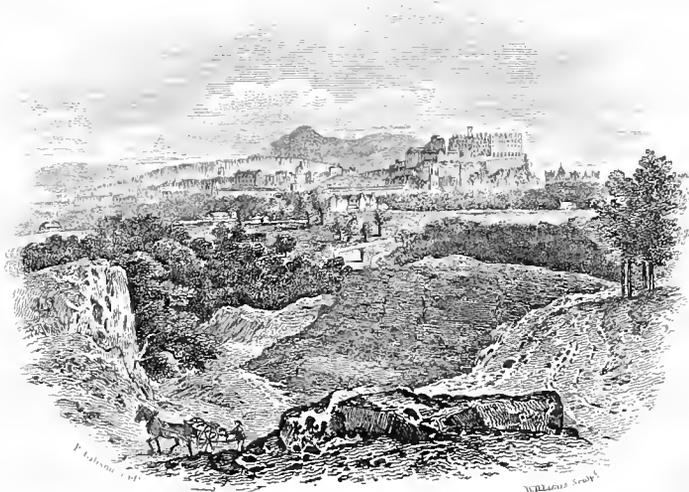




SCOTTISH MINSTREL
A SELECTION
from the
VOCAL MELODIES OF SCOTLAND
ANCIENT & MODERN
ARRANGED FOR THE
PIANO FORTE
— BY —
R. A. SMITH.
VOL. 2



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EDINBURGH

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O WA-LY, WA-LY.

Slow

The musical score consists of five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

O wa-ly, wa-ly, up yon bank! And wa-ly, wa-ly,
 down yon brae! And wa-ly by yon ri-ver side, Where I and
 my love went to gae! O wa-ly, wa-ly! love is bon-nie, A
 lit-tle while when it is new; But when 'tis auld, it
 wax-es cauld, And wears a-wa like mor-ning dew.

O wherefore should I busk my head?
 O wherefore should I kame my hair?
 For my fause love has me forsook,
 And says he'll never loe me mair,
 Now Arthur's seat shall be my bed,
 The grey mist will my covering be;
 Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
 Since my fause love's forsaken me.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blowing snaws inclemencie;
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
 O Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves all the tree?
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come,
 And tak a life that wearies me?

THE BRAES O' KILLIECRANKIE.

Battle of Killiecrankie fought 1689.

Whare hae ye been sae brow, lad? Whare hae ye been sae brankie O? Whare hae ye

been sae brow, lad? Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O? Anye had been whare I hae been, Ye wad na

been sae tantie, O; Anye had seen what I hae seen, P'th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

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

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

THE BONNY HOUSE O' AIRLIE.

Jacobite.

It fell on a day, a bon - ny sim - mer day, When the

leaves were green and yel - low, That there fell out a

great dis - pute. Be - tween Ar - gyle and Air - lie, That there fell

out a great dis - pute Be - tween Ar - gyle and Air - lie.

Argyle he has taen a hundred o' his men,
 A hundred men and fifty,
 And he's awa, on yon green shaw,
 To plunder the bonny house o' Airlie.

The lady looked owre the hie Castle wa;
 And oh! but she sighed sairly,
 When she saw Argyle, and a' his men,
 Come to plunder the bonny house o' Airlie.

"Come down to me," said proud Argyle;
 "Come down to me, Lady Airlie,
 Or I swear by the sword I haud in my hand,
 I winna leave a stanin stane in Airlie!"

"I'll no cum down, ye proud Argyle,
 Until that ye speak mair fairly,
 Tho' ye swear by the sword that ye haud in your hand,
 That ye winna leave a stanin stane in Airlie."

"Had my ain Lord been at his hame,
 But he's awa wi' Charlie,
 There's no a Campbell in a' Argyles,
 Dare hae trod on the bonny green o' Airlie."

"But since we can haud out nae mair,
 My hand I offer fairly;
 Oh! lead me down to yonder glen,
 That I may nae see the burnin o' Airlie!"

He's taen her by the trembling hand,
 But he's no taen her fairly,
 For he led her up to a hie hill tap,
 Where she saw the burnin o' Airlie.

Clouds o' smoke, and flames sac hie,
 Soon left the wa's but barely;
 And she laid her down on that hill to die,
 When she saw the burnin o' Airlie.

TARRY WOOL

Tar-ry woo', O tar-ry woo', tar-ry woo' is ill to spin;

Card it well, O Card it well, Card it well ere ye be-gin.

When 'tis card-ed, row'd, and spun, Then the work is haf-ten done;

But when wo-ven, drest, and clean, It may be dead-ling for a Queen.

Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountains steep,
Bleating sweetly, as ye go,
Thro' the winter's frost and snow,
Hart, and hind, and fallow deer,
No by half so usefu' are;
Frackings to him that hands the plow,
Are all oblig'd to tarry wool.

How happy is the shepherd's life,
Far frae courts, and free of strife,
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins answer mae;
No such music to his ear:
Of thief or fox he has no fear;
Sturdy kent and colly true,
Will defend the tarry wool.

He lives content, and envies none;
Not even a monarch on his throne,
Tho' he the royal sceptre sways,
Has not sweeter holidays.
Whod be a king, can ony tell,
When a shepherd sings sae well?
Sings sae well, and pays his due,
With honest heart and tarry wool.

OH! DINNA ASK ME GIN I LO'E YE.

Air—Comin' thro' thereye.

Oh! din-na ask me gin I lo'e ye, 'Deed I dar-na tell;

Din-na ask me gin I lo'e ye, Ask it o' your-sel, Oh,

din-na look sae aft at me, For oh, ye weel may trow, That

when ye look sae sair at me, I dar-na look at you,

An' when ye're gaun to the town,

An' mony a braw lass see,

O, Jamie, dinna look at them,

For fear ye mind na me;

For weel I ken there's mony a ane

That weel might fancy thee;

Then Jamie keep me in your mind

Wha lo'es but only thee.

TRUE-HEARTED WAS HE, THE SAD SWAIN O' THE YARROW;

True-heart-ed was he, The sad swain o' the Yar-row, And fair are the

maids on the banks o' the Ayr; But by the sweet side o' the Nith's wind-ing, ri-ver, Are

lo-vers as faith-ful, and maid-ens as fair. To e-qual young Jes-sie seek

Scotland all-over; To e-qual young Jessie you seek it in vain; Grace, beau-ty, and

el-e-gance, fet-ter her lo-ver, And maid-en-ly mo-des-ty fix-es the chain.

Oh! fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,

And sweet is the lily at evening close;

But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,

Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.

Love sits in her smile, a wizzard ensnaring,

Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law,

And still to her charms she alone is a stranger!

Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

Same Air.

Keen blows the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
 The auld castle's turrets are cover'd wi' snaw;
 How chang'd frae the time when I met wi' my lover
 Among the broom bushes by Stanley-green shaw,
 The wild flow'rs o' simmer were spread a' sae bonny,
 The Mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
 But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear Johnny,
 An' now it is winter wi' nature an' me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythsome an' cheery;
 Then ilk thing around us was bonny an' braw;
 Now naething is heard but the wind whistling dreary,
 An' naething is seen but the wide-spreddin snaw.
 The trees are a' bare, an' the birds mute an' dowie,
 They shake the cauld drilt frae their wings as they flee,
 An' chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnny;
 'Tis winter wi' them, an' 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak mountain,
 An' shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae,
 While down the deep glen hawls the snaw-flooded fountain,
 That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie an' me;
 'Tis no its loud roar on the wintry win' swelling;
 It's no the cauld blast brings the tears i' my ee;
 For, O! gin I saw but my bonny Scotch callan,
 The dark days o' winter were simmer to me.

OSCAR'S GHOST.

Slow

O, see that form that faint-ly gleams! 'Tis Oscar come to cheer my

dreams! On wings of wind he flies a-way; O stay, my love-ly Os-car, stay!

Wake Ossian, last of Fingal's line,
 And mix thy tears and sighs with mine;
 Awake the harp to doleful lays,
 And soothe my soul with Oscar's praise.

The shell is ceas'd in Oscar's hall,
 Since gloomy Kerbar wrought his fall;
 The roc on Morven lightly bounds,
 Nor hears the cry of Oscar's hounds.

THE LAZY MIST.

The la - zy mist hangs on the brow of the
 hill, Con - ceal - ing the course of the dark - wind - ing rill. How
 lan - guid the scenes late so spright - ly ap - pear, As
 Au - tumn to Win - ter re - signs the pale year.

The musical score consists of four systems of piano accompaniment. Each system has a treble and bass clef. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is primarily in the treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes. There are dynamic markings 'h' and 'hf' above the notes in the second and fourth systems.

The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
 And all the gay foppery of summer is blown;
 Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
 How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues.

How long I have liv'd,—but how much liv'd in vain,
 How little of life's scanty span may remain—
 What aspects old Time in his progress has worn!
 What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn!

How foolish, or worse, 'till our summit is gain'd
 And downward how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!
 Life is not worth having with all it can give,
 For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

I'LL O'ER BOGIE.

I will a_wa wi my love, I will a_wa wi' her; Tho'

a' my kin had sworn and said, I will a_wa wi' her. I'll Chor?

o'er Bo_gie, o'er Bo - gie, O'er Bo - gie wi' her, Tho'

a' my kin had sworn and said, I will a_wa wi' her.

If I can get but her consent,
 I dinna care a strae
 Tho' ilka ane be discontent,
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
 I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

For now she's mistress o' my heart,
 And wordy o' my hand,
 And weel I wat we shanna part
 For siller or for land.
 I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

Sitcen a wark's they hae wi' siller,
 And wi' a grand descent,
 But Bet counts cousin to the Laird
 So they may be content.
 And I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

My Uncle he does threaten me,
 My Aunty luiks fu' sour,
 Tho' naething can they say awa'
 But that the lassie's puir.
 And I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

LOUD ROAR'D THE TEMPEST.

Air-Laddie, bide ne'er me.

Musical score for 'Loud Roar'd the Tempest'. The score is written in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: Loud roar'd the tem-pest, the night was de-scend-ing, A-lone to the beach was the fair mai-den wen-ding; She eyed the dark wave thro' its light-foaming co-ver; And chill grew her heart, as she thought on her Lo-ver.

Long has she wander'd, her maiden heart fearing;
Wild rolls her eye, but no bark is appearing;
No kind star of light thro' the dark sky is beaming,
And far is the cliff where the beacon is gleaming.

In vain for thy love the beacon-flame's burning,
And vain is thy gaze to desery him returning;
No longer he strives 'gainst the billows' rude motion,
For heavy they roll o'er his bed of the ocean.

Ah! where is my child gone, long, long does she tarry!
Fond mother, forbear, thou'rt not heard by thy Mary,
For sound is her sleep on the dark weedy pillow,
Her bed the cold sand, and her sheet the rude billow.

THE MAID OF GLENCONNEL.

Musical score for 'The Maid of Glencannel'. The score is written in G major and 6/8 time. It consists of a single system of music with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: The pearl of the foun-tain, the rose of the val-ley, Arc

sparkling and love-ly, are stainless and mild; The pearl sheds its ray 'neath the

dark wa-ter gai-ly, The rose opes its blos-som to bloom on the wild. The

pearl and the rose are the em-blems of Ma-ry; The Maid of Glen-

con-nd, once love-ly and gay; A false lo-ver wou'd her — Ye

dam-sels be wa-ry — Now scath'd is the blos-som, — now dimm'd is the ray.

You have seen her, when morn brightly dawn'd on the mountain,
 Trip blythely along, singing sweet to the gate;
 At noon, with her lambs, by the side of yon fountain;
 Or wending, at eve, to her home in the vale.
 With the flowers of the willow-tree blent is her tresses,
 Now, woe-worn and pale, in the glen she is seen
 Bewailing the cause of her rueful distresses, —
 How fondly he vow'd — and how false he has been.

TO THEE, LOV'D DEE.

To thee, lov'd Dee, thy gladsome vales, Where late with care-less

steps I rang'd; Tho' prest with care, and sunk in woe, To thee I

bring a heart un-chang'd. I love thee, Dee, thy banks & glades, Tho'

ment-ry there my bo-som tear; For there he rov'd that

broke my heart, Yet to that heart, Oh! still how dear.

Ye shades that echo'd to his vows,
 And saw me once supremely blest
 Oh yield me now a peaceful grave,
 And give a forlorn maiden rest!
 And should the false one hither stray,
 No vengeful spirit bid him fear;
 But tell him, tho' he broke my heart,
 Yet to that heart he still was dear.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THOSE FAR AWAY.

Here's a health to those far a-way, Who are gone to war's fa-tal plain; Here, a

health to those who were here t'other day, But who ne'er may be with us a-gain, oh! never!

