by the Editor of this Work,

1822.

I saw thee weep,—the big bright tear  
 Came o'er that eye of blue ;  
 And then methought it did appear,  
 A violet dropping dew.  
 I saw thee smile,—the sapphire's blaze  
 Beside thee ceas'd to shine ;  
 It could not match the living rays  
 That fill'd that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive  
 A deep and mellow dye,  
 Which scarce the shade of coming eve  
 Can banish from the sky,  
 Those smiles unto the moodiest mind  
 Their own pure joy impart ;  
 Their sunshine leaves a glow behind  
 That lightens o'er the heart.

## I SAW THEE WEEP.

The Melody composed by G. Thomson in 1822.

GRAZIOSO.

ralentando. I saw thee weep,—the

*p* *f*

big bright tear, Came o'er that eye of blue; And then methought it

did ap-pear, A vio-let dropping dew. I saw thee smile,—the

sap- phire's blaze, Be-side thee ceas'd to shine, It could not match the

*f* *p*

li-ving rays, That fill'd that glance of thine

*f* Dim: *ff*

*Select*  
**IRISH & WELCH**  
*MELODIES.*

LOUGH SHEELING.

Beethoven.

Irish.

ANDANTE  
 ESPRESSIVO.

1<sup>st</sup> Fare thee well thou first and fair-est, Fare thee well thou best and

2<sup>d</sup> Fare thee well thou first and fair-est, Fare thee well thou best and

dear-est, Thine be il - - ka joy and trea - sure, Peace en -

dear-est, Thine be il - - ka joy and trea - sure, Peace en -



joy--ment love and plea--sure. One fare--well, and then we  
 joy--ment love and plea--sure. One fare--well, and then we  
 se--ver! One fare--well, a--las for e--ver! Deep in heart wrung tears I'll  
 se--ver! One fare--well, a--las for e--ver! Deep in heart wrung tears I'll  
 pledge thee, War--ring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.  
 pledge thee, War--ring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

*lento*

Had we never lov'd so kindly,  
 Had we never lov'd so blindly,  
 Never met, or never parted,  
 We had ne'er been broken hearted.  
 Fare thee well thou first and fairest,  
 Fare thee well thou best and dearest;  
 One fond kiss and then we sever,  
 One farewell, alas! for ever.

The Symph<sup>y</sup> & Accom<sup>p</sup> <sup>Irish.</sup> new and first publish'd in 1822.

Koz:

**ANDANTE  
CON MOLTO  
ESPRESSIOE.**

O might I but my Patrick love, My mothers colds se-vere-ly; And tells me I shall  
wretched prove, Because I love him dear-ly, In vain she rates me o'er and o'er with  
lessons cold and end-less; It on-ly makes me love him more, To find him poor and  
friendless. Oh Patrick fly from me or I am lost for e- - - - ver,  
Oh For-tune kinder be; Nor thus two Lo- - - - vers se- - - - ver.