'Tis hard to be parted from those, With whom we for ev-er could dwell; But bit-ter in-

deed is the sorrow that flows, When perhaps we are saying farewell, for ev-er.

Here's a health to those far away,
 Who are gone to war's fatal plain;
 Here's a health to those who were here t'other day,
 But who ne'er may be with us again, oh never,
 Tho' those whom we tenderly love
 Our tears at this moment may claim;
 A balm to our sorrow this truth sure must prove,
 They'll live in the records of fame, for ev-er.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWAY. — Same Air.

Here's a health to them that's away;
 Here's a health to them that's away;
 And wha wiinna wish gude luck to the cause,
 May never gude luck be their la' Hinnie.
 It's gude to be merry and wise;
 It's gude to be honest and true;
 It's gude to be aff wi' the auld love,
 Before we be on wi' the new, Hinnie.

Here's a health to them that's away;
 Here's a health to them that's away;
 Here's a health to Charlie the chief o' the clans,
 Altho' that his band be but sma, Hinnie.
 Here's freedom to him that would read;
 Here's freedom to him that would write;
 There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard
 But they whom the truth would indite, Hinnie.

THE BAIRNIE'S SANG.

Dance to your daddy my bonnie la_dy, Dance to your daddy my wee bit Lamb.

Ye sal get a shi_ppy, and a lit_tle fishy, and a lit_tle ddsly, for your suppl_e_tam.

Dance to your dad_dy my bonnie la_dy, Dance to your daddy my dautit Lamb.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

Hail! to the Chief who in triumph ad_van_ces, Honour'd and bless'd be the

ev_er green pine! Long may the tree in his ban_ner that glan_ces, Flour_ish, the

Chorus.
shel_ter and grace of our dline! Heav'n send it hap_py dew, Earth lend it

sap a-new, Gai-ly to bour-geon, and broadly to grow, While ev'ry highland glen

Sends our shout back a-gen, "Roderigh Vich Al-pine dhu, ho! ier-oe!"

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

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

Row, Vassals, row, for the pride of the Hielands!
 Stretch to your oars for the ever green pine!
 O! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,
 Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
 O that some seedling gem,
 Worthy such noble stem,
 Honoured and blessed, in their shadow might grow!
 Loud should Clan Alpine then
 Ring from her inmost glen,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroc!"

WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER?

Jacobite.

Lively

What's a' the steer, Kimmer? What's a' the steer? Charlie he is landed, An;

haith, he'll soon be here. The win' was at his back, Carle, The win' was at his

back: I care na, sin' he's come, Carle, We were na worth a plack. Im right glad to

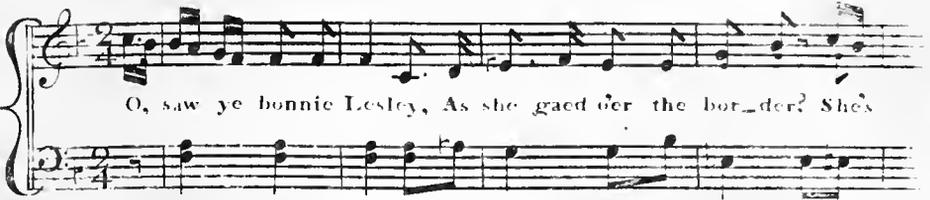
heart, Kimmer, Im right glad to heart; I hae a gude braid Claymer, And

for his sake Ill weart. Sin' Charlie he is landed, We hae nae mair to

hear: Sin' Charlie he is come, Kimmer, We'll hae a Jubilee year.

O, SAW YE BONNIE LESLEY?

Lively



O, saw ye bonnie Lesley, As she gaed o'er the bor-der? She's



gane, like Alex-an-der, To spread her con-quests far-ther. To



see her is to love her, And love but her for ev-er; For



na-ture made her what she is, And ne'er made sic an-ith-er.

Thou art a Queen, fair Lesley,
 Thy Subjects we before thee;
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
 The hearts of men adore thee.
 The diel he cou'dna skaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee;
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,
 And say, "I canna wrang thee!"

The Powers aboon will tent thee,
 Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
 Thou'rt like themsel's sae lovely,
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.
 Return again, fair Lesley,
 Return to Caledonie!
 That we may brag we hae a Lass,
 There's nane again sae bonnie.

AH! CHLORIS.

Slow

Ah! Chloris, could I now but sit As un-con-cern'd, as
 when Your in-fant beau-ty could he-get No
 hap-pi-ness, nor pain. When I thy dawn-ing
 did ad-mire, And prais'd the com-ing day, I lit-tle
 thought that ri-sing fire Wou'd take my rest a-way.

The musical score consists of five systems of grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs). The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the notes. There are some performance markings like 'hr' above a note in the third system. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Your charms, in harmless childhood lay,
 As metals in the mine;
 Age from no face takes more away,
 Than youth conceal'd in thine;
 But as your charms, insensibly,
 To their perfection press'd;
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
 And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 While Cupid at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart.
 Each glori'd in their wanton part,
 To make a lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his art;
 To make a beauty, she.

Same Air.

Gilderoy was a bonny boy,
 Had roses till his shoon;
 His stockings were of silken soys,
 Wi' garters hanging down;
 It was, I weene, a comlie sight,
 To see sae trim a boy;
 He was my joy and heart's delight,
 My winsome Gilderoy.

Oh! sic twa charming een he had,
 Breath sweet as ony rose;
 He never wore a Highland plaid,
 But costly silken clothes;
 He gain'd the luvè of auld and young,
 Nane e'er to him was coy;
 Ah! wae is me! I mourn the day,
 For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
 Baith in ae town thegither;
 We scant were seven years beforn
 We gan to luvè ilk ither;
 Our daddies and our mammies they
 Were bill'd wi' meikle joy,
 To think upon the bridal-day
 Of me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luvè of mine,
 Wi' joy, I freely bought
 A wedding-sark of holland fine,
 Wi' dainty ruffles wrought;
 And he gied me a wedding-ring,
 Which I receiv'd wi' joy;
 Nae lad nor lassie e'er could sing
 Like me and Gilderoy.

Oh! that he still had been content
 Wi' me to lead his life;
 But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent
 To stir in leats of strife!
 And he, in mony a vent'rous deed,
 His courage bauld wad try,
 And this now gars my heart to bleed
 For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
 The tears they wat my ee,
 I gied him sic a parting tuik,
 "My benison gang wi' thee!
 Now speed thee weil, mine ain dear heart,
 For gane is all my joy;
 My heart is rent, sith we maun part,
 My handsome Gilderoy!

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,
 Was fear'd in ev'ry town,
 And bauldly bare aw' the gear
 Of mony a lawland loun;
 For man to man durst meet him nane,
 He was so brave a boy;
 At length wi' numbers he was tane,
 My winsome Gilderoy.

The Queen of Scots possessed nought
 That my love let me want;
 For cow and ewe he brought to me;
 And e'en when they were scant,
 All these did honestly possess,
 He never did annoy,
 Who never fail'd to pay their cess*
 To my love Gilderoy.

Wae worth the louns that made the laws
 To hang a man for gear,
 To 'reave of life for sic a cause
 As stealing horse, or mare;
 Had not their laws been made sae strick
 I ne'er had lost my joy;
 Wi' sorrow ne'er had wat my cheek
 For my dear Gilderoy.

Git Gilderoy had done amiss,
 He might hae banish't been;
 Ah! what sair cruelty is this,
 To hang sic handsome men!
 To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
 Sae sweet and fair a boy;
 Nae lady had sae fair a hand
 As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae fear'd were they,
 Wi' irons his limbs they strung,
 To Edinborow led him there
 And on a Gallows hung.
 They hung him high aboon the rest,
 He was sae bauld a boy;
 There died the youth whom I lo'd best,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Sune as he yielded up his breath,
 I bare his corse away;
 Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,
 I wash'd his comlie clay;
 And sicker, in a grave right deep,
 I laid the dear-luvèd boy
 And now for ever I maun weep
 My winsome Gilderoy.

*This cess is well known by the name of Black Mail, and was paid by the Inhabitants to the Freebooters, as a compensation for sparing their cattle, &c.

† A noted freebooter hanged by order of James the 5th

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

Air—Shepherd's Wife.

A rose-bud by my ear-ly walk, A-down a corn-en-clo-sed

baw, Sae gen-ty bent its thor-ny stalk, All on a dew-y mor-ning. Ere

twice the shades of dawn are fled, In a' its crim-son glo-ry spread; And,

droop-ing rich the dew-y head, It scents the ear-ly mor-ning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
 A little linnet fondly prest;
 The dew sat chilly on her breast,
 Sae early in the morning.
 She soon shall see her tender brood
 The pride, the pleasure of the wood,
 Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
 Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
 On trembling string or vocal air,
 Shalt sweetly pay the tender care,
 That tents thy early morning.
 So thou sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
 And bless the Parent's evening ray
 That watch'd thy early morning.

PEGGY, NOW THE KING'S COME.

Jacobite.

Peg-gy, now the king's come, Peg-gy, now the king's come;

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

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

silk, And be a lady of that ilk, Now, Peg-gy, since the king's come.

CARL, AN THE KING COME.

Same Air.

Chorus.

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

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

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

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

CHARLIE'S FAREWELL.

Jacobite.

Plaintive

Fare-weel, fare-weel, my gal-lant hearts a' Fare-

weel to Scot-land, aye sae dear; I weep for the ills that

on thee's la'n, And a' the wrangs that thou maun bear.

O Scotland, thou'rt but a reckless name!	O gin my grave were Culloden field,
A reckless late abideth thee!	Where drapt the flowers o' chivalrie!
The bonniest spot in a' Christendom	O Scotland! Scotland! that I should live,
Is the haunt of guilt and treacherie!	To mourn the wrangs o' thine an' thee!

O fare thee weel, thou bonnie Scotland,
 Thy stay and prop I wish'd to be;
 But thee an' thine I will ne'er forgett,
 Tho' I am banish'd far frae thee.

WHAT WILL I DO GIN MY HOGGIE DIE?

What will I do gin my Hog-gie die? My joy, my pride, my

Hog-gie; My on-ly beast, I had nae mae, And vow but I was vo-gie.

The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld, Me and my faith-fu' dog-gie; We

heard nought but the roar-ing linn, A-mang the bracs sae scrog-gie. But the

hou-let cry'd frae the Cas-tle wa; The blit-ter frae the bog-gie; The

tod re-ply'd up-on the hill, I trem-bled for my Hog-gie. When

day did daw, and cocks did crow, The morn-ing it was fog-gie; An

un-co tyke lap o'er the dyke, And maist has kill'd my Hog-gie.

CORN RIGGS.



My Pa-tie is a lo-ver gay, His mind is ne-ver
 mud-dy, His breath is sweet-er than new hay, His
 face is fair and rud-dy. His shape is land-some
 mid-dle size, He's state-ly in his wa-king, The shining of his
 een sur-prize; 'Tis heav'n to hear him taw-king.

Last night I met him on the bawk
 Where yellow corn was growing;
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a glowing.
 He aften vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony;
 That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
 "O corn-riggs are bonny?"

And ye sall walk in silk at-tire, And sil-ler hae to

spare, Gin ye'll con-sent to be my bride, Nor think o' Do-nald

mair. O wha wad buy a silk-en gown, Wi' a poor bro-ken

heart? Or, what's to me a sil-ler crown, Gin frae my love I part?

The mind whase every wish is pure,
 Far dearer is to me;
 And e'er I'm forc'd to break my faith,
 I'll lay me down and die:
 For I hae pledged my virgin troth
 Brave Donald's fate to share,
 And he has giv'n to me his heart
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart,
 He, gratefu', took the gift;
 Cou'd I but think to seek it back,
 It wou'd be waur than theft.
 For langest life can ne'er repay
 The love he bears to me,
 And e'er I'm forc'd to break my troth,
 I'll lay me down and die.

THE WINTER OF LIFE.

But late-ly seen, in gladsome green, The woods rejoic'd the

day; Thro' gen-tle show'rs, the laughing flow'rs, In double pride, were

gay. But now our joys are fled, On win-ter Blasts, 'a - wa'; Yet

maid-en May, in rich ar-ray, A-gain shall bring them a-

But my white powe, nae kindly thowe
 Shall melt the snaws of age;
 My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,
 Sinks in Time's wintry rage.
 Oh! age has weary days,
 And nights o' sleepless pain!
 Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
 Why com'st thou not again?

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

Air—Mill Mill O.

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn, And gentle peace re-turn-

ing, With mo^{ny} a sweet babe fatherless, And mo^{ny} a wi^{dow} mourning. I

left the lines and ten^{ted} field, Where lang I'd been a lod^{ger}, My

hum^{ble} knap^{sack} a' my wealth, A poor and hon^{est} sod^{ger}.

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

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

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

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' she, 'a sodger an'c I lo'd,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake o't;
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.'

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

'The wars are o'er and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair we're ne'er be-parted'.
Quo' she, 'my Grandsire left me goud,
A mailin plenish'd fairly;
And come, my faithful sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.'

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

CULLODEN MUIR.

Air—The Highland Watch.

Cul-lo-den muir, Cul-lo-den field, Long wilt thou be re-

mem-ber'd; On thee the He-ro nob-ly fell, And with the dead was number'd; On

thee the dear-est blood was shed, By num-bers doub-led fair-ly; On

thee the Clans of Scot-land bled For their dear Roy-al Char-lie.

Thy broad brown sword that day was dy'd,
 The howes were clotted o'er;
 From gaping wounds incessant flow'd
 The red, red-reeking gore:
 Thou drank'st the precious blood of those
 Who fought that day fu'sairly,
 A glorious day for Scotland's foes,
 Eventful for Prince Charlie!

Oh! Charlie, noble, gallant youth,
 Thy memory Scots revere;
 They lov'd thee with the warmest truth,
 Their hearts were all sincere:
 But traitor knaves, with brib'ry base,
 Made death's darts fly fu' rarely,
 And Scotland lang will mind the place
 She lost her Royal Charlie.

'O, Las - sie, wilt thou go To the Lo - mond wi' me? The

wild thyme's in bloom, . And the flow'rs on the lea; Wilt thou

go, my dear - est love? I will ev - er con - stant prove, I'll

range each hill and grove On the Lo - mond wi' thee.

"O young men are lickle,
 Nor trusted to be,
 And many a native gem
 Shines fair on the lee:
 Thou may see some lovely flower
 Of a more attractive power,
 And may take her to thy bower,
 On the Lomond wi' thee?"

'The lynd shall forsake,
 On the mountain, the doe;
 The stream of the fountain
 Shall cease for to flow;
 Benlomond shall bend
 His high brow to the sea,
 Ere I take to my bower,
 Any flower, love, but thee?"

She's taken her mantle,
 He's taken his plaid;
 He colt her a ring,
 And he made her his bride:
 They're far o'er you hills
 To spend their happy days,
 And range the woody glens
 'Mang the Lomond Braes.

SIR JAMES THE ROSS.

Of all the Scottish northern chiefs, Of high and mighty name, The
 bra-vest was Sir James, the Ross, A Knight of mei-kle fame. His
 growth was like a youthful Oak That crowns the moun-tain's brow, And
 wav-ing, o'er his shoul-ders broad, His locks of yel-low flew.

The Chieftain of the brave clan Ross,
 A firm undaunted band;
 Five hundred Warriors drew the sword
 Beneath his high command.
 In bloody fight thrice had he stood
 Against the English keen,
 Ere two-and-twenty op'ning springs
 This blooming youth had seen.
 * * * * *

YOUNG WATERS.

Old Ballad.

A-bout Zule, quhen the wind blew cule, And the round ta-bles be-

gan, A! ther is cum to our King's curt, Mo_ny a weel-favour'd man,

The Quein luikt owre the cas-tle wa, Re_held baith dale and down, And

there she saw Zoung Wa_ters Cum ry-ning to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
His horsemen rade behind,
And mantel o' the burning gowd
Did keep him frae the wind.

Gowden graith'd his horse before,
And siller shod behind;
The horse zoung Waters rade upon,
Was fleeter than the wind.

But then spack a wylie Lord,
Unto the Queen said he,
"O tell quha's the fairest face
Rides in the companie?"

"I've seen Lord, and I've seen Laird,
And knights o' high degree,
But a fairer face than zoung Waters?
Ming eyne did never see.

Out then spack the jealous king,
(And an angry man was he.)
"O if he had been twice as fair,
Zou might hae excepted me!"

"Zoure neither Laird nor Lord," she says,
"But the King that wears the crown;
There is not a knight in fair Scotland
But to thee maun bow down?"

For a' that she could do or say,
Appeas'd he wadna be;
Bot, for the words which she had said,
Zoung Waters he maun die!

They hae taen Zoung Waters, and
Put fetters on his feit;
They hae taen Zoung Waters, and
Thrown him in dungeon deep.

"Aft I hae ridden thru Stirling toun
In the wind bot and the weir,
Bot I neir rade thru Stirling toun
Wi' fetters at my feit.

"Aft I hae ridden thru Stirling toun
In the wind bot and the rain,
Bot I neir rade thru Stirling toun
Neir to return again?"

They hae taen to the heiding hill
His zoung son in his cradle,
And they hae taen to the heiding hill
His horse bot and his saddle.

They hae taen to the heiding hill
His Lady fair to see!
And for the words the Queen had spak
Zoung Waters he did die!

KELVIN GROVE.

Air—Kelvin Water.

An Lante

Let us haste to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie O, Through its

ma-zes let us rove, bon-nie las-sie, O; Where the

rose, in all its pride, Paints the hol-low din-gle

side, Where the mid-night fai-ries glide, bon-nie 'las-sie, O.

We will wander by the Mill, bonnie lassie, O,
 To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O;
 Where the glens rebound the call
 Of the lofty water-fall,
 Through the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.

Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonnie lassie, O,
 Where so oft beneath its shade, bonnie lassie, O,
 With the songsters in the grove
 We have told our tale of love,
 And have sportive garlands wove, bonnie lassie, O.

Ah! I soon must bid adieu, bonnie lassie, O,
 To this lairy scene and you, bonnie lassie, O,
 To the streamlet winding clear,
 To the fragrant-scented brier,
 Even to thee, of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.

For the crowns of fortune low'r, bonnie lassie, O,
 On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O,
 Ere the golden orb of day
 Wake the warblers from the spray,
 From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.

And when on a distant shore, bonnie lassie, O,
 Should I fall mid'st battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,
 Wilt thou, Ellen, when you hear
 Of thy lover on his bier,
 To his mem'ry drop a tear, bonnie lassie, O.

LIFE! WHAT ART THOU?

35

Music by Smith.

With
Melancholy
Expression

Life! what art thou? a variegated scene, Of mingled light and

shade, of joy and woe; A sea where calms and storms pro-

miscuous reign, A stream where sweet and bitter jointly flow, Fair have I

seen thy morn in smiles ar-ray'd, With crimson blush be-

paint the eastern sky, But now the dawn creeps mournful o'er the

glade, Shrouded in colours of a sable dye.

MY COLLIER LADDIE.

“Where live ye, my bon_nie lass? And tell me what they ca’ ye?”

‘My name,’ she says, ‘is Miss_tress Jean, And I fo_l-low the Col_l-ier laddie.’

“See you not yon hills and dales,
The sun shines on sae brawlie!
They a’ are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye’ll leave your Collier laddie.
They a’ are, &c.

“Ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gaudy,
And aye to wait on every hand,
Gin ye’ll leave your Collier laddie.
And aye to wait,” &c.

“If ye had a’ the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly,
I’d turn my back on you and it a’,
And be true to my Collier laddie?
I’ll turn, &c.

ARGYLE IS MY NAME.

Lively

Argyle is my name and you may think it strange, To live at a Court, yet

ne_ever to change; A’ false_hood and flat_ter_y I do dis_dain, In

my sec_ret thoughts nae guile does remain. My King and my Country’s face I have



fact; In ci-ty or bat-tle I ne'er was disgrac'd; I do ev'ry thing for my
 coun-try's weal, And I'll feast up-on ban-nocks o' bar-ley meal.

I will quickly lay down my sword and my gun,
 An' put my blue bonnet an' my plaidy on,
 Wi' my silk tartan hose an' leather-heel'd shoon,
 An' then I shall look like a sprightly loon.
 An' when I'm sae dress'd frac tap to tae,
 To meet my dear Maggy I vow I will gae,
 Wi' swagger and hanger hung down to my heel,
 An' I'll feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

I'll buy a rich present to gie to my dear,
 A ribbon o' green for Maggy to wear,
 An' mony thing brawer than that, I declare,
 Gin she'll gang wi' me to Paisley fair.
 An' when we're married I'll keep her a cow,
 An' Maggie will milk when I gae at the plow;
 We'll live a the winter on beef an' lang kail,
 An' we'll feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

Gin Maggy should chance to bring me a son,
 He's fight for his King, as his daddy's done;
 We'll hie him to Flanders some breeding to learn,
 An' then hame to Scotland, an' get him a farm,
 An' there we will live thro' our industry,
 An' wha'll be sae bappy's my Maggy an' me?
 We'll a' grow as fat as a Norway seal,
 Wi' our feasting on bannocks o' barley meal.

Then, fare-ye-weel, Citizens, noisy men,
 Your rattling o' coaches in Drury-lane,
 Ye bucks o' Bear-garden, I bid ye adieu,
 For drinking an' swearing I leave it to you.
 I'm fairly resolv'd for a country life,
 An' nae langer will live in hurry and strife,
 I'll aff to the Highlands as hard's I can reel,
 An' I'll whang at the bannocks o' barley meal.

I HAE NAE KITH, I HAE NAE KIN.

Jacobite.



I hae nae kith, I hae nae kin, Nor ane that's dear to me;



For the bon_nie lad, that I loe best, He's far a_yont the sea.



He's gane wi' ane that was our ain, And we may rue the day, When



our king's ae daugh_ter came here To play sic foul play.

O gin I were a bonnie bird,
 Wi' wings that I might flee,
 Then I wad travel o'er the main,
 My ae true love to see:
 Then I wad tell a joyfu' tale,
 To ane that's dear to me,
 And sit upon a king's window,
 And sing my melody.

The adder lies i' the corbie's nest,
 Ancaith the corbie's wing,
 And the blast that reaves the corbie's brood,
 Will soon blaw hame our king.
 Then blaw ye east, or blaw ye west,
 Or blaw ye o'er the faem,
 O bring the lad that I lo'e best,
 And ane I darena name!

THE TITHER MORN:

The tither morn, When I for_jorn A_neath an aik sat mean_ing, I

did na trow I'd see my Jo Be_side me gain the glos_ming. But

he sae trig Lap o'er the rig, And can_tily did cheer me, When

I, what reck, Did least ex_pect To see my lad sae near me,

His bonnet he
 A thought a_jee,
 Like Sodger, sprush and bonny,
 And I, I wat,
 Wi' pleasure grat,
 To find this Södger Johnie!
 Fye on the weir!
 I late and air
 Hae thought, since Jock departed;
 But now as glad
 I'm wi' my lad,
 As shortsync broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en
 Upon the green,
 When a' were blyth and merry,
 I car'dna by,
 Sae sad was I,
 In absënce o' my dearie;
 But now I'm blest,
 My mind's at rest,
 Sae happy wi' my Johnie;
 At tryste an' fair,
 I'll ay be there,
 And be as cauty's ony.

DONALD COUPER.

Chorus.

Canty

Hey Don - ald, how Don - ald, Hey Don - ald Cou - per; He's

gane a - wa to seek a wife, And he's come hame with - out her. O

Don - ald Cou - per and - his man, Held to a High - land fair, man, And

a? to seek a bon - nie lass; But fient a ane was there, man.

Hey Donald, how Donald,
 Hey Donald Couper,
 He's gane awa to seek a Wife,
 And he's come hame without her.

At length he got a Carlin gray,
 And she's come hirplin hame, man;
 And she's fien der the buffet-stool,
 And brak her collar-banc, man.
 Hey Donald, &c.

HERSELL BE HIGHLAND SHENTLEMAN.

Ajr - Turnimspike.

Lively.

Her - sell be High - land Shen - tle - man, Be auld as Poth - well

prig, man; And mo-ny al-ter-a-tions seen Amang te Lawland Whig, man; Fa

la la la, Fa la la la la, Fa la la la, Fa la la, Fa

la la la, Fa la la la, Fa la la la, Fa la la.

First when her to the Lawlands came,
Nainsell was troving cows, man;
There was nae laws about him then,
About the preeks, or trews, man.

Fa la, &c.

Nainsell did wear the philabeg,
Te plaid prick't on her shoulder;
Te guid claymore hung pe her belt,
Te pistol sharg'd wi' powder.

Fa la, &c.

Every t'ing in te Highlands now
Pe turn't to alteration;
Te sodger dwell at our toor-sheek,
An' tat's te great vexation.

Fa la, &c.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
And laws bring on te cadger:
Nainsell wad durk her for her deeds,
But, oh! she fears te sodger.

Fa la, &c.

But I'll awa to te Highland hills

Where nêr a anc dare turn her,
An' no come near her Turnimspike,
Unless it pe to purn her.