*f*

## O MIGHT I BUT MY PATRICK LOVE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

~~~~~

The Air communicated without a name to the Editor.

O might I but my Patrick love !
 My mother scolds severely,
 And tells me I shall wretched prove,
 Because I love him dearly !
 In vain she rates me o'er and o'er
 With lessons cold and endless ;
 It only makes me love him more,
 To find him poor and friendless.
 Oh ! Patrick fly from me,
 Or I am lost for ever—
 Oh ! Fortune kinder be,
 Nor thus two Lovers sever.

What bliss, to me my Patrick cries,
 In splendour and in riches ?
 He says, we love too little prize,
 That gold too much bewitches !
 More blest the lark, tho' hard its doom
 Whene'er the winter rages,
 Than birds, he says, of finer plume,
 That mope in gilded cages.
 Oh ! Patrick fly from me, &c.

He tells me when the bosom's warm,
 We mock the storm that's blowing,
 That honest hearts can take no harm
 Tho' hard the world be going.
 He says,—ah me ! I'm sore afraid
 Lest I from duty falter ;
 I wish he could as soon persuade
 The mother as the daughter
 Oh ! Patrick fly from me, &c.

THE MORNING AIR PLAYS ON MY
FACE.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

The Air communicated without a name to the Editor.

THE morning air plays on my face,
And, through the grey mist peering,
The soften'd silv'ry sun I trace,
Wood, wild, and mountain cheering.
Larks aloft are singing,
Hares from covert springing,
And o'er the fen the wild duck's brood
Their early way are winging.

Bright ev'ry dewy hawthorn shines,
Sweet ev'ry herb is growing,
To him whose willing heart inclines
The way that he is doing.
Fancy shews to me, now,
What will shortly be, now,
I'm patting at her door poor Tray,
Who fawns and welcomes me now.

How slowly moves the rising latch!
How quick my heart is beating!
That worldly dame is on the watch
To frown upon our meeting.
Fy! why should I mind her,
See, who stands behind her,
Whose eye doth on her trav'ller look
The sweeter and the kinder.

Oh! ev'ry bounding step I take,
Each hour the clock is telling,
Bears me o'er mountain, bourne, and brake,
Still nearer to her dwelling.
Day is shining brighter,
Limbs are moving lighter,
While ev'ry thought to Nora's love
But binds my faith the tighter.

45. THE MORNING AIR PLAYS ON MY FACE. Beethoven.
Irish.

ALLEGRO
GRAZIOSO.

The
morning air plays on my face, And through the grey mist peer-ing; The
soft and silv'ry sun I trace, Wood wild and mountain cheer-ing.
Larks a-loft are sing-ing, Hares from co-vert spring-ing, And
o'er the fen the wild duck's brood, Their ear-ly way are wing-ing. Cres.

DUO.

The Words written by the Editor's brother.

ALLEGRETTO
SCHERZANDO.

p

We fairy elves in secret dells, All day contrive our ma-gic spells; 'Till

We fairy elves in secret dells, All day contrive our ma-gic spells; 'Till

sa-ble night o'er-cast the sky, Then through the airy re-gions fly, By

sa-ble night o'er-cast the sky, Then through the airy re-gions fly, By

Cres: *p*

Cynthia's light so clear A-round the earth ere dawn of day, On

Cynthia's light so clear. A-round the earth ere dawn of day, On

high we win our ea-sy way, Some-times the lawns to earth in-vit-ing,