Anither law came after tat,
Me never saw te like, man;
Tey mak a lang road on te grund,
An' ca' him Turnimspike, man.

Fa la, &c.

An' wow! she pe a ponny road,
Like Loudên corn-rigs, man;
Where twa carts may gang on her,
An' no break ithers legs, man.

Fa la, &c.

Tey sharge a penny for ilka horse,
In troth, she'll no pe sheaper,
For nought put gaen upo' te grund,
An' tey gie me a paper.

Fa la, &c.

Nae doubts, Nainsell maun tra her purse,
An' pay him what hims like, man;
I'll see a shugement on his toor,
Tat filthy Turnimspike, man!

Fa la, &c.

Fa la, &c.

O SPEED, LORD NITHSDALE, SPEED YE FAST.

Jacobite.

Slowly
with
expression.

O speed, Lord Nithsdale, speed ye fast, Sin' ye maun frae your Countrie

Hee; Nae mer-cy mot be to your share; Nae pi-ty is for thine an' thee. Thy

La-dy sits in lane-ly bower, And fast the tear fa's frae her e'e; And

aye she sighs, "O blaw ye winds, And bear Lord Nithsdale far frae me?"

Her heart, sae wae, was like to break,
 While kneeling by the taper bright;
 But a red drop cam to her cheek,
 As shone the morning's rosy light.
 Lord Nithsdale's Bark she mot na see,
 Winds sped it swiftly o'er the main:
 "O ill betide," quoth that fair dame,
 "Wha sic a comely knight had slain?"

Lord Nithsdale lo'd wi' mickle love;
 But he thought on his Countrie's wrang;
 And he was deem'd a traitor sync,
 And forc'd, frae a' he loy'd, to gang.
 "Oh! I will gae to my loy'd Lord,
 He may na smile, I trow, but me;"
 But hame, and ha; and bonnie bowers,
 Nae mair will glad Lord Nithsdale's e'e.

A Cock-Laird, fu' cad-gie, With Jen-ny did

meet; He tauld her his er-rand, And bauld-ly did

sprak: "Gin thou'lt gae a-lang with me, Jen-ny," quoth

he, "Thou'se be my ain La-dy, Jo Jen-ny, Jen-ny."

'If I gang along wi' ye,
Ye mauna fail
To feast me with caddels,
And good hackit kail!

"What for a' this nicety,
Jenny?" quoth he;

"Mayna bannocks o' bear-meal
Be as good for thee?"

'And I maun hae pinners
With pearling set round,
A skirt of puddy,
And a waistcoat of brown!

"Awa' wi' sic vanities,
Jenny," quoth he,

"For kurchis and kirtles
Are ditter for thee."

"My lairdship can yield me
As meikle a year,
As haud us in pottage
And good knockit beer:
But having nae tenants,
O Jenny, Jenny,
To buy ought I ne'er have
A penny," quoth he.

THE EAST NUIK O' FIFE.

Lively

Oh, hey, hey, the east nuik o' Fife! Oh, hey, hey, the east nuik o' Fife! Oh,
 hey, hey, the east nuik o' Fife! A weel-far'd Lass, and a can-ty Wife. A
 can-ty Wife, a can-ty Wife, A weel-far'd Lass, may be my Wife; Gae
 seek them where ye'll find them rife, There's wale o' them in the nuik o' Fife.

It's lang, lang, 'till Saturday at e'en,
 It's lang, lang, 'till Saturday at e'en,
 It's lang, lang, 'till Saturday at e'en,
 But it's langer yet 'till Monday morn.
 And then her answer she will gie,
 And then I'll ken if she fancies me;
 If she says na, hient a prin I care,
 But I'll never speer a Fife Lass mair.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

*Ô WAKE THEE, WAKE THEE, MY BONNIE BIRD.*

Lively

O wake thee, O wake thee, my bonnie, bonnie bird, And sing thy matin  
 lay! O wake thee, O wake thee, my bon-nie, bon-nie bird! For the

Sun is up on his way. The foliage soughs in the mor-ning breeze, An' the

green leaves glit-ter in the Sun, The spray rows white o'er the bounding

seas, An' the vil-lage hell is be-gun. Then wake thee, O wake thee, mine

ain bon-nie bird! And sing thy ma-tin lay, For the tap boughs swing, my

bon-nie, bon-nie bird, In the sough o' the new sprung day.



The silv'ry clouds, like sheeted ghaists,

Take their flight o'er the pure blue sky;

And the laversocks are pillow'd on their downy breasts,

And are borne with their Anthems on high.

Then wake thee, O wake thee, my bonnie, bonnie bird!

O wake while it is day!

For the night comes sweet, my bonnie, bonnie bird,

When the morning is hail'd wi' thy lay.

## THE WÆFU' HEART.

"Gin Liv\_ing worth could win my heart, You wou'd nae

speak in vain; But in the Dark\_ome Grave it's laid, Ne\_-

ver to rise a\_ gain. My wae\_ fu' heart lies low wi'

his, Whose heart was on\_ ly mine; And, oh! what a

heart was that to lose, But I maun no re\_ prieve.

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

"I come, I come! my Jamie dear;  
 And oh! wi' what gude will  
 I follow, wharso'er ye lead!  
 Ye canna lead to ill!"  
 She said, and soon a deadly pale  
 Her faded cheek possest,  
 Her wæfu' heart forgot to beat,  
 Her sorrows sunk to rest.

How blythe was I each morn to see My swain come o'er the hill, He leap'd the

burn and flew to me, I met him wi' good will. O the broom, the bon-ny bon-ny

broom, The broom of the Cow-denknoves, I wish I were wi' my dear swain, Wi'

his pipe and my ewes; O the broom, the bon-ny bon-ny broom.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,  
 While his flock near me lay,  
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,  
 And cheer'd me a' the day.  
 O the broom, &c.

Hard fate! that I should banish'd be,  
 Gang heavily and mourn,  
 Because I lov'd the truest swain  
 That ever yet was born.  
 O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,  
 The birds stood list'ning by;  
 Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,  
 Charm'd wi' his melody.  
 O the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit,  
 That held my wee soup whey;  
 My plaidy, brooch, and crooked stick,  
 May now ly useless by.  
 O the broom, &c.

## STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

Jacobite.

Thickest night surrounds my dwelling! Howling tempests o'er me  
rave! Turbid torrents, wintry swelling, Roaring by my lonely cave! Crystal  
streamlets, gently flowing, Busy haunts of base mankind, Western  
breezes, softly blowing, Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,  
Wrongs injurious to redress,  
Honour's war we strongly waged,  
But the Heavens denied success,  
Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,  
Not a hope that dare attend,  
The wide world is all before us —  
But a world without a friend!

## GAE TO THE KYE WI' ME, JOHNNY.

"O gae to the Kye wi' me, Johnny, Gae to the Kye wi' me; O

gae to the Kye wi' me John-ny, And I'll be mer-ry wi' thee? 'Oh!

Las-sie, I'm wea-ry wand'-rin, I've gaen mair miles than three; Ise

no gang the day to the her-din, It's fash-ous and nae-thing to see? "O

gae to the Kye wi' me, John-ny, Gae to the Kye wi' me; O

gae to the Kye wi' me, John-ny, And I'll be mer-ry wi' thee?"

"Oh we'll tak a rest at the shieling,  
Aent the tap o' the hill,  
And there's a loch o' pure water  
Whare ye may drink yere fill.  
Oh gae, &c.

"Among the rocks and the heather  
A Lurn does roaring la',  
And there the trouties are loupin,  
The bonniest ever I saw?"  
Oh gae, &c.

## THE BRAES OF BALLENDINE.

Be-neath a green shade, a love-ly young swain, One

eve-ning re-clind, to dis-co-ver his pain; So sad, yet so

sweet-ly, he war-bled his woe, The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the

foun-tains to flow: Rude winds, with com-pan-ssion, could hear him com-

plain, Yet Chloë, less gen-tle, was deaf to his strain.

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

## PINKIE HOUSE.

By Pin - kie House oft let me walk, And  
 muse o'er Nel - ly's charms; Her pla - cid air, her  
 win - ning talk, E'en en - vy's self dis - arms. O let me,  
 e - ver fond, be - hold Those gra - ces void of art! Those  
 cheer - ful smiles, that sweet - ly hold In wil - ling chains my heart.

O come, my love! and bring a-new  
 That gentle turn of mind;  
 That gracefulness of air, in you  
 By nature's hand design'd.  
 These lovely as the blushing rose  
 First lighted up this flame,  
 Which, like the Sun, for ever glows  
 Within my breast the same.

WOE'S MY HEART THAT WE SHOULD SUNDER.

With broken words and downcast eyes, Poor Colin spoke his passion

ten-der, And parting with his Lu-cy cries, Ah! woe's my heart that we should sunder!

To oth-ers I am cold as snow, But kin-dle with thine eyes like tin-der; From

thee with pain I'm forc'd to go, It breaks my heart' that we should sun-der.

CARLISLE YETTS.

Jacobite.

White was the rose in his gay bon-net, As he fauld-ed me

in his brooch-ed plaid-ic, His hand whilk clasp'd the truth o' love, O

it was aye in bat\_tle rea\_dy! His lang, lang hair, in yel\_low

hanks, Wav'd o'er his checks sae sweet and rud\_die; But now they

wave o'er Car\_lisle yetts, In drip\_ping ring\_lets clot\_ting blood\_ie.

My father's blood's in that flower tap,  
 My brother's in that hare-hells blossom;  
 This white rose was steeped in my love's blood,  
 And I'll aye wear it in my bosom.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

When I came first by merry Carlisle,  
 Was ne'er a town sae sweetly seeming;  
 The white rose flaunted owre the wall,  
 The Thistled banners far were streaming!  
 When I came next by merry Carlisle,  
 O sad, sad seemed the town, and eerie!  
 The auld, auld men came out and wept,  
 "O maiden, come ye to seek your dearie?"

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

There's ae drop o' blood upon my breast,  
 And twa in my links o' hair, sae yellow;  
 The tane I'll ne'er wash, and the tither ne'er kame,  
 But I'll sit and pray aneath the willow.  
 Wae, wae upon that cruel heart!  
 Wae, wae upon that hand sae bloodie!  
 Whilk leasts in our truest Scottish blude,  
 And maks sae mony a dolefu' widow.

*SAE MERRY AS WE TWA HAE BEEN.*

A Lass that was laden with care, Sat heavily un-der yon thorn; I

list- en'd a while for to hear, When thus she be- gan for to mourn: "When-

er my dear shep- herd was there, The birds did me- lodiously sing, And

cold nip- ping win- ter did wear A face that re- sem- bled the spring. Sae

mer- ry as we twa hae been, Sae mer- ry, as we twa hae been; My

heart it is like for to break When I think on the days we hae seen.

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER! JAMIE.

Slow  
with  
Expression

Thou hast left me ev-er! Ja-mie; Thou hast left me ev-er!

Af-ten hast thou vow'd that death On-ly should us se-ver,

Now thou'st left thy lass for aye, I maun see thee nev-er, Ja-mie,

2<sup>d</sup> Verse.

I'll see thee nev-er. Thou hast me for-sa-ken Ja-mie,

Thou hast me for-sa-ken! Thou canst love a-nith-er Jo,

While my heart is break-ing! Soon my wea-ry een I'll close,

Nev-er mair to wa-kin, Ja-mie, Nev-er mair to wa-kin.

## THE DUSTY MILLER.

Hey, the dus-ty Mil-ler, And his dus-ty coat; He will win

a shil-ling, Or he spend a groat. Dus-ty was the coat, Dus-ty was

the co-lour, Dus-ty was the boat That row'd the dus-ty Mil-ler.

Hey, the Dusty Miller,  
And his Dusty sack;  
Leeze me on the calling  
Fills the dusty peck.

Fills the dusty peck,  
Brings the dusty siller;  
Mony is the groat  
He wins, the dusty Miller.

## JUMPIN' JOHN.

Her Dad-die for-bad, her Min-nie for-bad, For-bid-den she

wad-na be; She wad-na trow't, the brow'st she brew'd Wad

taste sae bit - ter - lie. The lang lad, they ca' Jum - pin

John, Aft' spier'd the bon - nie las - sie; But Fai - ther and

Mith - er a - greed the - gi - ther, That nae sic match sud be.



A cow and a cauf, a ewe and a hauf,  
 And thretty gude shillins and three;  
 A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,  
 The lass wi' the bonnie black éc.  
 Her Daddie, &c.

Her Daddie had her counsel tak,  
 But counsel she tuik naue;  
 And lang and sair the lassie rued,  
 Sae fuil-like she'd been taen.  
 Her Daddie, &c.

"Oo! for my Daddie's kindly luik,  
 My Minnie's kindly care!  
 Gin I were in their ingle nuik,  
 I'd never leave it mair."  
 Her Daddie, &c.

## WOOD AND MARRIED AND A'

Lively

The Bride came out of the byre, And O as she dighted her cheeks! "Sirs,  
 I'm to be mar-ried the night, And has nei-ther blan-kets nor sheets; Has  
 nei-ther blan-kets nor sheets, Nor scarce a cover-let too, The Bride that has a'  
 thing to bor-row, Has e'en right mei-kle a-do." Woo'd and mar-ried and a,  
 Wooed and married and a! And was nae she very well aff, That was wooed and married and a'.

Out spake the bride's father,  
 As he came in frae the pleugh,  
 "O had ye're tongue, my daughter,  
 And ye's get gear enugh;  
 The stirk that stands i' th' tether,  
 And our braw basin' yade  
 Will carry ye hame your corn;  
 What wad ye be at, ye jade?"  
 Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's mither,  
 "What for needs a' this pride!  
 I had nae a plack in my pouch  
 That night I was a bride;  
 My gown was linsy woolsy,  
 And n'er a sark but twa,  
 And ye hac ribbons and buskins,  
 When I had nane ava?"  
 Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's brither  
 As he came in wi' the kye,  
 "Poor Willie had n'er a tane ye,  
 Had he kent ye as weel as I;  
 For you're baith proud and saucy,  
 And nae for a poor man's wife;  
 Gin I canna get a better,  
 Ise never tak ane i' my life."  
 Woo'd and married, &c.

Like yon - der lone - ly tur - tle dove, That cou - ing

mourns its ab - sent love, To sha - dy groves must I re - pair, And

vent my hope - less pas - sion there. Oh! love - ly lass o' Mo - nor -

gan! What will I do when you are gone? For, do you think my

heart can stay Be - hind, when you are far a - -way.

No, no, my dear, whene'er we part,  
 Take with you my poor bleeding heart;  
 But use it kindly, for you know  
 How much it lov'd you long ago:  
 You know to what a great degree,  
 Sighing for you, it wasted me;  
 But one sweet smile could well repay,  
 The pains and troubles of this day.

## DUKE HAMILTON.\*

Duke Ham-il-ton was as fine a Lord, Fal-lal de

ral de re, O, As ev-er Scot-land could af-ford, Fal

lal de ral de re, O. For per-son-al va-lour

few was there, Could with his Grace the Duke com-pare; How

he was mur-der'd you shall hear, Fal-lal de ral de re, O.

Lord Mohoun and he fell out of late,

Fal-lal, &c.

About some trifles of the state,

Fal-lal, &c.

So high the words between them rose,

As very soon it turn'd to blows;

How it will end there's nobody knows,

Fal-lal, &c.

Lord Mohoun, who never man could face,  
Fal lal, &c.

Unless in some dark and private place,  
Fal lal, &c.

Lord Mohun, who never man could face,  
Unless in some dark and private place,  
He sent a challenge unto his Grace,  
Fal lal, &c.

Betimes in the morning his Grace arose,  
Fal lal, &c.

And straight to Colonel Hamilton goes,  
Fal lal, &c.

Your company, Sir, I must importune,  
Betimes in the morning, and very soon,  
To meet General M<sup>c</sup> Cartney & Lord Mohoun,  
Fal lal, &c.

The Colonel replies, I am your slave,  
Fal lal, &c.

To follow your Grace unto the grave,  
Fal lal, &c.

Then they took Coach without delay,  
And to Hyde Park by break of day,  
O there began the bloody fray,  
Fal lal, &c.

No sooner out of Coach they light,  
Fal lal, &c.

But Mohoun and M<sup>c</sup> Cartney came in sight,  
Fal lal, &c.

No sooner out of Coach they light,  
But Mohoun and M<sup>c</sup> Cartney came in sight,  
O then began the bloody fight,  
Fal lal, &c.

Then bespoke the brave Lord Mohoun,  
Fal lal, &c.

I think your Grace is here full soon,  
Fal lal, &c.

I wish your Grace would put it by,  
Since blood for blood for vengeance cry,  
And loath I am this day to die,  
Fal lal, &c.

Then bespoke the Duke his Grace,  
Fal lal, &c.

Saying, go find out a proper place,  
Fal lal, &c.

My Lord, to me the challenge you sent,  
To see it out is my intent,  
Till my last drop of blood be spent,  
Fal lal, &c.

Then these Heroes swords were drawn,  
Fal lal, &c.

And so lustily they both fell on,  
Fal lal, &c.

Duke Hamilton thrust with all his might,  
Unto Lord Mohoun thro' his body quite,  
And sent him to eternal night,  
Fal lal, &c.

By this time his Grace had got a wound,  
Fal lal, &c.

Then on the grass as he sat down  
Fal lal, &c.

Base M<sup>c</sup> Cartney, as we find,  
Cowardly, as he was inclined,  
Stabb'd his Grace the Duke behind,  
Fal lal, &c.

This done the traitor ran away,  
Fal lal, &c.

And was not heard of for many a day,  
Fal lal, &c.

In christian land let's hear no more  
Of duelling, and human gore;  
The story's told, I say no more,  
But, fal lal, &c.

## AULD ROB MORRIS.

There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yonglen, He's the king o' gude  
 fel-lows an' wale o' auld men; He has gowd in his cof-fers, He has  
 sheep, he has kine, And de bon-ny las-sie, his dar-ling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May,  
 She's sweet as the ev'ning among the new hay;  
 As blythe an' as artless as the lambs on the lee,  
 And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,  
 And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;  
 A wooer like me manna hope to come speed,  
 The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;  
 The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;  
 I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,  
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,  
 I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!  
 O, how past describing had then been my bliss,  
 As now my distraction no words can express!

When trees did bud, and fields were green, And

broom bloom'd fair to see, When bon - nie dai - sies deck'd the

scene, And birds sang frae the tree, Blythe Da - vie wi' a

heart as light, And eke a mind as free, Cries, "down the

burn, the bon - nie burn side, And I will fol - low thee?"

Where gracefu' birks hing droopin o'er  
 The deep pool's waveless side,  
 There, shaded frae the simmer sun,  
 The wand'rin salmon hide,  
 And there the little trouties play  
 And shine sae bonnily;  
 "Gang down, gang down the bonnie burn side,  
 And I will follow thee?"

## IONA.\*

Old Air — Said to be sung by the Monks of Iona.

Slow and  
Solemn.

Where floated crane, and clam'rous gull, A\_bove the misty shores of Mull, And

ev\_er\_more the hil\_lows rave, 'Round many a Saint and Sov'reign's grave.

There, round Columba's ruins gray,  
The shades of monks are wont to stray,  
And slender forms of nuns, that weep  
In moonlight by the murmuring deep.

When fancy moulds upon the mind  
Light visions on the passing wind,  
And woos, with faltering tongue and sigh,  
The shades o'er memory's wilds that fly.

That, in that still and solemn hour,  
Might stretch imagination's power,  
And restless fancy revel free  
In painful, pleasing luxury.

## LORD RONALD CAME TO HIS LADY'S BOW'R.

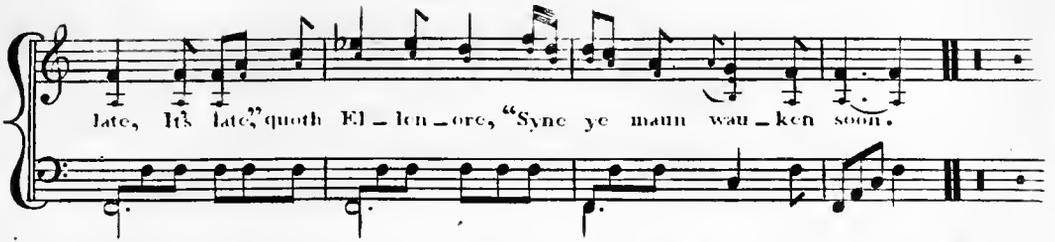
Lord Ronald came to his La\_dy's bow'r When the moon was in her

wane; Lord Ronald came at a late late hour, And to her bow'r is gane. He

saft\_ly stept in his san\_dal shoon, And saft\_ly laid him down: "It's

B

\* The Kings of Scotland &amp; leagued men were buried in Iona.



"Lord Ronald, stay 'till the early cock,  
 Shall flap his siller wing,  
 An' saftly ye maun ope the gate,  
 An' loose the silken string."  
 'O Ellenore, my fairest fair!  
 O Ellenore, my bride!  
 How can ye fear, when my merrymen a'  
 Are on the mountain side?"

The moon was hid, the night was sped,  
 But Ellenore's heart was wae,  
 She heard the cock flap his siller wing,  
 An' she watch'd the mornin' ray:  
 "Rise up, rise up, Lord Ronald dear,  
 The mornin' opes it's ee,  
 O speed thee to thy father's tow'r,  
 And safe, safe, may thou be."

But there was a Page, a little fause Page,  
 Lord Ronald did espy,  
 An' he has told his Baron all,  
 Where the hind and hart did lie.  
 "It is na for thee, but thine, Lord Ronald,  
 Thy father's deeds o' weir,  
 But since the hind has come to my fault,  
 His blood shall dim my spear."

Lord Ronald kiss'd fair Ellenore,  
 And press'd her lily hand;  
 Sic a comely knight, and comely dame,  
 N'er met in wedlock's band:  
 But the Baron watch'd, as he rais'd the latch,  
 And kiss'd again his bride;  
 And with his spear, in deadly ire,  
 He pierc'd Lord Ronald's side.

The life blood fled frae fair Ellenore's cheek,  
 She look'd all wan and ghaist,  
 She lean'd her down by Lord Ronald's side,  
 An' the blood was rinnin' fast:  
 She kiss'd his lip o' the deadlie hue,  
 But his life she cou'dna stay;  
 Her bosom throbb'd ac deadlie throbb,  
 An' their spirits baith fled away.

## JOHN TOD.

He's a ter-ri-ble man, John Tod, John Tod; He's a ter-ri-ble man, John

Tod. He scolds in the house, He scolds at the door, He scolds on the

ve-ra hie road, John Tod, He scolds on the ve-ra hie road.

The weans a' fear John Tod, John Tod,

The weans a' fear John Tod;

When he's passin' by,

The Mithers will cry,

Here's an ill wean, John Tod, John Tod,

Here's an ill wean, John Tod.

How is he fendin', John Tod, John Tod?

How is he wendin', John Tod?

He's scourin' the land,

Wi' his rung in his hand,

An' the French wad na frighten John Tod, John Tod,

An' the French wad na frighten John Tod.

The callants a' fear John Tod, John Tod,

The callants a' fear John Tod;

If they steal but a neep,

The laddie he'll whip,

And it's unco weel done o' John Tod, John Tod, But there's nouse in the linin', John Tod, John Tod,

It's unco weel done in John Tod.

But there's nouse in the linin', John Tod.

Ye're sun-brint and batter'd John Tod, John Tod,

Ye're tantit and tatter'd John Tod;

Wi' ye're auld stripped coul,

Ye luik maist like a tuil,

An' saw ye nae little John Tod, John Tod,

O saw ye nae little John Tod;

His shoon they were re'in,

And his feet they were seen;

He's weel respectit, John Tod, John Tod,

He's weel respectit, John Tod;

Tho' a terrible man,

We'd a' gane wrang,

But stout does he gang on the road John Tod, If he sud leave us, John Tod, John Tod,

But stout does he gang on the road.

If he sud leave us, John Tod!

THE GLOOMY NIGHT IS GATH'RING FAST.

Air—Banks of Ayr.

Slow

The gloom-y night is gath'-ring fast, Loud roars the wild in -

con-stant blast; Yoh mur-ky cloud is foul with rain, I see it

driv-ing o'er the plain. The hun-ter now has left the

moor, The scat-ter'd co-veys meet se-cre, While here I wan-der,

prest with care, A-long the lone-ly banks of Ayr.

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

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

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

## O CHECK, MY LOVE, THE FALLING TEAR.

Air—Northern Lass.

O check, my love, the fall-ing tear, Which dims thy bon-nie  
 e'e; The world may frown, and friends prove false, But I'll be true to thee.  
 O check, my love, the ri-sing sigh, Which gen-tly swells thy heart; Hope  
 whis-pers, soon we'll meet a-gain, And ne-ver, ne-ver part.

When far awa', that falling tear  
 Shall aft' remember'd be;  
 The rising sigh, which swells thy heart,  
 Shall ne'er be lost on me.

Then check, my love, the falling tear—  
 Which dims thy bonny e'e;  
 The world may frown, and friends prove false,  
 But I'll be true to thee.