high we win our ea-sy way, Some-times the lawns to earth in-vit-ing,

Cres:

On the velvet turf a-lighting, So light, So light, So light o'er pliant
 stalks we fleet, The blade scarce bends beneath our feet, But shakes as if for fear.

res:

CHORUS
 Soprano 1.
 So light, So light, So light o'er pliant stalks we fleet, The
 Soprano 2.
 So light, So light, So light o'er pliant stalks we fleet, The
 Tenor.
 So light, So light, So light o'er pliant stalks we fleet, The
Cres:

blade scarce bends beneath our feet, But shakes as if for fear.
 blade scarce bends beneath our feet, But shakes as if for fear.

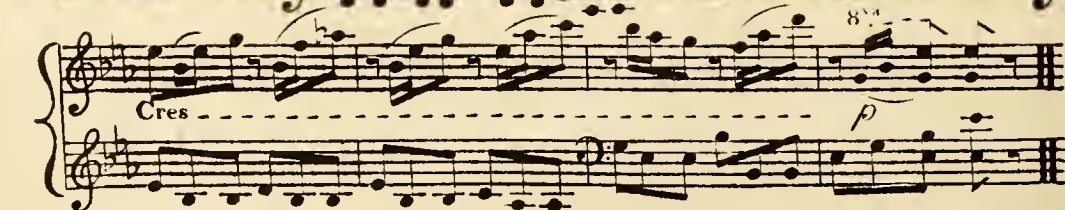
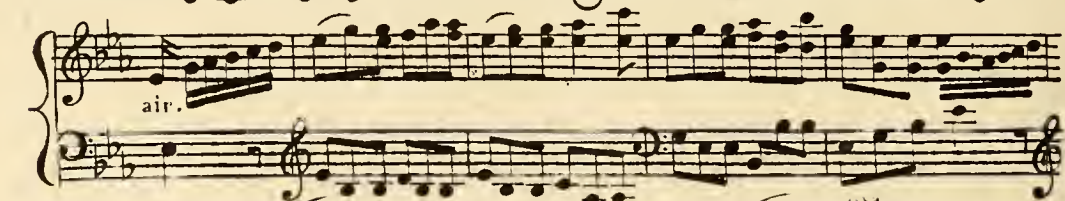
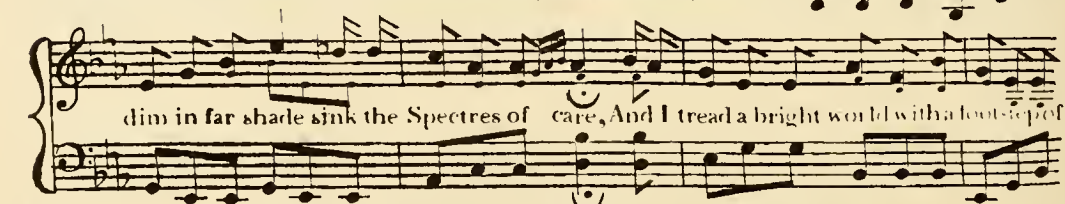
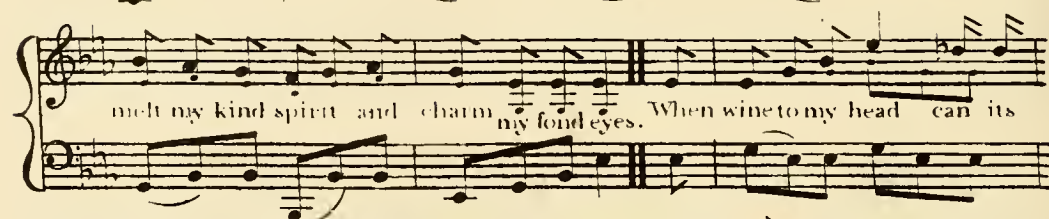
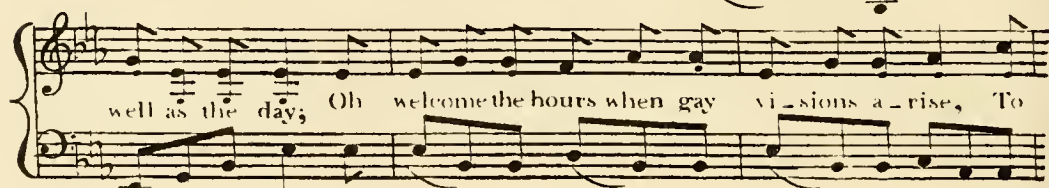
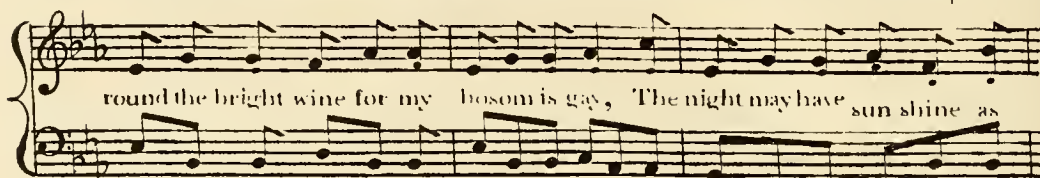
And if no business calls from home,
 Around the wheeling globe to roam,
 We to some flow'ry meadow stray,
 And sing and dance the night away,
 Around our Fairy-Queen.

Then we our mushroom board prepare,

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The gather'd sweets of flow'rs our fare,
 The dewy nectar round distilling,
 All our hair-bell goblets filling;
 Good night, good night:
 Good night we say, then sink to rest
 Upon some lily's downy breast,
 By mortal eyes unseen.

Irish.

ALLEGRO
SPIRITOSO.

CHILING O'GUIRY.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

PUT round the bright wine, for my bosom is gay,
 The night may have sunshine as well as the day;
 Oh welcome the hours! when dear visions arise
 To melt my kind spirit, and charm my fond eyes.
 When wine to my head can its wisdom impart,
 And love has its promise to make to my heart;
 When dim in far shade sink the spectres of care,
 And I tread a bright world with a footstep of air.

Yes, Mirth is my goddess,—come round me, ye few,
 Who have wit for her worship, I doat upon you:
 Delighted with life, like a swallow on wing,
 I catch ev'ry pleasure the current may bring:
 The feast and the frolic, the masque and the ball,
 Dear scenes of enchantment! I come at your call;
 Let me meet the gay beings of beauty and song,
 And let Erin's good humour be found in the throng.

If life be a dream—'tis a pleasant one sure,
 And the dream of to-night we at least may secure;
 If life be a bubble, tho' better I deem,
 Let us light up its colours by gaiety's beam.
 Away with cold vapours—I pity the mind
 That nothing but dullness and darkness can find:
 Give me the kind spirit that laughs on its way,
 And turns thorns into roses, and winter to May.

THE COTTAGE MAID.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK,

BY WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ.

I envy not the splendour fine
 That glitters in Sir Watkyn's hall;
 I ask not for the gems that shine
 On lady fair at Wynnstay ball:
 I wish hut for a ribbon gay,
 Which I might on a Sunday wear;
 Unseen which I might kiss, and say,
 'Twas Owen's gift from Wrexham fair.

O Owen I helieve thee kind,
 And love is surely on thy tongue—
 But would that I could read thy mind,
 For hope hetrays the maiden young.
 Last night I saw thee loth to part,