## O STAY, SWEET WARBLING WOODLARK, STAY!

Air—Locherroch Side.

O stay, sweet war-bling wood-lark, stay! Nor quit for me the  
 trembling spray, A hopeless lo-ve'r courts thy lay, Thy soothing fond complaining.

A-gain, a-gain, that ten-der part! That I may catch thy melt-ing art; For

sure-ly that would touch her heart, Who kills me wi' dis-dain-ing.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,  
And heard thee as the careless wind?  
Oh, nought, but love and sorrow join'd,  
Sic' notes of woe could wauken!

Thou tell'st of never-ending care,  
Of speechless grief, and dark despair:—  
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!  
Or my poor heart is broken!

THOU CAULD GLOOMY FEBERWAR.

Slow

Thou could gloomy Feb-er-war, O gin thou wert a-wa! I'm

wae to hear thy sigh-ing winds, I'm wae to see thy snaw; For my

bon-nie brave young High-land-er, The lad I lo'e sac dear, Has

vow'd to come and see me In the spring of the year.

## GEORDIE.

Old Ballad.

Slow

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The first system is marked 'Slow' and contains the lyrics: 'There was a bat\_tle in the north, And No\_bles there was many; And they hae kill'd Sir Char\_lie Hay, And they laid the wyte on Geor\_die.' The second system continues the melody and lyrics: 'they hae kill'd Sir Char\_lie Hay, And they laid the wyte on Geor\_die.'

O he has written a lang letter,  
He sent it to his Lady;  
'Ye mair cum up to Enbrugh town  
To see what words o' Geordie?

When first she look'd the letter on,  
She was baith red an' rosy;  
But she had na' read a word but twa,  
Till she wallow'd like a lily.

"Gar get to me my guid grey steed,  
My menzie a' gae wi' me;  
For I shall neither eat nor drink,  
Till Enbrugh town shall see me."

And she has mountit her guid grey steed,  
Her menzie a' gae wi' her;  
And she did neither eat nor drink  
Till Enbrugh town did see her.

And first appear'd the fatal block,  
And sync the aix to head him,  
And Geordie cumin down the stair,  
And bands o' airn upon him.

But tho' he was chain'd in fetters strang,  
O' airn and steel, sae heavy,  
There was na' ane in a' the court  
Sae braw a man as Geordie.

O she's down on her bended knee,  
I wat she's pale and weary,  
"O pardon, pardon, noble king,  
And gie me back my dearie."

I hae seven helpless bairns,  
The seventh ne'er saw his daddie;  
O pardon, pardon, noble king,  
Pity a wactu' Lady?"

"Gar bid the headin-man mak haste,  
Our king reply'd fu' lordly:  
"O noble king, tak a' that's mine,  
But gie me back my Geordie?"

The Gordons cam, and the Gordons ran,  
And they were stark and steady;  
And ay the word among them a'  
Was, "Gordons keep you ready."

An aged lord at the king's right hand,  
Says, "noble king, but hear me;  
Gar her tell down five thousand pound,  
And gie her back her dearie?"

Some gae her marks, some gae her crowns,  
Some gae her dollars many,  
And she's tell'd down five thousand pound,  
And she's gotten again her dearie.

She blinkit blythe in her Geordie's face,  
Says, "dear I've bought thee, Geordie;  
But their sud been blindy bouks on the green,  
Or I had tint my Laddie?"

Be hind yon hills where Lu-gar flows, Mang muirs and mosses  
 ma-ny, O, The win-try sun the day has clos'd, And I'll a-  
 wa to Nan-ny, O. The west-lin win' blows loud and still, The  
 night's baith mirk and rai-ny, O; But I'll get my plaid, and  
 out I'll steal, And owre the hills to Nan-ny, O.

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

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

Our auld gudeman delights to view  
 His sheep and kye thrive bonnie O;  
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his plough,  
 And has na care but Nanny, O.  
 Come weel, come wo, I carena by,  
 I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;  
 Nae ither care in life have I,  
 But live, and love my Nanny, O.

## THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Jacobite,

Oh! I am come to the low coun-trie, Och-on, och-on, och-

rie! With-out a pen-ny in my purse, To buy a meal to me.

|                                       |                                    |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| It was nae sae in the Highland hills, | I was the happiest of a' the clan, |
| Ochon, ochon, ochrie!                 | Sair, sair may I repine;           |
| Nae woman in the wairld wide          | For Donald was the bravest man,    |
| Sae happy was as me.                  | And Donald he was mine.            |

|                                |                                  |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| For then I had a score o' kye, | Till Charlie Stuart cam at last, |
| Ochon, ochon, ochrie!          | Sae far to set us free;          |
| Feeding on yon hill sae high,  | My Donald's arm was wanted then, |
| And giving milk to me.         | For Scotland and for me,         |

|                                      |                                      |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| And there I had threescore o' yowes. | Their wae'n' late, what need I tell, |
| Och on, ochon, ochrie!               | Right to the wrang did yield;        |
| skipping on the bonnie knowes,       | My Donald and his country fell       |
| And casting woe to me.               | Upon Culloden field,                 |

Ochon, ochon! O Donald, oh!  
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!  
 Nae woman in the wairld wide,  
 Sae wretched now as me.

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### BIRDS OF ABERFELDY.

Bon-ny Jas-sie, will ye go, Will ye go, will ye go,

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

sim-mer blinks on flow'ry braes, And o'er the crystal stream-let plays; Come

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

Bon-ny las-sie, will ye go, Will ye go, will ye go,

Bon-ny las-sie, will ye go, To the Birks of A-ber-fel-dy?

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

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

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,  
The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,  
O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,  
The birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonny lassie, &c.

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

## ROSLIN CASTLE.

'Twas in that season of the year, When all things gay and sweet appear, That  
Co-lin, with the mor-ning ray, A-rose and sung his ru-ral lay, Of  
Nan-ny's charms the Shepherd sung, The hills and dales with Nan-ny rung, While  
Ros-lin Cas-tle heard the swain, And e-choed back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring  
 With captive warms, awake and sing;  
 Awake and join the vocal throng,  
 Who hail the morning with a song:  
 To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,  
 O! bid her haste and come away;  
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,  
 And add new graces to the morn.

## WHAT SAFTENING THOUGHTS RESISTLESS START.

Same Air.

What softening thoughts resistless start,  
 An' pour their influence o'er the heart!  
 What mingling scenes around appear,  
 To musing Meditation dear!  
 Whan, wae, we tent fair Grandeur's fa,  
 By Roslin's ruined Castle wa!  
 O, what is pomp? an' what is power?  
 The silly phantoms of an hour!

Sae loudly ance, frae Roslin's brow,  
 The martial trump o' grandeur blew,  
 While steel-clad vassals went to wait  
 Their chieftain at the portalled gate;  
 An' maidens fair, in vestments gay,  
 Bestrewed wi' flowers the warriors way;  
 But now, ah me! how changed the scene!  
 Nae trophied ha', nae towers remain.

## LADY ANN BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

Old Ballad.

Slow

The musical score is written in a grand staff with two systems of treble and bass clefs. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 7/4. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words underlined to indicate syllable placement. The score consists of five systems of music.

Ba\_low, my boy, lie still and sleep, It grieves me sair to  
 hear thee weep; If thoult be si\_lent I'll be glad, Thy main\_ing  
 makes my heart fu' sad: Ba\_low, my boy, thy Mo\_ther's joy, Thy  
 Fa\_ther bred me great an\_noy; Ba\_low, ba\_low, ba\_  
 low, ba\_low, ba\_low, ba\_low lu\_li-li-lu.

Balow, my darling, sleep awhile,  
 And when thou wak'st then sweetly smile;  
 Already, in thy looks, I see  
 Thy Father's smile, thy Father's e'e:  
 Ah! little did I ance believe,  
 That sic kind looks could sae deceive.  
 Balow, balow, &c.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,  
 Whose greatest griefs in wrangling thee;  
 Nor pity her deserved smart,  
 Who can blame none but her fond heart,  
 For too soon trusting, latest finds,  
 With fairest tongues are falsest minds.  
 Balow, balow, &c.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee!  
 Too soon, alake! thoult weep for me:  
 Thy griefs are growing to a sum;  
 God grant thee patience when they come:  
 Tho' sorrow brings me to the grave,  
 Kind Heaven, on thee will pity have.  
 Balow, balow, &c.

STAY, MY CHARMER, CAN YOU LEAVE ME?

Gaelic Air.

Stay, my charmer, can you leave me? Cruel, cruel, to de-ceive me!

Well you know, how much you grieve me; Cruel charmer, can you go? Cruel charmer, can you go?

By my love so ill requited;  
 By the faith you fondly plighted;  
 By the pangs of lovers slighted;  
 Do not, do not leave me so!  
 Do not, do not leave me so!

MOUNT AND GO.

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

be Soldier's La-dy O. When the drums do beat, and the cannons

rat-tle O, I fight for thy dear sake. Nor heed the shock of battle O.

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

be a Soldier's Lady O. When the vanquish'd foe Shall sue for peace and

quiet, Then home-ward I shall go, And with my love enjoy it. No

more the drums shall beat, No more the can-nons rat-tle; The foe shall

then re-treat, For we shall gain the bat-tle O. Mount and go, mount and

make you ready O; Mount and go, And be a Soldier's Lady O.

## LASS, GIN YE LOE ME, TELL ME NOW.

I hae laid a her-ring in sãt, Lass, gin ye loe me,

tell me now? I hae brew'd a for-get o' mat, An' I

can-na come il-ka day to woo. I hae a calf will soon be a cõw,

Lass, gin ye loe me, tell me now? I hae a pig will

soon be a sow, An' I can-na come il-ka day to woo.

I've a house on yonder muir,  
Lass, gin ye loe me, tell me now?  
Three sparrows may dance upon the floor,  
And I canna come ilka day to woo.  
I hae a butt, and I hae a benn,  
Lass, gin ye loe me, tak me now?  
I hae three chickens and a fat hen,  
And I canna come ony mair to woo.

I've a hen wi' a happity leg,  
Lass, gin ye loe me, tell me now?  
Which ilka day lays me an egg,  
And I canna come ilka day to woo.  
I hae a kebbock upon my shelf,  
Lass, gin ye loe me, tell me now?  
I downa cat it a' myself,  
And I wiuna come ony mair to woo.

THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

There came a young man to my dad-die's door, My

dad-die's door, my dad-die's door; There came a young man to my

dad-die's door, Came seeking me to woo. And wow, but he was a

braw young lad, A brisk young lad, a braw young lad; And

wow, but he was a braw young lad, Came seeking me to woo.

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

I set him in aside the bink,  
 I gae him bread, and ale to drink;  
 And what doye think? he wad na blink,  
 Until he was filled fou.  
 And wow but he, &c.

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

Gae, get ye gone, ye drucken wooer,  
 Ye sour-looking, cauld-rife wooer;  
 I straightway show'd him to the door,  
 Saying, 'come nae mair to woo?  
 And wow but he, &c.

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

## HEY DONALD! HOW DONALD!

Moderately  
Slow,  
with  
Expression.

Tho' sim - mer smiles on bank and brae, And na - ture bids the

heart be gay, Yet a' the joys o' flow'ry May, Wi' plea - sure ne'er can

Chorus.

move me. Hey Don - ald! How Don - ald! Think up - on your vow, Donald!

Mind the hea - ther knowe, Donald, Where ye vow'd to love me.

The budding rose and scented brier,  
The siller fountain skinkling clear,  
The merry laverock whistling near,  
Wi' pleasure ne'er can move me.  
Hey Donald, &c.

I downa look on Lark or brae,  
I downa greet where d' are gay;  
But, old my heart will break wi' wae,  
Gin Donald cease to love me,  
Hey Donald, &c.

---

 MARK YONDER POMP OF COSTLY FASHION.

Air - De'il tak the wars.

Mark yonder pomp of cost - ly fashion, Round the wealthy ti - tled

bride: But, when com\_pard with re\_al pas\_sion, Poor is all that princely

pride. What are the show\_y treasures? What are the nois\_y pleasures? The

gay, gau\_dy glare of va\_ni\_tty and art: The po\_lish'd jew\_els

blaze May draw the wond'ring gaze, And court\_ly grandeur bright. The

fancy may de\_light, But ne\_ver, ne\_ver can come near the heart.

But, did you see my dearest Phillis,  
 In simplicity's array,  
 Lovely as you sweet opening flower is,  
 Shrinking from the gaze of day:  
 O then the heart alarming,  
 And all resistless charming,  
 In love's delightful letters she chains the willing soul!  
 Ambition would disown  
 The world's imperial crown,  
 Ev'n a'rice would deny  
 His worshipp'd deity,  
 And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll.

## BARBARA ALLAN.

Old Ballad.

It was in and a-bout the Mar-tin-mas time, When the

green leaves were a fall-ing, That Sir John Graham, in the

west coun-try, Fell in love with Bar-bara Al-lan.

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

O hooly, hooly, raise she up,  
To the place where he was lying,  
And when she drew the curtain by,  
"Young man, I think, you're dying?"

"O it's I'm sick, and very very sick,  
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan."  
"O the better for me ye's never be,  
Tho' your heart's blood were a spilling.

"O dinna ye mind, young man," said she,  
"When ye the cups was fillin',  
That ye made the healths gae round & round,  
And slighted Barbara Allan?"

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

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

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

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

WELCOME, ROYAL CHARLIE.

Air—Auld Wife ayont the fire.

When France had her as-sis-tance lent, A roy-al prince to

Scot-land sent; Then towards the north his course he bent; His

name was roy-al Char-lie. But, O! he was

lang in com-ing; O! he was lang in com-ing;

O! he was lang in com-ing; Wel-come, roy-al Char-lie.

When he upon the shore did stand,  
The friends he had within the land  
Came down, and shook him by the hand,  
And welcom'd royal Charlie.

Wi' "O, ye been lang in coming," &c.

The dress that our Prince Charlie had,  
Was bonnet blue and tartan plaid;  
And O, he was a handsome lad!

Few could compare wi' Charlie.

But, O, he was lang in coming, &c.

O LASSIE I MAUN LO'E THEE,

'O Lassie, I maun loe thee,' 'O Laddie loe na me?' 'O, Lassie, I maun

loe thee, 'O Laddie loe na me; Loe them wha hae their hearts at hame, Min's lang been far frae me."



AULD LANG SYNE.

To moderate time.

Should auld ac- quaint - ance be for - got, And ne - ver brought to

min? Should auld ac - quaint - ance be for - got, And days o' lang - syne?

Chorus.

Ten.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll

Bass.

Chorus.

Soprano.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll

tak a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne

tak a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne

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

What guid the present day can gie,  
 May that be yours and mine;  
 But beams o' langy sweetest rest  
 On auld lang syne,  
 On auld lang syne, my dear,  
 On auld lang syne;  
 The blind is cauld that winna warm  
 At thoughts o' lang syne.

We twa hae paddled in the burn,  
 Frae morning sun 'till dine;  
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
 Sin' auld lang syne,  
 Sin' auld lang syne, my dear,  
 Sin' auld lang syne;  
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae seen the simmer sun,  
 And thought it aye would shine;  
 But mony a cloud has come between,  
 Sin' auld lang syne,  
 Sin' auld lang syne, my dear,  
 Sin' auld lang syne;  
 But mony a cloud has come between,  
 Sin' auld lang syne.

But still my heart beats warm to thee,  
 And sac to me does thine;  
 Blest be the pow'r that still has left  
 The Irien's o' lang syne,  
 O' auld lang syne, my dear,  
 O' auld lang syne;  
 Blest be the pow'r that still has left  
 The frien's o' lang syne.

## SWEET ROBIN.

Oh! where are you going sweet Robin? What maks you sae proud an' sae shy? I

ance saw the day, little Robin, My friendship ye did na de\_ny. But win\_ter a\_gain

is returning. An' weather baith stormy an' snell, Gin ye will come hack again, Robin, I'll

feed you wi' moolins mysel. Oh! where are you going, sweet Robin? What maks you sae

proud an' sae shy? I ance saw the day, lit\_tle Robin, My friendship ye did na de\_ny.

When Simmer comes in, little Robin,  
 Forgets o' his friends an' his care;  
 Awa to the fields flies sweet Robin,  
 To wander the groves here an' there.  
 Tho' ye be my debtor, fause burdic,  
 On you I shall never lay blame,  
 For I've had as dear friends as Robin,  
 Wha' often has serv'd me the same.  
 B Oh! where, &c.

I ance had a lover like Robin,  
 Wha lang for my hand did implore;  
 At length he took flight, just like Robin,  
 And him I ne'er saw any more.  
 But should the stern blast o' misfortune  
 Return him, as winter brings thee;  
 Tho' slighted by baith, little Robin,  
 Yet I haith your fau'ts can forgie.  
 Oh! where, &c.

# FAREWELL, THOU STREAM, THAT WINDING FLOWS. 85

Air—Nancy's to the greenwood gane.

Fare - well, thou stream, that wind - ing flows A -

round E - li - za's dwell - ing; O mem' - ry! spare the cru - el

throes With - in this bo - som swell - ing. Con - demn'd to drag a

hope - less chain, And yet in se - cret lan - guish, To feel a

fire in ev' - ry vein, Nor dare dis - close my an - guish.

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

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

## AS I STOOD BY YON ROOFLESS TOWER.

Air—Cunnoch Psalms.

Slow

As I stood by yon roof-less tower, Where the wa- flower

scents the dew-y air, Where the hou-let mourns in her

i-ny tower, And tells the mid-night moon her care.

The winds were laid, the air was still,  
The stars they shot along the sky;  
The fods was howling on the hill,  
And the distant echoing glens reply.

The burn, adown its hazelly path,  
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa',  
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,  
Whose roarings seem'd to rise and fa'.

The cauld bla' north was streaming forth  
Her lights, wi' hissing, corie din;  
Athort the lift they start and shift,  
Like Fortune's favours, tint as win.

Now, looking over firth and fauld,  
Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd,  
When, lo! in form of Minstrel auld,  
A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd,

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,  
Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear;  
But, oh! it was a tale of woe;  
As ever met a Briton's ear.

He sang, wi' joy, his former day;  
He weeping wail'd his latter times;  
But what he said, it was nae play,  
I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

## UP AND WARN A', WILLIE.

Jacobite

Up and warn a', Wil-lic, Warn, warn a'; To hear my can-ty'

High-land sang Re-late the thing I saw, Wil-lic, When we gaed to the

B

bracs of Mar, And to the wea-pon-shaw, Wil-lie, Wi' true de-sign to

serve the king And banish whigs a-wa, Wil-lie. Up and warn a; Wil-lie,

Warn, warn a; For Lords and Lairds were there he-don, And yow but they were braw, Willie.

But when the standard was set up,  
 Right fierce the wind did blaw, Willie;  
 The royal tuit upon the tap  
 Down to the ground did la', Willie.  
 Up and warn a', Willie,  
 Warn, warn a';  
 Then second-sighted Sandy said,  
 We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.

But when the army joined at Perth,  
 The bravest e'er ye saw, Willie,  
 We didna doubt the rogues to rout,  
 Restore our king, an' a', Willie.  
 Up and warn a', Willie,  
 Warn, warn a';  
 The pipers play'd frae right to left  
 O whirry whigs awa, Willie.

But when we march'd to Sierra-muir,  
 And there the rebels saw, Willie;  
 Brave Argyle attack'd our right,  
 Our flank, and front, and a', Willie.  
 Up and warn a', Willie,  
 Warn, warn a';  
 Traitor Huntly soon gave way,  
 Seaforth, S' Clair, and a', Willie.

But brave Glengary on our right,  
 The rebels left did claw, Willie;  
 He there the greatest slaughter made,  
 That e'er Donald saw, Willie.  
 Up and warn a', Willie,  
 Warn, warn a';  
 And Whittam turn'd him round for fear,  
 And last did rin awa, Willie.

For he call'd us a Highland mob,  
 And soon he'd slay us a', Willie;  
 But we chas'd him back to Stirling brig,  
 Dragoons, and foot, and a', Willie.  
 Up and warn a', Willie,  
 Warn, warn a';  
 At length we rallied on a hill  
 And briskly up did draw, Willie.

But when Argyle did view our line,  
 And them in order saw, Willie,  
 He streight gaed to Dumblane again,  
 And back his left did draw, Willie.  
 Up and warn a', Willie,  
 Warn, warn a';  
 Then we to Auchterairder march'd,  
 To wait a better la', Willie.

Now if ye spier wha wan the day,  
 I've telt'd you what I saw, Willie;  
 We baith did fight, and baith did beat,  
 And baith did rin awa, Willie.  
 Up and warn a', Willie,  
 Warn, warn a';  
 For second-sighted Sandy said,  
 We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.

## THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

Jacobite.

Slowly

By yon cas - tle wa' at the close of the

day, I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was

gray, And as he was sing - ing, the tears down came, "There'll

ne - ver be peace 'till Ja - mie comes hame.

"The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars,  
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars!  
We dare na weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame;  
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

"My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,  
And now I greet round their green beds in the yard;  
It brak the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame;  
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

"Now life is a burden that bows me down,  
Sin I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;  
But till my last moments my words are the same,  
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame."

THE LOVELY MAID OF ORMADALE.

When sets the sun o'er Lo\_mond's height, To blaze up\_on the western

wave; When peace and love pos\_sess the grove, And e\_cho sleeps with\_in its cave;

Led by love's soft en\_dear\_ing charms, I stray the path\_ less wind\_ing vale, And .

hail the hour that gives to me The love\_ly maid of Or\_ma\_date.

Her eyes outshine the star of night,  
 Her cheeks the morning's rosy hue,  
 And pure as flower in summer shade,  
 Low bending in the pearly dew;  
 Nor flower so fair and lovely pure,  
 Shall late's dark wintry winds assail;  
 As angel smile she eye will be  
 Dear to the bowers of Ormadale.

Let fortune soothe the heart of care,  
 And wealth to all its votaries give;  
 Be mine the rosy smile of love,  
 And in its blissful arms to live;  
 I would resign fair India's wealth,  
 And sweet Arabia's spicy gale,  
 For balmy eve and Scotian bower,  
 With thee, lov'd maid of Ormadale.

MARCH, AND ON WI' CHARLIE.

Air, Kaity Bairdy.\*

Sprightly

I've heard the muircock's early crow, I've seen the morning's ro-sy daw, But

this is blith-est o' them a', To march a-wa wi' Char-lic. Our

Scot-tish flags like streamers wave, It's Charlie's sel that leads the brave; Wha

win-na flinch, nor fear a grave, But stan' or fa' wi' Char-lic.

There's no a traitor in his Clan,  
 There's no a heart, there's no a han',  
 But when the note o' weir is blawn,  
 Will start, an' on wi' Charlie.  
 It's wha daur now on Charlie frown,  
 Or tread our northern thistle down,  
 For Scotland's right, an' Scotland's Crown,  
 We'll owre the hills wi' Charlie.

\*Old Words.  
 Kaity Bairdy has a cow,  
 Black and white about the mou,  
 Was na that a dainty cow,  
 Dance Kaity Bairdy.  
 Kaity Bairdy has a cat,  
 That can fell baith mouse and rat,  
 Was na that a dainty cat,  
 Dance Kaity Bairdy.

LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.

An' house there stands on Lead-er side, Sur-mount-in' my de-

scrivin, Wi' rooms sae rare, and win\_dows fair, Sae cu\_rious-ly con\_tain\_ing

Men pass\_ing by do af-ten cry, In sooth it has nae mar-row, It

stands as sweet on Lead\_er side, As New\_ark does on Yar\_row;

A mile below, wha lists to ride,  
Will hear the mavis singing,  
Into St' Leonard's banks she'll bide,  
Sweet birks her head o'er-hinging;  
The lintwhite loud, and progne proud,  
Wi' tunefu' throats and marrow,  
Unto St' Leonard's banks they sing,  
As sweetly as in Yarrow.

The Burumill bog, and Whiteslade shaws,  
The fearfu hare she haunteth;  
Brighaugh and Braidwoodshiel she knaws,  
And Chapel-wood frequenteth;  
Yet when she irks, to Kaidlsy birks  
She rins, and sighs for sorrow,  
That she should leave sweet Leader haughs,  
And canna win to Yarrow.

What sweeter music wad ye hear,  
Than hounds and beigles cryin?  
The started hare rins hard wi' fear,  
Upon her spied relying;  
Puir beast, her strength it gaes at length,  
Nae bieldin can she borrow,  
In Sorrel's fields, Cleekman or Hags  
And langs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spotty, Shag,  
Wi' sight and scent pursue her,  
Till, ah! her pith begins to flag,  
Nae cunnin can rescue her:  
O'er dub and dyke, o'er seugh and syke,  
She'll rin, the fields a' thorough,  
Till fauld she fa's in Leader-haughs,  
And bids fareweel to Yarrow.

Sing Erlington and Cowdenknowes,  
Where Homes had ance command in,  
And Drygrange wi' the milk white ewes,  
'Twixt Tweed and Leader standin:  
The burds that flee thro' Redpath trees,  
And Gledswald banks ilk morrow,  
May chant and sing sweet Leader-haughs  
And bonny howms o' Yarrow.