 I watch'd thy looks—so bright the moon—
 And know not but my simple beart
 Might own too much, or own too soon.

Unhappy fate of doubtful maid!
 Her tears may fall, her bosom swell,
 But even to the dcsart shade
 She never must her secret tell.
 And is it Love,—his softer mien?
 And is it Love,—his whisper low?
 And does he much, or nothing mean?
 Ah! she that loves, how can she know!

With Owen I the dance have led,
 And then I thought that sure he seem'd
 To dance with lighter, livelier tread—
 Oh! was it so,—or have I dream'd?
 To day he goes with merry glee,
 And all are going to the fair—
 O may I hy some ribbon see—
 He thought of one that was not there.

ANDANTINO

QUASI

ALLEGRETTO.

D. lee

I en-vy not the splendor fine, That glit-ters in Sir Watkyn's hall; I

ask not for the gems that shine, On La-dy fair at Wynstay ball.

wish but for a ribbon gay which I might on a Sunday wear Un-

seen which I might kiss and say; Twas Owen's gift from Wrexham fair.

DUO.

MAESTRO

MA CON

ESPRESSO.

When the hea-then
When the hea-then

trum-pet's clang, Round be-leaguer'd Chester rang- Veil-ed Nun and
trum-pet's clang, Round be-leaguer'd Chester rang- Veil-ed Nun and

fri-ar grey, March'd from Bangor's fair ab-baye, High their ho-ly
fri-ar grey, March'd from Bangor's fair ab-baye, High their ho-ly

an-them sounds, Cestria's vale the hymn re-bounds, floating down the
an-them sounds, Cestria's vale the hymn re-bounds, floating down the

lento. *Tempo 1mo*
syl-van Dee, O mise-re-re Do-mi-ne.
syl-van Dee, O mise-re-re Do-mi-ne.

f *p* *f* *p*

Cres. *f* *p*

THE MONKS OF BANGOR'S MARCH.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET.

ETHELFRID, or OLFRID, King of Northumberland, having besieged Chester in 613, and BROCKMAEL, a British prince advancing to relieve it, the Religious of the neighbouring monastery of Bangor marched in procession to pray for the success of their countrymen. But the British being totally defeated, the heathen victor put the monks to the sword, and destroyed their monastery. The tune to which these verses are adapted, is called the Monks' March, and is supposed to have been played at their ill-omened procession.

WHEN the heathen trumpet's clang
Round beleaguer'd Chester rang,
Veiled nun and friar grey
March'd from Bangor's fair abbaye :
High their holy anthem sounds,
Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,
Floating down the sylvan Dee,
O miserere Domine !

On the long procession goes,
Glory round their crosses glows,
And the virgin-mother mild
In their peaceful banner smil'd ;
Who could think such saintly band
Doom'd to feel unhallow'd hand ?
Such was the divine decree,
O miserere Domine !

Bands that masses only sung,
Hands that censers only swung,
Met the northern bow and bill,
Heard the war-ery, wild and shrill :
Woe to Brockmael's feeble hand,
Woe to Olfrid's bloody brand,
Woe to Saxon cruelty,
O miserere Domine !

Weltering amid warriors slain,
Spurned by steeds with bloody mane,
Slaughter'd down by heathen blade,
Bangor's peaceful monks are laid :
Word of parting rest unspoke,
Mass unsung, and bread unbroke ;
For their souls for charity,
Sing, *miserere Domine !*