But Minstrel-burn can ne'er assuage  
His grief while life endureth,  
To see the changes o' this age,  
That fleeting time procureth:  
For mony a place stands in hard case,  
Whare blyth fowk kend nae sorrow,  
Wi' Homes that dwalt on Leader-sides,  
And Scott's that dwalt on Yarrow.

## SILENT AND SAD THE MINSTREL SAT.

Air, She rose and let me in.

O si\_lent and sad the min\_strel sat, And thought on the days of

yo\_re; He was old, yet he lov'd his na\_tive land, Tho' his harp could charm no more.

The winds of hea\_ven died a\_away, And the moon in the val\_ley slept, The

min\_strel lean'd on his old\_en harp, And o'er its strains he wept.

In youth he had stood by the Wallace side,  
 And sung in King Robert's hall,  
 When Edward vow'd with his English host  
 Scotland to hold in thrall,  
 But the Wallace wight was dead and gone,  
 And Robert was on his death-bed,  
 And dark was the hall where the minstrel sung  
 Of chiefs that for Scotia bled.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

But oft, as twilight stole o'er the steep,  
 And the woods of his native vale,  
 Would the minstrel wake his harp to weep,  
 And sigh to the mountain gale.

## HE'S LIFELESS AMANG THE RUDE BILLOWS.

Air—The mucking of Geordie's Byre.

He's life-less a-mang the rude bil-lows, My tears, and my

sighs are in vain; The heart that beat warm for his Jean-ie, Will

ne'er beat for mor-tal a-gain. My lane now I am i', the

world; And the day-light is griev-ous to me; The lad-die that

lo'ed me sae dear-ly, Lies cauld in the deeps o' the sea,

Ye tempests, sae boist'rously raging,  
 Rage on as ye list — or be still —  
 This heart ye sae atten hae sickened,  
 Is nae mair the sport o' yere will.  
 Now heartless, I hope not — I fear not —  
 High Heaven have pity on me!  
 My soul all dismayed and distracted,  
 Yet bends to thy awful decree!

## LAMMIKIN.

Old Ballad.

A bet-ter ma-son than Lam-mi-kin Ne'er builded wi' the

stane; He build-ed Earl Ro-ber't's house, But wa-ges he gat nane. 'Come

gie to me, Earl Ro-ber't, now, Come gie to me my hyre; Come

gie to me, Earl Ro-ber't, now, Or I'll burn your house wi' fyre.

'Sen ze winnac gie my wages, Lord,  
Ze sall hae cause to rue.'

And syne he brewed a black revenge,  
And syne he vow'd a vow.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Now bide at hame, my luve, my life,  
I warde ye bide at hame:

O' gang nae to this day's hunting,  
To leave me a' my lane?'

'Zestreene, zestreene, I dream't my bower  
O' red red blude was fu':

Gin ye gang to this black hunting,  
I sall hae cause to rue?'

'Quha luiks to dreams, my winsome dame?  
Ze hae nae cause to feare.'

And syne he's kist her comely cheek,  
And syne the starting tear;

And syne he's gane to the guid greenwoode,  
 And she to her painted bower,  
 And she's gard steek doors, windows, yetts,  
 Of castelle, ha', and tower.  
 They steeked doors, they steeked yetts,  
 Close to the cheek and chin;  
 They steeked them a' but a little wicket,  
 And Lammikin crap in.

"Now quharis the Ladye o' this castelle,  
 Nurse tell to Lammikin?"  
 'She's sewing up intill her bowir;  
 The fals Nursie sung.  
 Lammikin nipped the bonnie babe,  
 Quhite loud fals Nursie sung;  
 Lammikin nipped the bonnie babe,  
 Quhite hich the red blude sprung.

"O gentil Nursie! please my bairn,  
 O please him wi' the keys?"  
 'It'll no be pleased, gay ladye,  
 Gin I'd sit on my knees."  
 "Gude gentil Nursie, please my babe;  
 O please him wi' a knife."  
 'He winna be pleased, mistress myne,  
 Gin I wad lay down my life.'

"Sweet Nursie, loud, loud cries my bairn,  
 O please him wi' a bell!"  
 'He winna be pleased, gay ladye,  
 Till ye cum down yoursel.'  
 And quhen she saw the red, red blude,  
 A loud screech screeched she,  
 "O monster, monster spare my bairn,  
 Wha never skaithed thee!"

"O spare, gif in yere bluidy briest,  
 Albergs not heart o' stane!  
 O spare! and ye sall hae o' gowd  
 Quhat ze can carrie hame?"  
 'Dame, I want not your gowd,' he said;  
 'Dame, I want not your fee;  
 I hae been wranged by your Lord,  
 Ze sall black vengeance dree.'

Earl Robert he came hame at night,  
 And a' was dark around;  
 But when he came to his castelle,  
 Owre miekle light he found.  
 O lang, lang, may Earl Robert rue,  
 He paid nae masons hyre,  
 Ladye and Heir he saw nae mair,  
 His castelle rockit wi' fyre.

## JOHNNY COPE.

Jacobite.

Sir John Cope trode the north right far, Yet nêr a rebel he cam naur, Un-

till he land ed at Dunbar Right ear\_ly in a morn\_ing. Hey! Johnny Cope, are ye

wauk\_in yet? Or are ye sleeping I would wit? O haste ye, get up, for the

drums do beat; O Iyc Cope rise in the morn\_ing!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When I left thee, bon\_nie Scotland, O thou wert fair to see!

Fresh as a bon\_nie bride in the morn, When she maun wed\_ded be.

When I came back to thee Scot\_land, Up\_en a May morn lair, A

bon\_nie lass sat at our town end, Kam\_ing her yel\_low hair.

"Oh hey! oh hey!" sung the bonnie lass,

"Oh hey! and wae is me!

There's siccan sorrow in Scotland,

As e'en did never see.

Oh hey — oh hey, for my father auld!

Oh hey, for my mither dear!

And my heart will burst for the bonnie lad

Wha left me lonesome here?"

I wander a' night 'mang the lands I own'd,

When a' folk are asleep,

And I lie o'er my father and mither's grave,

An hour or twa to weep.

O fatherless and mitherless,

Without a ha' or hanc,

I maun wander through my dear Scotland,

And bide a traitor's blame.

## WEE WILLIE GRAY.

Lively

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet; Peel a willow wand, to  
 be him boots and jacket; The rose upon the brier will be him trowse and  
 doublet, The rose upon the brier will be him trowse and doublet.

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet;  
 Twice a lily-flower will be him sark and cravat;  
 Feathers of a hee wad leather up his bannet,  
 Feathers of a hee wad feather up his bannet.

## THE COVENANTERS' TOMB.

Oh 'tis a heart-stirring sight to view. Far to the  
 westward stretch-ing blue, That frontier ridge, which erst de-fied Th'in-

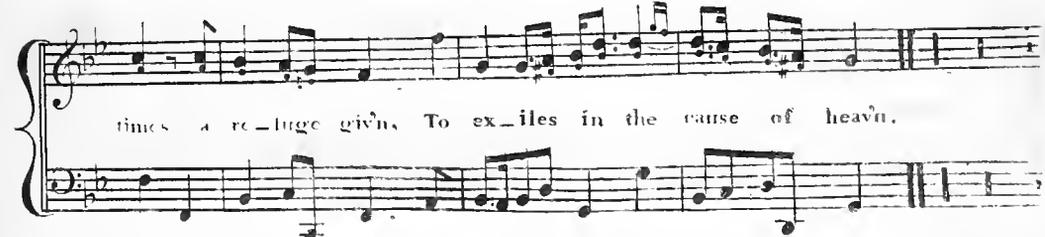
\* Many of the Martyrs tombs are still to be seen in Scotland. — For a true account  
 B of their sufferings during the times of the persecution. See Woodrows Hist:



va - ders' march, th' op - press - sor's pride. The blood - y field, for



ma - ny an age, Of ri - val na - tions' waste - ful rage; In lat - ter



times a re - luge giv'n, To ex - iles in the cause of heav'n.

Far inland, where the mountain crest  
O'erlooks the waters of the west,  
And 'midst the moorland wilderness,  
Dark moss-cloughs form a drear recess,  
Curtain'd with ceaseless mists which feed  
The sources of the Clyde and Tweed;  
There injured Scotland's patriot band,  
For Faith and Freedom made their stand;

When traitor kings, who basely sold  
Their country's fame for Gallic gold,  
Too abject o'er the free to reign,  
Warn'd by a father's fate in vain —  
In bigot fury trampled down  
The race who oft preserved their crown —  
There, worthy of his masters, came  
The despots' champion, bloody Graham.

The human bloodhounds of the earth,  
To hunt the peasant from his hearth!  
Tyrants! could not misfortune teach,  
That man has rights beyond your reach?  
Thought ye the torture, and the stake,  
Could that intrepid spirit break;  
Which even in woman's breast withstood  
The terrors of the fire and Hood?

Yes — though the sceptic's tongue deride  
Those martyrs who, for conscience died;  
Though modish history blight their name,  
And sneering courtiers hoot the name  
Of men, who dared alone be free  
Amidst a nation's slavery, —  
Yet long for them the poet's lyre  
Shall wake its notes of heavenly fire.

Their names shall nerve the patriot's hand,  
Upraised to save a sinking land;  
And pity shall learn to burn  
With holier transports o'er their urn!  
Sequester'd haunts! — so still — so fair,  
That holy Faith might worship there, —  
The shaggy gorse and brown heath wave  
O'er many a nameless warrior's grave.

## LEEZIE LINDSAY.

Will ye gang to the Hie-lands, Lee-zie Lind-say? Will ye  
 gang to the Hie-lands wi' me? Will ye gang to the  
 Hie-lands, Lee-zie Lind-say? My pride and my dar-ling to be.

O ye are the bonniest maiden,  
 The flower o' the west countrie;

O gang to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay,  
 My pride and my darling to be.

I've goud an' I've gear, Leezie Lindsay,  
 And a heart that lo'es only but thee;  
 They a' shall be thine, Leezie Lindsay,  
 Gin ye my lov'd darling will be.

She has gotten a gown o' green Satin,  
 And a bonny blythe bride is she,  
 And she's all wi' Lord Ronald Mac Donald,  
 His pride and his darling to be.

## LEEZIE LINDSAY.

When sung by 2 Voices.

'Will ye gang to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay?  
 Will ye gang to the Highlands wi' me?  
 Will ye gang to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay?  
 My pride and my darling to be?

'Oh, Leezie lass, ye maun ken little,  
 Syn ye dinna ken me,  
 For I am Lord Ronald Mac Donald,  
 A Chieftain o' high degree?

"To gang to the Highlands wi' you, Sir,  
 I dinna ken how that may be,  
 For I ken nae the road I am gaeing,  
 Nor yet wha I'm gaun wi'."

"Oh, if ye're the Laird o' Mac Donald,  
 A great ane I ken ye maun be;  
 But how can a chieftain sae mighty  
 Think o' a puir lassie like me?"

'She has gotten a gown o' green Satin,  
 She has kilted it up to her knee,  
 And she's all wi' Lord Ronald Mac Donald,  
 His bride and his darling to be.

## STREPHON AND LYDIA.

All love-ly on the sul-try beach, Ex-pir-ing

Stre-phon lay, No hand the cor-dial draught to reach, Nor

hear the gloo-my way. Ill fa-ted youth! no

pa-rent nigh To catch thy fleet-ing breath, No bride to

fix thy swim-ming eye, Or smooth the face of death.

Far distant from the mournful scene  
 Thy parents sit at ease,  
 Thy Lydia rifles all the plain,  
 And all the spring, to please.  
 Ill fated youth! by fault of friend,  
 Not force of foe, depress'd,  
 Thou fall'st, 'alas! thyself, thy kind,  
 Thy country, unredress'd.



## O, TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

Chor

O, Tibbie, I hae seen the day, Ye wad-na been sae shy; For

lack o' gear ye light-ly me; But, trowth, I care na by. Ye-

streen I met you on the moor, Ye spak na but gaed by like stoure; Ye

geek at me be-cause I'm poor, But fient a hair care I. Repeat the Chor

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,  
Because ye hae the name o' clink,  
That ye can please me at a wink,  
Whend'er ye like to try.  
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,  
If that he want the yellow dirt,  
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,  
And answer him fu' dry.  
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,  
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,  
Wha follows ony saucy quean  
That looks sae prond and high.  
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,  
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,  
Tho' hardly lie, for sense or lear,  
Be better than the kye.  
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,  
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice,  
The deil a ane wad spier your price,  
Were ye as poor as I.  
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.