Bangor ! o'er the murder wail,
Long thy ruins told the tale,
Shatter'd tower and broken arch
Long recall'd the woeful march :*
On thy shrine no tapers burn,
Never shall thy priests return ;
The pilgrim sighs and sings for thee ,
O miserere Domine !

* WILLIAM of MALMESBURY says, that in his time the extent of the ruins of the monastery bore ample witness to the desolation occasioned by the massacre ;—" tot semirutæ parietes ecclesiarum, tot anfractus porticum, tanta turba rudèrum quantum vix alibi cernas.

MALTRAETH.

THE SONG WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

I'VE no sheep on the mountain, nor boat on the lake,
 Nor coin in my coffer, to keep me awake ;
 Nor corn in my garner, nor fruit on my tree,
 Yet the Maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

Softly tapping at eve to her window I came,
 And loud bay'd the watch-dog, loud scolded the dame ;
 For shame, silly Lightfoot, what is it to thee,
 Tho' the Maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me ?

Rich Owen will tell you, with eyes full of scorn,
 Threadbare is my coat, and my hosen are torn ;
 Scoff on my rich Owen, for faint is thy glee,
 When the Maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

The farmer rides proudly to market and fair,
 And the clerk at the ale-house still claims the great chair ;
 But of all our proud fellows the proudest I'll be,
 While the Maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

For blythe as the urchin at holiday play,
 And meek as a matron in mantle of gray ;
 And trim as the lady of noble degree,
 Is the Maid of Llanwellyn who smiles upon me.

ALLEGRO
PIU TOSTO
VIVACE.

I've no sheep on the moun-tain nor
boat on the lake, Nor coin in my cof-ler to keep me a--wake.
Nor corn in my gar-ner; Nor fruit on my tree, Yet the maid of Llan-
-welyn smiles sweet-ly on me.

The Air composed by G.T. in imitation of the Welch.

ANDANTINO
ESPRESSIVO.

Dolce.

No

Hen-ry I must not I can-not be blinded, 'Tis past and

hade thee for ever, a--diou; In feel-ing too warm or in

thought too high minded, I cannot at pleasure be false and be true.

Yes—once I have lov'd thee—have lov'd thee sincerely;
My heart was nigh broken—I now am serene:—
These tears—these weak tears—they may tell thee too clearly,
If blest in thy love, that too blest I had been.

I will not disturb what contented reposes—
I cannot revise what in death has decay'd.—
Go—rudely—(thou may'st) trample down the sweet roses,
But wonder not then if tomorrow they fade.

The Henry I lov'd like a vision departed,
While fix'd were my eyes, and while raptur'd my view!
I saw him how lovely,—I thought him kind-hearted;
Oh, lost! and for ever—for ever adieu.

THE MELODIES,

VOLUME FOURTH.

INDEX TO THEIR NAMES IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

THE MELODIES, ACCORDING TO THE PRINCIPLES STATED IN THE DISSERTATION, MAY BE
CLASSED IN THE FOLLOWING MANNER: THOSE MARKED

A, as the oldest, and of remote antiquity.

B, as the productions of more recent periods.

C, as modern productions, not older than the 18th century.

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VOLUME FOURTH.

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